



End of the Line

A Torquere Press Single Shot by Sean Michael

Sam got off the bus, giving the driver a nod of thanks.

His duffle was heavy on his shoulder, reminding him he was tired and needed to stop for awhile, settle somewhere long enough to let his bones stop aching.

They'd told him in Bastrop that the feed store at the edge of town was hiring and the bus driver'd been good enough to give him a lift out for a fiver. Feed store. He figured that was about right -- lifting and hefting and moving shit. He could do that.

He crossed the road, a little bell going off as he opened the door. A bunch of guys looked over -- two old men playing checkers on a card table, a couple of folks at the counter and a tall, tall man looming over the till, eyes bright and blue, even in the half-light. "Howdy, stranger. What can I do you for?"

He gave the man a nod. "I was told you were hiring."

"Yessir. You got any experience on a farm or with critters?"

Did he what? "I meant the feed store."

The tall guy nodded. "Yeah, I hear you. I just didn't know if you were familiar with this shit, you know? We got a lot of folks moving in from Austin, looking at their critters as a tax break, don't know their asses from a bag of sweet feed. They tend to ask a lot of questions. Here's an application, go on and fill 'er out and we'll see what happens."

Well shit, he really didn't want to keep wandering on. He was getting too old for this homeless shit. He took the application form, said 'thank you' and took it out onto the stoop to fill it out.

Wasn't long before the tall guy wandered out, handed him a bottle of water. "Damned hot day. Name's Chance."

"Thanks, Chance. I'm Sam." He put the bottle on the ground and held out his hand. "Good to meet you."

"Pleased." Chance had a great grin, the corner of those eyes wrinkling right up. "You're not from around here, what on earth brings you to the Hill Country?"

"Looking for work somewhere warm enough my bones don't ache." No reason not to be honest. He just wanted to work. To be left alone.

"Lord knows you'll get no end of heat here, sir." Chance held out his hand for the application, looked it over. "Veteran, are you? Well, we like to see that. My granddaddy, daddy and twin brother were all in the service."

"They all see action?" he asked. Here he was comfortable.

"Lucky -- that was my twin -- he was killed over in Desert Storm. Daddy was in during Korea. Pappy? World War Two." Chance gave him a wry grin. "And before you ask, no, I didn't. I'm diabetic and they wouldn't take me."

"Dessert Storm was my gig, too. I'm sorry to hear about your brother." He came from a line of army dogs himself.

"It's okay. He died doing what he loved." Chance finished reading the application. "Look, I can offer you forty hours a week, nine dollars an hour, one paid sick a month, paid holidays on the days the store's closed and one paid week vacation a year. It ain't much, but if you work out good, we'll talk more money in ninety days."

He nodded. "Sounds fair, Chance. I appreciate you taking me on despite my lack of farming knowledge." He reached out to shake on it. "I don't suppose you could recommend a place close by taking in boarders?"

"Hmm..." Chance tilted his head. "It's fixin' to be Memorial Day and, if you're carless? You'll not even do well at the Motel 6. Shit. I guess... Well, I've got some extra room, at least for the weekend, you can stay there. It's cool and there's running water."

"You sure?" He didn't want to horn in on the man's holiday. He'd slept in the street before, it was warm enough he could do it comfortably again.

"Well, we're working Saturday and I'm planning on grilling out and fishing and watching bad movies Sunday and Monday. Nothing that can't be shared."

"Well if I'm not in the way, I'd be more than happy to accept the offer, Chance." It was a lucky name. Lucky for him, it seemed.

"Cool. Come on in. I'll show you around, introduce you to Daddy, it's his store, get your paperwork started." One brown, square hand was offered over. "Welcome aboard, Mister Sam."

"It's just Sam. Thank you very much." He stood and shook the man's hand and then followed him into the store.

He was introduced to Mr. Callahan, Chance's father, and a Jim Marchand, a Hershell Walker and a Mr. Gentry, all regulars. Then he was shown to a little table in the back and given his tax forms to fill out.

His stomach growled, but he ignored it; coffee just didn't cut it as breakfast most days. Chance arched an eyebrow, then wandered off. In a few minutes two foil-wrapped tubes were set before him, along with a Dr. Pepper. "Breakfast tacos. They're left over. Bacon, egg and potato."

He was embarrassed as fuck, but knew better than to turn down free food. He ducked his head. "Thanks."

"Hey, we've all been there, man. Holler when you're done and I'll get you to help me unload the last delivery while Daddy watches the front."

"Won't be long -- I'm almost done here."

He finished filling out the forms, wolfing down the tacos like he hadn't eaten in... well since yesterday morning. Once he was done, he headed back into the store and handed the paperwork over to Chance.

"Great. Thanks. You can store your bag in the office, if you want." He got another crinkle-eyed smile.

He smiled back. There was something warm about Chance. "Thanks."

They headed out into the feed yard where bag after bag after bag of feed was stacked. "Okay, the truck dumped off there and we have to sort and carry."

