



On Fire

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Chapter One

It was one of those perfect afternoons; not too hot, not too bright, but perfect for getting a good look at skin.

There were a ton of people wandering around, driving around, just filling the streets. There were buskers and vendors, and it looked like most of Victoria had turned out to celebrate. The shows wouldn't start for a bit, but there was lots to do, and Sam was doing his level best to see as much as he could.

He'd eaten hotdogs, nearly drowned himself in Coke and Sprite, and didn't he just love companies that ran promotions with free drinks? By next year, he'd be hanging out in the beer tents, but for now it was pop and it would have to do.

Sam watched a couple of guys playing with Devil Sticks and admired their technique, but he got bored fairly soon and began to walk again. There were flashing lights up ahead, and it was probably some damn safety awareness thing the cops were running, but there wasn't anything wrong with cop watching. Unless they didn't like it, but he could run pretty fast.

He turned the corner and grinned. It wasn't cops and it wasn't boring. It really was a perfect day in Sam's world, and he sauntered a little closer, looking for a bench to sit on. The fire department had the pumper trucks out, and the ladders were up, the entire rig set to spray downward. A charity car wash, which was nice, but the very best part was that the firemen were in uniform. Black uniforms with badges and patches, and Sam was sure that there was nothing on earth finer than fireman butt in those uniforms.

He found a place to sit and set to watching, not bothering to be subtle. They were far too busy to notice him, and besides, the amount of women standing around gawking was a good cover. He drank water from a bottle and watched, soaking up the sun and the smell of Canada Day.

"Good God," a woman off to the right breathed, and Sam snickered. But then a car moved off and a mountain stood up, and Sam figured the woman was right. God was good, indeed.

The man had to be six and a half feet tall if he was an inch, and built like a brick shithouse. Short blond hair and a wide smile just closed the deal. And damned if that uniform wasn't absolutely soaked, the black material just clinging to the big body.

Sam sat up a little, and the semi he'd been sporting for the last while made an effort to become a problem. He moved his legs and swung around on the bench, giving himself a little comfort, and just stared. The man was amazing, even if he was old. Had to be damn

near thirty, Sam figured, but Christ. He was something to look at, store up pictures of for later.

Another car pulled into place, and the giant started soaping it up, bending over to do the tires, which gave Sam a really great view of his ass. Tight and hard and damn.

Once the car was soaped up, the fireman called out and started backing up. The hose up on the ladder started spraying, getting both the car and the fireman. A big fist shook up at the guy on top of the ladder, but the fireman was laughing, wiping his face as he backed up.

Sam saw his chance. He leapt up and very carefully placed himself behind the man, just as if he'd been walking by. And when he got bumped into by a giant hunk of wet fireman... well, it wasn't really his fault at all.

"Oh, man, sorry!" Sam said, turning and brushing along the guy's wet ass. He grinned up, trying to look apologetic.

Blue eyes looked down at him, big hands coming out to grab onto his arms. "Hey now, sorry 'bout that. Are you all right?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. Guess I didn't see you there." Sam almost lost it trying not to laugh at the sheer absurdity of that. God, but the guy's hands were huge. Sam's cock throbbed and he licked his lips. "Um. Hi."

Mr. Giant Fireman smiled back, and the hands holding him let go; one was held out to him. "Hi. Robert."

"Sam." He tried not to squeak as his hand was swallowed up. "God, you're big. And I bet you hear that all the fucking time, so let's pretend I said something original, okay?"

Robert chuckled, eyes twinkling. That hand was still holding his, too, until someone came along and took Robert's attention away from him. "Hey Rob, you've been here since we opened up, eh?"

"Yeah. I'm getting hungry, too, man."

"Okay, you're done." The other fireman thumped Robert on the back. "Thanks for coming in -- we're doing great this year -- gonna be our best take ever."

"Cool. Thanks, Danny."

Sam wasn't sure if he should panic because Fireman Rob was done and could leave, or cheer because Fireman Rob was done and could leave. "Uh, there's some really great vendors about three streets down," he offered. "Get something good to eat fast."

"Yeah? Cool. I was hoping to check out the festivities." Fireman Rob looked down at himself. "I'm not sure I'm presentable all soaked like this..."

"You look just fine," Sam blurted. He felt himself get red and he looked around frantically. "Or you could take your wet things off. Oh, God." He gave up and just stared at the ground.

Robert was quiet a moment, and then he chuckled, fingers sliding beneath Sam's chin and tilting his head up. "I don't have anything with me to change into. I'd need somewhere a little less public to just take the clothes off and let them dry."

Sam knew his eyes had gone wide, and he hoped to hell he was reading this right. "I... I can arrange that, I think. If you don't mind student digs." Oh, please. Please, please, please.

"I'll need that food on the way, Sam." Robert's smile was warm; so was the look in his eyes. "Long as these student digs of yours are private."

Sam closed his eyes and bit his lip to keep from pumping the air in victory. "Yeah, private. And close. And the food's on the way. Tell me you're not kidding, man." He looked way up and attempted to look a little less like he was begging. Not that he wouldn't beg if that's what turned Robert on. He'd happily beg.

"Let me lay it on the line for you, kid. You're a hot little thing who's looking at me like I'm the main course at an all-you-can-eat buffet. Now if I'm reading you wrong, then we'll just go our separate ways. But if not, I've got a spoon for you." Those lovely eyes were still smiling at him, no hint of teasing in them, just warmth and something that was maybe wanting.

"Oh, boy," Sam whispered, mostly to himself. "Jackpot." He grinned and tilted his head. "Come on, before I accidentally cause a scene." He turned and headed east, wiggling a bit and willing his hard-on to go down enough that he could walk without damaging himself.

Robert managed to keep pace with him easily, those long legs just eating up the ground. "The tip of your nose is sunburned," Robert pointed out. "You been outside long?"

"Most of the day," Sam said with a nod. "Lots to see." He grinned and made a point of looking Robert over. "Yours isn't. Good sunscreen? And the wet look is hot, man."

Robert grinned down at him. "You? Are fucking adorable, Sam."

"And you're a wet dream come true, so let's move!" Sam laughed and skipped a step, just about ready to climb on the man right there and then. "Got rubbers? I've got a ton of lube, but I think I've only got, like, a handful of condoms. Maybe four or five."

Robert's eyebrows climbed up into his hair, which, now that it was drying, Sam could see was pretty short, and just a little bit curly. "You don't think four or five is going to be enough?"

"Oh. Well, I suppose it could be." He tried not to look disappointed. "I tend to pop fast. But I come back quick, too, so maybe if I just kinda come on my own a couple of times first we'll be okay. Or maybe, you know. We can find a pharmacy later, if we want."

Robert laughed. "You're something else, Sam. And young. Damn." He shook his head.

"But legal," Sam put in. He looked at Robert curiously. "How old are you? You're older than I usually go for, but damn, man. Hot."

Robert was still chuckling. "I'm thirty-two, kid. And trust me, it's not as old as you think."

Sam shrugged. It was still a long way off, and it didn't really matter. There was a ton of time between eighteen and thirty-two. "If you say so. Point is, we need to get food into you, and then you into me and soon." He grinned and skipped again. "Want pizza? Indian? Burgers or hot dogs? Some guy has sausage, but I swear, you eat a sausage in front of me and I'll cream."

He got another one of those raised eyebrows looks. "Oh, this I've got to see. Lead on to the sausage man." Robert's eyes were twinkling. Blue and twinkling, laughing at him. Or maybe with him.

"Oh, so not fair!" But Sam put on a bit of speed and headed to the Sausage King cart. He kind of hoped Robert wasn't serious about teasing him, because coming in his pants was a real possibility, and they were still two blocks from his room.

Robert chuckled and strolled leisurely to keep up with him. Man, those were long fucking legs. Big, muscled, strong, long fucking legs. "You brought it up, kid."

Sam grinned and looked Robert over again. The uniform was still mostly wet and clung just right. "Nope, you brought it up, man."

Robert laughed. "You are a live wire, aren't you?"

"I'm..." Sam actually thought about it for a moment. "I'm a horny little shit, honestly," he admitted. "And there's the sausage. I live just up there, two blocks. Get your food, okay?" He tried not to bounce, because someone had told him once that all the bouncing made him look even younger, but it was really hard not to adjust his dick in his cut-offs. He ached and he wanted and he just fucking couldn't wait.

One big hand landed on his back and pet him gently. "Horny's good, eh? Especially if you've got someone to be horny with." Then he was given a wink, and Robert went to the cart to get his food.

Sam watched as the huge man ordered his sausage, everyone around him dwarfed by his height, and most turning to look up at him. Sam grinned when a couple of girls, and a guy, too, stared at Robert, checking him out. But that mountain was coming home with him. Sam started to wiggle again, the heel of his hand unconsciously brushing back and forth across his cock until he realized he was pretty much whacking off in public and made himself stop.

He thought maybe Robert saw him, though, and he felt his cheeks heat.

Robert came back with three sausages, one already half-eaten, one big bite disappearing into that mouth.

"Hey. Um." Sam blinked and watched as Robert made the sausage vanish. "Walk and eat?" Christ, he was starting to sound desperate and lame. "Please?"

Robert took pity on him, nodding. "Oh, hey, you got Coke or 7-Up or something at your place? They were all out at the Sausage King." He got another wink. "I was hoping for a bottle to suck on."

Sam moaned. "Yeah," he managed. "Coke, some juice. Ice."

"Excellent." Robert started in on his second sausage, not putting as much into his mouth this time, but mustard squirted out of the other end of the bun as he bit. Sam was pretty sure the man was doing it on purpose.

He tried to keep walking, he really did, but he was having trouble with his feet wanting to just go to Robert and not in a direct line home. "You're teasing," he accused, breathless and almost laughing. He was having the time of his life, and they were only a block and a half away from privacy.

If he made it that far.

Robert nodded and grinned. "I am. Hey, you promised me spontaneous combustion if I ate sausage. Why do you think I bought three?"

Sam grinned and shook his head. "I was serious, man. You wouldn't really make me pop right here on the street, would you?"

"I think I'd like to see that, Sam. I've never known anyone who could pop just from watching another man eat a sausage. And it's not like we've got far to go for you to get out of your pants, right?"

The sausage went back into Robert's mouth, and his eyes dropped a little, a soft moan sounding, almost inaudible.

"Oh, shit." Sam grabbed hold of Robert's arm with one hand so he wouldn't fall over, and tried to turn his body so the casual viewer wouldn't realize what was going on. His gaze was fixed on Robert's mouth.

Robert wasn't totally without feeling, apparently. The man walked them to the corner and turned it, shielding him with building on one side and that mountain of a body on the other. Those eyes watched him, real focused as the man shoved the rest of the sausage in his mouth.

Sam whimpered and came. He clung to Robert's arm and his hips jerked, and he filled his jeans in long, sweet pulses. "Oh, God," he moaned.

"Fuck, kid, I didn't think you'd really get off." Robert chuckled. "Sexy little thing."

Sam tried to catch his breath. "Ew. And fuck." He blinked a few times. "Just wait until you see me naked and actually trying."

"Trust me, I'm looking forward to it." Robert pressed against him briefly, the man's cock hard and hot behind his zipper, pressing into Sam's belly. "Come on. Your place. Double time."

"Uh-huh." Sam dropped his hand and gave Robert's dick a squeeze. "Oh, shit. You're gonna split me." He grinned and licked his lips. "Yay!"

With a hop he pushed away and headed down the street. "This way, just a bit further," he said, not wasting time. He could cover ground quickly, and Robert even faster; the wet shorts were a push, too. In no time at all they were at the old house.

"I have a room out back," Sam said. "Own entrance, small kitchen. Come on."

"I'm coming." Robert followed him in, grabbing his ass as soon as the door closed.

Sam turned, mouth already open as he tried to crawl up the man. "Watch out for the bike," he said, fingers tugging at Robert's shirt buttons. "And the skateboard."

Robert chuckled and took a kiss, mouth hard and sure, tongue pushing right in. It only lasted a moment, though, before Robert backed off and set him firmly down. "Bed. I don't want to break my neck on your skateboard."

Sam sighed and nodded. "Yeah, okay." He pulled off his T-shirt and tossed it away, then launched himself at his bed. "Sorry it's not made," he said, undoing his shorts and wiggling out of them. Sticky and ew. He swiped them over his balls and awakening prick, trying to clean up a bit. "Wasn't expecting company."

"I'm not here for your room, Sam." Robert gave him a warm smile and started stripping, opening the buttons he'd missed and tugging off the shirt. Oh, God, look at that chest. Those abs. Robert was fucking ripped.

Sam stared and licked his lips again, one hand stroking his cock as he watched. "God, you're amazing," he said. His cock agreed, getting just as hard as could be in no time flat. Sam scooted up the bed and reached for his shelf, tossing lube and rubbers onto the bed.

"You're a pretty little thing yourself, Sam. But still all man. Oh, yeah." Robert reached for him, one big hand swallowing his cock and hefting it, stroking. Robert's thumb pressed over the head. "Yeah. Nice."

"Oh, God," Sam groaned, his head going back as he got up on his knees. His hips twitched and he grabbed for Robert's arms again. "Naked, man. Come on, lemme see."

Robert chuckled. "My hands are busy, kid. You do it." That one hand stayed right on his cock, tugging nicely, but not enough to get him off. Robert's other hand was sliding along his back, stopping to squeeze his ass cheek on every pass.

Sam moaned and laughed, wiggling a little to make sure Robert's hands didn't stop. He touched the huge chest, hands skimming over nipples and pecs and down to count the ridges of Robert's abs. He moaned again and gave the nearest nipple a suck as he undid Robert's pants, fighting the damp fabric.

Robert groaned, hips pushing against him, proving that Robert wasn't unaffected at all. That very large prick was pushing against the zipper, making it hard for Sam to undo the thing.

"Be still," Sam ordered. "Let me -- oh, yeah, there we go." He stared down at Robert's dick and moaned. "Oh, boy." He pushed the fabric aside and shoved the cotton of Robert's underwear down, filling his hands with hard, satiny skin. "Oh, boy, oh, boy."

"No boy here, Sam. I'm all man. Pure Grade A Canadian Beef." Robert's voice was all growl now, too, eyes glittering.

"Uh-huh." Sam stared and started moving, shoving Robert's hand away as he shimmied down the bed. "This is... wow." He looked and he lifted and he grinned wide. Then he started licking, right from Robert's balls on up.

Robert's eyes rolled and his groan seemed to make the whole room vibrate. "Condom, kid. Something tells me I'm not going to last long."

Sam froze. "Swear you're good for more than once? No fucking way am I wasting this on my mouth, man."

Robert threw his head back and just laughed. "For you, kid? I'll get it up again."

"Well, all right, then." Sam grabbed a rubber and tore it open, then looked Robert over. "Um. I'll probably go off doing this, just so you know." He tugged Robert's pants down, fighting the damp fabric every inch. "Just so we don't need to wash 'em." He grinned and waved the condom then rolled it down Robert's dick, stroking him hard for a moment.

Robert groaned again. "Let me get on the bed, kid. You don't want me falling on you when you're done."

Sam nodded, not even looking up at Robert's face, which part of him pointed out was damn rude. But, Christ. There was just so much else to look at.

He got Robert down on the bed, the pants long gone, and slipped between heavy, muscled thighs. "Fuck, so strong," he whispered to himself, playing with Robert's balls. "So fucking sexy." He lowered his head and opened his mouth, taking as much of Robert's dick in as he could.

Robert made a happy sounding noise, big hands cradling his head. "You're good at this."

Sam made an agreeable sound and sucked Robert in a little more, tongue working over the tip, and fingers sliding over Robert's balls again and again. Robert's hips started moving, not shoving and not hard, but moving, sliding that thick meat along his tongue. Robert was long and wide, and Sam moved up a bit, adjusting the angle. He loathed the taste of the rubber, but the feeling of having Robert's cock in his mouth was so worth it. He straddled one leg and started riding it, rubbing hard as he sucked, one hand following his mouth and jacking Robert as he started to get noisy.

Robert's movements started getting jerky, harder. "Shit. Close, kid." Then with a roar, Robert pushed his cock deep, the hot flesh jerking in Sam's mouth.

Sam groaned and thrust against Robert's leg again, his stomach tight and hard. He lifted off Robert's cock, stroking it through the aftershocks with his hand while he shot again, this time spraying over Robert's leg. "Fuck, yeah!" He crawled up the sticky body and licked Robert's nipples on his way to Robert's mouth.

Robert rumbled for him, the big chest vibrating beneath him. "That was nice, kid. I liked that you got off from doing it. How soon you gonna be hard again?"

"Um, ten minutes? Less? We got enough time to at least clean up," Sam said with a grin. He kissed Robert's mouth fast and jumped up, heading to the sink for a cloth and water. "There's a trash can by the bed and a box of tissues," he called back, wiping himself off and grabbing a fresh cloth for Robert.

Robert laughed. "Ten whole minutes? I'm pretty sure you came back in like thirty seconds after the first time." Oh, the man was teasing him.

"Well, yeah." Sam grinned and ran for the bed, bouncing high as he landed. "But I jerked off this morning, too, so I'm like, three in for the day. It takes time." He handed the wet cloth to Robert and set to mapping the man's chest. "If I really try hard I bet I can get it up sooner," he teased.

Robert put an arm around him, hand moving to cup his ass. "I imagine ten minutes'll do. You really are a sex kitten, aren't you."

"I like it," Sam said easily. "It's fun and feels good and I play safe. What's not to be kittenish about?" He smiled and started rocking, loving the way the big hands held him.

"It wasn't a complaint, kid."

His head was tilted back up and his mouth taken. Robert kissed like he was in charge and knew it, just invading Sam's mouth and making him enjoy it. Sam made a happy sound, more moan than not, and just went with it. He pushed his tongue along Robert's and rocked harder, his legs spreading and one lifting to wind around Robert's hip. "Good," he said when he came up for breath. "Feels good."

Robert nodded. "It does. You do. Been way too long since I had a partner as eager as you in bed. Hell, I don't think I ever have."

Sam laughed. "I *really* like sex." He leaned up for another kiss, sighing as his cock twitched and started to lengthen again. "Should last longer this time," he whispered.

"Yeah? Good. Because I'll be able to last the rest of the afternoon with the edge off." Robert didn't look like was teasing.

"Oh, boy," Sam said again. He wiggled and shoved, and got Robert lying down on his back so Sam could straddle those hips and thighs. "You're gonna make me ache, aren't you? Make sure I walk funny?" He wasn't shy; he'd beg for it if he had to. Really and truly.

"That what you want, Sam? Want me to fuck you good and hard?" Robert's hands slid along his thighs, circled his waist.

"Christ, yes." Sam shuddered and his hole spasmed. "Ride you like this. On my back, against the wall, on all fours -- don't care. Just want to feel it." He grabbed his dick and started stroking, almost blissing on the idea of Robert in him.

"Well, who says we have to choose?" Robert asked him, hand wrapping around his own, tugging with him.

Sam squeaked. "Oh, man, yeah. That'd rock. Seriously." He shook again and shifted forward a little, rubbing on Robert's balls. "God, this is gonna give me stroke material for months."

"Well, I imagine you can always call me up for a reminder if you need one." Robert's cock was hardening up nicely again, not quite fuckable yet, but getting there.

"Mmm." He looked down and rocked a bit more, thrusting into their hands and coasting along the awakening wood under him. "That'd be nice." He tweaked Robert's nipple with his free hand. "Can I lick your ass? Some guys won't let me, but I figure I can ask, yeah?"

"Christ, kid." Robert chuckled and shook his head. "Go for it."

"Yeah? Cool!" Sam rolled off and to the side. "Roll over or legs up?" He was pretty sure he was looking fevered and possibly lust-crazed, but that was okay. He was having a ball, and Robert was being great about playing along. And if the man played half as hard as he promised, Sam was going to be smiling for weeks.

"It's your show, Sam. How do you want me?"

Sam tilted his head and surveyed the layout. "If you just spread 'em for me, I can suck your balls, too," he said, his own cock leaping.

"Oh, yeah. I can watch your head between my legs that way, too." Those thick thighs spread for him, Robert more flexible than his build would suggest.

With another happy sound that might have been a badly disguised "Yippee!" Sam scurried back between Robert's legs, sliding down the bed until he was at eye level with the heavy balls. He settled in, happily sucking and licking, taking in the wonderful scent of horny male.

Robert's legs spread further, the big guy putting his hands behind his knees and pulling them up. Oh, yeah, that tilted that ass for him, gave him that hole right there, exposed.

"Yeah," Sam muttered, licking his way down. "Fuck, yes. Love this." He licked around the hole, then dragged his tongue over it before going back for more.

Robert made some great noises. Grunt and groans, whimpers and moans. A fucking howl. Sam moaned and licked and sucked, and finally settled in to tongue-fucking, with one hand on Robert's dick and his mouth just working. His own hips picked up the rhythm, and he started humping the bed.

"Fucking shit!" Robert was moving and bucking, and after a while one of those big hand pushed him away. "You're going to make me come, kid. And I can't promise a third."

Sam stopped. He stopped fucking dead and sat up, wiping his mouth. "Fuck me. Now, now, now."

"Get that sweet ass over here," muttered Robert, hand wrapping around his waist and tugging him.

Sam grabbed the lube. "I'm a slut, but I'm not *that* much of one," he said with a grin. "You or me?" He popped the tube open and straddled Robert's hips again. "And can we hurry?"

"I'll put the condom on while you slick yourself up. I've been betting that would be a sight to see ever since we got here."

Sam bit his lip and planted one foot beside Robert's waist. "Sure thing, man. You wanna see, you get to see." He slicked his fingers and managed not to get lube all over the bed doing it, which was a small victory. With a grin, he reached down and smeared some around his hole, his other hand gathering up his balls. "Oh, baby, yeah," he moaned as he sank two fingers into himself.

Two became three pretty quick, and his hand sped up as he watched Robert watching him. "Come on," he teased, adding a twist. "This is a two man deal, yeah?"

Robert swallowed and nodded, eyes still on Sam's ass and his fingers as he felt around for the condom. He finally found it and got it open, got it on that fine prick.

Panting and far closer to coming than he really liked, Sam jabbed his fingers into himself one more time. "Robert. Now would be good, man." He dragged his fingers out and lifted up a bit, moving so he could lower himself down. "Fuck me."

"You got it," growled Robert. Those big hands wrapped around his waist, guiding him down onto the huge cock.

Oh, fuck, it was massive, spreading him so fucking wide.

"Jesus Christ," Sam gasped. "Hang on." He took a couple of deep breathes and nodded, relaxing just right and sliding down. "Oh, my God." He blinked and breathed and looked down at Robert, feeling a little dazed. "Can you hold it if I just kinda go ahead and shoot? I swear you can fuck me after. Might even get off again, though I can't promise."

Robert just purred, and one big hand wrapped around his cock, started jacking him off as Robert's hips pushed with tiny movements, making his cock rub, just a little.

Sam threw his head back and cried out, his ass clamping down as he shot. There wasn't a hell of a lot of come, but goddamn it felt good to let go, and buck, and feel so full of hardness. He writhed with it, moaning and shooting, and finally just panting and falling forward with a shit-eating grin.

Robert was grinning back, hand sliding to hold onto his waist again. Then Robert rolled them, putting him on the bottom, and started to move.

"Oh, God." Sam arched and helped as best he could, spreading his legs and lifting them up, not quite ready to thrust back yet, but more than happy to be along for the ride.

Robert didn't seem to mind that he was more or less just lying there, the big guy just plowing into him, reaming him but good.

"Yeah," Sam panted, looking up at Robert's face, and then down to where that fat cock was slamming into him. "Oh, yeah."

God, he loved sex.

He moved a little, rocking up to meet Robert's next thrust, and groaning as the angle changed. "Oh, Lord."

Robert grunted, and one hand left the bed to wrap around his ass cheek, tilting him so each time Robert pushed in, his cock slid past Sam's gland.

Sam's eyes rolled, and he gave up, just letting them drift shut. He reached for his own cock, found it half hard, and had no idea if he was getting it up, or if it was going down. He ached, his ass wanting more and his dick almost too sensitive. "Fuck me," he moaned, over and over. "Oh, God, fuck me. Feels so damn good."

"Uh-huh." Robert just kept thrusting, like a fucking machine and like he could do it for fucking ever.

"Please," Sam begged, with no real idea why. He opened his eyes and took in the acre of muscle and skin over him, and his dick twitched. Going up, then. "Yay," he muttered, his hand moving a little faster. Robert pegged his gland again, and he moaned, his back arching. He let go of his cock, both hands going above his head to land flat on the wall. With a grin he shoved, thrust back hard, almost crawling up the man's cock. "More," he said, his voice tight.

"Son of a bitch." Robert growled and turned it up a notch, going faster, harder.

"Oh! Yeah!" Sam grinned and yelled and added a wiggle, not giving one sweet damn if he got off again, but shit -- he was going to be a fuck Robert remembered.

Faster, harder, and then Robert stopped and pulled out, flipping him easily onto his front. His knees were drawn up, ass raised into the air, and then Robert was plugging him again, harder now, just pushing right up his ass.

"Goddamn!" Sam's world started to haze out for a moment, and then he was grounded, head down, ass up and arms locked. He held on for dear life and just took it, his legs spreading with every driving thrust. "Yeah. There," he gasped, bucking as Robert found his gland again.

"Yeah, right fucking there." Again and again and again.

Shit. So fucking hard and good, and Robert just kept going. Sam's dick was rigid again, his ass was stretched and full, and he'd lost track of how many times he'd come in the fog of it all. He'd lost track of his own name. All he could remember was that the fireman he'd picked up was the best lay ever, and he was getting damn close to shooting again. Now that was just embarrassing. With another groan he reached between his legs and squeezed his cock. Hard.

"That's it. Come on my fucking cock, kid. Just fucking do it." Each word was punctuated with another thrust, those big hands on his hips pulling him back into each one.

Sam tried to hold off. He really did. But with that dick in him, and that voice in his ear, he didn't stand a chance. He grunted and jerked, his head going down to the mattress as his body was racked with another bout of spasms. It went on for ages, his ass tightening around the rod in him, his guts twisting as he came on command.

Then Robert was jerking into him, coming hard by the sound of the man's roar. That big body covered him, Robert's arms bracketing him, keeping most of the weight off him.

"Oh, fucking hell," Sam panted. "What the hell was that? Jesus." He'd never, ever been taken like that. Not once. "God, can I keep you? Get a number? Anything?"

Robert chuckled, the sound reverberating around him. "A sweet fuck like you? Shit, yeah, you can have my number."

"Cool. Can we nap now, though? I think I'm dead. Or maybe just broken. And normally I'd ask if we could do it again, but I'm thinking no. Least not tonight."

"Ooo, I satisfied Mr. Five Condoms Aren't Enough with just two. I'm taking that as a compliment." A warm kiss dropped on his neck. "Coming out now, kid."

"Uh-huh." He braced himself, only whimpering a little as Robert pulled out. He let himself go and just melted into the mattress as the big man ditched the latex and cleaned up.

"Gotta say, though," Sam mumbled as Robert came back to bed, "Firemen and Canada Day are my most favorite things in the world right now."

Robert chuckled, and he got another kiss on the back of his neck. "Thanks, kid. Then the long body settled next to him. "You don't mind if I stick around awhile?"

"God, stick around as long as you like. All night. Tomorrow. A year or so. We'll talk. It'll be cool."

"I'm on tonight, kid. Gotta be back at the station by ten p.m. ..."

"That bites." Sam rolled over and looked at him. "I'll be here all day tomorrow. And you can call, if you want. Get an itch? I wanna scratch it." He stared at the ceiling for a moment. "But I think I better get some food in here -- just so we don't waste time, like, ever. And I don't come in my pants in public again."

Robert grinned at him, eyes gone soft and sleepy. "Should I get you a pager, kid?"

"Oooh, that's a great idea!" Sam grinned and snuggled up. "We can meet between classes and shit. Hey, ever fuck on one of the trucks? That'd be hot." He closed his eyes and sighed, still grinning.

"And so not going to happen, kid. Those are *emergency* vehicles." Robert chuckled again. "Shut up and go to sleep."

"But sometimes getting off *is* an emergency," Sam insisted, his voice foggy. "G'night."

Sleep dragged him down, and his last thought was that the fireworks would have nothing on what he'd been just been through. Minor explosions in comparison, really.

Lucky, lucky him.

Chapter Two

Robert wanted to call Sam. He wanted to call the kid his next day off, but he wasn't sure that was right. So he thought about it; he thought about Sam a lot in the next couple of months.

He thought about what a hot lay the kid was, eager and wanton. He'd never known anyone who came so much. He knew, if he called Sam, that the kid would be more than happy to meet up and do it again. That anytime Robert had an itch, Sam could scratch it.

He didn't know if that was fair, though.

He'd had his share of one-night stands; he'd even had a fuck buddy or two. But if he called Sam again, he wasn't sure Sam would fit in either category. You didn't call one-night stands up after -- that's why they were called one-night stands. And fuck buddies... well, you had to be buddies, but he didn't know much about Sam aside from the fact that the kid was cute, hot and loved sex.

He finally figured out that he definitely wanted to see the kid again, but that it didn't feel right to just call him to hook up for sex. So he did the only thing he could think of to do, aside from never calling again -- he called Sam and asked him out.

He got the machine, asked if Sam wanted to go out for a bite to eat, mentioned the Outback and seven o'clock on Thursday. He figured that would be an okay place to get stood up if Sam didn't show, 'cause then he could just have a honking huge steak and go home, and then he'd know. So why was he hoping as hard as he was that he was going to see Sam's blond locks already there?

But he didn't, at least not at first. He waited by the restaurant doors to go in, and then the first thing he really saw of Sam was a wide grin and a raised hand, and then the rest; mostly as he remembered, which was little and quick, but the hair was a surprise. The blond waves and tufts had pink tips, which might have been red a month or so ago, but were faded pink now.

"Hey!" Sam said, bouncing up. "I didn't know if I should call or just show up, and I figured if I didn't call, you couldn't back out, and so I'm here and hi. How've you been?" Sam grinned again, his head tilting a bit, and the puppy look was right there.

Robert grinned back. He couldn't help it; the kid's smile was that infectious. "I'm good," he answered as he opened the door for Sam and told the hostess they needed a table for two. "What about you?" It felt a little awkward, and he had a feeling that was going to get

worse before it got better, because they didn't know anything about each other. But then, that was the point of this... date.

Sam was looking around and still smiling, but his eyes didn't rest easy on anything for more than a moment. "I'm fine," he finally said. "Busy with school and stuff, keeping busy. I was kinda surprised to get your call, to tell the truth. Thought you'd... you know. Had fun and moved on -- which isn't a bad thing, don't get me wrong. I wasn't losing sleep over it. Nice to hear from you, though. Shut me up before I babble, okay? 'Cause I will. Really. I should warn you about me and public places, I talk a lot or I say nothing."

The waitress showed them to their table, and he smiled a thanks at her, making sure Sam was sitting before he sat himself. "I... I felt weird about calling just to have more sex. I mean it was one thing when we ran into each other and it was a spur of the moment thing, but then to just call you for sex... it just didn't seem right to me. To be honest, I wasn't sure if you were interested in more than that, though, so I had to think about it."

Sam blinked at him and then smiled, showing more teeth. "More than sex? Sure. Movies and talking and eating; it's all good. So long as there's sex, too." Sam winked and licked his lower lip as he leaned forward. "Remember I said you were giving me stroke material for months? I wasn't wrong. But I can do more, sure. I'm more than a kitten. If I try, anyway." He giggled and sat back again, his fingers drumming on the table.

"It just doesn't feel right to just use you for sex, Sam. Maybe it's because I'm old," and here he stopped to wink at Sam, because he was older, but he wasn't *old*, though he figured anyone over thirty had to be ancient to Sam. "But it just doesn't seem right to use you like that just because I've got an itch."

Sam shrugged and gave him the head tilt again. "If you say so, man. I'm not going to bitch, really. I mean, the sex was amazing, and I'd do it again in a heartbeat, but if you feel like it's using me, then it's not good, you know? But what happens if you don't like me? What if I'm just an annoying little shit who happens to be okay in bed? Then we're out the sex and a happy memory, and I'm going to stop now and see if you like me, okay?" Color rose up on the kid's cheeks, and he looked at the table, his fingers stopping dead as he dropped his hands.

"Well, if I didn't think there was a chance I was going to like you, I wouldn't have called." God, he hadn't expected this to be easy, but he hadn't expected it to be this hard either. "Besides, I already like you, or I wouldn't be having issues over using you, right?"

Sam bit his lip and nodded, then shifted in his seat. "Okay. So... okay." He sat a little straighter and met Robert's eyes. "I'm Sam Mauger, and I'm eighteen. I go to Victoria University, and I'm taking English and history, and I'm way out there gay. I like uniforms. I also like dancing, my skateboard, movies with explosions, and Monty Python. I read a bunch when it occurs to me. My favorite color is yellow."

"Any uniforms, or just fireman uniforms?" Robert asked.

Sam grinned and winked. "Used to be any. Police and fire, mostly. Army. Air force. Last couple of months have been strictly firemen, though."

Robert found himself smiling at that. "Yeah? You liked what you saw?"

Sam's eyes got wide, and he laughed out loud. "The million orgasms didn't clue you in?"

He grinned, but he shrugged, too, and admitted, "I wasn't sure if that was me specifically or not, you know?"

"Oh!" Sam looked like he got it, and waved his hand in the air dismissively. "Told you I pop fast, and that much is true. But that last time? Jesus. The last couple of times were all you, man. And I think I got friction burn on my dick the next few weeks stroking off thinking about it. You're..." Sam licked his lip again and leaned forward. "You're like nothing I've ever seen before."

Robert chuckled and grinned. And he hated to think he was the kind of guy who needed his ego stroked like that, but maybe that had been part of why he'd been hesitating, too -- a guy liked to know he wasn't *just* a warm body, but that the guy he was with saw *him*. "So yellow, eh? I'm partial to blue myself. Though I like red well enough, too."

Sam beamed at him and leaned back, looking a little more relaxed. "What about the explosions? Do they drive you crazy, or can you just watch and have a good time? And if they drive you crazy, can I ease the way with popcorn?"

"I bet you can ease it with a lot more than just popcorn." He found himself blushing. Had he just said that? After all this song and dance about not wanting it to be just about the sex? It had to be that smile and bounce. They were addling his brain. Or rather, sending most of his blood to points south, leaving his brain starving.

"Oh, a plan! I like it." Sam bobbed his head, and the pink tufts of hair bobbed, too. "So, how about we eat, go to my place, and put a movie in? Can watch it, talk... make out. Whatever." He smiled real fast and bit his lip again. "I really can just talk, if you want. But I want you, Robert, won't lie about it. Want to feel you again."

Robert nodded. "Yeah, I know what you mean. I'd forgotten how sexy you were, how the way you look at me makes me feel like a class A stud."

"That's 'cause you *are* a class A stud. A fucking mountain of a stud. All... strong and wide and huge, and Jesus, I'm hard." Sam looked a little stunned at that.

"Me, too," Robert admitted. "You want to go before we order? I mean, we could grab a pizza or something later, right?" He could put a twenty down on the table for the waitress' trouble and just go. He'd made the effort after all, right?

"Uh-huh." Sam's eyes were wide and happy, the blue just shining. "Let's go. Got some time to make up for, yeah?" The kid stood up, not really making a show of it, but there wasn't much hiding his level of excitement, the bulge in his jeans firm and proud.

"Your roommate out?" he asked, throwing that twenty on the table as he stood and let Sam see his interest as well.

"Yeah. Gone." Sam was staring, his breath coming a little faster. "I mean, no roommate. Just me."

"That's convenient. I couldn't remember if you had one or not. My car's in the parking lot. Let's get out of here." Before they embarrassed themselves. He didn't take Sam's hand as he headed out, but only because he didn't want to come off all caveman by grabbing the guy and dragging him out, which was how it was sure to come off given that's exactly what he wanted to do.

Sam moved fast, kept right with him all the way through the parking lot and to the car, butt wiggling as he almost skipped to go fast enough. Robert unlocked the car, and Sam practically flew in, waiting only long enough for Robert to settle in behind the wheel before he turned and plastered himself along Robert's side, hot breath in his ear and one hand landing on Robert's cock.

"Drive, or let me blow you?" Sam asked, his voice almost a whimper.

Jesus fuck. Like there was any answer but let Sam blow him with that hand on his cock, Sam wriggling against him like a puppy. Only Sam was no puppy, no kid either, what with the hard heat that kept rubbing against Robert's arm. "Do it," he ordered, glad he'd parked at the far end of the lot.

With a happy moan, Sam slithered down his body, smart fingers undoing his fly and sliding over his dick, pushing fabric away. "Got a rubber?" Sam asked, his head low and tongue lapping at him already. "Jesus, you're big. Forgot."

"Shit. No. You don't have any?" God, it felt like he was going to die if Sam didn't do this. And he was clean, got tested once a year for the job. But Sam didn't know that, and he knew the kid was smart enough that his word wouldn't be enough, and that was good, but still damned frustrating.

Sam groaned and sucked him hard, once, before popping back up. "You really meant it, about it not being just about sex. Okay. That's good. But stupid, man." Sam glared at him, his lips starting to look a little swollen, and almost smiling despite the frustration. "Now, drive before I suck you off anyway."

Groaning, he pushed his cock back into his pants and zipped himself up. He started the car up and headed back to Sam's place. He knew exactly where it was, remembered just

fine. And if his hands were trembling just a little... well. Maybe it wasn't just about the sex, but that sure had something to do with it.

Sam tried really hard not to rub himself in the car. He also tried really hard not to stare, not to grope and not to talk dirty. So he said nothing and smiled to himself when Robert drove right to his place, and practically ran to the door.

He got it unlocked and let Robert follow him in, jumping right to his shelf and grabbing for the box of condoms. He heard the door click shut, and he waved his prize in the air. "Don't move," he said, skidding back to Robert and landing on his knees. "Just... don't move."

He handed the rubber over and looked up. "Open it. I'll take care of things down here." Boy, would he. His mouth was watering already.

Robert didn't say anything, just moaned. The air was filled with sounds of sex: the condom wrapper tearing open, clothing sliding on clothing, on skin, and Robert's heavy breaths.

Sam hummed and wiggled and popped the button on Robert's pants, teasing the man with his other hand on the inside of Robert's thigh. But he was horny, too, and it only took a moment to get Robert's cock out again and start stroking it. "So hot," he said happily, his own dick jumping. He licked Robert's erection and held out his hand for the rubber, unable to stop himself from moaning again.

A shaking hand pressed it into his palm and then slid through his hair. "Fuck. Sam. Please."

"Uh-huh." Sam rolled the condom down and gave in, sucking Robert in as fast as he could, as deep as he could take the big dick. One hand braced on Robert's hip, the other wrapped around the massive cock in his mouth, helping to jack Robert off.

One of these days he'd do it without the rubber, taste the man himself. The thought made him moan and suck harder.

"Sam!" He could feel Robert's thighs shaking with the effort not to thrust, the moans that were floating down to him heady. "Soon. Fuck."

Sam whimpered, the sound tight in his throat, his own balls hard, snug against him. He shoved a hand down his pants and came, heat flowing over his hand as he opened his throat for Robert's cock.

Robert shouted, hips jerking a few times before the cock in his mouth throbbed, filling the condom.

Sam sucked until the shaking eased and Robert started to soften, his non-sticky hand petting over Robert's abs. He sighed happily and finally let Robert go with a grin, almost laughing as he fell back and wiggled on the floor. "Damn, that's fun," he said, wiggling harder. "Messy as hell, though."

"Yeah? You need a shower?" Robert's eyes said he thought that was a good idea. So did Robert's prick, still pretty hard and twitching as Robert slid off the condom.

"Ohhh water! Yeah, could do that." Sam had an image in his head of Robert, all wet and hard... and this time he wouldn't have to fight wet clothes. "Oh, boy. Yeah, that I can do."

He stripped off his jeans and shorts, then wiped himself with the T-shirt. "Come on, bathroom's here -- " And there he was, ready for round two. With luck he'd blow fast again, and then enjoy the third one for a long time.

"You got more condoms, right? I want to do you up against the tiles." Robert's voice was husky, and the big hand that slid over his ass as Robert followed him was hot.

"Oh, fuck. Yeah, some in here, some over there, got more than five this time. You called, and I bought two boxes."

Robert laughed. "I think you've got an exaggerated sense of my recovery time. But I'm flattered and more than willing to try to live up to your expectations." He was given a wink, and as soon as he had the water on, Robert was grabbing his ass again and pushing him into the shower. The big guy figured out the rubbers would be in the medicine cabinet, and he grabbed a couple, putting them on the soap dish before crowding Sam up against the tiles. "You're pretty fucking sexy, Sam."

Sam snickered, his head spinning. "And you're hotter than hell. And we're naked and in the tub, and I even have water; wet fireman is even better than a fireman in uniform. Well, almost." He blinked a little, his dick twitching. "Do me in uniform sometime? That'd... oh, wow." He shivered, and tried his level best to climb right up Robert to get a kiss.

Robert's laughter filled his mouth, those big hands wrapping around his waist and pulling him hard against all those muscles. Robert's kiss was all consuming and one hand slid to his ass, cupping his cheek before fingers slid into his crease.

"Oh, yeah," Sam breathed into the kiss. "Please." He wiggled a little more, rubbing against solid muscle and trying to get that finger to do more than tease. And then suddenly it did, pushing right into him, burning a little as it stretched him. Sam grunted and pushed back, wanting more. He had a mental image of what he must look like, what kind of slut he must seem like to Robert, and he moaned again, his hips opening more. "Ah fuck. Yeah." He closed his eyes and let his head fall back against the tiles as he let himself feel. "Good."

"Tight and hot. You're a sweet fuck, Sam. A fucking sweet fuck." That one finger became two, Robert's eyes hot and glued to him as those fingers worked him open. Then Robert's mouth dropped down onto his again, the kiss just as hard and commanding as the first.

Sam moved, he had to. His hands on Robert's shoulders to pull himself up a bit, and then a quick shove down. No way he could take Robert's cock like this, not mostly dry, but he was getting ready to come again, and fingers would do it just fine, thanks. He fucked himself as best he could on that hand, his sounds filling the bathroom.

"More. Come on, wanna come," he muttered. His ass clenched a little, and his legs shook as he tightened his fingers on Robert's broad shoulders. "Goddamn, you're big. Sexy. Want you to fuck me so hard..."

Robert groaned, fingers inside him pushing deep as Robert's other hand wrapped around his prick, thumb finding his slit and pressing in.

"Oh, shit!" Sam bucked, trying to get one last bit of stimulation. He found it when Robert stroked him again, pressed again, brushed his gland. "Yes, yes, yes," he chanted as his orgasm moved through him, his back tensing and arching as he came over Robert's fingers. On Robert's fingers. He thought he might very well fall in love with Robert's hands.

Robert's fingers eased out of him, another one of those deep, consuming kisses stealing his breath. Before he could catch it again, Robert had turned him, pressing him up against the tiles as those fingers came back, slick this time, opening him with quick, hard strokes.

He just groaned, going with it, pushing back and spreading his legs. "Hard? Please? Make me feel every fucking inch of you, man. God, dreamed about this, about you in me, about the feel of your dick in my ass." He thought he was back to babbling, but he couldn't really help it. "Your hands, your legs, fucking you, riding you, want you so much, God, I jerked off just listening to your phone message -- "

Robert groaned, and those fingers disappeared again, and it seemed like such a fucking long time before Robert was back, all those muscles pressed up against him, that thick meat pushing against his hole, pushing into him and stretching him so wide.

Sam yelled, holding himself still and taking it. He dimly thought his neighbors would hate him, but then he figured they'd understand if they just got a look at Robert. They'd forgive him anything then; they'd understand that a man could only take so much sheer beauty before he had to yell. And a few inches of hard cock, too.

"God, yes," he gasped. "Fill me. Take me, make me beg." He thought he should be slightly ashamed of himself, but he couldn't be. He just wanted more. Wanted to feel and hear and taste.

Robert growled, the sound a promise as that cock pushed and pushed and stretched until he could feel Robert's hips hard against his ass. He was so full, so damned full. Just when he thought he couldn't take it for another second, Robert started moving. Those hands got a hold of his hips and started thrusting, pushing into him over and over again.

Sam bit his lip to keep the noise down, but there wasn't any hiding how much he loved it. "Oh, God, yes," he groaned. Then he gasped and swore as Robert's cock slammed into him again. He gave up on words and pushed himself back, arms braced, trying to take it all.

He squeezed hard, or tried to. There wasn't much he could do with a rod like that in him. Sam felt himself start to grin, the sheer joy of it getting to him, the fun of it all kicking in past the excitement and sensation. This is what he wanted, needed, craved; this was what he'd been missing. "Oh, boy," he said, adding a wiggle to his hips. "Come on, man. Give it to me."

Robert growled out something that might have been "greedy", but Sam was well past caring. Robert shifted a bit, and pulled him a little harder onto that prick, hitting his gland in the process and making him see stars.

"Oh, fuck!" Sam started to pant, the grin vanishing as his stomach clenched and his eyes rolled back. "Oh, God, good. Do it again."

"Oh, yeah. Not stopping now." And sure enough, Robert didn't stop, just kept thrusting hard, filling him up and making the world spin.

His hands started to slip, and he shifted one, tossing the weight of Robert's next thrust off just a little, and then it was just that much better. The ache in his balls grew, and his back arched so his ass was as open as he could be. Wanton wasn't even close to right, Sam thought. Pure needy slut was more like it, and he was having the time of his life.

A few more thrusts and Robert's hand wrapped around his cock. "Wanna feel you on my cock," muttered Robert, voice low, rough.

Sam whimpered. "Kay," he managed. "Just keep doing that."

Robert chuckled, but the sound was twisted up with a moan. The hand that was holding his hips wrapped around his waist and hauled him up higher, his feet barely touching the ground now as Robert fucked him.

"Ohh." Sam could feel the need to beg coming on, the need for more and more and more, and God, wouldn't that just kill him. "Can feel you everywhere," he said, his head going back to Robert's chest. "Just... fuck. So much." He dropped a hand to join Robert's on his cock and groaned, his body starting to convulse. "So big," he whispered, meaning both hand and cock, and everything else.

Robert's lips suddenly wrapped around the join where his neck met his shoulder, teeth biting down, lips sucking hard enough to leave a mark.

Sam cried out, his eyes shutting tight as he started to come again, his orgasm feeling like a living thing as it swept over him. "Fuck! Now, now, now, now," he whispered, riding Robert all the way through it, his body tight as he shot.

Robert kept fucking him, kept pulling on his cock all through it and through the aftershocks, until it was almost painful. He didn't think he could take another thrust when Robert roared, the sound echoing in the shower stall, Robert's cock pulsing inside him. It felt like an earthquake, Robert moving and shaking through it, and Sam just held on, hoping they didn't fall, and at the same time knowing that the whole thing was the hottest thing ever. Bar none.

"Fuck," Sam said finally, the world beginning to slow a little. "That was... wild." He tried to turn his head for a kiss, but couldn't quite find the energy.

Robert slipped out of him and let him back down fully onto his feet again. Then he was being turned, his mouth taken. This kiss was slow and deep, almost lazy.

"Oh, boy," Sam whispered. He felt warm and floaty, and he wrapped his arms around the huge man and just hung on. He could do this for a long, long time. Like, years.

Robert pulled him back so they were both in the water, the hot spray washing away the evidence of their pleasure. "You're a sweet fuck, Sam. A real sweet fuck."

"Stay with me?" Sam heard himself say. Before the panic could rise in his chest he added, "We can order in. Watch a movie."

Robert nodded. "Sounds good, Sam."

"Oh, good." He grinned up at Robert and winked, unable to resist. "And then we can do it again."

Robert laughed. "You? Have a one-track mind. Not that it's a train I don't want to be on."

He wiggled a little, the grin growing. "I'll trade talking and cuddling against your dick in me, how's that? We can do both -- hey, we can talk *while* you fuck me; best of both worlds. And then, next Canada Day I can watch you wash cars and know exactly what that mountain of a fireman is like. In bed and out." He bit his lip and grinned again, not really sure he hadn't just gone too far.

Robert grinned down at him. "I don't think I can talk while fucking you, kid. But aside from that? You've got a deal."

"Oh, good," Sam said softly. He wondered vaguely if he was going to need a bigger bed. Or a more soundproofed apartment. "And I'm betting you're still gonna tell me the fire engines are off-limits?" He held onto Robert a little tighter, feeling sleep start to creep up on him. He wanted bed and food and Robert there with him, in any order.

Chuckling, Robert bent and turned off the shower, stepping out and practically carrying him out as well. One of his towels was used to dry them both off. "The trucks are still off-limits, kid. But if you play your cards right, I might be talked into fucking you in the uniform."

Sam pretended to groan and wiggled against Robert. "Stop. You'll get me up again," he teased. Then he blinked as he felt his groin tighten. "Jesus. Feed me before I become some sort of sex addict. This is scary, man. It's like... bionic-dick."

"*Become* some sort of sex addict? You were like this before I got here, Sam." Robert gave him a wink and hoisted him up over his shoulder in a fireman's carry. A kiss landed on his ass. "You're going to exhaust me, kid. Hopefully often."

And it might not have been a promise, but it was good enough for Sam.

Chapter Three

The movie had been fun. They'd even managed to eat pizza and watch most of it before Sam had started humping against him again.

Robert shook his head. The kid was insatiable. And he supposed he'd feel a lot better about it if he was sure *he* was the reason. Rather than that just being Sam's default.

Still, he liked the kid enough that here he was a week later for round three. He had a bag of take-out from the little Tex-Mex place by the station, a six-pack of Coronas, a box of condoms and two movies with him. He wasn't here *just* to fuck.

Of course someone needed to tell his dick that; it was hard already. And there was only one reason why he hadn't changed out of his uniform before leaving the station at the end of his shift. He looked at his full hands and shrugged, kicking at the door in lieu of knocking.

"Hang on!" he heard Sam yell from the other side of the door. There was a series of clicks and a thunk as the deadbolt was unlocked, and God knows how many other locks, and then the door opened to spill out light. "Oh, Jesus," Sam said, his eyes widening. "Look at you. Oh, boy." The kid stepped back to let him in, still staring.

Grinning, Robert went in. "I didn't have time to change," he told Sam, winking.

"Lucky me," Sam said, backing into the wall. "Oh, man. And food, too! Holy crap, just... look at you!" Sam looked like he was going to crawl out of his skin, one hand already going to his dick in a not subtle move. "Um, come in. Make yourself at home. How was your day?" The kid seemed to be tripping over his tongue. It was cute.

Robert grinned, wondering how bad it would torture Sam if he insisted they eat the food before doing anything. He was certainly hungry enough, and he knew from experience that the food tasted better hot and fresh than it did cold or reheated.

"Long shift, and I didn't get a chance to eat as we were called out right at breakfast and then again at lunch. You don't mind if we just dig in, do you?" He plunked the bags on the coffee table and sat on the couch, hiding his grin.

Sam looked torn. He was wiggly now, shifting from foot to foot, but he was eyeing the food and then Robert. "Bad day?" the kid asked finally. "That... sucks, man. Anyone hurt?" He looked sincere, had even gotten his eyes up to level with Robert's. Mostly.

Robert shrugged and pulled the food out of the bag, opening the containers and starting to build himself a fajita. "Nobody died. All the calls were false alarms. So all around it was

a pretty good day. Just long and lacking in the nutrition department." He piled on the meat and onions and vegetables and salsa, and then ate the thing in two bites. Yeah, he was teasing Sam, but at the same time he was also pretty damned hungry.

Sam nodded and wiggled and made a whimpering sound. "Um. I'll be right back," Sam blurted, and then he dashed to the bathroom. Two minutes of running water and Sam came back, a hell of a lot more relaxed. "So, what's for dinner?"

Robert chuckled and shook his head. "You need to start doing that before I show up."

The kid went red. "I did. I didn't know you were gonna wear your uniform, though!" He threw himself on the couch and grinned. "Look at it this way; I'm good to go now." A warm hand settled on his thigh and started making moves. "So it really wasn't a bad day? You're okay?"

He nodded and smiled, his own cock throbbing. "I'm fine. Have something to eat." He was thirty-two years old. He could wait for them both to be fed properly before he jumped the kid's bones. No matter how sexy the little shit was, and no matter what that hand was doing on his leg.

"I ate around three," Sam said. "Couple of burgers and a bunch of rice. I'm good." The hand went higher, tracing over his balls. "Could eat something else... oh, beer!" The hand vanished.

He chuckled, fixing himself another fajita, and downing it and half of the beer Sam opened for him before speaking again. "The nachos are really good." He shifted, his cock throbbing, but he tried to ignore it. He wasn't done eating yet, though he had a hunch he was going to be done sooner than he usually would be.

"Uh-huh." Sam rummaged in the bag between swallowing sips of his beer. "You want me to fill my mouth?" he asked, waving the box of condoms. "I can think of something better than nachos..."

Robert nearly choked on his food, but he managed to swallow first. "I'm not here just for the sex, Sam." Then why, asked a little voice in his head, had he worn the uniform?

Sam apparently agreed, one eyebrow shooting up. "Okay. So, Mister Uniformed Fireman with the rubbers and beer and phallic food... why are you here?"

Okay, so the phallic food wasn't on purpose -- it was just convenient and good -- and the beer was just because it went with Mexican food, but Sam was right on the rest of it, and he could feel his cheeks heating. "I never said I wasn't here for the sex at all. Just not *just* for the sex. I..." He shook his head and finished his beer and wiped his mouth with a paper napkin. "Fuck it. Get your ass over here."

"No, no, no," Sam protested, grinning. Little shit had already come. Twice. And now he was teasing. "I really want to know. You're here because you love the décor, right? The stunning entertainment? Sparkling conversation?"

"You're a real funny guy, Sam." He popped the button on his uniform pants. Two could tease. Of course he was the one with the cock that had long since run out of room in his pants.

Sam's gaze was glued to his crotch in a rather flattering way, even if he did keep talking. "You're... um. You're here because I have a better stereo than you. Or maybe it's the... uh. The..." The kid took a step forward and licked his lips. "The TV reception?"

He chuckled. "We haven't watched any TV while I've been here, Sam."

"Oh. So... you're here 'cause I can make you come so hard you can't breathe?" Sam took another step forward and reached for the box of condoms.

"That *isn't* the only reason, Sam. Really." Still his legs were spreading, hips shifting.

"Sure." Sam grinned and pulled out a strip of condoms and tore one off. "How about I suck you off now, and you can tell me the other reasons when you can think again?"

"That works for me." He started in on his zipper, being careful he didn't injure himself.

Sam moved closer and tugged the table out of the way before kneeling between his thighs. "Show me," the kid whispered. "Come on, take it out and show me what you've got for me."

A shudder went through him at the words, and he got the zipper down, pushed his boxers out of the way. His prick was hard, just springing right out, tip already dripping.

"Oh, yeah," Sam purred, one hand wrapping around Robert's prick and squeezing. "That's it. Fucking monster cock, all ready for me." The kid dipped his head and licked around the crown, real fast. "Fuck, want to taste you," Sam said, pulling back as he tore the condom wrapper.

Robert just groaned a little and pushed up with his hips. Sam played too much for them to take a chance. Either of them. "Hurry up," he muttered, needing.

Sam snorted. "Not here for the sex," he mimicked, rolling the condom on. "Oh, sorry, not *just* the sex." But he grinned and winked, and then he opened wide, taking Robert in and sucking hard for a moment before settling in to play.

Little shit.

Robert would have said so, too, but Sam's mouth was making him forget his own name, let alone anything else, and he just watched through lowered lids, moaning at the sensations. The fair head bobbed, the last bits of the pink tips brushing his balls and thighs as Sam worked him. The kid's tongue pressed and slid, traced over the head of his dick again and again, and then Sam lifted off a bit, licking all down the shaft and lapping at his balls. Clever fingers joined in, one hand jerking him off, the other sliding over wet and slippery skin when Sam sucked him down again, happy sounds vibrating around him.

Robert ran his hands through Sam's hair and then down over his shoulders, fingers sliding over the slender bones and muscles. It felt fucking good, and his head dropped back against the couch, eyes closing as he concentrated on not thrusting with his hips and choking Sam to death.

Sam hummed a bit, tongue pressing against him. The suction around him got a lot tighter for a moment, and then it was gone, Sam backing away and then coming back, his legs tucked under him so he could change the angle. "Come on, Mister Fireman. Fuck my mouth," Sam invited, swooping down on him.

Groaning, he did just that, hips pushing up, pushing his cock along Sam's tongue. One of his hands slid into Sam's hair, holding Sam's head still as he kept moving. Fuck, it felt amazing.

Sam moaned around him and opened up more, sucking hard as his hands started kneading Robert's thighs. He let go, let Sam just have it for the last few thrusts, and then came, his whole body shuddering as he filled the condom in long bursts.

Still moaning happily, Sam sucked him through the whole thing, hands moving to pet him, his legs, his balls, his belly until the kid let him go, swiping the condom off with a practiced move. Sam kissed his thigh and stood up on shaky legs, grinning like a Cheshire cat. "Hang on, I'll get a cloth," he said, heading to the bathroom.

"As long as you don't whack off in there again," he grumbled, loathe to let Sam's warmth disappear.

"Nah," Sam called out, over running water. He came back with a warm cloth and cleaned Robert's dick for him with a curiously gentle touch before climbing right on his lap. "This one is all yours," he said with a smile and a wiggle.

He chuckled and slid his hand into Sam's jeans, teasing the hardness with his fingertips. "You're going to have to wait for me to get it up again." Not too long, though, because his cock was already twitching and had stopped deflating. Looked like Sam was good for his recovery time.

"I think I can wait," Sam said with a wink. "We can have sparkling conversation. Or watch TV. Or maybe I can tell you all about my mid-terms?" He shifted a bit, his hips pushing his long thin cock against Robert's fingers.

Robert petted him teasingly. "You can tell me what classes you're taking this term and how you're doing in them."

Sam blinked. "Seriously?"

He slapped Sam's ass with his free hand. "You do think I'm here just for the sex!"

"Well, yeah. Kind of," Sam said slowly. "I mean, we get along, and we can watch a movie or two, and talk about some stuff... but crap, man. I'm not even nineteen. I'm a student. You're like... you've got a job, a life... I bet you have a savings account." He looked faintly accusing.

He pulled his hand out of Sam's pants and sat up a little, overly aware of his cock hanging out of his pants. He decided tucking it in would make Sam take him more seriously. "I'm not sure what a savings account has to do with anything."

The kid did think he was just here for that sweet ass. And, yeah, that's why they'd hooked up and why he kept showing back up, but he knew that ass was attached to a person, and he'd be damned if he was just going to fucking use Sam like the kid was some thing instead of a person.

"It means we're at different points, is all," Sam said. "And there's nothing wrong with that -- I'm making debt, you're paying yours off or whatever. I'm figuring out what I'm going to do; you're doing. Except you're *supposed* to be doing me. Why the hell are you stopping?" Oh, and the look had gone from accusing to surprised and confused, Sam still sitting on him.

"Because..." Because he was an old fool who wanted more than just to be some kid's stroke-off material. And the truth was that he liked Sam. He liked the bounce and the infectious grin, and he was willing to bet they had a fair bit in common if Sam would just let them get to know each other a little better.

"We were talking," he finally finished lamely.

Sam stared at him for a long moment. "You want to talk."

"We don't have to," he grumbled, starting to feel like an idiot. Why would Sam want to get to know him better? He was just a stud in a uniform to the kid. Sam no doubt had plenty of friends he could hang out and talk with.

"But you want to," Sam said. Then he nodded. "Okay. Let's talk. But not about school, please. Mid-terms are coming up and I need a break." He slid off Robert's lap and landed next to him on the couch, worming his way into the crook of Robert's arm. "So, how long have you been a fireman?" he asked, apparently serious.

Robert cleared his throat, a little thrown by Sam's sudden change of heart. "Well, I started out as a volunteer fireman while I was in my last two years of college. I knew at that point that Social Studies wasn't the be-all and end-all. It's a good degree if you're going to be a fireman, though. And a couple years after I graduated, a spot opened up and I hired on full time." He'd started in Vancouver, transferring over to Victoria a couple years ago. The smaller city was pretty, and he liked living on the island.

"Huh." Sam looked up at him. "I'm in history and English, which is pretty useless, I guess. But I like it, you know? History is just... cool. And in English I'm required to read the stuff I've been buried in since I was fourteen, so it's a breeze. My dad is freaked 'cause unless I keep going and get a PhD and teach, he figures I'll wind up working at a fast food place, like the joke goes."