"Just point out where you want what."

Chance pointed. "Chicken feed, there. Sweet feed. Corn. Pellets. Dog food. I'll sort of point out where each bag goes. Make sure to leave one or two by themselves down low, in case Daddy's here by himself, yeah?"

"Got it." This he could do; this he understood.

He shouldered a bag, decided he could do two and picked up another one, leaving them both in the chicken feed pile, down low so he wouldn't forget to leave a couple there. The work was mindless, but it felt good in his muscles, felt good to work with someone else. It was good to work and see the pile needing moving grow smaller.

Soon enough they were done.

"Oh, that went easy." Chance checked his watch. "And ten minutes to close. I'm going to get the cash counted. You want to lock up? Make sure things are nice and tight?"

"You're the boss." That was a lot of trust in someone who'd only just started working for the man.

"Nah. That's Daddy. I'm just the manager. I'll check stuff on our way out."

"Sure thing." He made his way around the store, closing up cupboards and locking this case and that, the back and side doors were next before he returned to the counter with the cash, duffle slung over his shoulder.

The little card table was put away, the older men gone. Chance putting something in the safe and handing him a twenty. "You'll go on the books tomorrow, this'll count for today. You ready?"

He nodded, pocketing the twenty. "Ready, steady."

"Cool. I've got the blue Ford. She's unlocked. I gotta grab a bag of feed for my beasts. Just hop in."

He tossed his bag in the truck bed and climbed on into the passenger seat, leaning back against the seat. He could relax now, knowing he had a job, a place to stay for awhile; he had a hunch Chance would let him stay until he had his first paycheck and could pay for a room somewhere. It was easy to see the man was good people.

He got to watch the long-legged man move across the parking lot, feed bag over his shoulders. Lean and tan, Chance moseyed, boots kicking up random dust. Been awhile since he could sit back and enjoy the view of a man and he had a couple of days of it to enjoy it. And what a view. Long and lean, muscles moving easily...

He shook his head and told himself to behave. He was too old to be checking guys out like a horny kid. And it wouldn't do to be checking out the boss in a redneck little cowboy town. That was a good way to lose his job and earn himself a hell of an ass-kicking.

The truck rocked as the bag was thrown in and then those legs hopped in. "Damn, but I'm thinking it's gonna be a scorcher this year. Where you from, not the south?"

"Washington originally. Haven't really settled anywhere in particular since I left the service though."

"Washington state? Oh, I've heard nice things about there. Don't think I'd like the rain, though. We're used to the dry."

He nodded. "I've been back a couple times, but it's hell on my bones. Not that I'm ancient, but injuries act up in the damp, you know."

"Yeah, I reckon." Chance headed down the highway at a decent clip, country music buzzing through the speakers. The truck was meticulously clean, a pair of dog tags hanging from the rear view mirror.

"Those Lucky's?" he asked. His own were still around his neck. They were a part of him.

"Yeah. Daddy figured Bubba'd want me to have 'em. I keep them here so I can see them everyday."

"Chance and Lucky your actual names, or nicknames?" He hoped he wasn't being too forward, but hell, they were going to spend the next two days together, if the man was going to get touchy about questions, he'd best know that right off the start so he could keep to himself. He was pretty damned good at that.

"Our names, believe it or not. Momma had a sense of humor." Chance laughed, winked. "She used to say they took a chance having babies and she was lucky enough to get two for one."

He chuckled. "I take it she's passed on?"

"Yes, sir. She had a heart attack a few years back. Went fast."

"I'm sorry." There wasn't much else to say but that. He didn't go in for fake sympathy.

"Oh, she's in a better place. I think Daddy's actually considering dating Missy Gardener. She's a sweet old bird, cooks a great cobbler."

"Your father live with you?" He didn't know what had gotten into him, asking all these questions, except maybe as Chance was being pretty damned good to him, he didn't feel right not being polite and making conversation. Which sure as hell wasn't his strong suit.

"Oh, good Lord, no!" Chance shook his head. "Daddy lives about fifteen minutes away on the old farm. He doesn't work the land much now. I lease the back 200 from him to raise hay. I have a little ranch house, been there damned near ten years -- just me and the dogs and the stock."

"No little woman to cook for you?" he asked, surprised that a good looking, hard-working and obviously doing well enough for himself man like Chance was alone.

"Nope. I make a fine brisket all on my own."

"Sounds nice and peaceful."

Chance nodded, turning down a farm-to-market road, picking up speed. "I can't complain, really. I have the basics and a few frills."

"Ever get lonely?"

"Well, sure. I... I go into Austin every few weeks, hang out, play pool." Chance pinked a little, eyes on the road.

"Somebody special up that way?" Surprised him less than hearing that the man was all on his own.

"Nah. Just some guys that I know." They pulled down a long dirt road, bumping along.

It made him wonder a bit, but he'd never had a good 'gaydar' and there was still the boss/small town thing, so he just let it go. "I guess there's not much to do in Bastrop, eh? There a VFW?"