And just like that, they were talking.

Sam thought that one of the nicest things about living in Victoria was how easy it was to get around. Taxi, bus, bike, even his board, he could get where he was going fairly easily. And it was pretty. And none of that mattered at all, because he was walking and thinking, utterly oblivious to anything but getting where he was going without becoming lost.

When Robert had called and invited him over, he'd been jazzed. He'd had a surprisingly good time with the man the weekend before, considering the amount of talking and low orgasm count. Hell, they'd talked so late that they'd fallen asleep on the couch, and Robert got paged in the middle of the night so he'd not even managed to get fucked, uniform or not.

He was kind of cranky about that part.

But then two nights ago, Sam had been at the library and he'd been nicely cruised by a hot guy and... nothing. Well, not nothing, a big boner wasn't nothing, but he'd not wanted to do anything. He turned the guy down, gone home, and had a panic attack, reminding himself that Robert had asked him out. Over. Something. Was it a date if it was at the guy's house?

Oh, yeah. It was a date. And Sam had gone all out, dressed nicely and made sure his hair was trimmed a bit and the pink was gone. Sure, there was blue now, but it wasn't pink.

He was babbling in his own head, and that was usually cause for worry. Sam sighed and looked around, checking numbers. He'd walked right past Robert's, and when he looked up at the house, the mountain of a man was looking out the window and laughing at him. Sam rolled his eyes and waved, then walked to the door.

"Go back to sleep," he said to his prick. "Probably be more talking."

Robert opened the door for him, looking fantastic in a pair of jeans that hugged the muscled body, and a mostly blue Hawaiian shirt. "You get lost?" Robert teased.

"Only in thought," Sam admitted, grinning. "I do that. Am I late? I walked instead of taking the bus, and you're farther away than I thought."

"Well, it's after six-thirty, but I don't know if it's close enough to seven to call you late." He got a wink, and Robert took his arm, tugging him in.

It was a nice place, renovated from the original in a row of the same. Two stories, not overly large, but that could have just been because Robert had a way of making any space look small. He was led into a living room with a huge couch, a big screen TV and a fireplace. There was a coffee table, too, and two recliners filled the rest of the space. "It's not fancy," Robert told him.

"It's great," Sam said sincerely, turning in a circle. "I'm betting your TV reception is better than mine," he said as he walked to the fireplace. "Is this real? Like, working?"

Robert laughed and nodded. "Satellite. Got kind of spoiled by the one at work. And yeah, the fireplace works. Wouldn't be much of a fireman if I couldn't *make* fire, would I?"

Sam laughed, startled. "Yeah, I guess not." He grinned and tried not to bounce. This was so different from his place. This was a home, something Robert had worked to put together. There were real things here, not just a couch from his dad's basement and a table from a yard sale. "Um. So, how've you been?" he asked, feeling utterly lame.

"Not bad. Keeping busy. You?" Robert wandered down the hall to the kitchen and Sam followed.

"Okay. Busy. Been living at the library, mostly." Oh, but that made him think about that last guy, the one he didn't grope, and that made him feel kinda blinky again. "Oh, this is nice," he said, looking around the kitchen. His fingers itched, and he wondered if he could just climb into Robert's lap and kiss the guy stupid. Do what he knew was good.

Robert took a couple of Cokes out of the fridge and handed one over. "You want the five cent tour? Rupert's wife always offers a five cent tour whenever we show up at their place."

Sam could tell it was a formality, something Robert thought he was supposed to do, so he shook his head. "If it's important, I'll find it," he said with another grin. "Who's Rupert?" Was he supposed to ask that? And who was 'we', anyway? He bit the inside of his cheek to squash the rising tide of babble he sensed coming on.

"One of the guys at the station. We take turns having everyone over, once a month or so. Pot luck for bachelors, decent food when it's one of the marrieds." Robert gave him a

grin. "Speaking of -- there's a game on, you want to watch the Canucks get their asses creamed?"

"Always. Who's going to beat them tonight?" Sam relaxed a bit. He could handle hockey. And if it was the Canucks, maybe Robert was up for some distraction.

"The Leafs." Robert chuckled. "Maybe they won't get creamed after all. Either that or the game'll be a snoozer." Robert led the way back to the living room and sat, arm open for him to cuddle up next to the big body. "You ever play?"

Sam snorted. "Oh, yeah. Skinny, tall guy, out of the closet at thirteen. Like their daddies would let the little fag in the locker room." He peered up at Robert. "Bet you did, though. The coaches would be creaming to get you on their teams."

"I tried, but I grew up all of a sudden and I was all arms and legs that I couldn't seem to control. I was more of a penalty to my own team than a help. I didn't have any co-ordination until I was about nineteen, and then I was big enough that balancing on those little blades was a pain in the ass." Robert tugged him in close, arm warm around him as the TV went on and Robert found the game on CBC.

Sam snuggled in and tried to follow the game, but not even five minutes in he found himself distracted by Robert's scent. He smelled... male. And warm and good, and God, Sam was hard, just trying to keep still. He sniffed again and felt a noise try to happen in his chest, a little whimpery moan. It was no good. He might have good intentions, and God knew he wanted Robert to like him, but damn. Maybe he was just a horny little sex kitten after all.

Then Robert's hand started wandering, sliding up and down along his arm before curling in to touch his belly, fingers stroking.

Sam swallowed hard and tried to keep still for a moment or two, but that had to be a move, and if someone he wanted to make a move was doing it, he had to respond, right? It was only polite. And Robert liked sex. A lot. Never said they were going to be just friends or anything, and hell, it was *his* hand, and Sam finally couldn't deal anymore. His brain was as loud as his dick. He turned into Robert's arms and kissed him, just pushed his tongue into the man's mouth and moaned, his hips already rubbing along one huge thigh.

Robert moaned right back, hands sliding to grab hold of his hips, encouraging his movements as Robert's tongue slid along his own. Sam's sounds were muffled by Robert's mouth, but he was pretty sure Robert got it, knew what was going to happen. His hips sped up, his cock was just rigid, and he was about four good strokes from coming. Frantic, he shoved a hand between them, trying to get his jeans open before he shot. Nothing worse than walking home in sticky pants.

Robert caught on to what his problem was, and those big fingers yanked open his jeans, one big hand wrapping around his cock and tugging hard.

"Oh, fuck!" He tore his mouth from Robert's and yelled his head off as he shot, spunk flying as he came over Robert's hand, his dick throbbing and his balls aching. "Oh, God." He tried to breathe, shaking like a leaf as he came down.

Robert let his cock go and petted him gently.

"I'm sorry," Sam said. He buried his head in Robert's neck and moaned. "Sorry."

Robert chuckled. "Well, unless you're planning on leaving me out in the cold, you don't need to apologize."

Sam tried to catch his breath and shook his head. "Nope," he said into Robert's neck. "Anything you want, swear. Just... God, wish I didn't pop so fucking fast."

"Oh, I think the short turnaround time makes up for that," murmured Robert, one hand returning to his prick and tugging it back to life. "Besides, if you mean it about not wanting to pop so fast, there's stuff we can do so you don't."

Sam lifted his head and kissed along Robert's jaw. "Yeah?" Oh, he loved the feel of this man's hands on him. Just the best thing ever.

"You ever heard of a cock ring?" Robert asked, hand still working him.

"Uh-huh. Just never really thought about it." He moaned softly, his hips wanting to push. "I mean... most guys don't want to take the time, you know?"

"I don't know. It could be fun, you all revved up and nowhere to go. It would let me catch up to you." Robert's free hand grabbed his ass and encouraged him to move.

He started rocking, his cock pushing through fingers slick with his own come, Robert's huge hands holding him, enveloping him. "Yeah?" he asked, a little breathless again and starting to lose track of the conversation. "Oh, God, you make me hot," he said. "I tried, you know. Talking and shit. Turned down -- " He gasped as his prick jumped. "Got one of those rings?"

Robert chuckled. "No, I don't. But I know where we can buy one for next time." Robert's fingers slid away from his cock and his ass. "There's a condom in my pocket. You fish that and my cock out, and you can ride me."

Sam dove for Robert's pockets. He tried them all, initially ignoring the condom when he found it in favor of teasing the man's cock from the inside of his pants for a moment, but he could only wait so long. He pulled the condom out and tossed it on the couch, then

stood up and stripped off his clothes before settling across Robert's thighs, his fingers tugging at the man's fly.

"Right here?" he asked, taking a short hard kiss. "Do me right here?"

Robert nodded. "Of course right here -- I mean we're watching the game, aren't we?" he said with a wink and a grin.

Sam glanced at the TV. Tim Horton's commercial. "Right. Game." He finally got the button and started on the zipper, guiding it over the mound of Robert's erection. "I love it when you fuck me," he whispered, eyes on Robert's mouth, his hands full of hot prick. "Love the way you feel."

Robert licked his lips and moaned. "I like fucking you, kid. Like your heat around my cock. You're so fucking tight. No one who claims to love it as much as you do should be so fucking tight."

"Kegels." He winked, not really willing to let the man know how serious he was about that little fact. He stroked his hand up and down Robert's prick, and wiggled a little, rubbing on flat, hard abs. "Got lube out here, too?" he asked, reaching for the condom.

Robert felt around under the cushions and finally came up with a battered tube which he handed right over. "Wanna watch you do yourself with your fingers."

Sam moaned and fell to the side, landing on his back on the couch. "Lucky for you, I'm a bit of an exhibitionist," he said with as much of a grin as he could manage. He planted one foot on the floor and pulled the other knee up, his fingers fumbling with the tube as he slicked his fingers.

He didn't waste a lot time teasing, just traced around his hole a couple of times and felt his cock twitch in response before he eased two fingers in. He pushed deep with a groan, his back arching, and *then* it was time to tease. He pulled his fingers out and set a slow, shallow rhythm, just fingering himself as sweet as could be while he watched Robert through his eyelashes.

Robert watched his fingers in his ass, one big hand wrapping around that monster prick, stroking in time.

Sam moaned softly and sped up a little, went a bit deeper. He pushed against his gland when he could, and his back arched, he couldn't help it. "Oh, God," he whimpered. He stabbed at it again, staring at Robert's hand, the big man's cock.

"All right, kid. Entertaining as this is, I want to fuck you. Get over here." God, that growl was sexy.

Sam pulled his fingers out and crawled back into Robert's lap. "Do that again. Growl for me," he demanded, working the condom onto Robert's cock. "God, you're hard. You like that, huh? Me showing off for you?" He got the latex on and lifted up, ready to sit right on that hard, hard prick.

"Yeah, I like it. I like the way you just go for everything. It's fucking sexy." Robert's hands wrapped around his hips, tugged him down.

Sam threw back his head and hissed as Robert filled him and took over his senses. He couldn't feel anything but Robert's skin and clothes, and the only smell in the world was his own spunk and the scent of Robert's sweat. "Oh, God," he sighed as he settled. "Full. Fuck, so full."

"Feels good," muttered Robert, mouth closing in on his, tongue pushing in.

Sam could only nod, happy to sit for a moment with Robert's rod up his ass and those huge hands on him. But soon enough he had to move, had to lift up and drop himself back down, grunting as the motion worked his gland, made his hole burn and flex. "God. Yeah," he moaned, then dove into another kiss as he lifted himself again, riding Robert and trying to make it last.

Robert helped bring him up and down, big hand moving him, staying away from his cock this time.

Sam sucked at Robert's lip and moaned again. "So good," he whispered. "You feel like... man. Like nothing else." His eyelids drooped as he concentrated on his ass, on the way he was sliding up and down, and grinding hard every third or forth stroke. "Faster? A little?" He shuddered, unable not to.

"Anything you want, Sam." Robert's hips got into it too, now, pushing up as he was pulled down, going just a touch faster, but also harder.

He suddenly felt selfish, like holding off was taking away from Robert. He bit his lip and swayed a little, but he managed to get his eyes open and focused on Robert, even on a damn good down stroke. "Good?" he asked, hating how shy he sounded. His eyes closed again as he felt Robert's balls against his ass, and his body shook with need again. "Oh, God," he moaned.

"Fucking good," muttered Robert, that voice gone gruff. Harder now, and a little faster, it just kept getting better.

Sam rolled his hips, his hands sliding over Robert's shoulders. "Fuck me," he whispered. "God, just do it. Fuck me hard, Robert, make me scream. Need it. Want you so bad, want to feel you next week."

Robert made a noise that was pure pleasure and shifted, putting him on his back on the couch and just going to town on his ass. Sam arched and rocked and gave up on not coming too soon. "That's it," he said, his hands clutching at Robert's arms. "Nail me to the fucking couch. Come on, come on... make me scream and I swear to God I'll blow you before I leave, fucking eat your ass, anything." He arched again and rocked, meeting Robert's next thrust and shoving himself as far up Robert's dick as he could.

Robert stopped, buried deep inside him, eyes looking into his. "You know, I'm enjoying myself, right? You don't need to offer me favors."

Sam stared. "Jesus, you think I don't *like* doing that stuff? Just fuck me, man."

Robert's eyes narrowed, and he growled and started moving again, fucking Sam really hard.

Sam would have bit his lip to keep from squeaking but he thought he'd draw blood, so he squeaked instead. "Oh, boy," he said breathlessly. "That's it." He lost his train of thought as Robert slammed into his gland again, and he wound up bracing himself against the arm of the couch to keep from banging his head.

He thought he might be grinning so wide he'd never stop.

He locked his legs around Robert's hips and did his level best to get the big man off, squeezing hard on every stroke and pushing back on every thrust. His dick was starting to leak, a sticky pool forming in his belly button. With a wink he dipped his finger in and licked it clean.

Robert groaned and moved harder. "Sexy little shit."

"I try." Sam winked again and sucked his finger, moaning as Robert reamed his ass. "Gonna shoot, though. Ah, damn." His eyes rolled up and his stomach got real tight.

"Do it. Wanna feel you." Robert hit his gland again and again.

"Fuck. Ah, fuck!" Sam bucked and grabbed his cock, trying to stop it, but he was too late; he stroked down and started shooting, come jetting up his body and streaking his chest.

"Fuck, yeah," growled Robert, still thrusting, making his orgasm just last and last. Then the big guy's face went slack and he groaned and jerked, cock pulsing, filling the condom.

Sam stared up at Robert. He didn't think he'd ever seen anyone quite like that, so open and sexy and fun. He'd been with a lot of guys, seen a lot of guys over him like this... but he'd never really seen it. Never wanted to keep the picture of it like that.

"Oh, boy," he whispered.

Robert nodded, sliding out of him and getting rid of the condom. That mouth was on his again, too, licking and kissing, breathing the same air.

Sam kissed Robert, feeling almost desperate. His tongue pushed deeper and he wiggled against all those muscles, not trying to get off, or get hard or anything like it; just trying to get close and stay there.

Robert shifted and turned so he was on the couch with Sam lying spread out on top of him. Sam grinned down at him and snuggled against the wide chest. "So, I'm thinking that the talking parts of this thing should always come after the sex parts, 'cause if I'm not getting laid I'm usually not thinking at my best -- or actually I'm just thinking about how to get laid, which isn't really true, 'cause I do think about school, but I do like the talking parts, Robert." He forced himself to take a breath, and then he said softly, "I like you."

Robert beamed up at him. "I like you, too, Sammy. A lot more than I like a good hard fuck, you know?"

"Yeah." Sam smiled and wriggled around until he could kiss Robert's jaw again, and smell his neck, and be warm and close. "Not to say the sex ain't great," he added, just to tease. He figured Robert knew that part. "But, yeah. I like you."

"The sex part is just grand, Sam. Just grand."

Sam grinned to himself and tried not to laugh. "Uh-huh. But now what do we talk about?" he asked in his most bored voice. "The game? School? Work? Where we should fuck next?"

Robert chuckled, the big body moving beneath him. "I'm going to start calling you One Track."

"You could," Sam allowed, "but I like Sam better. Hey, do you always use Robert, or do you use Rob? Bob? Bobby? Didn't that other guy call you Rob when we met? I mean, when you picked me up, way back when I was innocent and naive?"

Robert laughed again. "I don't think I knew you when you were eight, Sam."

"I was much older than eight!" Sam protested before he could stop himself. "And you're avoiding the question, and now that you've brought it up, how old were you when you figured out guys were the way you went?"

"You can call me what you like, though Bobby? I'm not that fond of. And I was nearly sixteen before I realized that it wasn't that I was a late bloomer, but that I had bloomed in a whole different direction." Robert's hands were wandering, sliding on his skin just enough to keep him warm. Of course it hardly seemed fair, him all naked while Robert barely had any buttons undone.

Sam pushed at a shirt button until it slipped through the button hole, and did some quick math. When Robert was figuring out he liked cock, Sam was about two and a half. "Oh, boy," he whispered. He pushed another button through a hole and slipped his hand into Robert's shirt. "Can I ask you something?"

"Yeah, Sam, you can ask me something. That's what this whole talking thing is about." The words were gentled with a wink, though.

Sam smiled weakly, his nerves suddenly deserting him. "Um. Okay. It's just... Oh, hell. What are we doing? 'Cause if we're doing what I think we are, I really want to know if you're sure, 'cause I'm... Christ, I'm not even old enough to go to a bar with you, man." He sat up, mostly squished into the couch and looked down at Robert. "But I've been turning guys down -- well, one guy -- and I really like you, and if we're... dating, then maybe we should be clear, you know?" He paused to breathe and realized he was done, so he bit his lip.

Robert grunted and sat up, hand reaching for him, tugging him close. "I haven't seen anybody since Canada Day. Not entirely because of lack of opportunity."

Sam stared. "Are you serious? But you didn't call me for, like, two and half months."

"Yeah, well, I have a couple of hands, you know?" Robert was giving him a teasing grin. "And we aren't all sex freaks."

"I'm not a freak," Sam said with a grin. "Although I am picturing you jerking off. And I play safe, like I said. Aside from taking strange, huge, firemen home minutes after walking into them by not so much accident."

"I knew you'd done that on purpose!" Robert looked suddenly smug, and then he got serious again. "So we're, uh... not seeing other people?"

"I guess not," Sam said, hoping he didn't look as freaked as he felt. "That's... wow."

"Look, I know you're young, and I'm not asking you to commit yourself to me for life or anything, but if we're seeing other people as well... well, it'll just be you doing that, yeah? I'm not looking to lay everything on legs."

Sam wasn't sure, but he thought that might have actually stung. "I'm not that bad," he said before he could stop himself. "And you weren't complaining when I climbed on you, were you? And I already said I'm not seeing anyone else, and I really like you, so I guess I'm saying I'm dating you. So long as you can keep up with me, anyway." He sniffed and stuck his nose in the air, ignoring the fact that he was stark naked and Robert was *still* dressed. Mostly.

Robert chuckled. "I do think I've managed to insult you. Didn't mean to. And I appreciate the sacrifice you're making. Just doing me." He got another wink, and he couldn't quite tell if Robert was making fun of him or not.

"Technically, you're doing me," Sam pointed out. "Unless you're willing to roll over...?"

Robert shrugged. "It's not my favorite thing in the world, but I will if you really want to."

Sam felt his eyes widen and his cheeks heat. He really hadn't expected Robert to say that. "No, that's okay," he said hastily. No fucking way was he telling the man that he'd been screwing around for almost six years and never topped.

"Cool. Not really my thing, but I'm not an asshole." Robert grinned suddenly and tugged Sam into his lap. "Third period's about to start."

Sam actually wondered if that was a euphemism before he remembered the game. "What's the score?" he asked, trying to get his brain to switch gears.

"It was 2-1 for the Leafs before we started fucking. God knows what it is now." Robert grinned at him. "Twenty minutes -- you think you can wait that long before we start *our* next period?"

Oh, and there it went, his now completely embarrassing dick, stretching out and waking up. "Um. No." He grinned and wiggled. "Ignore it. It'll keep. I hope."

Robert just laughed and one hand landed in his lap, thumb and forefinger taking the head of his cock between them, rolling his flesh.

"It's not my fault," Sam said, his hips shifting. "It's 'cause I'm young," he pointed out with a wide grin.

"I don't remember being hard *this* much when I was eighteen," Robert noted conversationally, fingers playing and teasing his prick, learning the shape of him.

Sam shrugged. "I only know me. Maybe you're forgetting?" He hissed as Robert's thumb brushed over a hot spot near the base of his dick, right over his balls.

"Maybe," Robert murmured, fingers going back to that spot, sliding over it, almost absently as those blue eyes watched the game.

His head tipped back, and Sam moaned quietly, his cock getting harder. Sparks were going off behind his eyes, and no way was he going to stop Robert. "Find out the score yet?" he said, his voice hoarse.

"Sammy one, Robert two, about to be three," murmured Robert with a chuckle, hand cupping his sacs, rolling his balls.

"Uh-huh." Sam sucked in a lungful of air. "Does that mean you win?" He arched a little, his legs spreading.

Another chuckle vibrated Robert's chest. "I don't know -- you're the one having the orgasms..." Robert's fingers wrapped around his cock, pumping lazily.

"Um. Yeah." Sam tried to think. "Oh, boy." He shuddered a little and tried to re-group. He thought about the test he had in two days; the papers coming up. And then he wondered if Robert sucked, as he didn't bottom. His eyes flew wide open. "Robert?"

"Yeah, kid?" The hand on him tightened, Robert still watching the game as he jacked Sam off.

"You suck, right? I mean, I'm not facing a suddenly blow job-free world?"

"You get your tests done and come back clean, and I'll suck your brains out of your cock. I don't suck latex."

"Okay." Sam gave a mental shrug. He hated latex, too, but he loved cock, so he dealt. The test wasn't a problem, and he could probably even do it soon, though he'd had one only a couple of months ago. "When was your last test?" he asked, trying to take his mind off the pressure building in his balls. He'd be damned if he popped again with Robert not even half trying.

Robert's fingers started teasing that spot at the base of his dick with every stroke. "September first. Get it done then every year. It's a requirement for the job. I'm clean."

"Uh-huh." Sam concentrated on breathing through his nose. "I've been testing every three to six months for... um. Three years. Always clean. Last one was... oh, God." He took another breath and closed his eyes. "About eight weeks ago. Gonna blow if you keep doing that," he warned in a rush.

"That's the idea, isn't it?" Robert didn't slow down at all, sped up in fact. "Just me since your last test, Sammy?"

"Uh-huh. Kissed a guy at a party, but didn't touch him, he didn't get anywhere. Oh, shit, Robert, I'm really fucking close here." His legs were starting to shake, and he could feel his pulse in his dick, his heart just racing.

"So come, Sam. I promise not to rib you about it. Much." Robert's thumb slid across the tip of his prick on the next upstroke.

He shook his head. "Nope. Not yet, damn it." He'd more or less forgotten why he was fighting it off, however, and his hips had started pushing, thrusting his dick through Robert's hand. "Oh, God."

Another chuckle rocked against him, and Robert's other hand slid along his chest. "These things sensitive, Sam?" One of his nipples was tweaked.

"Ah, damn," Sam whispered, his balls pulling up tight. "Do it again."

"Oh, they are! Can you believe I'm only finding this out now?" Robert tweaked his nipple again, and then found the other one, gave it the same treatment.

Sam moaned and writhed on the couch, his hips pushing, his legs shaking and spreading, and his body giving itself over pretty much as an unwrapped gift. "Oh, yeah," Sam groaned as he started to shoot again, his come thick and sticky, every contraction of his muscles more intense than the last until he could barely breathe, and couldn't talk at all, only moan.

Robert's hands slid over him, bringing him down slowly. "Three to one. Just like the game."

Sam didn't even open his eyes. "Who's winning?" he asked sluggishly.

"I think I am," murmured Robert. "I'm pretty sure in fact."

"Yeah?" He pulled himself around and curled up in Robert's arms, easy as anything. "Feels like I am."

"Then maybe we're both doing something right." Robert took his shirt off and put it over him, covering the parts of him that weren't snuggled up against all that warm skin.

Sam nuzzled in and nodded, utterly drained, sleepy, and content. "I guess so. Lucky us." He wasn't even sure if Robert heard him, and sleep was too close to check. Sam decided he'd tell Robert again when he woke up.

The game had been fun, and Sam had fallen asleep in his arms. And that almost had Robert dumping Sam off his lap and making the kid go home. Because that was something he could get used to.

Something he could get to want.

And while he was ready for that kind of commitment, he was pretty sure Sammy wasn't. Sam was just... so young. And Robert didn't know how long this exclusive thing was going to last between them before Sam needed to move on to the next good thing. Robert really didn't want to get his heart broken. He'd been down that road before, and it sucked.

He didn't dump the kid through, or wake him. When the game was over, he stood, Sammy in his arms, and carried the kid up to his bed. Sam looked good in his bed. Really damned good.

He was in way over his head.

He went back down and closed the house up, brushed his teeth and stripped out of his clothes before climbing into bed with Sam. They fit well together, the kid rolling into him. He grunted, wrapped an arm around Sam, and let the kid's breathing lull him to sleep.

It was breathing that woke him up next morning, too, though it was an entirely different experience. Hot, damp breath on his balls, feather light touches up and down the shaft of his dick, and a warm body curled around his legs. Sam had completely disappeared from view, but it didn't take any more than being half-awake to know where he was.

Robert moaned, one hand moving down to slide through Sam's blue hair. Blue. He laughed, the sound breathless. This so shouldn't work, but nothing had ever felt as good as Sammy.

"Oh, good, you're awake!" He got a fast, bright smile and then Sam was gone under the covers again, fingers tracing the head of his cock and hot tongue licking his balls. A hand suddenly appeared, palm up. "Rubber?" came a muffled request.

"They're in the bathroom," he murmured, cursing himself for not having brought some in. But they'd had that conversation earlier and he'd thought...

Sam popped up next to him and crawled right on top of him, looking him dead in the eye, his face serious. "Trust me?"

He reached up, fingers tracing the high cheek bones and the red lips. "Yeah, Sammy."

The kid's relief was almost palpable. "Good. I trust you, too. So, you say you're clean -- I believe you. Not saying I'm gonna let you fuck me until we both have paper to show, but I'm moving oral sex into the acceptable risk category. With me?" He quirked an eyebrow up, and Robert suddenly realized that the blue in his hair was the same shade as Sam's eyes.

He smiled. "You just want to taste," he teased softly, his hands moving to stroke through Sam's hair.

"That, too. But I gotta know you trust me," Sam pushed, his eyes dancing. "I'm not just a sex kitten, Rob. Really."

"I trust you, Sam. Or I wouldn't have put you in my bed."

The eyebrow wiggled at him. "You'd have made me come three times to your one, and then sent me on my way?" Sam held up a hand. "Don't answer that. I don't care, I'm here, I'm warm, you're awake, and I have something to do."

And with that the blue head vanished back under the covers, and Robert felt Sam shimmy down the bed, all warm skin and wet mouth, touching him everywhere. Sam's tongue slid over his balls again, and then up the shaft, finally circling wetly over the head.

Sam's happy mumble was muffled by the covers, but it sounded a lot like 'Oh, boy'.

He could echo that sentiment, although it was a moan that came out, low and deep. He spread his legs wide, giving Sam everything he had to work with.

There were a few more noises, but even if the blanket hadn't muffled them, Robert figured his cock down Sam's throat would have. The fingers that had been dancing over his dick earlier were playing with his balls, rolling them and tugging gently, but the feel of Sam's tongue and lips made everything else kind of fade away.

It was so much more intimate than with the condom; Sam's lips and tongue had texture and the heat was amazing. A shudder moved through him, and he moaned loudly, hands fisting into the covers.

Sam sucked him for a moment, tongue dragging along the underside of his cock, and then the pressure lessened, lips and tongue sliding with ease. "Oh, God, this is good," Sam said clearly, and then everything came back as the kid went down on him again, taking him in deep and swallowing.

Robert bucked, crying out. Shit. He wasn't going to last long at this rate.

The vibrations of Sam's moan were incredible, and the fingers on his balls were wet and slick. And then Sam groaned, deep down somewhere, his throat opening to let Robert that much deeper.

He cried out again, hips moving, just fucking Sam's mouth. Without the condom, he could feel it every time the kid's throat closed around the tip of his cock. Sam's fingers curled around his balls, and the kid swallowed again, making needy noises around him, his head bobbing like mad as he sucked harder and harder.

"Sam!" He shouted out, hips bucking as he came, spunk pouring down the kid's throat.

Sam swallowed it all, the sounds vanishing while he did, but coming back as the kid licked him off, cleaned him up with a hot tongue. He wasn't surprised when Sam crawled up him again, lips swollen and eyes bright and shiny, Sam's breath coming in pants. "Oh, God, oh, God, oh, God," Sam babbled, rubbing on him, his prick heavy and leaving a hot trail on Robert's abs. "Kiss me. Now. Please."

Robert grabbed Sam's hair and tilted his head, taking a long, hard kiss. God, the kid tasted like him, and wasn't that a fucking turn on? He slid his free hand down along Sam's spine, wrapping his fingers around that sweet ass when he got there, and encouraging the humping motions.

Seemed sleep made little difference to Sam's amazing ability to never hold an orgasm back, and a couple of jerky thrusts later the kid shot between them, the scent of his spunk filling the room damn fast. Sam's kisses grew sloppy and wet, and Robert could feel him start to laugh before he heard the giggles well up. "Man, that fucking rocked," Sam said through the laughter, sliding on him as Sam wiggled.

Robert chuckled. "You're crazy, kid." He knew what Sam meant, though, because it had been pretty fucking good from his perspective, too.

"Maybe," Sam agreed. "But, God. You taste good. The feel of you on my tongue, the way your skin tastes... Jesus. There's nothing like that in the whole freaking world." The kid rolled off him and sprawled on his back, staring up at the ceiling with a big, dopey grin. "Wow."

"Was that the first time you've ever done that without a rubber?" he asked.

Sam flushed, the color spreading up his chest to his cheeks in a rush. "Well, yeah. Told you I play safe. What did you think I meant?"

"Wow." He grinned, feeling really amazing at that. "So it was a good experience?"

Sam looked at him and stuck out his tongue. "What do you think? You're covered in come, aren't you? Sheee."

He chuckled and bent, pushed his tongue into Sam's mouth, fucking it slowly. God, Sammy was something else.

The kid sucked on his tongue for a moment and moaned, then just let him go. A hand came up and rested on the back of his neck, and Sam melted, curling and twisting and moving until they were glued together again, the kiss going on and on. It was nice being wrapped up together, mouths working, just focusing on the kisses rather than barreling toward orgasm. It was gentle and lazy, and felt damned good.

Sam was making soft little noises, and the only movements seemed geared more to getting closer than to getting off, which was a nice change. The kid broke away for air and smiled at him. "Good morning."

He grinned, pushing Sam's hair back out of his eyes. "Morning, Sam." And he thought maybe he could get used to waking up with Sam. He thought maybe he liked it a whole lot. And that was pretty scary, because Sam was still not quite nineteen, and so young.

Robert pushed that thought out of his head and brought their mouths back together again. Sam wasn't seeing anyone but him, and for now that was more than enough.

Chapter Four

Some days were better than others. Mid-term exams usually made for bad days and weeks, the studying piling up, the lack of anything resembling sleep making Sam wonky and wild. And then there were the days that he finished papers on time, got the books he needed from the reserve desk without trouble, and got his physical and blood work tests back.

He'd had a late afternoon class and got into a discussion with Greg and Heather about the BNA Act, but it was still light out when he started walking to Robert's place, pretty sure that it was Robert's night off. And if it wasn't, well, he needed the exercise and the time away from the textbooks.

It was full dark by the time he'd walked the whole way, though, and his backpack was getting damn heavy. He'd finished what was in his water bottle and was willing to admit that he was relieved to see the lights on in the windows. Walking home right away would have sucked.

He'd have to remember to plan better next time.

He walked up to the door and pushed the bell, pretty sure that they weren't at the 'walk on in' stage. He stepped back as he waited for Robert to open up, idly wondering about the cars in the driveway.

Robert opened the door, laughing; in fact there was a lot of laughter coming from inside. "Sam! Hey, I thought you had exams."

"Day after tomorrow," Sam said, suddenly feeling like an idiot. "Um. I got test results back, so I thought I'd bring them by, but you're busy and have company, so I'll just go home and study. Call me later?" He took a step back and winced. Great. Blister. "Ah shit."

Robert frowned and grabbed his arm, hauling him into the warm house. "It's just the guys from the station house. Come on in and get warm, at least."

"You're sure?" Sam said, dropping his bag by the door. He wasn't really sure if he was up to a lot of firemen staring at his blue hair. But then, a lot of firemen wasn't really a bad thing. Usually.

"No, go on back out into the cold with the book bag from hell," said Robert, shaking his head. "I said come on in. You can meet the guys I work with."

"Okay," Sam said, trying not to sound nervous. He ran a hand through his hair, rolling his eyes when he realized he'd just made it stick up even more. He followed Robert through, trying not to stare at Robert's ass and making himself think non-sex kitten thoughts.

Right. Be a man. Easy.

He was so dead.

The 'guys' quieted down as he and Robert walked in. There were four of them, all big and brawny, though none of them quite compared to Robert.

"Hey, everybody, this is my friend, Sam. Sam, this is Rupert, Bill, Watson and Manny."

Sam nodded and said, "Hi. Um, I'm sorry to interrupt -- I should have called first." He couldn't help glancing at Robert and then back at the others, hoping to hell the heat he felt on his face wasn't a blush.

"Your *friend*, eh, Robert?" Bill said, and God, was it obvious what he was suggesting, and of course he was right, so it wasn't like he or Robert could deny it.

The rest of them laughed, and Robert cuffed Bill. "Hey, be nice, or you'll get the same treatment next time you bring a girl into the station."

"What? You guys rib me *all* the time."

"Yeah, but not in front of the girl, asshole," muttered the guy Robert had introduced as Rupert.

Bill shrugged, looking a little embarrassed and mumbled a sorry.

It was Watson who broke the tension, the old guy chuckling. "You'll have to forgive him, Sam, was it? That blue hair's got us all bit flummoxed."

Sam looked around at them all, and then at Robert. With a shrug, he figured that if he really fucked up, he and Robert would fight and then have make up sex; so the best thing to do was relax a bit. He grinned at Watson and threw himself into a chair. "It was pink a couple of weeks ago," he said with a laugh. "Even Robert blinked at that."

Robert winked. "I blinked at the blue, too, but I figured I wanted to get laid no matter what color your hair was."

They all laughed at that, and if any of them were scandalized, they kept it to themselves.

Sam laughed and wiggled, trying really, really hard not to get excited by that wink. "So it doesn't matter what I have planned for it next; that's cool." He looked around the room, at all the men gathered there, and asked, "So, is this a party or something? Good day? Bad

day?" He worried about that, sometimes. Worried about what he'd do when Robert had a horrible day and needed to escape a bit.

"My turn to host the get-together," Robert answered. "Beer, the game, some eats. Letting off some steam."

"Cool." He looked at Robert. "Who's playing?" he asked, his eyes looking for tension. Looking for a clue.

"Well, the Oilers are playing. The Canucks have showed up to get their asses kicked." Robert gave him a grin, and okay, maybe it wasn't as sexy as usual, but that was probably a good thing, what with the guys there and all.

"So what else is new?" grouched Manny. "I don't know why we keep watching if they keep losing."

"Because we love complaining about it almost as much as we enjoy them winning."

"I know you guys all want refills -- you want something to drink, Sam?"

Sam stood up and nodded. "Yeah, that'd be great. I'll give you a hand." He winced as soon as he said it.

The guys waited until he and Robert were out of the room before howling with laughter.

"You okay?" Robert asked, opening the fridge.

"Kinda freaked," Sam whispered. "I'm really sorry. Shit. I should just go." He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "It's a bit of culture shock, you know?"

"You could just stay, as you're here now and you look pretty wiped." Robert gave him a grin. "They're not going to stay much past the game, and it's already late in the second period."

"Yeah? And I'm not embarrassing you?"

Robert shrugged. "It's a tad odd, but I know the other guys feel the same way when they bring girls by, eh? Besides, they all think I'm this big stud now, with the cute twinkie coming by to see me."

"You are a stud," Sam assured him. "Trust me. And I'm not cute, I'm... energetic and have blue hair and sometimes bounce too much. Are you gonna let me drink beer?"

"I don't think so." Robert grinned and handed him a Coke. "To be honest, when I brought it over last time, I'd forgotten you weren't old enough to buy it yourself."

Sam snorted. "Yeah, whatever. Another few months and it won't matter." He looked at his Coke and sighed. "Thirteen weeks. Not that I'm counting."

"Yeah, I know it's just a number and that it's silly, but I'd rather not be the one passing out beer to the underaged, okay? 'Sides, you don't need the alcohol." He got another wink, and Robert bumped their hips together.

"Yeah, I know," Sam said, his grin coming back. He slid a hand over Robert's belly and tried not to shiver. God, the man was buff. "But then, maybe you'd get some rest if I got brewer's droop and couldn't get it up quite so often."

Robert laughed, but there was a husky note under it. "Now, where would be the fun in that? Besides, I stopped by that store the other day."

It took him a moment to catch on, but when he did his cock went sproing. All systems go and a room full of straight guys. "Oh, shit." He swallowed hard. "And I brought lab results."

Robert groaned. "Shit, Sam. Your timing sucks. There's no way I can push the guys out the door..."

Sam shrugged helplessly. "Gimme a few minutes in the bathroom. I'll be fine. You, on the other hand..."

"You little shit..." Robert glanced over his shoulder, and then grabbed him and pushed him up against the fridge, kissing him hard. "Use the fucking spray when you're done." Then Robert adjusted himself and headed nonchalantly back toward the living room.

Sam scurried, leaving his stupid can of Coke on the table. He locked himself in the bathroom and had his jeans undone in three quick motions, biting his lip hard as he stroked off. He didn't waste time -- not that he ever had to -- and he came in a rush, spilling over his hand with a groan. He washed his hands and used the spray, then waited a couple of minutes before using it again.

He had a feeling he fooled no one when he walked back out, sipping his can of Coke. He certainly wasn't fooling Robert; the man's eyes followed him as he went and sat on the chair he'd taken earlier. With Robert now sitting on the arm of the couch, he figured maybe he'd taken Robert's seat, but he was pretty sure he was better over here on his own than crowded on the couch with the guys.

"Third period's about to start," noted Robert, rubbing his hands.

"You're awfully eager for the game to be over," teased Manny, and Robert rolled his eyes. The teasing continued during the commercials, but on the whole the guys were... well, not ignoring him, but kind of. Frankly, Sam was just as glad. He didn't have trouble talking to Robert -- he *liked* talking to Robert. But having to make conversation with a

whole crowd of men who happened to work with the guy he was dating, and who happened to be his own father's age, and who weren't profs, or writers, or looking for something... well, that was nerve-wracking. He didn't want to underline how young he was. He didn't want them looking at Robert funny.

He didn't want to be that weird kid Robert was banging.

And if he didn't talk, they couldn't hate him and couldn't look at Robert like he was doing something wrong. So he watched the game, and drank his Coke, and laughed when they teased, because it *was* funny, and finally, thank fuck, the game was over.

The guys left pretty quickly once the game was over, as promised, and he got more than one knowing look as they left. Robert was grinning as he came back, shaking his head. "Man, what a bunch of dogs."

"They're gonna ask a lot of questions, aren't they?" Sam said, not really making it a question. "And they're going to talk." He looked up at Robert and tilted his head. "So what did they say about me?"

"Oh, they were just suggestive and lewd, eh? Nothing they wouldn't tease one of the guys with a new girl about. Of course they wouldn't have been quite so crude. But I suppose I'll just be grateful I haven't had anyone be an asshole because I like guys."

"True enough." God, yes. That was a small miracle, really. "So. Wanna see a piece of paper and fuck me?" He grinned and tried to look endearing.

Robert chuckled and rubbed the front of his pants. "I've been thinking about a crotch full of ice just to keep that from showing all night. Yes, I want to see it and yes, I want to fuck you."

"Oh, good." Sam grinned and bounced on the balls of his feet. "I'll, um. Just go get my bag." He had to tear his eyes away from Robert's hand to do it, but he managed to get to the door without tripping, and that was good, too. By the time he got back to Robert, papers in hand, he was thinking it might be a damn fine idea to see what Robert had bought him. The idea of taking that cock without a rubber was driving him crazy.

Robert was on the couch, legs spread, hand sliding up and down along the front of his jeans. "You got something there for me, Sam? 'Cause I've got something for you here..."

Sam fell to his knees between Robert's thighs and pushed the paper at him. "Read this. I'm busy." He popped Robert's button and eased the zipper down, ass wiggling 'cause he couldn't be still.

Robert groaned, one hand holding the paper, the other sliding through his hair.

"Are you reading?" Sam asked, tugging all the damn fabric out of the way. "Oh, boy, there you are," he said to Robert's cock, finally freeing it. With a grin he bent his head over Robert's lap and started going down on the wide prick, giving the best head he knew how to give.

Robert made a strangled noise. "No, I'm getting sucked."

Sam sucked harder and waved his hand until he found the paper. He held it up, licked the head of Robert's cock, and said, "You wanna fuck, you read." He pushed the paper into Robert's chest again, and dropped his head, throat wide open.

A little more practice and he figured he'd be able to deep throat Robert in a while.

Robert growled, hand on his shoulder, pulling him off. "I can't read while you're doing *that*." His lover was flushed, eyes a little wild. "So just fucking hold on a second." Robert kept a grip on his shoulder, eyes on the paper. "Test from a couple weeks ago. Says you're clean. You've seen mine. We're exclusive. Resume position." Robert gave him a wink and stopped holding him back.

Sam grinned and sat back on his heels. "Lose the jeans, babe." He blinked and tilted his head. "Okay, that just sounded wrong. Not 'babe'. Anyway, strip off, and let's go. You want to come in my mouth or my ass this time?" He reached down and undid his own jeans, which had stopped fitting right ages ago.

"Mouth," groaned Robert, tugging off his jeans and spreading his legs again. "I get inside you without the rubber, and it'll be all over just like that unless I've already come."

"Right." Sam looked at Robert and moaned, shoving his jeans down and kicking them away. His shirt followed, and he dove for Robert's dick, wrapping one hand around the base to jack it while he sucked.

Robert's head fell back, another low groan sounding. "Fuck, Sam. Feels good." Those big hands were in his hair, alternately stroking and holding him in place.

Sam slurped his way up to the tip of Robert's prick and grinned. "Lift up," he said, pushing one knee high so he could lick Robert's hole. "Oh, God, yeah." He shuddered and went to work, rimming Robert like he was going to die if he didn't get his tongue in there.

"Jesus, fuck!" Robert's body tightened and then relaxed for him, one big hand wrapping around Robert's magnificent cock and stroking. "Soon, kid."

Sam moaned and drove his tongue deeper, then licked Robert hard all around the twitching hole, leaving small kisses as he went. His own cock was hard and aching, but he knew if he touched it he'd blow, so he gripped Robert's thigh instead. He could feel Robert begin to shake, saw his balls getting tighter; Sam wanted to taste.

"In my mouth," he panted, licking up the shaft, over Robert's fingers until he could suck the big man in. Robert's hand disappeared, that prick pushing into his throat as Robert shouted and came hard.

Sam swallowed as much as he could and licked up the rest, lapping at Robert to clean him. "God," he moaned. "So fucking good, I had no idea... Jesus." He moaned again and licked across Robert's abs, up to his chest. "Touch me. Please."

Robert's hand wrapped in his hair and tilted his head so that their mouths were fused together. The other big hand slid down and wrapped around his cock, pulling hard, thumb sliding across the tip of his cock with every stroke.

Sam clung to Robert, his hips driving. He wailed into the kiss as he shot, babbling about God and Jesus and seeing stars, words as thick as the junk his cock was pumping. When he was done he whimpered softly and curled around Robert's hand, breathing hard. "Gonna kill me, man," he groaned.

"That's supposed to be my line," murmured Robert, filling his mouth with more kisses.

"You can use it, too." God, Sam loved those kisses. He loved the ones before and during sex, too, but the ones right after, when they were warm and floaty, were the best. Robert held him just right, almost like he was precious, and Sam felt safe and happy, high on endorphins and affection.

He really could get used to it.

He kissed Robert back, his tongue sliding slowly, and one hand touching Robert's face, getting to know it. "It's good," he whispered. "Like this."

Robert nodded, nuzzling into his neck, licking and mouthing his skin. "It is, Sammy."

Sam bent his neck back, let Robert have whatever he wanted. "Like that. When you call me 'Sammy'," he said. "Like the way you touch me. Like the way you look at me."

Robert moaned against his neck, fingers petting him. "Can you stay the night?" Robert asked him.

Sam nodded, and then thought about it. "Uh, yeah. Got a study group thing at ten, but yeah." He arched into Robert's hands and mouth, just sucking up everything he could. "Then I'll be... well, it's exams. It'll be a rough week or so."

"Then I guess I'd better fuck you nice and hard tonight so you remember me during your rough week, eh?" Robert stood with a grunt, holding him against the big body. Jesus, the man was strong.

Sam moaned and wrapped his legs around Robert's hips. "Give me a reason to survive Hell Week? Make me want to show up on your doorstep the minute the last one's done?" He licked Robert's neck and nibbled on his collarbone, loving the taste of Robert's skin.

"You bet. And I guarantee the guys won't be here," Robert promised. He was laid out on the bed, Robert following him down, eyes intent. "Want you, Sammy. I want to feel you tight and hot around me without anything in the way."

"Uh-huh." Sam felt past words, unable to say what he was feeling. He hoped it was in his eyes, in the way he moved his body, in the way his dick was filling and his legs were flexing. He shifted on the bed, one hand going to his cock, the other gripping the sheet. "God. Need you."

"Right here," murmured Robert, mouth closing over one of his nipples, the other teased to hardness by Robert's fingers. His legs were bracketed by Robert's knees, the heavy cock hardening against his belly.

"Oh!" Sam let go of the sheet and buried his hand in Robert's short hair. "More. Yeah." He gave his cock another tug and then let go, taking Robert's instead. "You're amazing, you know that? Fucking sexiest guy ever. Best smile on the planet, and shit -- I get hard just thinking about you. All the time. In class, even."

Robert chuckled around his nipple. "You're really good for my ego, kid." That hot tongue slid across his nipple a few times, Robert's hips pushing his cock across Sam's palm with the same rhythm.

"It's true," Sam whispered, adding a twist and a tug with his hand. "Modern English Lit. and I'm sitting there with a fucking boner, thinking about you. About your voice, about the way you grin at me, about the way you look at me when you're horny. I had to leave the class before I came in my pants."

Robert groaned, pushing harder into his hand. "Now, Sammy. Need to get you ready so I can fuck you now." Those big fingers slid down along his body, dragging over his skin to push his legs apart.

Sam moved easily, immediately. He drew a leg up, baring himself, and said, "I had a dream about you fucking me in the library. Against the wall, just going to town and talking in my ear. I woke up covered in come, my hole spasming and I felt so empty. Need it, Rob. Need you." God, he loved the way Robert looked at him, loved what he could do with his voice, with his words.

It scared the hell out of him that every word was true, though.

"Fuck, you're hot." Robert reached past him to the side table, pulling out the drawer and coming up with a new tube of lube. Moments later one big finger pushed at his hole, sliding into him just like that.

"Christ." Sam rocked up, riding Robert's finger and trying to get it deeper. "Come on, please." he begged.

"Love how you beg for it," murmured Robert, pushing his finger deep, sliding past Sam's gland.

"Fuck me," Sam said without hesitation. "Please, Rob. I need to feel you inside me, only you, please. Fuck me hard and long, or any way you want. Please."

"Patience, Sammy. Gotta open you up first." And Robert slid in a second finger, moving slow and easy, taking his time. Taking forever.

Sam laughed breathlessly. "You really are trying to kill me aren't you?" he teased. "God, you're good at this. Feels so fine."

"Gotta keep you coming back for more," murmured Robert, dropping a kiss on his belly, on the tip of his cock.

"So not an issue." Sam moved again, trying to get Robert's fingers to speed up. "Um, you might wanna get that ring," he said casually. "If you want to make this last, anyway."

"You don't need to last," murmured Robert. "We'll use it next time. At the beginning." The big fingers disappeared, Robert's cock nudging against his hole. Hot and hard. Bare. "Last chance to change your mind," murmured Robert.

"Fuck me. In me. Want you to come in my ass." Sam heard a growl, and realized with a smirk that it was him.

Robert gave him an answering growl, cock pushing in, filling and stretching him, the burn sweet.

"Oh, God," Sam managed. He wasn't sure he'd ever get used to how big Robert was, how huge he felt inside. "Good?"

"Fuck, yes." Robert nodded and started to move, eyes glazed as they looked down at him. "Sammy. Oh. Yeah."

Sam smiled and arched, his breath starting to catch. "It's... smoother," he said. "Warm. Soft skin." And then he couldn't talk at all as Robert found his gland.

Robert didn't say anything, just growled again a little and kept moving, thrusting hard. Sam bucked up to meet him, grunting with every thrust, not willing to miss a single moment of this. He wanted to look at Robert's face, wanted to watch the blue eyes. He gasped and almost shouted as the big man pounded into him, but there was a burning in him he couldn't ignore.

He didn't bother warning Robert as he started to come, his eyes rolling as the world got fuzzy. Robert roared as his spunk hit his chest, thrusting harder, pushing deep and hard, and then suddenly more heat filled him, pushing deep inside him in long pulses.

Sam stared at Robert, barely breathing, waiting for him to say something.

Robert groaned and settled down, most of his weight on his forearms, still buried deep inside him. Robert nuzzled him. "God, that was... fucking sweet."

"Yeah?" Sam had no idea why he was so relieved; it wasn't like he'd done anything wrong. But it was good that Robert thought it was... good. "Sweet fuck?" he asked, laughing weakly.

Robert chuckled breathlessly. "Little shit. Didn't you like it?"

Sam rolled his eyes. "Did you miss me coming all over the place? Of course I liked it. But it had to be way different for you, you know? And... well. It's a big deal." He stared at Rob's face, wishing he wasn't such a kid.

"It was really good, Sammy. Best ever." Robert kissed him softly. "I like this. Just staying inside you, not worrying about the condom coming off or anything."

Sam nodded, suddenly feeling far too emotional for his own comfort. He'd just let a guy come in his ass. He'd agreed not to date anyone else, not to fuck around. He'd met a few of Robert's friends, spent far too much time thinking about things to talk to the man about, and here he was. He blinked rapidly and swallowed. "Um. I'm freaking," he whispered.

Robert shifted, sliding out of him, leaving him empty, and settled next to him. "Freaking?"

He nodded again. "I've never... I mean. Wow. You just. And I. Holy crap." He turned his head and looked at Robert. "It's about feeling, you know? I never wanted anyone to do that, and now here I am, and I really like you, and it's kind of scary. And now I feel like an utter idiot, and I swear to God I'm not twelve, really."

"Hey, it's scary for me, too, you know. And I'm a lot older than you." Robert's hands moved over his skin. "And it's always scary making yourself vulnerable like this. Saying you care enough and trust enough to do something like this, eh?"

"Oh, boy," Sam whispered, closing his eyes. "I just..." He opened his eyes and rolled into Robert a little, needing his warmth and the strength of his body. "I'm not just a fuck, am I?" he asked, knowing he wasn't. "Not just another twink?"

Robert laughed. "Oh, lord, Sammy. You were never just another twink."

"Bullshit." Sam managed a grin. "Canada Day? I was just a lay until I shot, like, four times and got you curious." He leaned up on an elbow. "But what I mean is, the testing and all that. It wasn't just so you could do me bare. It's 'cause you think we've got something. And I think we've got something. I just didn't realize it until now."

"Well, yeah, I mean bare is good, but there's no point if it's not something." Robert was watching him now, fingers sliding on his skin in soothing patterns. "I thought you were going to freak out on me when I first asked, but when you didn't... I figured you were cool with it."

"I was. I am. I just... I tend to be a little one-track." He felt himself blush and swore, falling back on the bed. "It's like, I was thinking, 'Robert's great, and hey, I'm clean and know it, not a big deal to test again and prove it to him', and part of my mind was going 'ohhh, sucking', and another part was all 'ohhh, blow jobs', and the rest of me was 'ohhh, *Robert*'. And there was a part thinking 'Thomas Hardy paper due soon', and my stomach was planning lunch, but the point is, I think my heart was whispering then. It's not whispering now."

Robert frowned and pulled back at that. "It's not?"

Sam shook his head. Quickly. "No."

"So you've changed your mind?" Robert asked, rolling onto his back and looking up at the ceiling.

Sam blinked. "What? No!" He sat up and stared down at Robert. "I think if I'm not careful I'll fall in love with you, idiot."

"Oh." Robert's smile was slow, but full, the man just beaming. "Yeah?"

Sam blinked again. "Oh, boy. Yeah." He started to smile, too, not able to stop himself. "You're not kicking me out," he observed.

"No. I don't think I will." Robert reached up and wrapped a hand around his head, tugging him down for a kiss.

Sam went willingly, his head swimming a bit, but feeling more relaxed than he had in... ever. He had Robert next to him, strong and steady, and it looked like it was going to be that way for as long as they wanted it. The kiss was soft and sweet, and he found himself curling into his lover like it was the easiest thing ever.

Because it was.

Chapter Five

It had been over a week since he'd seen Sam, and they'd only had a couple of brief conversations on the phone. Poor kid was stressing over his exams, and Robert could appreciate that. But this morning had been the last one, and Robert had the day off and really wanted to see Sam again, so he put the cock ring in the pocket of his uniform and put the uniform on, and headed over to surprise Sam.

He knocked sharply on the door, cock already hard in anticipation, wide grin on his face.

The door swung open without much of a pause and a man smiled at him, politely. "Yes? May I help you?" The guy was taller than Sam, and older. A lot older than eighteen, but damn, not much older than thirty-two. He was wearing jeans and a sweater, and he was starting to look worried. "Is there a fire in the building?"

He could hear the shower running, Sam humming off tune just under the sound of the water. Robert opened his mouth to say something, anything, but he was having trouble coming back from the way he felt like he'd been punched in the gut.

He really, really hadn't seen this coming. And he'd bought the whole falling in love with you thing, too. "I... No. I..." What exactly did you say to the guy your lover was fucking?

The man looked confused. "Then you're here because...?"

"I... Sam." He pursed his lips, fighting the urge to cold-cock this guy and then go do the same to Sam. "I guess I don't know what I'm doing here."

The man stepped back, his expression a little more challenging. "I see. Come in." Before Robert could do anything the guy crossed to the bathroom and banged on the door.

"Yeah?" Sam's voice called.

"Someone here to see you, Sam." Oh, he sounded pissed. Well, fine.

The water shut off and about ten seconds later the bathroom door opened, and there was Sam, a towel low on his hips and his nipples hard from the cold Robert was letting blast in.

"Oh, shit." Sam stepped back and the bathroom door closed.

Well, that told him exactly where he stood didn't it? He wanted to just turn around and walk out. He wanted to go over to this asshole and slug him. He didn't know what to say, couldn't make anything come out of his mouth. And his legs refused to work.

The man didn't look too happy either, and his hand hit the door again. "Sam."

"I'm getting dressed. Jesus Christ." Sam sounded stressed, small wonder, and there were a couple of thumps that sounded like Sam's head hitting a wall. Not a bad idea.

"You might as well come in," the asshole against the door said. "You're letting the heat out."

Robert let the door slam behind him and stood tall, arms across his chest as he glared. All right, maybe he didn't know what the hell to say, but he wasn't going to walk away and let Sam get away with this shit without having to face him. And this asshole with the attitude could so get a new tune.

The bathroom door opened, and Sam strode out, his eyes down. He had on his jeans and a T-shirt, but his hair was wet, the blue tips looking almost black as they dripped in his face.

"Hey," he said, rubbing his thigh with one hand. "Wasn't expecting you."

At least the little fucker had the decency to look embarrassed. "Yeah. I got that." He looked pointedly from the asshole and then back to Sam.

Sam looked up at him and then back at the other guy, and suddenly went pale. "Oh, my God. You think... oh, my God."

The asshole looked confused for a moment and then went red. "Jesus, Sam."

"Hey, I didn't think it!"

Robert clenched his teeth, not quite holding back his growl. He was going to kill Sam first and then the asshole.

Sam sighed and shuddered. "That's too gross, man."

"Sam!" Okay, that tone of voice was not a good thing. A bit... familiar, like the asshole was used to Sam talking shit. How long had this been going on, anyway?

Sam sighed again. "Robert, this is my dad. Tom Mauger. Dad, this is my boyfriend, Robert. Can I go die now? Please?"

Robert's jaw dropped. Literally. "Your *dad*?"

"My dad," Sam confirmed, looking like he wanted to run away.

"His dad," the asshole said, nodding and standing up really straight. "I didn't catch your last name. Or your age."

He bristled, mouth closing, chin going up. "Robert Connel, Mr. Mauger. And I'm not sure my age is really any of your business." Because while he wasn't literally old enough to be Sam's dad, it was pretty close. And Tom Mauger either looked *really* good for his age, or the man wasn't that much older than Robert himself.

"Oh, see, I think it is." Sam's dad took a step forward. "Because you and me? We're a damn sight closer in age, don't you think? In fact, I'd say there's less than ten years between us."

"Okay, that's not gonna happen," Sam said firmly, putting himself between the two of them. "Dad, drop it."

"Damn it, Sam--"

"No, Dad. He knows how old I am. I know how old he is. We're good. And it's not your business." Sam's voice kept getting softer as he talked, sadder. But he was leaning back toward Robert, and his hand was reaching back looking for him.

Robert took a step forward, taking Sam's hand, giving his lover the support he was looking for. He felt like a yo-yo, emotions up and down.

"We're both old enough to make our own choices, Mr. Mauger," he said as Sam leaned against him. Robert squeezed their fingers together.

Sam squeezed back. "It's okay, Dad. I'm okay. Robert's a good man."

Mr. Mauger looked pained. He ran a hand through his hair, looking exactly like Sam did when he was frustrated or working something out. "Why didn't you tell me, Sam? You didn't say you were seeing anyone."

Sam coughed. "It just kinda got serious recently. And before that... remember what happened when I was sixteen and you walked in on me and Matty Lutz?"

"Oh, God." Mr. Mauger handled blushing as well as Sam, too. It'd be cute if he wasn't Sam's fucking *father*.

"Yeah, so. And I really didn't know he was coming over, same as I didn't know you were gonna show up and take me to lunch." Sam squeezed his fingers again and looked up at him. "Hey, you. I'm glad you stopped by, though. Missed you this week," he said softly.

Oh, he couldn't help responding to Sam with a smile, almost forgetting the kid's father was in the room. "I know. I wanted to come sooner, but I didn't want to distract you."

"I get that," Sam said, nodding. "Still missed you. And I'm pretty sure I aced the Middle English exam."

Mr. Mauger cleared his throat. "Um. Hi. Still here."

Sam rolled his eyes. "Yes, Dad. We're not making out, just talking. We do that."

"Don't be snotty." The tone was mild, and not a little long-suffering. "So, Robert. I assume you actually are a fireman?"

Sam rolled his eyes again and pointed to the couch. "Might as well sit. This could get long."

Robert waited for Sam's dad to sit, and then sat at the other end, Sam between them. Like a referee or something.

"Yes, sir, I am."

"I see. Like it?"

He nodded. "Yes, sir." And damn, shouldn't this be easier than when he was just a kid? "It's a good job and I'm good at it."

Mr. Mauger nodded and looked thoughtful. "It's honorable, that's for sure. Been doing it long?"

"Dad!"

The man grinned. "Just trying, kiddo."

"Well, don't. Let it be, okay? And can you just tell him to stop with the *sir* shit? No one calls you 'sir'. Ever." Sam sounded a little peeved. And then they both sighed and grinned at each other. Oh, they were so related.

Robert decided to put an end to the age thing. He wasn't going to keep ducking the question indefinitely and it was going to get old really quickly. "Look, I'm thirty-two, okay? And it's not important." He put his arm around Sam's shoulders.

Sam snorted and snuggled in. "You give in fast."

Mr. Mauger leaned back. "Eight years between you and me," he said softly. He closed his eyes and tipped his head back. "I don't get how it's not important, to tell the truth. But Sam's right in that it's not my business, as far as your age goes." He shifted on the couch and looked at them, his eyes blue like Sam's and serious. "But Sam's my son. I love him, and I will *always* be there for him. Understood? *He* is my business."

"I'm not planning to hurt him, sir." But he appreciated that Sam had someone who cared for him like that, someone who was always going to be a safe place for Sam.

Sam looked up at him and smiled, that slow, soft one that was different from his grin. He didn't say anything, but he didn't really have to.

"I know you're not," Mr. Mauger said quietly. "No one ever does. I'm just saying... I'm saying I love my son. That's all." He stood up and ran his hand through his hair. "I guess that's about it, really. I'm going to go, Sam."

"Maybe we could get together and have dinner one evening," Robert suggested. He didn't want to be at war with Sam's father. "All three of us. Talk. Start off on the right foot this time."

"You mean without the shower and overtones of perversion?" Sam said brightly.

"Sam. I raised you better than that," Mr. Mauger said, the long-suffering tone much more pronounced this time.

"Yes, Dad. You did." Sam stood up and hugged his father. "Thanks for not killing my boyfriend. Dinner?"

"Sure, kiddo. You can call me." The man stepped back and looked at Robert. "Or you can."

Robert stood and offered his hand again. "Yes, sir." He shook the man's hand and stood back a bit, let them have their moment.

Sam walked his dad to the door and waited while he got his coat on. "Thanks for lunch," he said finally.

His dad nodded. "Any time. And Sam?"

"Yeah?"

"It's the uniform, isn't it?"

Sam turned red and opened the door. "Go away."

Laughing, his dad waved and left, letting the door slam behind him.

Sam leaned on the frame and groaned. "Are you going to kill me?" he asked pitifully.

"I'm thinking about it." His own face was pretty damned red. Sam's father knew about the uniform thing? He made a note never to wear it when he was going to be with Sam's father.

"But I didn't *do* anything," Sam protested. "He came by without calling. You came by without calling. And by the way? Assuming I was fucking around? Nice. Thanks." Sam went to the fridge and yanked it open, emerging with a bottle of water.

"I know, I know, but come on, Sammy, what was I supposed to think? Here's this good looking guy acting like he owns the place, and you're in the shower? I mean, damn, I thought he was my age."

Sam made a rude noise. "He's forty. He works out. And you think my Dad's hot?" He shuddered. "Good thing you're wearing your uniform, man." Sam blinked suddenly. "You had today off, I thought?"

"I do not think your Dad is hot! Well. I did. But then. Your Dad. Ew." He was really red now, and he shook his head. "I do have today off. But I know you like the uniform. Oh! And there might be something in one of the pockets for you." And God, it was embarrassing that he'd met Sam's father while he was carrying a cock ring for Sam in his pocket, the pocket of the uniform he'd put on for the sole reason of turning Sammy on.

Sam raised an eyebrow. "That is the most perverted thing you've ever said to me. And I'm trying to be mad at you; go be sexy somewhere else. But don't leave the room. And I like the uniform." He lifted his water bottle again and drank, then did a thing with his tongue that Robert knew full well wasn't necessary for drinking.

He rolled his eyes at Sam's words, but moaned at the drinking and the tongue thing. "I don't mean my cock, Sam. Although, yeah, I brought it along and it's all yours. There's something else too, though." Good grief, the meeting with Sam's father had him more rattled than he'd wanted to admit -- he was babbling as badly as Sam did.

"Present?" Sam perked up, or at least defrosted a little. The kid could be bought, apparently. "What'd you bring me?"

"Come find it."

Sam snickered and put down the water bottle. He came around the table, admired Robert's amazing backside, and said, "In a pocket, you say? This one?" A hand slid over Robert's ass and dipped into one of his back pockets. "Nope. Nothing there." Sam's voice was dropping lower, getting a little husky already. "This one, maybe?" The hand moved over the other cheek and squeezed.

Robert moaned, pushing back into Sam's hand. All thoughts of Sam's father flew out of his head, and his cock started pushing against his zipper. "Not that one either," he murmured, his own voice husky.

"Oh. Hmm." Sam stood behind Robert and ran his hands up to Robert's waist, and then higher, over his stomach and pecs. He actually did have one breast pocket that Sam skimmed before tweaking his nipples. "Here?"

"No," he whispered, cock just throbbing. He pushed back against Sam, ass rubbing against the slender belly.

"Are you sure? I think I found something." Sam's fingers teased, plucking and twisting the hard nubs.

He groaned, hands going back to grab Sam's ass and squeeze. "Tease."

"You know it. And you love it." Sam wiggled, his ass fitting right into Robert's hands. "So, not here. Hmm. Down here?" A hand skimmed down and cupped his balls for a moment. "But you said not your cock, I think."

Robert swallowed and nodded, hips pushing into Sam's touch. "I did."

"So. Moving on." Sam's hand shifted to his thigh, but the wiggle got more pronounced and the kid was breathing heavier, hot against him. Up his thigh and into his right hand pocket, sliding along his cock. "Oops, that's still your dick," Sam whispered.

Robert laughed, but the sound was more a husky moan. "Smart, kid." He was going to be the one needing the cock ring at this rate.

"Hey, I know dick," Sam assured him, his fingers brushing against him again. "This? This is a dick. Nice, thick meat. Hard and hot and all mine. Yeah?" The kid's nail scraped along him through the cotton of his pocket.

His hips jerked into the touch. "Fuck, yes." Jesus, who knew the kid had it in him to tease like this?

"Good to know," Sam said, scraping him again, his fingers flicking over the head. "Oh, Rob. You're leaking, did you know? Getting a nice damp spot here." He pressed against the slit and shuddered against Robert's back. "And I think you forgot to wear underwear."

He was shuddering himself. "I didn't 'forget'." No, it had been a very deliberate choice, and thank God *that* had totally flown from his mind when he'd found out that Tom was Sam's dad.

"Ohhh," Sam almost drawled, but his voice was getting too thick to manage it. "I see. All the better to fuck me, huh? In uniform. Over my table?" The kid's other hand finally got in on the action, popping the top button of his fly and slipping under the waistband. Sam groaned as his fingers swept over the leaking head of Robert's cock, the sound vibrating right through Robert's back.

Oh, yeah, he was definitely going to need that cock ring himself. "Sammy... oh, fuck." He pushed forward and back, almost whimpering as Sam continued to tease instead of taking him in hand.

"Jesus," Sam whispered. "You're so fucking hot, Robert." The hand in his pocket went deeper, digging down to grope the base of his cock. "Nothing in this pocket. Should I check the other one?" A finger traced a wet circle around the tip of his prick.

"If you want what I brought," he managed to get out without whimpering too badly. "Or you could just stay with what's in this pocket right here."

"Hmm," Sam hummed thoughtfully. "A cock in the hand is worth how many in the ass? Or is that birds and bushes?" Sam's hands moved a little faster, the one on the head of his dick going a little lower, almost but not quite starting to jack him.

"Oh, God. I am going to fuck you so hard to get you back for this," he told Sam.

"Damn, I was hoping to avoid the good hard fuck," Sam laughed. "That's why I jerked off this morning. And in the shower. Do you have the faintest idea how bad it's been this week? I jerk off about five times a day 'cause I don't have you here. And here you are..." Sam's hand squeezed, finally, thank God, and started stroking. The one in his pocket started moving, too.

Robert groaned. "You jerked off in the shower with your father here?" He tried to sound scandalized, but really, the hands around his cock kind of ruined the attempt.

"It was either that or tell him to leave. Saw a fire engine on the way back from lunch. Why'd you think I was in the shower?" Sam pulled on his cock again and pushed a palm across the head.

"To get clean?" He moaned again, body moving between Sam's warmth and the heat of the hand wrapped around his cock. His own hands still held Sam's ass, and he wasn't planning on letting go.

"Yeah, 'cause lunch is so freaking messy," Sam giggled at him. "Nope, just horny. So I jumped in the shower, whacked off, and voila. Walked out into a war zone, with you all jealous and fucking hot, and huge and pissy. Idiot." The word was almost affectionate. The hands were fast and tight and hot, sliding up and down his prick, massaging his balls. Thank God for deep pockets.

He let the insult go, didn't think Sam was really mad at him, and hell, he wasn't about to do or say anything to stop the amazing hand job he was getting. And it sure beat whacking off on his own. He hadn't been as badly off as it sounded like Sam had been, but he sure as hell had used his own hand a time or two, visions of Sammy wriggling beneath him in his head. "You think of me while you were doing it?" he asked, shivering as Sam's fingers stroked him.

"Oh, yeah," Sam said, his voice a little more strained. "About you watching me. About watching you. You blowing me. Fucking me. Rode my fingers and wanted them to be your cock. Wanted your mouth around me. Had a really hot one about you coming in and doing me at the library. Again." Sam's wiggles started up again.

"Fuck. Sammy. Damn." He moved into Sam's hand, getting fucking close. "I brought the ring," he told Sam, voice rough, wanting to hear Sam's reaction to that more than he wanted to wait for Sam to find it.

"Oh," Sam gasped. "Oh, damn." The hand on his cock tightened. "Gonna put it on me and fuck me stupid?" Sam asked breathlessly. "Gonna make me beg to shoot, make me wait for it? I bet when you let me come, I damn near pass out. Clamp down on your prick so hard..."

Moaning and jerking, he came into Sam's hand, his own squeezing Sam's ass tight.

"Oh, my God," Sam whispered. "Oh, my God, oh, my God. You just... I did that." The kid sounded stunned.

He nodded, knees just a little shaky. "Made me come."

"But... but I *didn't*," Sam said, still sounding shocked. "I'm still hard. No mess in my pants."

He laughed, squeezing Sam's ass again. "Now that? Is a first."

"Uh-huh. Um. Do I win a prize or something?"

"Try the other pocket."

Sam laughed. "There better be something in there," he said weakly. His hand dipped in and fished around, brushing against Robert in a way that couldn't have been entirely accidental before he hit on the ring. "Oh! Oh, man!" Sam sounded happy, anyway.

Robert shivered and let go of Sam's ass. He turned so they were facing each other, and wrapped his hands back around those sweet cheeks again. "You wanna come once before we put it on?"

Sam looked up at him, blue eyes kind of shiny and hot at the same time. "You're good a long time now, yeah? Oh, yeah." He nodded, damp blue hair flipping and curling. "Make me come."

He didn't figure it was going to take that long for Sam to come, and he figured it would be good fantasy material for the kid, so he went down onto his knees and fished out Sam's cock.

"Robert?" Oh, the kid was squeaking. "Oh, my God. Just... oh, fuck." Hands danced over his shoulders, dropping down to trace his fire department badges. "Oh, boy, oh, boy."

He chuckled. Oh, yeah, this wasn't going to take very long, and then he'd have done it, and in his uniform no less. He'd be golden on the sucking front for a while. It just wasn't his thing, but he wasn't a selfish lover, and damn, just look at how it made Sammy light right the fuck up. He licked around the head of Sam's cock, and then sucked it down, lips tight.

Sam quivered. Utterly silent for once, not even a gasp or a moan, and the kid just shook. The hands at his shoulders got tight, Sam's fingers digging in, and the dick in his mouth swelled even more. Oh, yeah, the kid was primed. He bobbed his head up and down -- he wasn't exactly a pro at this the way the kid was, but he figured the uniform was going to more than make up for any shortcoming his technique might have.

Sam's quiver grew into a shudder. "Robert," Sam whispered, the sound of his name like a benediction, and that was the only warning he got before Sam's cock pulsed and he started shooting over Robert's tongue.

Robert pulled back, hand reaching up to stroke Sam through it and to catch most of the come. He grinned and stood up, still working Sam's cock, wondering if the kid would even go soft.

"Oh, God." Sam's eyes were glazed and he looked stunned. "Fuck. That was... oh, man. Uniform. Mouth."

He chuckled. Damn, Sam made him feel good. Looked like it was more than mutual. "You said something about bent over your table for round two..."

The prick in his hand twitched. "Uh-huh." Sam nodded again. "Would you? Please?"

"I think I can manage that." Manage it? He was gonna fucking love it.

"Soon?" Sam looked up at him with wide eyes and licked his lips. "Missed you so much."

"Yeah, kid. Soon."

He bent and kissed Sam, tongue pushing in, groaning at the flavor. God, he'd missed this, missed having this live wire in his arms.

Sam made a soft noise and moved closer, just clinging to him and kissing him back for all he was worth. "Don't make me wait a week again. Need to see you. God, tell me you'll stay tonight."

"Here? Yeah, I guess I could do that." His place had more room and a bigger bed, and he did have better TV reception, but it wasn't like they were going to be watching TV tonight anyway. He kept working Sam's cock with one hand, the other taking the kid's clothes off. "You want me to keep the uniform on while I do you?" Even if Sam wasn't turned on by that idea, he was -- something about him still being mostly dressed fucking a naked Sam was just really hot. God, he was getting to be as bad as the kid.

"Yes!" Sam almost yelled it, and he guessed that was a pretty strong affirmative. "Don't you dare take it off." Okay then, the kid really wanted it. "And it might be an idea to put that ring on." Sam blinked up at him and tore his own T-shirt off. "Right now."

Laughing he wrapped the PVC rubber ring around the base of Sam's prick, snapping the leather tab closed. He looked down. Damn, that was pretty sexy; Sam's cock hard, tip red and leaking again already, black ring around the base. He moaned and rubbed against Sam, his own cock coming back to life.

"Oh, wow," Sam said, looking down. "That's... kinda hot." Shoving his jeans all the way down as best he could with one hand, Sam used the other to tug on Robert's prick. "Want me to suck you for a bit? Please?"

He nodded. "Yeah, get me good and hard for your ass, Sammy."

Sam practically fell to his knees, tugging Robert's pants down far enough to get at his balls. "Fuck, you smell good. Like sex." He licked at Robert's dick with the broad flat of his tongue, and moaned.

Robert groaned and tried for something clever like 'that would be because I just came', but all that came out was a heartfelt "Yeah." His hands dropped to slide through Sam's hair, his cock throbbing at the sight of Sam naked and on his knees.

Sam's passion for cock was at its most obvious when he was sucking, Robert thought. The kid loved to get fucked, no doubt about that at all, but when he was giving head he was in constant motion and noisy as fuck. Moans and whimpers, and the liquid, sloppy sounds of suction... the kid just threw himself into it.

"Love your taste," Sam said, lapping his way up the shaft, and then, "The way your skin is so fucking soft." He took the head in his mouth and sucked lightly. "And I love that if I jack you at the same time you groan, but if I suck your balls and rim you, then you get growly."

"Fuck." Jesus, the kid was going to have him coming again if he kept that up. "Sammy..." He'd really missed Sam, but no way was he going to be able to get it up again without some downtime, and he knew the kid wanted that fuck.

"Uh-huh?" Sam looked up at him, met his eyes. And then sucked him in deep.

He groaned and started moving his hips -- it could be fun spending an hour or two playing with Sam until he got it up again...

Sam stared up at him, one hand going to his ass, moving him a little deeper. God, the kid's tongue... His lips were swollen. Getting red. With an honest-to-God whimper, Robert moved a little harder, a little faster. He shifted his hands to Sam's shoulders so the kid could back off if he needed to.

Sam moaned and his eyes drifted shut. He sucked a little harder, his cheeks hollowing for a moment before he loosened up and added more tongue. It was hot, and wet, and so fucking good. Sam turned his head from side to side and went down even further, the hand on his ass urging Robert to push.

So he did, feeling his cock hit the back of Sam's throat, and damn. Just fucking damn. His hands tightened on Sam's shoulders, hips moving faster now as he watched Sam take his cock. Sam's mouth was stretched wide around him and he looked like he was concentrating on something. Then a soft moan vibrated around his prick and Sam opened up. Took him all, and took him deep. Right down his throat.

"Sammy!" He cried the name out, hips just slamming several times before he spilled, sparks behind his eyes as he came hard.

Sam moaned again and sucked him through the whole thing, swallowing every pulse, every drop of him. Finally though, the kid had to let him go, his cock sensitive and getting soft.

"Wow, I did it!" Sam sounded pleased as hell with himself.

"Fucking hell, Sammy. Damn." He petted Sam's face awkwardly, most of his concentration focused on not letting his legs collapse out from under him.

Sam beamed at him and stood up, sliding an arm around his waist. "Couch. Before you fall over."

He nodded. "Yeah. Damn." He chuckled as he landed on his ass. He was still wearing his uniform and the kid had already made him come twice. He thought again that he was the one who should have been wearing the ring. He opened his arms for Sam.

The kid nodded and held up a hand. "Just a sec." A trip to the fridge and Sam was back, crawling into his lap and scattering kisses all over his face, his hands opening another water bottle. "Here. Drink this. I'll be right back."

Robert watched as Sam bounced around the room, his cock bobbing as he gathered up a blanket and a tube of lube, hauling them back to the couch before climbing into his lap again.

"So, that was okay?" Sam grinned at him. "Jesus, it better have been, 'cause I could get used to that."

He chuckled. "Kid, you blew my mind with that deep throating thing. Shit. No one's every taken me all the way in before." He pulled Sam close, warming him up.

"No one?" Oh, that was a coy look.

"Now you're fishing." He goosed Sam.

"Of course I am!" Sam said with a laugh. "You've got, like, twelve years more experience than me. It's neat to be the first one to do something."

"It's a pretty big cock. I think you're the only one who's ever even tried." He stroked his fingers along Sam's spine. "Thank you."

"My pleasure," Sam said softly. "Trust me." He tilted his head and brushed their mouths together.

"I do," Robert murmured into Sam's mouth. He kissed Sam long and slow, hands starting to wander and explore. It felt good, knowing that Sam wasn't going to pop any time soon, that he could just take his time and explore. He hadn't had a chance yet, really, aside from hitting the highlights.

Sam's skin was smooth and soft over his ribs, and Robert traced each one, only a little surprised to realize the kid was lean, but not as skinny as he'd thought. There were muscles there. Figured -- the amount of energy that Sam had, he had to be fit.

He slid a hand over the kid's side and Sam gasped softly into the kiss, a little shudder rolling through him. Robert bet Sam had a whole army of sweet spots he didn't even know about, and he was aiming to eventually know every single one. He found one on Sam's left hip, and another on the left side of the small of his back; that one had Sam moaning and arching, and Robert brushed it again. The softer the touch, the more Sam reacted. That seemed to be the high-water mark until he licked along Sam's collarbone, which had Sam gasping, one hand going to his cock in a futile attempt to jerk off.

Robert took Sam's hand in his, gathered up the other one, too, and held onto them both as he went back to his explorations. He nibbled the spot on Sam's collarbone, testing to see if his teeth would have a different effect.

"Oh, God," Sam groaned, his head dropping back. "Makes me ache."

He licked the spot again and then blew gently.

"Robert," Sam growled. He shifted his weight and tried to rub on Robert's body.

"That's my name." He gave Sam a wink. "Feel free to wear it out."

"Uh-huh. Robert." Sam's eyes were heavy-lidded, a look he hadn't seen in far too long. "More?"

"I'm not going anywhere, and you?" He slid his hand along Sam's cock and pushed a finger into the little slit at the top. "Aren't either."

Sam's back arched and he cried out. It wasn't his name; hell, it wasn't even a word, but it made sense anyway. That and the way Sam's hands suddenly grabbed hold of him, fingers clamping down.

Robert played with the long cock for a while, exploring it with his fingertips before moving on to fondle Sam's balls and tease the sensitive skin behind them.

God, this was sexy -- Sam was sexy, all wanton and needy. Sam's legs didn't so much spread for him as drift apart, the kid whimpering softly. "I love your hands," Sam said, his voice tight. "Have I told you that?"

"You might have," he murmured. "I don't mind hearing it again." He nuzzled along Sam's collarbone and then across his neck, searching to see if the right side was as sensitive as the left. His thumbs slid over the soft skin between Sam's legs, the warm inner thighs.

Sam purred. It was an interesting sound, from right in his chest. Robert's tongue made the purr louder, and when he checked, Sam's eyes had closed and he looked blissed out. His teeth made Sam's hips shift, and the purr turn to a needy growl.

His own cock was starting to get interested in the proceedings again. Not even an hour. Damn, Sam was good for his libido.

He kept teasing along Sam's collarbone -- he had a feeling it was going to become a favorite spot -- his hand sliding down along Sam's legs. He made an encouraging noise as Sam curled them up to give him full access, and he explored Sam's feet, careful not to tickle.

Sam began to moan softly, his body tensing and relaxing, rubbing over him with every move and twist. "Rob," Sam whispered. "Please."

He shook his head. "You don't get to come until after I've fucked you over that table of yours."

"Oh." The kid sounded drunk. "Soon? Please? Feel so empty."

"I'm getting there," he murmured, pushing his hips up so his prick rubbed along Sam's side.

"Good." Sam sighed again and ran a hand over Robert's chest. "So good. You feel good. Lord, you feel good." He appeared to be back in babble mode. "Remember this past summer? When I picked you up? There were so many people watching you. And I just wanted to climb right up you and ride you until I passed out. And when you smiled at me I just... God, I can't believe you're here."

"I'm here. I don't want to be anywhere else." He stroked his way back up the inside of Sam's legs until he was teasing Sam's balls again, caressing and weighing and squeezing gently.

Sam drew one leg up and sighed. "Such amazing hands. Fingers, long fingers. Thick..." Sam shuddered. "Fuck me?"

"Let me get you ready first." He found the lube Sam had brought and slicked up the fingers on his left hand. One first, not enough to really even stretch Sam, just let him know what was coming.

Sam managed a grin, not quite full strength. "Really like your fingers, Robert." He pushed back, taking it in with a happy noise.

"Is there anything you don't like?" he teased, pushing his finger deep.

"Haven't found much yet. Oh. Girls."

He chuckled. Little shit. He nipped sharply at Sam's collarbone. "I meant about me."

"You have girls?" Sam tried to giggle, but it turned into a breathless gasp as he moved on Robert's finger. "Um. You won't let me drink beer. And I suspect you don't like explosions as much as I do."

"That's not fair -- that last movie sucked, and it's the law who won't let you drink beer." He slipped his finger away, returned it again with a friend, shifting to rub his increasingly interested prick against Sam.

"Oh. Oh." Sam's eyes widened a little. "Oh, yeah. Um. Okay, then, no. Nothing I don't like. You?"

"Not yet. Give me a couple of years and I'll get back to you." He closed his mouth with a snap as soon as the words were out, and pushed hard with his fingers, searching for Sam's gland. Time to distract his lover.

"Oh, yeah!" Sam arched and laughed, pushing back hard. "That's the spot. And I heard that. We'll talk.... oh, God. Oh, there, again. Talk later." He was grinning for real now, and wiggling like crazy.

Robert chuckled and shook his head. At least the kid hadn't freaked out at the thought of them still being together in a couple of years. Robert was going to take that as a good sign. Well, as a good sign or as proof that he was a total stud. He worked Sam's ass until his prick was hard and he was wanting hard enough to ache.

"Now? Please?" Sam begged with his words and his body, every part of him starting to twitch. "Want you in me. Bend me over and just do it. Please."

Robert growled a little, loving it when Sam begged for it. Standing, he pushed Sam over to the table and bent the slender body over it, pushed his cock right in. Fuck. Tight and good. His fingers curled around Sam's hips.

Sam pushed right back, his hand wrapping around the edge of the table and his ass lifting high. "Fuck!" Sam sounded surprised. "Oh, God, yes." His knuckles went white and he pushed back again, driving himself up Robert's cock.

It was only the second time they'd done this bareback, and *fuck*. It felt amazing. He could feel every bit of Sam's body, could feel as Sam's flesh squeezed and rippled around him. He moaned, hands tightening, fingers bruising as he held onto Sam's hips as he started to thrust.

Every time he pushed in Sam made a noise. A grunt, a sigh, his name, a curse. The words just spilled from him, a mixture of praise and begging and promises that he had every intention of collecting on at some point, if they both survived this. 'Yes, yes, yes,' was the most popular chant, followed by 'Oh, God, oh, God!'. But when Sam went quiet, the words stopping and the keening starting up, he knew Sam was losing it. Even the occasional 'oh, boy' was gone.

The biggest clue, though, was when he heard a soft, "Robert. Please. I need."

He kept fucking Sam after that, pushing hard, wrapping one hand around the bound cock, wanting to make Sam absolutely fucking crazy before he let the kid come.

Sam's head came back and he started to yell. He was sweating, a fine sheen all down his back, and his hands were starting to slip on the table edge. "Fuck me," he begged. "God, harder, Robert. Come on, you know you want to, just do it. Take me, break me, make me fucking scream, you bastard." He lifted up on his toes and slammed back to meet Robert's hips. "Fuck me like you mean it."

Robert shifted slightly, getting a better grip on Sam's hip and cock and just whaled on the kid, letting him take each thrust.

"That's not fucking," Sam bitched. "That's screwing." Oh, the kid was really trying to wind him up, looking back over this shoulder with flashing eyes and a sneer that never made it to his eyes. Robert had no idea what twisted little fantasy he was starring in, but Sam was having the time of his life. Weird little shit.

Growling, he let go of Sam's cock and wrapped his hand around Sam's shoulder, pulling the kid back hard. No way his cock wasn't enough. No fucking way.

Sam's hands slipped and the kid went down to the table top, his arms breaking his fall. Barely. Robert heard a whispered, "Oh, fuck," and Sam started scrabbling for purchase, looking for a grip.

"This hard enough for you, Sammy?" he asked, spreading his legs just a tiny bit as he bent over to bite at Sam's neck, the new position driving him just a touch deeper, letting him thrust harder.

"Oh, fuck." Sam moaned again, his head down on the table. "Robert."

"Uh-huh." He grunted into Sam's ear, kept moving hard and fast. God, he wasn't going to last much longer, so he sure as hell hoped Sam was getting what he needed from this.

"Need. Rob. Please. Oh, my God." The yelling was gone, Sam barely coherent now.

"Good. Good." He thrust a few more times, and then reached beneath Sam and popped open the cock ring, freeing Sam's prick.

Sam didn't make a sound, just started coming, his cock pulsing as long ribbons of come hit the floor. Sam's eyes drifted closed.

Sam's body milked his cock, and Robert only jerked in a few more times before he was roaring and coming deep inside that sweet, tight heat. Gasping for breath, he rested against Sam's back, hands on the table, keeping him from putting too much weight on the kid.

Sam didn't move, didn't say anything for a long moment. He was breathing, though; fast, but nice and steady. Robert wasn't really worried, but it was nice when Sam lifted his head. "'m I alive?" he asked, his voice rough.

Robert chuckled, the sound turning into a moan as he slid out of Sam and gathered the kid close. "You are. Bed?" Because he was going to collapse for a while and wanted to do it wrapped around Sam.

"Over there somewhere," Sam said, his arm waving vaguely. "It's... got sheets and stuff."

He chuckled. "I *know* where it is, Sammy. I have been here before, and we did make it to the bed once or twice. I just wanted to make sure you were ready to sack out." He stood and grabbed Sam up into a fireman's carry -- no fucking way he could carry the kid any other way with his legs like fucking spaghetti.

"Oh," Sam said, like he was getting it. "Fireman. Cool. Uniform and carry. Wow, you're strong. Bed good, sleep. Hey, I'm done exams."

He chuckled and dumped Sam onto the bed, following him down. He probably should have gotten out of his uniform or at least tucked his cock away, but he'd just come three times in a couple hours and he was fucking exhausted. Besides, he figured Sam would get off on waking up next to him in it.

Sam curled around him, clinging like Robert was going to escape. "Staying, yeah? Even after we wake up in the middle of the night to eat? You'll stay with me?"

"I'm not going anywhere, Sam." And that felt good, knowing he wasn't the only one who was maybe feeling kind of clingy. He pulled the covers up and wrapped himself around Sam.

"Thanks." Sam sounded sleepy and done in. "Thanks for not killing my dad."

He chuckled. "Well, it was a close thing, I tell you. Although I also almost walked out. Glad I didn't."

"Then I'd have tracked you down, fixed it," Sam said. "No way I'd let you just walk out on me."

"I'd have come back when the urge to make mincemeat out of the two of you had faded," he admitted. "It hurt like hell there for a few minutes, though."

"Poor baby," Sam said, snuggling in. "I'm sorry it hurt. Glad there wasn't a reason for it. Don't want to hurt you, Robert."

"Glad to know it, and ditto." He kissed Sam's forehead.

"Sleep, 'kay?" Sam yawned and moved even closer, attached to Robert from ankle to shoulder. "Talk more later."

He chuckled. "Yes, Boss."

Chapter Six

Sam loved Thursdays. His Shakespeare class was Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, but the prof loved his Thursday happy hours, so class was always over by four instead of four-thirty. That half hour extra meant that he could do an hour of work, pack up, and get over to Robert's in time for dinner, a fuck, a cuddle, and still get a decent night's sleep.

The end of November made for a chilly walk, and it was with visions of the fireplace roaring that he ran up the driveway, already pulling his backpack off. He knocked at the door and opened it, calling out as he went in. "Hey, it's me!"

He dropped his pack and kicked off his shoes, rubbing his hands together as he walked through to the living room. "Damn, it's cold. Hey, where are you? Robert?"

The house was oddly quiet, and Sam went back to the kitchen and looked around before calling out again. "Robert? It's me, are you upstairs?" He draped his coat and sweater over a chair, and then started up, taking the stairs two at a time. He was almost all the way up when he heard the shower going. That was odd, Robert usually showered at the station before coming home. But he wasn't about to turn down a wet Robert. No way. He wasn't stupid. He pulled off his T-shirt and tossed it into the bedroom, then opened the bathroom door.

"Hey, you," he said as he walked in. "Want some company?"

The steam was thick, and Robert's back was to him, head under the spray. He didn't get more than a grunt as an answer. Sam shoved his jeans and boxers off, an eyebrow raised. Not the typical welcome. He looked at Robert's back and felt a chill that had nothing to do with the weather. "Robert?" he said softly. "Hon?"

Robert grunted again, and one hand reached out for him, practically dragging him into the shower. The water was hot hot, the hand around his arm like a manacle.

"Okay, I'm here," Sam said, trying not to panic. "Are you hurt?" He tried to touch, tried to feel as much of Robert as he could, looking for damage.

Robert shook his head, burying his face in Sam's shoulder, arms wrapping around him, holding on. "Was bad, though." Robert's voice was rough, like his throat was sore.

Sam nodded, and took a deep breath. "All right. I'm here," he said again, trying to get his own voice to stay calm and soothing. "You want to get out of the shower? We can lie down and talk about it." He stroked his hands down Robert's back, patting him and stroking gently.

"I don't want to talk about it. I want the pictures out of my fucking head."

"Whatever you want," Sam whispered. "Whatever you need." He kissed Robert's shoulder, the side of his face. "Tell me what to do."

Robert rumbled, mouth searching his out blindly, big hands holding him tight, close. Sam didn't hesitate, just opened his mouth and let Robert in, sucking on his tongue. He pushed a little, trying to get them turned so Robert would either lean on the tiles or he could. This free standing was going to get dangerous. But Robert was a rock, tongue pushing deep into his mouth, cock springing to attention between them. Little sounds were pushing into his mouth, cries or whimpers.

Sam groaned and reached down, wrapping his hand around Robert's cock and pulling, fast and hard. He pressed in on the slit and twisted his palm over the crown... anything he could think of to make it fast and hard. He kissed Robert like his life depended on it, just giving everything he could. Robert's fingers were cutting bruises into his hips, holding onto him so tight, hips pushing into his hand, fast and hard and needy.

"Come on, baby. Shoot for me. Want you to come," Sam said. He ignored the pain where Robert held him too tightly; it didn't matter. All that mattered was making his lover feel better. He wiggled hard, not quite able to make Robert let go. "Let me suck you. Fuck my mouth."

Robert groaned and nodded, letting him go to push him down. Holding his head, Robert pushed his cock into Sam's mouth, hips moving, eyes dark and almost shut as they gazed down at him. Sam looked up, determined to do this with a connection between them. Robert needed to escape, but damn it he was going to escape right to Sam. Where he belonged.

The thick cock in his mouth pushed and Sam opened his mouth as wide as he could, kept his tongue soft until he had as much in as he wanted. Then he sealed his lips around Robert and sucked. He used every trick he knew and stared up at Robert, taking more as he encouraged Robert to thrust. He took a breath, relaxed, and opened his throat. Come on, he thought. Take what you need.

Robert roared, hips jerking, pushing the thick head against the back of his throat again and again. Those eyes gazed down at him until the last minute when they rolled up in Robert's head, come pouring down Sam's throat.

Swallowing until the spurts stopped, Sam didn't waste time in backing off and getting up, his arms going around Robert as soon as he could. "Hon?"

Robert held onto him. "Bad fire."

"I know," Sam whispered. It had to be, didn't it? "Come on to bed. I'll hold you and you can forget for a while."

Robert nodded and reached past him to turn off the water. Now that it wasn't in the spray, Sam could see that Robert's face was tight and drawn, pale.

"Oh, baby," Sam said, unable to stop himself. "I'm sorry." He reached back for a towel with one hand, the other cupping Robert's jaw. "I'm sorry."

Robert just nodded. "House fire. Those are always the worst." The big hands took the towel out of his hands, Robert drying himself off roughly.

Sam dripped for a moment longer, and then squeezed the water out of his hair. "Get in bed. I'm going to get some soup made, and we can eat in bed, then I'll tell you stories until you're utterly distracted."

"I'm not hungry, Sammy, but the rest sounds pretty fucking good."

Sam shook his head. "When did you last eat? Just a sandwich then, please." He tried not to plead, he'd hated that when his dad did it, and he was pretty sure that a boyfriend shouldn't.

No, a boyfriend should just drag his man off and screw him stupid. "Bed," he ordered. And he turned and got a tube of lube from the drawer.

Robert seemed to be happy with that, preceding him down the hall and into the bedroom with its huge king-sized bed, where Robert pulled down the covers and climbed in.

Sam piled on next to him. "How do you want it?" he said, rolling on the bed and kissing bits and parts as he came to them. "Want to tell me what to do, or let me drive? Quick and dirty like in the shower, or slow and sweet? Watch, show? Anything you need." He started to suck up a mark next to Robert's left nipple, his hand going to Robert's balls.

Robert groaned, rolling on top of him. "Just want to fuck you."

"Good choice," Sam said, spreading his legs and popping the lube open. "Fingers."

"You do it," grunted Robert, mouth finding his collarbone, lips wrapping around it.

"Oh, God," Sam gasped, distracted for a moment. He forced his fingers to squeeze the tube, and when he managed to get his hand and most of his arm slick, he figured he was good to go. He pulled one leg up and spread as much lube around his hole as he could; it was going to be a rough ride, and he had a feeling he'd blow ages before Robert. Hell, in this mood he'd be blowing half the night -- Robert was feeling like he'd be a machine.

Sam stabbed two fingers into himself and moaned. It mattered what Robert was feeling and going through -- of course it did, he ached for his lover -- but it still felt damn good. He rocked for a moment and tried to relax enough to take three.

One of Robert's fingers suddenly pushed in with his, working hard and fast. "Need you," muttered Robert.

Sam nodded, his breath gone for a moment. "Okay," he managed, his dick throbbing. "Now."

"Slick me up," Robert ordered, pushing a second finger in.

"Just do it, I'm good." Sam hooked a leg over Robert's hip and rocked up.

Robert growled, fingers disappearing, cock pushing in. "Oh, fuck, Sammy."

"Yeah." Oh, wow. Jesus. Okay, he'd been taking Robert regularly for a while now, but shit. The man was going to split him. He took a breath and relaxed as much as he could. "Come on," he whispered, one hand going to his cock.

Robert's mouth met his, hands on the bed on either side of his head and those hips just went to town, Robert pushing his need into Sam over and over again. Sam kissed him back, his mouth open and his legs spread wide as he took it. One hand pulled at his prick, the other held a leg back by the knee, and he just opened himself as much as he could.

Robert pounded into him like he was riding hard, chasing all his demons, and Sam closed his eyes and let it happen, welcomed it. He thrust back as best he could and licked Robert's lips, bit down on them and groaned. He opened himself as much as he could, tried his best to be what Robert needed.

"God. Need this. Need you." Robert whimpered, moved harder and faster, finding his gland and pegging it on every thrust.

"Right here. Right there. Just... God, yes." Sam kissed him, fucked Robert's mouth with his tongue. "Take it. Anything you want. It's yours."

"Do it, come for me."

Sam arched his back and tugged on his cock again, scraping the hotspot at the base. "Rob," he gasped, pleasure sparking and coursing through him. He felt the first spurt as his body tensed, the first spasm of his orgasm rolling through him like a wave.

Robert moaned, kept moving through his orgasm, cock pushing inside him like he hadn't even come.

Sam smeared his come into his skin and stroked Robert's back with his sticky hand. He was there for the long haul, the machine at work, so he just concentrated on making it good for Robert. Not like he wasn't going to get off a couple more times himself.

Robert didn't stop. Sometimes he went faster, sometimes he went slower. Now and then he bent and kissed Sam, hard and sweet. Sweat broke out over his skin, his head hung, resting against Sam's shoulder.

"I'm right here," Sam whispered. "I have you. It's okay to let go. You're safe."

Still Robert fucked him, made him hard again, made him come again, and if it wasn't for why, it would have been the most amazing thing. Finally though, Robert broke, crying out and filling him with spurt after spurt of heat.

And then Robert collapsed against him, breath hard in his ear.

"Shh," Sam said, not knowing why. It was just a soothing noise, one he was supposed to use. "It'll be okay. We'll make it be okay. I've got you." He whispered the words he wanted to believe and the ones he did, about how he wasn't leaving, about how he was right there and would do anything, give anything to make Robert feel better. His ass hurt. A lot. But he knew it would pass and he'd be fine soon enough, and that it didn't matter.

"Are you okay?" he finally asked, when the words had run out.

Robert nodded. "Will be. Just..." That cock slid from his body, and Robert rolled off him. "We didn't get the family out."

Sam nodded and sighed. He'd figured as much. He rolled into Robert's side, one hand lying on his lover's chest. "How many?"

"Five. I brought the baby out, but it was already too late."

Sam closed his eyes. "I'm so sorry," he whispered.

"Yeah. Me, too." Robert sighed heavily. "This is the part of the job that sucks."

"Uh-huh." Sam tried to prop himself up on an elbow, but settled for just moving closer. "What can I do? Will you eat now? Want anything?"

Robert shook his head, hand sliding through his hair. "It's just going to take time, Sammy. And I'm off for two weeks and have to go at least twice to the fucking psych. He'll have to sign off on my return. Standard stuff."

"Oh." Sam thought about that for a couple of minutes. "Okay, I get seeing the shrink, and I guess I understand the time off, 'cause of stress and everything, but what are you going to do? Sitting around won't help, you gotta keep busy, you know?"

Robert shrugged. "I'll manage."

"You'll need help," Sam said, an idea forming. "Like... babysitting a busy, hyper student and helping him memorize a chunk of Chaucer."

Robert chuckled. "You volunteering for the part of the busy, hyper student, Sammy?"

"Like I'd let any of the other bastards near you." Sam snorted. "It's cold at my place. Fireplace here... I could bring the books and read to you."

"You won't be able to sit for a week after I go back to work." Robert gave him a wink and then wrapped those arms around him. "Glad you're here, Sammy."

"Wouldn't be anywhere else," Sam said softly. "Promise."

Robert grunted, leg sliding over his. "Good."

"Yeah. It is." Sam smiled to himself and wondered vaguely if he was going to wake up fused to the sheets.

He decided he didn't care.

Chapter Seven

Robert had worked Christmas along with the other bachelors.

To be honest, he didn't mind that much. He didn't really want to spend the holidays with Sam and his father. Oh, he'd have liked to have spent them with Sammy, but they'd only had one awkward dinner with Sam's dad, and he didn't want to ruin their Christmas together.

Not when he could spend New Year's Eve with his lover and exchange gifts then.

He had a roast in the oven and everything, a fire roaring away, presents under the little two-foot tree. And he actually felt in the Christmas mood.

The fire where they'd lost the family with the baby had been hard, but giving out Toys For Tots and granting Wish Upon A Star wishes for kids, giving them rides on the truck and stuff, had helped heal the deep wounds.

He checked his roast and put out the dishes on the table. Damn, it was almost domestic around here. He scratched himself and drank some beer right out of the bottle. There. That was better.

He went out to the living room and checked the fire, grinning when a cab pulled in. Sammy must have got his student loan.

In a couple of moments there was a rap at the door, and Sam came in, grinning broadly. "Hey honey, I'm home!" he said, handing over a couple of wrapped boxes. "I would have brought wine, but you know. You're still robbing the cradle. Perv."

He laughed. "Me? You're the one dating grandpa." He winked and put the presents under the little tree before grabbing Sam around the waist and giving him a kiss. "Happy holidays, Sammy."

"Happy New Year, Robert," Sam said back, his eyes dancing and his grin huge and happy. He wiggled against Robert and pushed a hard prick against his thigh. "Missed you."

"Yeah, holidays seemed forever. You have a good time with your family?"

Sam shrugged. "Dad's cool. We read and talked and hung out. He says hi. What did you do?"

"Worked. I am happy to say it was a very quiet holiday. More false alarms than the real thing." Pleasantries out of the way, he grabbed Sam's ass and pulled that hot bulge against his thigh.

"Oh, yeah," Sam moaned, moving just enough to straddle his leg. "When's supper?" Not that it mattered, not with Sam. Kid was going to pop in moments, the way he was rocking.

"After you come," he murmured, moaning as Sam's hip slid against his cock. "Maybe after I do."

"I still got clothes here, right? Pants?" Sam's eyes rolled a bit, and he was beginning to pant. "God, been too long. Far too long." One hand dropped to Robert's crotch, rubbing along the side of his dick.

"Uh-huh." He groaned, finding Sam's neck, and from there Sam's collarbone, sucking and kissing.

"Thank God. Thank you. Oh, shit. Gonna come if you keep doing that." Sam squirmed in his arms, his hand moving faster and harder, his hips starting to drive against Robert's leg.

"That's the whole point, Sammy." His own hips were moving, pushing against Sam's hand. Damn, he'd missed this all week long. The pleasure and the need and the way it drove him with Sam.

"Oh, good. 'Cause I'm gonna pop." Sam shuddered, his rhythm gone for a moment. "Ah, fuck. Now, now, now!" Sam's head fell back and Robert felt the kid's cock throb, felt the heat spread.

Fuck, that was sexy.

Moaning, he kept moving against Sam, kept touching and licking.

"Good," Sam moaned. "God, I missed you so much. Missed this body, this cock." His hand pressed and squeezed. "Remind me to tell you about a fantasy I had, when I was stroking off," he said slyly.

Robert groaned. "Sammy... please." God, the kid had him begging now. But he had clothes here, too. Well, of course he did; it was his house, but it just meant he could blow his load now, too. Or Sam could take his cock out and do him right. He wasn't picky, but no way he was going to be able to eat with this hard-on. He really was getting to be as bad as the kid.

"Please?" Sam said with a patently false innocent look. But Robert didn't care what the look was, 'cause Sam was undoing his jeans, and then there were fingers around his cock, lifting and weighing and squeezing tight. "Kiss me," Sam demanded.

Groaning, he did just that, pushing his tongue into Sam's mouth. Sam sucked on his tongue, pulled at his cock in time. It wasn't a blow job, but the night was young, and this was damn good after a week of nothing. And the sounds the kid made? Hot and horny and needy, even if there was a mess in his pants. Robert just went with it, rocking into Sam's hand, letting the kid pull him over.

"That's it," Sam said, grinning as he kissed him. "Gimme what you've got. Want it all."

"It's yours," he muttered, hips pushing harder. "Oh, fuck." His eyes rolled as he came, spilling into Sam's hand.

Sam laughed, the sound delighted and hot. "God, I love that. I love watching you come, I love the smell of it, the taste of it. I love the way you sound." Sam grinned and wiggled, hand stroking and petting him through the aftershocks, bringing him down slowly.

He shook his head. Sam always made him feel like the center of the damned universe. "You're something else, Sam. I'm real glad to ring the new year in with you."

That earned him a huge smile and an extra squeeze, Sam's eyes just shining. "Me, too. Really glad." The kid's cheeks colored, but he kept smiling.

"I should change before we eat," Sam said, ducking his head. "And. Um. Yeah, so the thing is?" He looked up at Robert, and the color was brighter. "I don't think I've ever been quite this happy. Just wanted to tell you that."

Robert felt his smile, the slow spread of it across his face. "Yeah, me, too, kid."

And didn't that just make this New Year something else altogether? He held onto Sam, just like he was planning to do the whole year long.

Chapter Eight

Sam thought that this birthday was more than likely, quite possibly, without a doubt, the best one ever. Period. It had everything -- music, dancing, drinks he could actually legally buy, Robert buying them, a gay bar in which to drink them and do the dancing. And it was in Vancouver, which meant hotel. Which meant a possible hot tub. And that was something to stay mostly sober for.

Wet fireman was the best thing ever -- even better than the drinks in the gay bar.

He was dancing at the bar, waiting for his glass of... something, and wiggling happily. He had no idea what exactly the drink was, but the green matched his hair, and the first one had tasted good, so he thought he'd have another. Robert had been making him take it slowly, so Sam was really trying, but the drink was *really* good. And the music was, too. And Robert was just as sexy and hot as ever, and every time Sam caught someone looking at Robert he growled.

He wasn't trying to be cute, but he really didn't intend to let anyone wander off with his boyfriend. Not even for a moment. He turned, eyes searching out Robert, and then narrowing when he saw them. Some beefy stud was standing close to his fireman, hand on Robert's arm, head leaned in close. And worse, Robert was leaning in, too. The guy looked vaguely familiar to boot, at least his outfit of tight black leather pants and even tighter white T-shirt did. He remembered those peccs.

Sam picked up the glass of green stuff and made tracks, slipping himself under Robert's arm in a particularly smooth move that would have been disastrous for his drink if it hadn't worked. "Um, hi!" he said brightly. "How've you been? You know my boyfriend?" Let it not be said that he couldn't politely make a point.

Robert's arm went around him nice and easy, that smile aimed straight at him.

"Sam? Wow! Small world. So you two are together? Robert, you old dog you!" The man had the slightest British accent, which had been why Sam had picked him up in the first place, last year sometime. God, what was his name?

"You know Sam, Mack? It really is a small world." Robert looked a little bemused, and wow, that arm around him just got tight. Kind of possessive, like.

Sam bit his lip and gave up a grin. Not like Robert didn't know him. "Oh, yeah. Mack and I go way back," he said before Mack could get a word in. "We were really close for a while there, back in the day." He made sure to squeeze Robert a little, his hand sliding from Robert's waist to his butt.

One of Robert's eyebrows went up. "It really is a small world. Mack and I used to get together on a regular basis..."

Mack nodded. "And wasn't I just in heaven when I saw him across the dance floor? Fucks like a machine, doesn't he, Sam? I was just on my way over to ask for one for old time's sake."

Oh. Well, that was something, wasn't it? Sam tried not to growl, or blink too much. A regular thing was more than the one time he'd had, and maybe Robert... well, maybe Robert wanted another go. Which would kind of suck, but Sam wasn't sure if saying a flat out no was a great idea, what with Robert pulling out all the stops for his birthday.

He slid his hand over Robert's ass again and looked up at him, trying to grin as happily as he had been all night. "Oh, yeah?" he said, unable to just ask outright if that was what Robert wanted. It was probably enough that he wasn't saying a flat no, and being all demanding and childish. He was old enough now to share if he had to.

But only if he had to.

"Oh, yeah. Well, you know what a good fuck he is." Mack gave him a wink and looked about to open his mouth again, but Robert got in there first.

"Sam and I have a thing, Mack."

"Yeah? You really meant boyfriend, did you?" Mack laughed, eyes getting brighter. "Well, I wouldn't say no to another go-round with you, too, Sam. You're a wildcat in bed! What do you guys say? It would be fucking sexy."

Robert opened his mouth and closed it again.

Sam clamped his hand down on Robert's butt and then forced himself to let go. What did that mean? Was that a yes, or a fuck off? He heard a growl, and put a hand to his chest to feel the rumble. Oh, man, he really had to do something about that. "Robert?" he said as calmly as he could. "What do you think?"

In his head he was chanting, 'please no, no one but me, please no'.

"It's your birthday, Sam," Robert said, voice low enough he had to strain to hear. "I sort of had the night planned, but whatever you want. Your day and all."

Thank God for small favors and the excuse to be selfish. "Only want you, Robert," he said back, not sure if Mack could hear, and not caring. "I mean, I will if it's what you want, but I... I just want you." He turned as best he could in Robert's arms and looked way up at his lover. "No one else. Birthday or not."

Oh, the smile that went across Robert's face, that was all for him. "Sorry, Mack," Robert said loudly, not even looking away from him.

"Oh, come on, man. The two of us with Sam in the middle? Fucking hot, man! Sexy as hell -- all that wriggling energy, we could fill both ends and keep him busy."

Robert growled suddenly, and Sam found himself pushed to the side as Robert moved right into Mack's space and stared down at him. "You keep your hands off, Mack. I don't share, and neither does Sam."

Sam thought he might be a sixteen year old girl, the way that made him want to cheer. And swoon. And get fucked really, really hard. His dick was standing at attention, and he just wanted to get naked like, now. With Robert, of course.

He moved fast and put his hands on Robert's arm. "Let's not get kicked out, okay? Mack, look, it's a nice offer and all, but Robert and I don't play. Thanks anyway, but not interested, go find someone else, the machine is mine and I'm his wildcat and all that. Okay?"

Mack backed off, hands up. "Hey, you can't blame a boy for trying. I just thought it would be fun for old time's sake." Mack shook his head. "I can't get why anyone would settle down when there's the field to play, variety being the spice of life and all, but hey, you don't want any spice? Not my problem." Mack snorted and strutted off, walking right up to a beautiful twink at the bar and putting the moves on him.

Robert's arm went around him. "I wasn't going to hurt him. Much." Robert cleared his throat, but his voice was still all growly. "I was actually flattered until he started with the graphic touching you details."

Sam winked at him. "Yeah, that kinda did something to you. I noticed." He nodded wisely and then grinned. "Wanna go all caveman on me?"

"Fuck, yes. At the hotel. Like twenty minutes ago." Robert started walking, pushing him backwards, eyes hot and intense, and he could feel the bulge in Robert's brand-new jeans with each step. "The kind of dancing I want to do needs a little more privacy."

Sam moaned. "How much more? 'Cause I'm thinking... the john."

Robert stopped, blinked, and then turned, grabbing his arm and tugging him along toward the bathrooms.

"Woo!" Sam knew he was grinning wildly as they moved, and he knew the moment the door opened and Robert tossed him toward a stall that he wasn't going to last very long. Should have suggested the cock ring, really, but this was more fun. Quick and dirty in a bathroom. Oh, yeah. That's the way birthdays were supposed to be.

Sam grabbed Robert and kissed him hard, trying to get right up him. Sam got one hand tangled in Robert's shirt while the other fought with Robert's fly, happy to let Robert deal with the stall door and any people who may or may not have been in the room with them. He hadn't bothered to check.

He was pushed back up against the side of a stall, Robert slamming the door closed behind them and damn, there really wasn't a lot of room in here with his mountain of a man, but Robert's tongue was fucking his mouth and those big hands were hard on his ass, lifting him up off the ground.

Sam groaned and clung to him, wiggling like mad as he fished Robert's cock out. He just about came from the feel of it, from the way Robert was taking his mouth and really doing the caveman routine. Sam tore his mouth away and moaned again. "God, yeah. Turned me on so much," he whispered. "Just you and me, huh? No one else."

"Nobody else better fucking touch you," muttered Robert, groaning as he started pumping that cock. "Get yours out, too."

Sam nodded and shoved his tongue back in Robert's mouth, fingers damn near useless as he tried to jack Robert and get to his own dick at the same time. He managed it, though, gasping as his cock slid along Robert's. "Ah, fuck. Fuck." He pushed again.

One of Robert's hands left his ass and came around to wrap around his, around their pricks, jerking them off roughly. Sam's head fell back against the stall. "Not gonna last," he moaned. "God, want you. Want you to fuck me long and hard, want to hear you growl, Robert." His hips thrust and his hand worked with Robert's, work them both. "Make me feel so fucking good," he whispered as his eyes began to roll up.

"Gonna take you to the hotel and do you there, soon as we're done here," grunted Robert, hips pushing, banging his ass against the stall wall again and again. "Fucking hot, Sammy."

"You are," Sam agreed. He gasped as their fingers tightened a bit and Robert's thumb brushed over the tip of his cock. "Jesus. Gonna shoot," he warned. Another couple of tugs and a hard thrust later he came in long spurts, his spunk slicking Robert's cock.

Robert growled, mouth just plundering his, body slamming him back again and again, and then his mouth was full of sound and vibrations as Robert roared. Robert's come was thick and hot, splashing his hand and his dick as the big body rested against him for a moment.

"Oh, God," Sam whimpered. "Do it again? At the hotel, with less clothes? And then fuck me stupid?" He wiggled a little more. "Christ, you make me hot. Hard. Happy."

"Yeah, Sammy, again. And then again. And more." Robert rumbled and kissed him and slowly let him down on his feet. They did up their jeans again and wiped off their hands as best they could.

Wrinkling his nose, Robert opened the door. "Fucking stinks in here. Let's go get busy somewhere civilized, Sammy. Somewhere I can do you right."

Sam grinned. "Okay," he said mildly, dropping a wink to the guy standing at the sink and watching them in the mirror. "Mine," he mouthed, earning a snort and grin back. Robert got a leer, he noticed, but at least the guy kept it at that.

Robert didn't even seem to notice, eyes hot and sure on him. "Come on, Sammy. Gotta make this the best birthday ever." With that Robert had his hand and was tugging him along back through the joint, leaving him a fine view of that ass and the knowledge that Robert's entire focus was on him.

Robert wondered for a moment if he was being rude, the way he was hustling Sam off to the hotel room. After all, it was the kid's birthday, and he'd only had a few drinks, and they'd hardly gotten any dancing done -- big as he was, he felt self-conscious, and needed a few more than he'd had to really go all out in the dancing department. But one look down at that flushed face and eager prick pushing at Sam's jeans, and he knew Sam was all for making a beeline for their hotel room.

He kept his hands to himself in the elevator, figuring once he started touching, he wasn't going to want to stop, and they'd already done it standing up and mostly in public, and damn it, he wanted that ass around his prick this time.

The elevator dinged, and he was grabbing Sam's hand again, dragging the kid along behind him. He sure hoped caveman was a turn-on for Sam, because he was doing a really good impression. He had to slide the stupid little card into the door three times before he had it going the right way, and making the light go green and opening the door, but then they were through it, and the door was pushed closed, and he all but threw Sam down onto the bed. "Want you," he growled, tugging at his clothes, eyes hot on Sam.

Sam's eyes were huge, and the kid just nodded at him, wiggling to sit up and pull off his shirt. "God. God, you're so... wow." Sam's hands went to his fly, scrabbling at the zipper. "In me." Incoherent was good. Wasn't often he got Sam down to barely talking, and he took it as a compliment.

They were both naked about the same time, clothes strewn all over the room, and he just collapsed down onto Sam, rubbing against all that warm skin.

Sam was shoving against him, making growling and purring noises that were either really cute or really hot, he wasn't sure which. "Ring? Did we bring it, do you want it on me?" the kid gasped. "God, lube. Robert. Oh, fuck."

"Next time," growled Robert, reaching for the tube of hand cream on the dresser that the hotel provided.

"Do that again," Sammy begged, his eyes flashing. "Growl for me. God, you get possessive and I just... fuck, look at me. My dick's so hard it'll hurt soon." Sam pulled his legs up by the knees. "Fuck me," he moaned.

Robert did growl, though it wasn't a deliberate noise, it was just his response to Sam. "You like possessive? Good, because I am feeling pretty fucking possessive about you. Mack started making moves on you, and I wanted to tear his limbs from his fucking body."

He got his fingers creamed up and shoved them into Sammy, no finesse at all because fuck, he just needed hard. The lube would have done a better job, but it was all the way over in their damned bags. "Need you."

"Got me," Sam gasped and shoved himself down on Robert's fingers. "I was worried you'd want to fuck him. Scared you'd... you'd let him touch me." Blue eyes looked up at him, suddenly serious. "Would have, if you'd wanted," Sam said.

He stilled suddenly, fingers buried deep in Sam's ass, and reached with his other hand to stroke Sammy's cheek. "I wanted to say I'd do it if you wanted to, but the truth was, I wouldn't have been able to let him touch you. Not for a second."

Sam nodded slowly. "Yeah. Me, too." He shifted slightly, not even really fucking himself on Robert's fingers, just moving. "Glad we figured it out," he said quietly, his eyes still serious.

"Oh, I think I've had it figured for a while now, Sammy." He moved his hand, pushing his fingers deep, keeping the pace slow and easy like Sam was -- this was too important to lose it in the wild need that rode them so often.

He'd had it figured out for a good long while, though he hadn't realized the extent of his need to keep everyone else who wanted a piece of his Sammy as far away as possible, but he knew who he wanted in his life. Didn't want to scare the kid off, though, now did he?

"Yeah? You know?" Sam said, his voice almost a whisper. "So if I say it, the world won't stop?"

"Say it?" he asked, confused, like he hadn't been following along or something. He thought they'd been talking about how they felt about each other, about being exclusive and wanting to be with each other and... man, did Sammy feel it as hard as he did? "Say

it," he repeated, but it wasn't a question this time. He needed to hear what Sam had to say, needed the kid to say it first.

Sam kind of shook a little, a gentle thing like a shudder, and licked his lips. "I love you," he said softly, blue eyes shining.

"Oh, God, Sammy." He bent his head and kissed Sam almost reverently. "I love you. Have done for a while, I just didn't want... well, to spook you."

"You have?" Sam looked stunned. "Cool! I mean, I love you, too. I... Robert." He smiled, the slow special smile that was nothing like his grin, and a world more intense. "I love you, Robert."

"Yeah, Sammy. I heard." He grinned and took Sam's mouth again, fingers moving harder now, letting the need flow through him again.

Sam moaned into the kiss, legs shifting and one hand clamping on the back of Robert's head to keep him there. "More," Sam said into the kiss. "Need you. Now."

He growled again and nodded, letting his fingers pull out of Sam's body, using the hand cream to slick up his cock.

Sam wrapped his legs around Robert's hips, and Robert felt the kid's fingers tangle with his own. "Mine," Sam growled. "My Robert, my cock, and my lover." Back arching, Sam moved on the bed, trying to push himself onto Robert. "Make love to me," he said fiercely.

Robert growled, fucking turned on by Sam's need and love, the way Sam let it all show. He pushed his cock into Sam; one nice, smooth, hard thrust all the way in.

"Yeah!" Sam beamed at him, pushing back. Robert could feel the kid's legs riding on his hips, hands sliding over his back. "Do it, Rob. Make me come, make me scream so loud the whole fucking city knows I love you."

And how could he do anything but that when Sam asked so nicely?

He rolled Sam's hips up, letting the kid have everything he had, giving it all to his Sammy.

"Feel so good," Sam said, his eyes fixed on him. "Fill me right up, make me... oh. Oh, there. Fuck. Make me feel so good."

"Yeah, Sammy. Yeah." He nodded, pushing in harder and faster, wrapping a hand around Sam's prick and just taking them both flying.

Sam thrust back, his mouth open as he panted, eyes either staring right at Robert's face or down his body to where Robert was stroking his dick. He groaned suddenly, his head falling back and his eyes closing, and Robert knew he'd hit the right spot. "Oh, God. Yeah, please. Yes, yes, yes, yes, oh, fuck!" Sam yelled and bucked and started shooting, his ass clamping down on Robert's cock.

Robert moaned, and let himself go, let Sam's body milk the come right out of him. He landed on Sam with a groan, trying to hold most of his weight up.

"Love you," Sam whispered again. "And I would even if you didn't fuck like a demon."

He made a soft noise, blown away by the admission. "Sam, I... I'm never letting you go."

"You better not." Sam's voice was still quiet, but choked with emotion. "You're the best thing that ever happened to me. You make me feel... good. You listen to me and you let me be me all the time. I don't ever have to pretend with you, and that's... that's really something, you know? You let me go and I'll have to become a psycho stalker, and that wouldn't be a good thing." Sam's laugh was cut short by a snuffle. "Ah, damn it. I really am a girl."

Robert chuckled and stopped the flow of words with a kiss, shutting Sam up before he embarrassed them both. He took his time, kissing long and sweet and slow.

Sam made soft sounds, his hands roaming over Robert's back and then cupping his face. He began to move again, rocking gently as they kissed. "Hey," Sam finally whispered into their kiss. "This room got a hot tub?"

"That's what you asked for, wasn't it?" Robert nodded toward the other side of the room. "Your wish is my command."

"Does that work for everything?" Sam asked, his grin turning wicked.

Robert threw back his head and laughed. "You'll just have to wait and see."

"Oh, good! Surprises!" Sam wiggled a little more. "You know, I think that hot tub would be real nice about now. Hot water, hot, wet fireman... God, it's pretty much a wet dream come true. And wet. Did I mention the water and you? I might have a thing."

"Yeah, you might have mentioned, Sammy." He leaned down and nipped at one sensitive collarbone. "I might even have been paying attention."

Sam moaned softly. "You were certainly paying attention when you figured that out." Robert could feel Sam's dick stir and start to come awake again.

"Yeah." He paid attention all the time. All the damned time. He got up and tugged Sam up beside him. "Come on, you go get the hot tub ready, I've got to change."

Sam blinked at him a bit. "Change?" he asked, moving toward the hot tub.

He chuckled. "I know that you love me wet, but I know what your absolutely favorite thing is, Sammy. Just trust me."

That earned him wide eyes and a bit of stumble as Sam rushed to turn on the hot water. Flattering, really.

He chuckled and flexed and looked down. He supposed 'changed' had been the wrong word, as he was naked. He pulled his uniform out of his suitcase and put it on, slipping the ring in one pocket and the lube in another.

Sammy'd blown his mind tonight, telling him "I love you". Time for him to go blow Sam's.

Sam's head was spinning, and it had nothing at all to do with the green drinks. It didn't have anything to do with all the steam, either.

He ran the hot water and wiggled and did a little dance in front of the mirror, his grin huge, even to himself. He stared at his reflection.

"He loves me."

And that just about said it all.

He looked at the hot tub and at the mirror and swiped at his stomach with a face cloth to get a little clean before getting in the tub. He wasn't sure if he should just climb in, or wait for Robert or what, but he pretty much felt silly standing on the outside of the tub. With a grin and another wiggle, he climbed in and waited. Robert had to change. That pretty much meant one thing -- uniform. And Sam wasn't going to miss a second of looking at that.

Sure enough, a moment later there was Robert, all mountain and muscles and wrapped up in the horniest making package -- his fireman's uniform. Damn, the man looked good in black. And in uniform. In black uniform. Good enough to eat.

Sam whimpered a little and leaned back in the tub, water bubbling up all around him. "So fucking sexy," he said as one hand strayed to his dick. He didn't mean to, it just kind of happened. It was like a reflex; Robert plus uniform equaled stroke off material.

Robert grinned, eyes hot as they slid over him. "Yeah, you, too. Damn. You know what it's like to see your reaction to me in this thing? A fucking turn on." Robert came over

and climbed right into the hot tub, uniform and all. At least he wasn't wearing socks. Oh. And Sam would bet Robert hadn't bothered with underwear either.

Sam wondered if his eyes could get any wider, really, but then decided he didn't care. He crawled into Robert's lap and straddled the man, rubbing on the uniform. "God. Just... God!" He kissed Robert hard, getting as close as he could.

Robert was hard and hot, cock pressing into his ass through the material. Those big hands slid on his skin, touching and petting. "Happy birthday, Sammy," Robert growled into their kiss.

"Best ever," Sam murmured. He ground down on Robert's lap and moaned. "Thank you."

"My pleasure." Robert grinned, looking about as happy as he felt. "Your skin feels good like this, all wet and slippery."

Sam kissed Robert again and leaned back, fingers tracing the fire department badges and Robert's name plate. "You have no idea what this does to me," he said, cock throbbing a little. He shifted and rocked a bit, pushing himself against the wet fabric.

"I think I have a pretty good idea," murmured Robert, nuzzling against his neck so he could feel Robert's grin. "You could always tell me, though."

"Makes me hard." Sam wiggled again. "Makes me feel like I could just open up and take you forever, like if I don't get you in me, your hands on me, I'll burst. Makes me wanna ride you until I pass out." He moaned and shoved a hand between them, going for his cock.

Robert's hand slid into his pocket and then pushed Sam's hand off his cock. "Here. Put this on first. Because I am going to make you ride until you pass out." The cock ring was held out to him.

Sam inhaled sharply and shuddered, not really able to help it. That ring just triggered something in him, had ever since Robert had turned up with it at his place. It looked hot. It meant he was going to ache in the very best way.

He stood up in the water and took the ring, his fingers shaking slightly. With a grin he realized he was pretty much waving his dick in Robert's face, so he took his time getting the ring on. "Oh, man," he said, looking down at himself. It was such a fucking turn on, that black band around him.

Robert moaned and leaned forward enough to lick at the tip of his cock and then down toward the ring.

Oh, shit. Sam really hadn't expected that. He never did; it wasn't something Robert did often, and Sam never asked for it. Well, he'd begged once, but that was kind of fun. This, though... it was making his knees weak and he had to grab Robert's shoulders.

Robert just explored his cock, tongue sliding, lips occasionally nibbling. It was almost a tease; it was definitely maddening.

"Robert," he said softly. He wasn't begging. Not even pleading. Okay, he was possibly whining. His hips moved of their own accord, sliding his prick along Robert's tongue.

Robert just grinned and took the head of his cock into that hot mouth, sucking on it. Big hands reached for his hips, wrapping around them and holding him still.

Sam gasped, his fingers tightening on Robert's shoulders. "God, you're going to kill me," he said, unable to thrust, just taking what Robert decided to give him. Fireman mouth around his dick. Robert sucking him. Robert. "Oh, man," he moaned. "Thank fuck for that ring."

Robert's laughter sent vibrations up along his cock that settled right in his balls. Shit, maybe the ring wasn't even going to be enough.

His lover's head bobbed a few times, lips tight on his skin, and then Robert pulled back. "Zipper's damn near killing me, Sammy. I'm so fucking hard for you."

"Get it out!" Sam bit his lip, his voice echoing around him. "Um. Please." He slid to his knees and plunged his hands into the hot water, going right to Robert's fly. "Or I can. Want it, Rob. Want you."

"I know, Sammy. It's all yours. I'm all yours, eh?" Robert reached out and slid a hand along his cheek. "Want you to ride me. Want it to last all fucking night long."

He could only nod, fingers fighting wet fabric until he had Robert's cock in his hand. Thick and long and the best thing he'd ever had in him. He stroked it lightly. "Mine and yours and it's just you and me," he said to Robert. "Love you. Fucking need you."

Robert groaned and nodded, tugging him down. "You still stretched?"

Sam nodded. And if he wasn't, he would be again. He straddled Robert's hips and stared into blue eyes as he lowered himself, taking Robert's cock in deep with a long groan. "Jesus."

"Fuck! Sammy!" Robert's head fell back against the tub with a thunk. Those big hands wrapped around his hips. "Ready?"

"God, yes." Sam shifted and settled a little more, grinding down. "Fuck me."

"Anything you want, Sammy." Robert moaned as he pulled Sam up and then dropped him down on that cock again. "Oh, yeah. Oh. Fucking good."

Sam could only nod, the air sucked out of his lungs. He loved it when Robert fucked him from below. The angle was different, Robert's cock filling him in a new way. His hole felt it in a slightly odd way; the whole thing was just wild. Felt new. And looking down was the best thing ever. He had some control over the speed and how deep, too -- or he did until he managed to work Robert up to going Neanderthal on his ass, and then it was a fucking wild ride.

He squeezed a little on the next slide down, feeling like he had a fucking pole up his ass. "Robert," he managed, holding onto Robert's shoulders. "Harder?"

This was something special, the hot water splashing around him every time he was pulled down, Robert all wet and in his uniform. God, it sure didn't get much better than this. And then Robert started to push up, meeting Sam's downward falls with nice, hard thrusts.

Sam grabbed a fistful of uniform and slammed himself down on the next thrust, his ass meeting Robert's balls and zipper. "Ah shit. Yeah, like that." He shook, his legs starting to tremble a bit. "Want you in deep."

Robert grunted and shifted slightly, changed the angle, and the next time he came down Robert's cock pushed past his gland and went deeper.

Growling, Sam nodded. "Yeah. Like that. Right there. Want to feel you next week."

"Gonna feel me next month," promised Robert, stepping it up, pulling him down harder, pushing in deeper, faster. "Fuck, you're a dream, Sammy. Come to life."

Moaning, grunting, Sam took it, let Robert fuck him, love him. His hands clutched at the uniform, maybe even the one Robert had been wearing when they met, and he nodded. "You are," he whispered. "Everything I want."

"Mine," growled Robert, the pace increasing.

"Yours," Sam cried out as Robert fucked him, nailed his gland. He let go of the uniform and scraped his nails over Robert's pecs. "Come in me. Want to feel your cock throbbing, want to know you're inside."

"Greedy. And impatient. I'll come. When I'm done fucking you." Robert's eyes glittered at him, hot and horny and happy.

Sam grinned back, breathless. "Yeah? Think you can hold out long enough?" he teased.

Robert chuckled. "I've already come twice and I'm the old man here. I'll hold out long enough."

"Thank God." Sam licked his lips and shoved himself down hard, fingers finding Robert's nipples through the wet fabric. "Sure you can't do me on one of the trucks?" he asked, clenching his ass.

Moaning, Robert just kept working his ass hard, pushing up into him again and again until he thought he would die.

He wouldn't beg. He just wouldn't. "Please," he whimpered. He plucked at Robert's nipples once more, and then his own, which made him buck and cry out. "Oh, God."

One of Robert's hands wrapped around his prick, fingers popping open the snap, freeing him suddenly. "Now."

With a sharp cry Sam screwed himself down on Robert's cock and came hard, his head buried in Robert's neck as he jerked and convulsed, his dick pounding in Robert's hand.

"Yeah," whispered Robert. "Sammy. Love."

Robert's hands opened and closed on his skin and the cock inside him swelled and jerked, Robert filling him deep with heat.

Whimpering, almost in tears, Sam kept moving, rocking gently as he and Robert came down. "Love you," he said into Robert's neck. "Make it so good. Make everything good."

Robert nodded, arms holding him close. "It is good."

Sam moaned softly, letting himself be held. Let himself feel it all, this man who would wear a uniform in the hot tub, just for him. The man who didn't want to share him, the man who made him fly and listened when he talked about history. Robert, who helped him memorize a passage of the Canterbury Tales, in Old English, no less. He didn't really have words for what he was feeling.

"Take me to bed," he finally said. "Want to be in your arms all night. Want to know you're there with me, need to feel you."

"Anything you want, Sammy. Anything at all."

And Sam knew Robert meant it, which was the best birthday gift of all. The one he'd keep forever.

Chapter Nine

Robert was damned nervous and it was driving him crazy, because there wasn't any reason for it.

Oh, sure, asking Sam to move in was a big deal. Except that it wasn't, not really. Sam already had all sorts of shit left over here. They spent as much of their downtime together as they could. Sam had even endured another evening with the guys for him.

They'd done the 'we're exclusive now' thing, done the 'I love yous'.

The moving in together? A formality, really. Something to make life easier and let them have more time together. Still, it was weighing on his mind, and he'd finally decided that next time he saw Sam, he was just going to fucking ask. And Sam was due any minute now -- his class ended at four and it was nearly six.

Robert flipped on the TV again, and tried to watch the news.

"Hey, I brought food," Sam called out suddenly, before Robert was really even aware that the door had opened. Then the door slammed and Robert could smell Mexican. Phallic food. Sam must have had a good day.

He grinned and bounced up in his best Sam imitation, going into the hall to take Sam into his arms. "Yum. You bring the beer, too?" He knew Sam got a kick out of being able to buy it now.

"You know it," Sam grinned at him. "Corona, of course. And I'll bet it's damn cold, so we should eat while the food is hot. How was your day?" Sam kept talking as he groped Robert quickly, stole a kiss, and slipped out of his arms into the kitchen.

Robert chuckled and followed, pulling a couple plates down for the food. God, he loved Sam's energy and bounce. "My day was okay. You look like yours was, too."

"Two papers back, two As. You are so getting laid." Sam grinned at him and wiggled his butt. "Anyway you want."

He tilted his head and kept his grin off his face. "And this is different from the usual, how?"

Sam rolled his eyes. "Usually, silly man, I manipulate you into nailing me how I want. You didn't know that?"

"I thought we usually just went at it however it felt good," he admitted.

Sam shook his head and giggled. "We do, Robert. I'm teasing. Come on, do you think I care how I get you? Now, eat and congratulate me for the As. Then you can decide if you want your next blow job on the couch or in the shower." Sam winked and laughed again, but passed Robert a beer.

"Little shit." Robert grinned and had some beer before grabbing the plates and food, and bringing them into the living room. That way they could get started as soon as they finished eating. "Congrats on your As. All that studying is paying off."

Sam nodded as he chewed. "Yeah, I guess," he said after he swallowed. "Sucks that the papers take so freaking long to write, though. I mean for the Confederation paper, I lived at the library for a week, it felt like. Hardly saw you at all." Then he got a bright grin. "The 'desperate, nasty, gotta have you' sex on the stairs was nice, though."

He chuckled and slid his hand along Sam's leg. It was the perfect opening. "I've been thinking about that."

"The stair thing? 'Cause I'm totally up for that." Sam leered at him and reached for his beer.

"No, not the stair thing. I mean it was good. But the not seeing you thing. That sucks. And, well, it would be great if you were here, then even if you were busy, we'd see each other more often, you know?"

Sam tilted his head and nodded again, drinking about a third of his beer. "Well, yeah. Seeing you more would be great, and I like being here. But I don't think I could be here any more than I am, unless I... you know. Moved in." The kid winked at him and lifted his bottle again.

Robert nodded. "Yeah, that's what I meant."

Sam choked on his beer. "What?" he said, fighting to get his air back. "Seriously?"

Robert thumped Sam's back and waited until the kid had stopped choking before he nodded. "Yeah, seriously. I want you to move in here with me." He couldn't make it much plainer than that.

Sam stared at him, his eyes wide and his mouth parted. After a long moment, the kid's mouth snapped closed, and he found himself with a lap full of wriggly student. "Oh, man, that would rock so hard!" Sam crowed. "You're sure sure? I can be a little... um. Never mind. You'll find out."

He snorted. "Sammy, we practically live together now. I know what you can be. And it's not little." He winked and brought their mouths together.

"Not as big as yours," Sam mumbled into the kiss. "I'll show you mine if you show me yours..."

He laughed and tugged at Sam's sweater, pulling it up over the blond curls. "Is that a yes?" he asked, nibbling at one collarbone, fingers going for those little pink nipples.

"Oh, yeah, do that." Sam wiggled again, his cock rubbing on Robert's through denim. "Didn't I say? Yes. Yes. Oh, God, yes." The last one was timed with a tug at his nipples, so Robert took it as a sex thing and not a moving in thing.

"Too many clothes," he complained, fingers sliding down Sam to tug his button open, get that zipper down.

"Always too many clothes," Sam agreed, both of his hands fishing for Robert's cock. "Hey, we can be naked more! Maybe. I'll work on a plan." The wiggling got a little more frantic, and Sam slid out of his lap. "Wanna suck you. Want to taste you, now."

"Not going to stop you." Not at all. He loved it when Sam sucked him, although suck was a poor word for the way Sam made love to his cock. He opened his own jeans, letting his cock push out eagerly. "We'll have to keep the heat higher and make sure we lock the front door all the time if we wander around without clothes on."

"Mm. Close the drapes." Sam swooped down and nuzzled his balls, dragging his cheek along Robert's cock. "God, I love this," he whispered, just before he sucked the head of Robert's prick into his mouth.

"Me, too," he managed around his moan, hands dropping to Sam's head, petting the sweet curls.

Licking and sucking and moaning, Sam spent ages on him. He sucked Robert's balls and played with his hole, then took the whole length down his throat, but didn't do it long enough to get Robert off. Panting, Sam went back down, stabbing at his hole again with a stiff tongue.

"Fuck. Sammy!" Robert's hips rolled, the pleasure heavy, needing to push out. He was panting, gasping for breath. Damn, the things Sam did to him.

Sam licked over his hole a few times and did it again, pushing his tongue in. A hand wrapped around his cock and started to pull, the other hand sliding up his thigh. Sam moaned against him, humping his leg, and then a finger teased around his hole, wet from Sam's mouth. Finger and tongue teased for a moment, Sam almost quivering against him.

"Jesus fuck." He pushed into the sensations, hand dropping to his prick and wrapping around Sam's, pulling hard. It just took a few strokes, a few more stabs of that hot, wet

tongue and he was coming, spunk pouring from him. "Damn. The longer I'm with you the more I think *I'm* going to need that ring."

Sam came up licking his lips and grinning. "That's the plan. Make you crazy with needing me." He got a wink, and Sam sprawled on the floor, one hand working his cock through his jeans. "God, you're something," Sam said, his voice tight.

"And you're too fucking far away," he complained, too lazy to reach down and haul Sam up against him. "Get back up here."

Sam shook his head, undoing his jeans and shoving them off his hips. He tugged at his prick, his hand sliding up and down the stiff shaft. "Watch me," Sam said softly. "Watch what you do to me. Make me hard, make me ache." He slid a hand down to his balls and rolled them. "Make me cream my jeans, you know? Spend too long thinking about you and there I am in the library, one hand shoved down my pants to catch the mess."

Robert moaned, shifting so he had a better view, his spent cock jerking. "You're something else," he murmured, fingers curling, wanting to touch.

Sam worked his jeans lower. "I love you. I get lost in your eyes, I feel you touching me when I'm alone in my bed I hear your voice in my sleep." His hand sped up a little, the hand on his balls going lower to press at his hole. "I ride the bus to school and think about you fucking me over one of the seats. I look at the fountains and think about you, all wet. I spend most of my time hard for you. No one else." He groaned and shoved a finger in his ass, his back arching.

"Sam... Sam." God, what the hell had he ever done to deserve his own private sex kitten who was as over the moon about him as he was about Sam? He didn't care, long as he didn't have to give Sam up. Ever.

"I'm so yours it's like I've got a fucking sign on me," Sam said, his hand stroking faster, his fingers pushing deeper. "So you say move in, and I say Christ, yes." Sam groaned and arched again. "Yes, yes, yes, oh, fuck. Yes." Come fountained from between Sam's fingers.

Robert groaned, his cock hard again, Sam just so fucking beautiful and giving him everything. Absolutely everything.

Sam stared at him, panting. "So, yeah. I'll move in."

"Cool." Robert leaned down, finding the energy to grab hold of Sam under his arm and haul him right up. That was better. Not that watching and listening hadn't been a rush, but he liked holding Sam in his arms. Kind of why he wanted the kid to move in, so he could do it whenever he wanted. "You busy this weekend?"

"Nope." Sam shook his head and then groaned. "Dinner with my dad. Friday night."

"So we can move your shit over on Saturday? I've got the weekend off. I can hit a couple of the guys up for help. Manny's got a flatbed."

"Uh, yeah. Okay." Sam seemed a bit more subdued about the whole thing.

He frowned. "There a problem?"

"No!" Sam protested. Immediately. Vehemently. "Just I don't know how happy my dad is gonna be. Don't stress about it, I'll... Well, I'll get it sorted. Friday. In public." Sam grimaced. "Oh, yay."

He stroked Sam's back. "You want me to come with you?"

Sam shook his head no. "Yes, please. I mean, no. I... ah, hell. He's not a bad guy; you know that. He's totally cool with the whole gay thing, and he's done his best to raise me. He took a lot of shit, keeping me and not sending me to his parents when my mom died." Sam sighed. "He worries."

Robert nodded. "So let me come with you. I can assure him I'm serious; I'm not going to hurt you. Let me face him like a man instead of letting you take all the heat, eh? He might appreciate that."

"All right." Sam relaxed a little, sort of sank into his arms. "Thank you."

He kissed the top of Sam's head. "Anything for you, remember?"

And who knew, maybe if Sam's father saw just how serious they were, he'd relax a little about the age thing.

Sam tried not to jiggle his leg under the table because he knew it pissed his dad off. Not that his dad was there yet, but still. It might annoy Robert, too.

"Thanks for... well, for coming with me," he said for the four hundredth time. His dad hadn't really said anything when Sam had called to tell him Robert was coming, too, which Sam decided was a good thing. That they'd gotten to the restaurant first might have been a mistake, though. He was getting more nervous. "And thanks for getting Manny and the guys to help out tomorrow, too," he added. He didn't have a whole lot of stuff, but shit -- the books alone needed a few firemen to carry them.

"No problem, Sam. They owe me." Robert's hand slid over his knee under the table and squeezed. "It'll be okay, Sam."

"All right." Sam took a deep breath. He felt calmer. He was Zen. It was okay; everything was going to be fine. His dad would smile and nod and offer him a whole lot of money, just because Sam was the best son ever. Right. "Everything will be fine," Sam said, managing a smile for Robert. "Oh, God, there he is!"

Sam stood up as his dad came over to their table. "Hey, Dad."

"Hi," his dad said slowly, pulling out a chair. "You look like you're going to fly apart. Now, seeing as I'm pretty sure you two can't actually get pregnant, that means... you're flunking out of school?" This was coupled with the glare Sam called 'I am not all about the money, but so help me, if you're wasting it...!'

"No," Sam said quickly. "School's fine. Everything is fine." He sat down and grabbed for Robert's hand. "Blood sugar is screwy, maybe. I'm starved."

His dad raised an eyebrow at him and sat down. "Hello, Robert," he said calmly. "How've you been?"

Robert untangled his hand and held it out to his dad. "Good evening, Mr. Mauger." Robert looked so calm next to him. A far cry from the day the two of them had first met.

Sam watched his dad and his lover shake hands, and take a couple of minutes to exchange pleasantries before his dad turned back to him.

"So, school's fine?" he asked seriously.

Sam nodded. "Two As this week."

His dad grinned. "Good for you. You must be spending a lot of time at the library."

Sam nodded, trying not to laugh hysterically. "Oh, yeah. A lot of time. Most of my time. Too much time." God, where was his off switch? He bit his tongue and picked up his water glass.

Robert's hand found its way back to his leg, squeezing again. "He's working really hard, Mr. Mauger. Acing everything, too."

His dad nodded, and Sam relaxed a bit.

"That's good to know," his dad said. "I admit a big concern I had when I found out you two were dating was that you wouldn't realize how much time he needs to study -- and that he wouldn't push for the time. It's more fun to hang out than study, I know that."

"I understand about responsibilities, Mr. Mauger. Maybe a lot more than someone his age would." Robert gave him a wink. "Not that I'm implying you're not responsible, Sammy."

Sam snorted. "Who would live on take out if I didn't insist on green vegetables three out of seven nights?"

"I get vegetables at the station house. When it's Manny's turn to cook."

Sam felt his eyes go wide. "Manny cooks? You're kidding."

His dad looked faintly amused. "So you're good about food and school. I'm so proud. So what's up?"

Sam blinked. "Up?"

His dad sighed. "Sam, you look the same as you did when you were seven and broke my mother's mirror. What's wrong?"

Sam winced. That mirror thing always bit him on the ass. "I'm moving. Um. Tomorrow."

His dad didn't say anything, just leaned back and looked at Robert.

Robert gave him a look that said he'd known he was going to get stuck with the actual spelling it out part. "I've asked Sam to move in with me. Permanently."

"Ah." Sam watched his dad think about that, his eyes looking at the edge of the table. "The equivalent of knocking him up. I don't get babies; I get a peer who's sleeping with my son."

Robert went really still beside him. "No, *Tom*, that isn't what you get at all. It isn't the equivalent of knocking him up. It's the equivalent of getting married. I may not be the person you would have chosen for your son, but I'm who he chose. Now, I could tell you all about what a good choice that was. How I have a steady job, how I'm a good community member, how I own my own home, but I'm not going to, because at some point you've got to trust your son to make his own decisions. Now if you'll excuse me -- " Robert got up and put his napkin on the table. One hand slid gently along Sam's cheek. "I'll be waiting in the car."

Sam grabbed at Robert's hand. "Please." He felt like he'd been punched, like the air in the room was suddenly gone. His chest was too tight to even swallow. "Dad?"

"You're not even twenty," his dad whispered. "Stay, Robert. I'm not going to play tug-of-war with him. I wouldn't when he was three, and I'll not do it now."

Robert sat down, still stiff, face set. "I'm not going anywhere, Tom. You'd better get used to that."

"Nor am I. Get used to that. I'm not going to go away, and I'm not sure I can stop disliking this age thing. What on earth do you two talk about? Your life experiences are just so different. Your perceptions, your... everything."

To his credit, Sam had to admit that his dad seemed honestly confused rather than disgusted. And it didn't seem to be anything against Robert specifically. "Dad, we talk about everything. I'm... I'm not a kid anymore. I have opinions. I have experiences. Not the same ones, but just as valid."

"What do any two people have in common until they come together, Tom? Sam is fascinating to talk to. He almost knows more about history and English than I do about fighting fires." Robert gave him a smile, the one he was pretty sure only he ever received. "He's pretty special."

"He is that," his dad said softly. "I'm... this is going to take some time."

"We've got time," Sam said, just as softly.

"Lots and lots of time. I'm not *that* old," grouched Robert.

Sam's dad snorted. "Do you really want to go there right now? I could point out that you probably listened to Duran Duran before they were retro."

"That's not the point..." Robert buried his face in his menu.

Sam stared as his dad began to grin. "Smurfs. Star Wars -- the first time. Did you prefer to be Luke or Han?"

"Dad!"

"R2D2," Robert answered. "And I was only six. See? I'm at least a generation behind you, Mr. Mauger."

"Uh-huh. Dukes of Hazzard?" Sam thought his dad was looking much happier than he had at any point since he'd found out about Robert.

"Dad? Stop?"

"Oh, no, this is fun," his dad assured him. "Robert, did you know that Wiseguy is out on DVD?"

Robert nodded. "I have it. Frank and Vinnie? So doing it."

Sam blinked. "Who?"

His dad blinked. "They were?"

Robert nodded and grinned. "They were. Remind me later, Sam, and I'll show you."

Sam looked at Robert and then his dad, who seemed to be contemplating the matter. "Dad?" Okay, that sounded pitiful, even to his own ears.

"Just watch the show, Sam," his dad advised. "And then we'll talk. I can't believe they're bringing all that stuff back. Dukes is out, too. And Starsky and Hutch." His dad looked dreamy. "Damn good TV."

Sam looked at Robert again. "Robert?"

Robert shrugged. "Buddy cop shows and stuff, Sam. They just don't make them like that anymore. *Real* close partners." Robert wagged his eyebrows suggestively.

Oh. "Oh! Uniforms? Any with firemen?" This had potential.

"Not funny, Sam. I'm still here..."

"Uh-huh. Want to tell Robert what Mom's job was?" That earned him a glare and more proof that he got his blushing from the Mauger side.

Robert smiled. "Well, one of you has to now. And yeah, Emergency was pretty good. Better than Third Watch is, that's for sure."

Sam grinned. "Cool." He looked at his dad and took pity. "Mom was a nurse. Damn pretty one, too."

"She was beautiful," his father said softly. The blush grew for a moment. "And that cap just kinda made her hair shine."

Sam felt his smile grow. He loved that his dad still got mushy about his mother. "She was beautiful," he agreed.

Robert grinned at the two of them. "I bet she was a hell of a lady."

Sam wished he knew; mostly he had stories and a few foggy memories involving cookies, a stuffed frog named Fred, and swimming. But his dad knew.

"She didn't take crap from anyone," his dad said with a grin. "She probably would have adored you. Or she would have shot you on sight. Could go either way, really."

"Let's go with adored," Robert suggested with a smile.

"Yes, let's." Sam beamed at him and then looked at his dad, hoping.

His dad rolled his eyes. "That woman said she'd be a part of me forever. Guess she wasn't far wrong." He reached his hand across the table, offering it to Robert. "Does this mean he can't beg me for money next fall when school goes in?"

Robert shook his hand before sitting back. "I'll make sure he has what he needs, Tom."

The waitress came by then, apologizing for taking so long to get to them and rambling off the specials, a rather frantic look in her eyes.

"S'okay," Sam assured her. "You missed the pre-dinner entertainment, though."

She just kind of blinked at him. "Do you folks know what you want?"

"I'll have the porterhouse, medium please, with a baked potato and house salad and a Molson's," Robert answered first and gave them an apologetic grin. "Sorry, starving."

Sam snorted and then grinned as his dad said, "Same," as he passed the menu back. "But make it rare."

"And I'll have the vegetarian lasagna," Sam said. "Caesar salad, thanks. And Coke." He raised an eyebrow right back at his dad. "What? And watch what you say, there's two gay guys here, and anything you say about meat or protein will be taken in the worst possible light." He thought his dad might choke after that one.

Actually, going by the sound he made, Robert was maybe going to choke, too.

The waitress wasn't amused, repeating the order back to them and taking off.

"Well, she's pleasant," Robert pointed out.

"I don't think she likes me," Sam said mournfully. "You still like me, don't you, Robert?"

"Always." Robert gave him a sappy look.

Sam beamed back at him, ignoring the way his dad was whistling under his breath and mumbling things like "Nineteen and thirty-two, and they still manage to look fourteen. Sad, really, how men can be such girly girls. And that one, the fruit of my loins -- and I mean fruit of my loins -- not even eating... ah damn." At which point he started to laugh and couldn't seem to stop.

"I think you're in," Sam said to Robert. "Too late to run now."

"I haven't wanted to run for quite a while now, Sam," Robert told him quietly, ignoring Sam's father. He got another soft smile and a squeeze to his thigh, and then Robert put back on his game face. "So how's the job going, Mr. Mauger?"

Sam settled back and let his boyfriend and father talk carefully about grown up stuff. He didn't care, really; he just basked in the glow of knowing people loved him a lot, and that there were DVDs to watch at home. Home. Where he lived, or was going to anyway, with Robert.

Robert waited until they made it up the front steps and through the door before he hauled Sam up by his shirt and planted one on him, pressing Sam up against the wall. The kiss was long and deep and hard, and when he was done, he rested his forehead against Sam's. "Fuck, I needed that. Been wanting it all night long."

"Uh-huh," Sam agreed, sounding breathless. "Damn public places. With... dads in them. God." Sam kissed him again, just as hard, one hand wrapped around the back of his neck.

"If it's all the same with you, Sammy, I'd rather not bring your dad up while we're doing this." With that he dove back into Sam's mouth, dry humping the kid against the wall.

Sam wiggled against him, pushing back and moaning into his mouth. Sam's legs came up and wrapped around his hips, hands clutching at his shoulders. "Harder."

He got a hand between them, working open their jeans and letting out their cocks before he did what Sam asked. That way when he started humping again, their cocks slid together, making him moan and dive back into Sam's mouth.

The kid was true to form, sucking on his tongue and thrusting back for all he was worth, his butt hitting the wall every time and jarring grunts and moans out of him. Sam was also just as primed as ever, his dick leaking and making everything a little slippery, letting the glide go easy. And then Sam started to shake, the movements getting jerky.

"That's it, Sammy. Let me feel how good I make it for you." He loved how fast he could get Sammy off, loved how Sam was always ready to come right back, too.

"God. Robert." Sam's eyes rolled back and he groaned, coming all over Robert's cock and soaking them both.

"Yeah." He nodded and growled, grabbing his own dick and tugging hard, still humping against Sam.

"Want you," Sam said, his words slightly slurred. "Love you. Gonna live with you."

He groaned, jerking as pleasure sprayed from him, shooting over his hand and Sam's cock "Oh. Fuck, Sammy. Love you."

Sam nodded at him, his eyes still glazed. "I know you do. Feel it, you know? Take me to bed? Want to be naked and all over you."

He chuckled. "Yeah, I could handle that." With Sam's legs wrapped around him, all he needed to do was wrap his hands around Sam's ass and carry him up the stairs to bed.

"It turns me on that you're so strong," Sam said with a wink. "Makes me want to crawl right up you every time I see you, just so I can lick your neck." A wet tongue did just that, leaving a wet trail right up to his ear, where Sam settled in to nibbling.

He moaned softly. "Everything turns you on, Sam," he pointed out, voice husky, head tilting to give Sam more room to play.

"Nah, just stuff about you," Sam assured him, little teeth scraping over his earlobe, and then the tip of Sam's tongue tracing a line on his neck. "How much shit will you get in if I send you to work with a mark?"

His cock throbbed, surging back to life just like that at the thought. "The boys'll have a field day, but I won't be in trouble." He could have reminded Sam where his shirt collar started, too, but he had a hunch Sam wanted folks to see the mark. Hell, he kind of did, too, ribbing or no.

"Oh, good." Sam moaned and set to work, licking and kissing and just fucking eating his neck, finally sucking hard at a spot just below his ear. Oh, yeah. Everyone would see.

He sat on the bed, Sam in his lap, head back as Sam worked up the mark. Damn, it was good, sharp and hot and sexy.

Teeth scraped over the tender skin, and Sam made another hungry noise. "Mine." The word was a growl, and Sam looked up at him, his lips red and swollen. "All mine."

He growled softly. God, that was cute. And hot, too. "Yours, Sammy. All yours." He lay back on the bed, bringing Sam down on top of him and taking Sam's mouth, pushing his tongue into the wet heat.

Sam kissed him back fiercely, sucking on his tongue and then sliding his own along it. Busy hands pushed at Robert's shirt, and then Sam was moving on him, dick hard again already. "Want skin," Sam panted at him. "Now, now, now."

"I know." He got rid of Sam's shirt the easy way, just grabbing it in two hands and ripping open the buttons. As soon as he had access, he started sliding his fingers over the warm, smooth skin. "You feel good."

Sam stared at him with wide eyes. "Oh, God. That was... wow." Sam's wiggles got a little more wiggly, and Robert found his pants being shoved down.

He laughed and returned the favor, working off Sam's pants. God, was there anything that didn't make Sam want it hard and fast and now now now?

Not that he was complaining. Not for a second.

"Where's the ring?" Sam said. "Want to last. Want to ride your cock until I'm screaming for it." Sam climbed over him, rubbing on him and reaching for the drawer of the nightstand.

Moaning, he just let Sam have at it, let his own hands wander and feel Sam up wherever he could reach.

Sam shimmied and slithered all over him, starting to giggle. "Found it," he said finally. "And oh, new lube! Yay!" Sam made his way back down and added an extra suck the mark on his neck. "Need your cock in me," he breathed.

Robert nodded. "Yeah, it needs to be there." He got the lube from Sam and slicked his fingers up. "Let's see you get that ring on."

Sam moaned and pushed himself up, one hand stroking his cock, making it rigid. His back arched and he started to thrust through his hand a little, really getting into it before he finally put the ring on, hissing as he snapped it closed.

"Sammy..." Robert reached around Sam and slid his slick fingers along Sam's crease. "Gonna love you all night long," he murmured.

"Just the night?" Sam asked softly, moaning as Robert's fingers teased him.

"For starters," he murmured, letting one finger slide in, watching as Sam arched above him, riding his finger with abandon. "So sexy."

Sam looked down at him, his blue eyes almost black. "We are. God, that feels good. You always know how to touch me." Sam started stroking his cock again, teasing them both. It looked good, all pale and pink with blood, the black band around the base keeping it nice and hard. Robert reached with his free hand, fingers sliding across the tip as he pushed a second finger inside Sam.

With a soft sound Sam pushed back, taking his fingers in. "God, how do you do that? Just make me so desperate for you, every time?"

"I think you're just the desperate type," Robert teased.

Sam laughed, his voice ragged. "Yeah, maybe. Slut-boy, that's me."

He growled suddenly and rolled, putting Sam below him, and pushing his cock deep in a single thrust. "My slut-boy."

"Oh, fuck!" Sam yelled. "Christ." Sam stared up at him, eyes flashing. "Say it again."

He chuckled and pulled out almost all the way before shoving back in hard. "My slut-boy."

"God!" Sam's hips came off the bed as he tried to thrust back. "Your slut-boy. Do anything to get your prick in me."

"All you've got to do is be you, Sammy." He grabbed Sam's hips and rolled them up, started thrusting nice and hard, over and over again.

Sam keened, his sounds all blending together and getting louder with every thrust, with every stab of his prick into Sam's heat. Words spilled out, begging and pleading for more, demanding harder as Sam took him. "Robert," Sam finally gasped. "Jesus, God, I gotta come, I gotta shoot. My balls ache."

He shook his head no and kept thrusting. "Not yet."

Sam groaned. "Really. Please?" Sam paused to gasp, his eyes widening for a second. "Oh God, there. Do that again."

Laughing breathlessly, he stayed right on that spot, just pounding it. He let go of Sam's hips with one hand, too, sliding it up over the jumping muscles of Sam's belly to tweak one little, pretty pink nipple.

Sam didn't so much yell as shriek, his hips grinding up and one hand going right to his cock. "Please! Oh, God, please, please, please!"

"Just a bit longer, Sammy. For me." He was holding his own orgasm back, but he just loved pushing Sam as far as he could.

"Rob, please," Sammy begged, looking up at him. "Can feel it in me, like a... a fire or something. A dragon. Can feel it in my balls, gotta fucking come. Hot, so hot." His eyes rolled back and his hips rocked up. "Please, please, please."

God, Sam was sexy like this, body tight with need, straining for release, the sweet begging going straight to Robert's balls. He kept pushing, wondering how far he could take it before Sam ripped the ring off himself.

Sam went subvocal, shaking under him, his hands working his cock and then grabbing at Robert's back and shoulders. He looked frantic, his head tossing and turning on the bed.

Robert finally flicked open the ring, releasing Sam as he jerked in one last time, his come pushing from him and deep into Sam's body.

He'd barely started shooting when Sam convulsed, coming hard around him and screaming. "Yes! Oh, God, yeah, love you, oh, fucking hell, yes!" Spunk sprayed between them, streaking Sam's chest and hitting his chin.

He jerked a few more times before collapsing down onto Sam, breathing hard, petting the smooth skin. "Good," he grunted.

"Uhn. Best." Sam was still shuddering under him, hands tangled in the sheets. "Oh, God. That was... God."

Robert nodded and licked along Sam's collarbone, hoping to draw it out for his lover.

Sam moaned softly, his hands twitching, pulling the sheets. "Robert," he groaned.

"Yeah, Sammy, it's me." He grinned and slid out, moved to lie beside Sam and wrap the kid up in his arms. "Love you."

Sam curled into him and sighed happily. "Love you, too. Even if you do melt my brains. Or maybe that's part of it."

He chuckled. "Let's make sure we keep that to ourselves -- I think your father might be coming around, and I'd hate to blow it with too much information."

"You used the words 'father', 'coming ' and 'blow' in one sentence. I hate you."

Robert laughed. "You know those words do have more than one meaning."

"Not with you," Sam assured him. "But yeah. Dad's going to be okay with everything in a decade or so."

"Yeah, I don't think he expects us to last that long." Tom Mauger would see, though. He wasn't going anywhere, and he was going to do everything in his power to make sure Sam didn't want to either.

"We'll show him," Sam said, his voice drowsy. "You and me."

"Yeah, Sammy, we will. Gonna love you until you're the old man."

"Okay," Sam whispered. "Sounds good to me."

Yeah, sounded really good.

He kissed Sam and settled, thinking it didn't get much better than this.

Chapter Ten

Sam was not panicking, which had him mostly confused. He was moving in with Robert. Hell, he *had* moved in; all of his shit was in the house, and the guys were there having a few thank you beers as he wandered around poking at boxes. It was really kind of amazing how fast a few firemen with a flatbed could clear out a one-room apartment.

He put the last of his bathroom stuff in the bathroom and the last of his bedroom stuff in the bedroom, grinning at the sheer amount of lube they had.

He could hear the voices in the kitchen, overlaying the ones in his head. Robert telling his father that it wasn't like knocking him up, it was like getting married. His own voice saying his dad would be fine in ten years -- and he knew that ten years from that moment he'd still be with Robert.

And he wasn't scared.

He thought he should be, or at least a little nervy, but his dad had taught him years ago not to borrow trouble, so he just grinned and closed the bedroom door -- *their* bedroom door -- and headed to the kitchen, hoping there would be at least one beer left.

Robert was wrestling with Manny, had the other fireman in a headlock, and they were all laughing. "Come on, Manny. I won fair and square -- admit the Canucks don't suck total ass."

Manny just shook his head. "They suck ass *and* dick, and I won't say otherwise, even if you are a Neanderthal!"

He wouldn't say it. He just wouldn't. Ah, hell. "My kind of team," Sam said, stepping around the two of them and groping Robert on his way to the beer.

Robert just about killed himself laughing, the rest of the guys dead quiet for a moment before they started laughing again, too.

"Oh, fuck, Sam, that was a good one."

Sam grinned, his heart beating a little faster. "See? Not just a pretty face. I'm funny, too." He twisted the cap of his beer and aimed it at the garbage, missing by at least a foot. "Damn."

"Can't shoot worth shit, though," Bill pointed out, snickering. "Just like Robert."

Sam bared his teeth and mock growled. "I can shoot better than him."

Robert laughed again. "Yeah, more often, too."

Rupert made a face. "Too much information! Too much information!"

Grinning, Sam walked over to Robert and stood really close, looking way up at his lover. "They have no idea what too much information is," he purred.

Robert looked like he was about to swallow his own tongue, but one arm went around him and tugged him close. "I don't think they want to find out, either."

"Shit, no," grumbled Watson. "Some of us don't want *any* information." The older guy gave the eye to each of them in turn. "And I'm not just talking to the boys here. In my day -- "

"In your day you fought fires by pissing on them and had to use a dog sled to get to it in the first place, uphill both ways through a blizzard. Did I miss anything?" They were all laughing again, and Robert's hand slid down into his back pocket, casually cupping his ass.

Sam just smiled and cozied up, not so much wiggling as subtly snuggling. He was warm and content and home, and it was wonderful. Made slightly better by the semi-erection he was sporting. Which grew a bit as he not-quite-wiggled against Robert. So he did it again, not looking up. Robert's hand squeezed his ass, but whether it was a warning or encouragement, he didn't know.

Didn't matter anyway, because Rupert was sighing and finishing his beer and shaking his head. "I've got to go. June's sure to have a dozen jobs for me around the house, and if I want to enjoy a nice quiet Sunday, I'll have to get them done today."

It started an exodus, Robert shaking everyone's hands and clapping them on the back. "Thanks for the help guys, we appreciate it."

"Really," Sam chimed in. "You were a huge help. Thank you." He rubbed against Robert almost absently, just kind of feeling good. "We'll make dinner next week or something."

The guys waved and went, Manny and Watson piling into Manny's truck, Rupert and Bill getting in their own cars, and then Robert was closing and locking the door. "Alone at last."

"Uh-huh." Sam grinned and wiggled. "I'm hard," he announced. Just in case Robert had missed it.

Robert laughed. "It only needs an announcement when you aren't, Sammy."

Sam grinned and moved away. "Does that mean you don't want to play?" he asked, fingers going to his fly. "I mean, if I wore you out last night...."

"Oh-ho! I think if anyone wore anybody out last night, it was me who wore you out. You were begging me to let you come."

"Well, duh!" Sam undid his pants and slid a hand in, wrapping his fingers around his cock. "Doesn't mean I got all worn out. Okay, the falling asleep thing might be an issue, but that's not the point."

Robert laughed, eyes hot on him, watching him. "You want to take this to the couch, Sam? Or upstairs?"

"Up to you," Sam said, tugging at himself. "But make up your mind fast." He winked and gave a little shimmy, but that made the head of his cock rub on his hand and he shuddered for real.

"Bed. There's lube up there." Robert moved quickly for such a big guy, wrapping an arm around his shoulders and heading them up the stairs.

Sam made himself let go of his dick and hustled himself right along. "You know, we really should keep lube in the living room. And the kitchen."

"The kitchen?" Robert gave him a look.

Sam blinked. "Well, yeah. You never fucked in that kitchen? You nailed me over my table."

"I've never fucked in that kitchen. And it wasn't like I *planned* to nail you over your table. But the counters might just be the perfect height..."

His cock leapt and he found himself nodding eagerly. "Exactly. Think about it, man. You, me, lube. That counter... the stuff of dreams, I think someone said."

Robert chuckled and pushed him down onto the bed. "You're turning me into a slut, Samuel Mauger."

"Ah, but my slut," Sam giggled. He felt lighter than air, happy and horny and just about ready to fucking sing. "Hey. I love you," he said softly.

Robert nodded, pulling his T-shirt over his head and popping the button on his old, worn jeans. "I love you, Sammy. It's good, isn't it."

"It is," Sam agreed. "It really is." He stripped off his shirt and got rid of his pants as fast as he could, then launched himself at Robert, one hand pushing into Robert's jeans. "I

love these ones. Room for me, and they show off your ass." The fabric was butter-soft and worn in the best places; Sam rubbed himself on one strong thigh shamelessly.

Robert growled, hands reaching down to cup his ass and encourage his movements. "Someone's got an edge needs rubbing off."

"I'll shoot on your pants," Sam said, not caring at all. He rubbed a little harder, wiggling to get at least one finger where he really wanted it.

"They'll wash," murmured Robert, sliding a finger along his crease, teasing rather than penetrating.

Sam nodded and thrust. "Oh, man," he moaned. He closed his eyes and rocked, just riding Robert's thigh and grinding on it, gasping every time Robert's finger slid over his hole. "Kiss me," he begged, opening his eyes and searching for Robert's mouth.

Robert's mouth closed over his immediately, the kiss deep and hard and hot as anything. His tongue thrust into Robert's mouth, mimicking his hips, which were driving against Robert's thigh. He needed more, no matter how close he was to blowing. He sucked Robert's tongue back into his own mouth and moaned.

Robert growled, tongue thrusting, finger *finally* pushing into his ass.

Sam shoved back hard, the burn of it setting off fireworks behind his eyes. He shouted into the kiss and shot, creaming Robert's jeans for once, rather than his own.

Robert wasn't complaining either, just kept fucking his mouth with that tongue, finger working him hard. He moaned again and spread his legs, letting Robert in deep. He slid against Robert's thigh and rode out the aftershocks, which were fading fast in the need for more.

"God, you're sexy, Sam. Make me so fucking hard."

"Good," Sam said, his voice thick. "Like you hard. Like you anyway I can get you, but hard is up there in the top two."

"Top two? There's something as good as hard?"

"Just finished coming with me is a good one, too." Sam squirmed a little and forced a hand down so he could pet Robert's cock. "But hard certainly has its perks."

Robert groaned, pushing into his hand. "Perk. Perk. Perk."

Laughing, Sam petted Robert a little more, his fingers tracing ridges and veins. "I ever tell you that you have a fucking amazing cock?" he asked. "It's beautiful. Thick and long and so, so talented."

Robert just moaned, hands tightening on him.

"I mean it," Sam said, getting into his lecture and the subject at hand. "It's thick enough to make me burn, long enough to fill me better than anything. You pound me with it, tease me with it -- and that's not even including the way it feels in my mouth. The way you taste, the way the head flares and then swells just before you shoot in my mouth..." Sam played with Robert's cock a little more, his own perking again. "And then there's your balls," he added, palming said balls and hefting them.

"Jesus, kid. Bed." Robert was all growls, shifting and dropping down onto the bed, pulling Sam down with him. The long legs spread for him, giving him total access.

Sam grinned and scooted down the bed. "A feast, I tell ya!" he said happily, diving right in. He mouthed Robert's balls and licked his cock, got everything as wet as he could. He made a hell of a lot of noise doing it, too turned on not to. There wasn't anything about this that he didn't love. He slid his hands along the inside of Robert's thighs and moved lower, rimming Robert for a few moments.

Robert's hands slid into his hair, petting and stroking him as sweet moans and groans rained down on him. "Yeah, Sam. Good. So fucking good."

Sam took that as active encouragement and did it again. He spent ages licking Robert's hole, kissing around it and stabbing it with his tongue. He held Robert's cheeks apart and groaned, pretty sure he could get off just by doing this. He shuddered and tongue fucked Robert some more, then wet one finger and slid it in. Robert's body clenched down on his finger, holding it so tight as a shudder went through the big body.

Sam bit back a whimper and carefully pulled the finger out a bit before thrusting it back in as he licked around it, teasing Robert's hole. Robert's body clenched down again, a low groan sounding this time. The thighs bracketing his head shifted restlessly.

Sam had no idea how far Robert would let him take it, but until he was told to back off, he was going to play. He took his time, alternating between licking at Robert's hole and sucking his balls, wetting the finger he had in Robert's ass and just generally having the time of his life.

"Sammy, gonna blow," Robert warned him, hand coming down to pump himself.

"In my mouth," Sam said, shoving the finger deep and wrapping his lips around Robert's cock. Robert grunted and cried out, bucking and shoving his cock deep into Sam's throat, come spraying hard.

Sam swallowed and licked and sucked, going gentle with the finger he had in Robert and finally easing it out, after Robert had stopped coming. "Oh, boy," he said with a grin and a wiggle.

Robert tugged him up, mouth closing over his just like that. A soft purr vibrated along his lips, and then Robert's tongue pushed in, licking and sliding against his own.

"That was fun," Sam said with a smile as soon as Robert let him talk. Then he dove into another kiss.

Robert purred again, hand dropping to the back of his head, this time the kiss slow and lazy but deep.

Sam moaned softly, hard but not needy. He wasn't kidding when he said that the second of the top two favorite ways to have Robert was just after he'd come. He loved these kisses, the tenderness and emotion the huge man showed him. Loved that Robert was never afraid of just loving him.

Robert rolled them so they were side by side, tugging him in close as the kisses continued, one after another.

He slipped an arm around Robert, petting his back, his side... just touching him. "Hey," Sam whispered as his heart beat slowed, his entire being calmed and stilled. "Love you."

Robert rubbed their noses together. "Yeah. Love you, Sammy."

He could only smile, really. There wasn't much that mattered, other than that. There were years between them, jobs and school and debt, and at least one parent with issues, but Robert loved him. Robert held him and loved him, and made him burn with passion.

Some fires weren't supposed to be put out. Sam knew that this was one of them.

Epilogue

Thursday's still rocked in Sam's world. It was the day before Friday for one, and the kids were all nutty on Friday, so Thursday was like the last bit of sanity before the weekend. And Thursday was the day his grade threes had history mixed with the ten kids in grade four, so the room just seemed that much more alive. Maybe it was him, or maybe it was the kids, he didn't know -- but he was having a great time anyway.

So, he didn't get away from school early on Thursdays or anything anymore, but he was doing the teaching and having fun, even if Robert had convinced him to move to the other side of nowhere. Small town, one school, five teachers for all the grades... and Robert was the Fire Chief which was cooler than cool. Of course, Robert's department was volunteers, but that was okay. They were great guys, even the two women.

He and Robert had a little house next to the big garage that housed the two trucks, and they were close enough to the school that Sam could walk over and back, even in the dead of winter. Which it was. Damn cold one, too, which explained the amount of fog on the big side window of the fire station. That kind of condensation only came from Robert washing the trucks.

Sam sped up. Seven years after he'd picked Robert up, and he still loved to see a wet, uniformed fireman. He pulled the back door open and made sure he dropped his bag out of the way; his jacket followed right away, the steam from the hot water making it like a sauna in there. "Robert?" he called out. "Where are you?"

"Sammy?" Robert's head popped around the back end of one of the trucks. "Hey! How was school?" Oh, Robert was indeed wet; it looked like he'd taken the hose or a bucket to the chest, the black cotton clinging to all those muscles.

"Um, great." He knew he was staring and he didn't bother hiding it. "History day, you know that's always fun. God, look at you." He licked his lips and took a step forward. "Um, anyone around?" After being caught making out on their own back porch last summer he usually remembered to ask. Gary Barwise was a nice man, and Sam had thought he'd damn near given the man heart failure.

"Did you lock the door?" Robert asked, grinning at him, those eyes telling him Robert knew *exactly* what he was thinking.

Sam spun on his heel and rushed to lock the door, his cock getting hard in seconds. "Yeah," he said when he'd turned again. "Locked. Fuck, you look good."

Robert grinned and flexed for him, and those wet pants left nothing to the imagination, that thick cock nice and hard for him and... damn, Robert wasn't wearing any underwear.

"Did you plan this?" Sam asked with a grin, palming his own dick as he walked to his lover.

"Maybe." Robert grinned and shrugged, looking a touch pink. "You still have that fantasy about doing it on a fire engine?"

Sam froze and then grabbed his balls. "Jesus!" Did he? God, he hadn't been that close to shooting in his pants in a few weeks, at least.

Robert chuckled and nodded at the truck. "I don't imagine anyone would ever know as I'll clean her right back up again. And you did lock the door..."

Sam's shirts came off as he moved, and then he was plastered all over his fireman. His huge, wet fireman. "Do me, do me, do me!" he begged, laughing and grinning, and more than a little serious about the 'do me' part.

"Your wish is my command," Robert told him, bringing their mouths together for a long, hard kiss.

Jesus. His man might be damn near forty but there wasn't anything on the planet that equaled the power behind Robert's kisses. Sam felt his knees go a little weak, and he grinned. "You're making me swoon," he teased, using one hand to trace Robert's hard-on through the wet cotton.

"That's because all your blood has gone south." Robert winked at him and mirrored his movements, hand cupping his cock through his pants. "You want to be bent over the front seat, or laid out on top?"

Sam groaned and rubbed Robert's cock, cupping his balls. "Lay me out. Spread my legs for you and take it like the slut you know I am."

Robert moaned and grabbed his ass, lifting him up and carrying him to the side of the fire engine, climbing and pushing Sam until they were right on top, laying him out over the hoses. "Gonna love you so good, Sammy."

"You always do," Sam whispered. It was true.

He writhed on the hose, getting harder just knowing where he was. His hands found Robert's fly and started working at the zipper.

Robert put his hands in his pockets and then pulled them out, cock ring in one, lube in the other, wide grin on the loved face.

"Oh, boy." Sam stared, breathing hard already. "This is gonna be fun. I'm gonna ache all through classes tomorrow, aren't I?"

"If I do it right." Robert gave him a wink and passed the ring into his hands. His pants were opened, tugged off. The metal of the truck was cold against his back, the hose rough and scraping, but Robert's eyes and hands were hot.

Sam planted his feet, legs spread wide just like he'd promised. "Slick me up," he said, his voice tight and one hand going to his cock. "I'll do the ring."

"Yes, boss," murmured Robert, giving him a wink. Then those fingers were pushing into him. One, and then a second, stretching him for the thick cock.

"Oh, man." Sam forgot all about the ring in favor of riding those fingers. "That's it, Rob. Just... got, yeah. Love your hands on me. Make me feel it." He gasped and closed his eyes, pushing down hard.

"You know I will," growled Robert, pegging his gland hard.

Sam arched his back and yelled. "Yeah! Oh, God, yeah. Again?" His cock jumped and he opened his eyes to stare around him. Getting fucked. On one of the engines. "Oh, God, don't, I'll shoot."

"Come on, it'll make you last longer after." Robert's fingers pegged him again and then again, one hand sliding up his belly to tweak a nipple.

"Ah, fuck." Sam gave up, his hips jerking and one hand going to tug his cock, just once, and then he was coming, spraying his belly and clamping down on Robert's fingers. "Shit," he panted, stroking himself to keep his erection. "You're far too good at that."

"Practice, Sammy." Robert grinned and bent over him, kissing him hard.

"I like it when you practice," Sam said, not caring that he was babbling. He was covered in come, Robert still had fingers up his ass and he was going to be fucked on a fire engine. Oh, yeah, no trouble keeping hard. Not at all. He snapped the ring on and grinned.

Robert chuckled. "God, I love you, Sammy."

"I know you do. Really really. And if you just went ahead and fucked me really, really hard right here on this fine fire vehicle, I'd be just as sure as I am right now. Maybe even more." He fluttered his eyelashes for effect.

Robert laughed. "You're still a sweet little shit, Sammy." And then the laughing stopped and the loving started, Robert slicking himself up and pushing into him.

Sam inhaled sharply, stretching around his lover and taking him in. "God," he said, hearing the wonder in his own voice. "So good, Robert. Fill me so good." He rocked his hips and let Robert get even deeper.

"Yeah. Fuck. Good." Robert nodded, started moving, hips driving that awesome cock into him again and again.

Some things had changed in the years they'd been together. Sam's hair only had odd colors in it for special occasions, for example, and he made sure they ate vegetables five out of seven nights, instead of just three. Sam's dad had finally thawed the rest of the way, and had been known to spend whole weekends drinking with Robert and watching DVDs.

But this? This hadn't changed, except to get better.

"Love me," Sam whispered. "Show me how much you love me. Get right inside me, Robert, and stay there."

Robert didn't say anything, just kept loving him, doing exactly what he'd asked. The big hands wrapped around his hips and started tugging him into each thrust, their bodies coming together with loud slaps.

Sam groaned, pressure building again, getting bigger with every stroke of Robert's cock across his gland, every smack of Robert's balls against his ass. The hose was hard under his back as he started to sweat and he was slipping a little, his skin getting rubbed, but that was okay, Robert's hands pulling and shoving him, Robert's cock anchoring him.

"Jesus," he groaned. "Victoria. Canada Day. First time I saw you, I wanted this. Wanted it just like this."

Robert growled, hands tightening on him, hard enough to bruise as he was pulled back hard onto Robert's cock. "Anything for you."

"I know," Sam said, his voice tight. He arched his back again, sparks dancing on his spine. "Close. God, what you do to me. Harder, Robert. Give it to me -- hard as you can. Your slut-boy, yeah?"

"Mine," growled Robert, taking his legs and hooking them up over his broad shoulders. Robert leaned in, pressing their lips together in a kiss as hard as the thrusts that pushed into him over and over.

Sam felt his orgasm welling up. "Please," he moaned. "Robert. I'm gonna come."

"Not yet you aren't," murmured Robert. "Soon, eh?"

"Please?" Sam whimpered and rocked up again, meeting the next thrust and shaking with it. "God, yes. Soon. Please, Robert."

Robert made him wait until he thought he was going to scream, going to just explode despite the ring, and then suddenly it was popped open, Robert already coming inside him.

"Oh, God!" Sam almost screamed it, his body tightening around Robert's, holding him tight. "Yes, Robert! Yes. God, I can feel you, so deep." He was almost in tears, his release passing over him in waves of light.

Robert moaned softly, kissing him once more before sliding out of his body and letting his legs down. He was hauled up against the big body, Robert's hands cradling his ass.

Sam sniffled and more or less clung to his lover, not as worried about looking like a girl as he'd once been. Robert had seen him at his very worst and at his very best, and through it all he'd been rock solid. A few tears about feeling loved wouldn't even make Robert blink.

"Thank you," Sam whispered.

Robert nuzzled his cheek. "You're welcome. You had to wait long enough for it."

"Worth it," Sam said. "So worth it. And hey -- it's not even my birthday!" He smiled and snuggled in some more. "You're the best. Ever. Anywhere. Mine. All mine."

"Love you, Sammy. I just felt like doing something I knew would make you happy."

Sam wiggled and twisted and finally looked up at his lover's face. "Everything you do makes me happy, Robert. Moving here, helping me through school, being with me. Being friends with my dad. Being everything I could want or need. You're the very best part of me."

Robert rumbled. "Am not. You're the best part of you; I'm just the guy lucky enough to have you."

"Shut up and let me be sappy. I promise I'll be a horny hound dog tomorrow." Sam smiled and kissed Robert's chin. "Love you, is all."

Robert chuckled and brought their lips together, the kiss long and slow and full of promises made and kept for seven years. "The real question is -- are you going to help me wash the old girl down again?"

Sam grinned. "Sure. Can I use the hose?"

Robert's eyes twinkled. "But Sammy, you just did."

"I know. Can I use it again later? Please, please, please, Mr. Fireman? Can I play with your hose?" Sam laughed and tried to leer, but he was too damn happy to pull it off, he thought.

Robert laughed and kissed him hard. "You can play with my hose any time you want."

"Oh, yay!" He would have played it up and clapped his hands, but they were busy holding onto the most important thing in his life. He glanced around and saw how dark it had gotten out. "Um. Anyone coming in tonight?" he asked casually, trying to judge how far he'd have to jump to get to his jeans.

Robert shook his head. "Why do you think I chose tonight?" Smiling, Robert smacked his ass. "Come on. Dressed and cleaning the fire engine, which'll no doubt get you all worked up again, and we can go in and fuck our brains out in the kitchen. Or the hall. Or the bedroom."

"Oh, kitchen sex! My favorite." Sam climbed down carefully, following Robert. "Wanna do me up against the fridge this time, or the table like before?" He bent down and picked up his jeans.

Robert's hand slid along his ass. "Yes."

Sam grinned. "You're gonna kill me." He pulled his jeans on and went to find his shirts, still grinning. Seven years this fire had been burning in him without any sign of going out. He was damn happy he had a man who could make the flames grow hotter.

And going by the heat in Robert's eyes as they watched him getting dressed, the feeling was mutual.

end