They usually had free get-togethers for cards, something sweet with coffee, decent company for warhorses, old and younger.

"There's a VFW and an American Legion, both. Daddy can introduce you around, I reckon. I haven't been in either since I was a kid." Chance pulled up before a big fence and threw the truck in park. "I sorta don't fit in there."

He nodded. He could see how the man wouldn't, never having served -- didn't matter whether it was his choice or not, fact remained he wasn't a vet.

Sam went to open his door and hop down when he remembered Chance saying something about dogs. "I gonna get eaten if you don't introduce me?"

"By Genie and Yoda? Nah. They're good hounds. You're here with me." Chance grinned as two huge hound dogs came loping up, ears flapping, howling to beat the band.

He chuckled. "Well I'll trust you on that, seeing as you just hired me up to help at the store and probably need me not eaten, but they do make an impression on a man."

Chance whistled, the sound fierce and shrill and both dogs stopped short, panting. "Good girls. Stay. This here's Sammy. Y'all be nice."

"Thank you." He got out and went around to grab his duffle before giving the dogs a grunt. "Genie, Yoda. Hey."

Two tails started wagging, beating the ground. Chance went over petting and stroking, murmuring to the hounds. He'd had a dog growing up. A mixed mutt who he'd loved hard. His unit had adopted a stray, too. Big old black lab who'd been beaten a time or two, but who was sweet as could be if you were good to him. He wandered over to Chance and the hound dogs.

"The tall one is Genie. She's a lover. Yoda's her baby." The dogs came right up to him, tails wagging, noses pushing into his hands.

"Hey ladies." He rubbed their heads, petting them firmly. "Nice doggies."

"They're good girls, sure enough." Chance's house was mid-sized, painted a nice blue, trimmed in white. The lawn was mowed, huge rosebushes lining the wraparound porch where a bunch of chairs sat.

"Nice place you've got here, Chance."

"Thank you. Come on in. I'll show you your room and figure out some supper. You eat burgers?"

"I was in the service for sixteen years, Chance. I imagine anything you put in front of me will go down well." He would eat damn near anything.

"Cool. I'll fire up the grill. I took some hamburger meat out this morning." They headed up, Chance not even unlocking the door, just opening right up. The inside of the house was clean, simple -- older, mismatched furniture, a low bookshelf, a couple of paintings with deer and bighorn sheep and bears.

"You hunt?" he asked, following Chance down the hall.

"Oh, yeah. Deer in the fall. Javelina, sometimes." The kitchen was little, white, the bathroom good-sized with a claw-foot tub. "Here's the guest room. There's not much -- bed, dresser, bookshelf and an old TV, but it's hooked to the satellite."

The room was painted dark green, the main feature a huge window that looked out over a pond.

"This is pretty nice for not much, Chance." Nicest room he'd seen in quite awhile. It was gonna spoil him for anything else.

"Well, I hope it suits okay." Chance pointed down the hall. "My room's down there, along with the laundry room. Towels are in the bathroom. Go ahead, relax, get settled and I'll start the grill."

"Thanks a lot, Chance, I sure do appreciate it." Never look a gift horse in the mouth, that had been one of his mother's favorite sayings.

"My pleasure." Chance nodded, heading back down the hall.

He didn't unpack, not for a couple of days stay. But he pulled out his little alarm clock and put it on the dresser. Then he went and stood a time at the window. It was a peaceful view and the place was quiet, no hum of traffic or chatter of people.

A few minutes later Chance started warbling some country song or the other and Sam picked up a change of clothes and headed to the bathroom to get clean.

He got the coals to burning, whistling Rocky Top and drinking his beer. Man, how on earth did he talk himself into company again?

Fine damned company. Fine damned, ex-military, big enough to kick his skinny ass, don't-ask-don't-tell-don't-fucking-go-there boy company.

Still.

The guy looked plumb sad. And more than a touch down on his luck and what kind of man turned a vet away on Memorial Day? Hell, in another life, it could've been Lucky.

He put eight burgers on. Whatever they didn't eat tonight, they could have tomorrow at the shop for lunch. There was potato salad in the fridge, some carrots. Hell, there was even some leftover cobbler and shit for dessert.

Hooboy.

Sam came out, wearing a pair of worn, tight jeans and grey t-shirt. That jaw was nice and square, fine now that the growth had been hacked off. "Smells good, Chance."

"Thanks." He nodded to the electric cooler on the porch. "Have yourself a beer. They're nice and cold."

"Thank you. You're going to spoil me. You wanting one?"

He swirled his, looked. "Yeah, this one's on the dregs."

Sam handed one over to him. "Anything I can do to help?"

"Nah, they'll cook on their own. Sit a spell." He settled in his chair, smiling over at his guest.

"Damn, but I love the smell of burgers on the grill."

Sam settled in a deck chair, nodding. "Nothing like burnt meat to make a man hungry."

"I got bread and cheese slices and some onion... " He stretched. "Oh! And pickle and tomato, too."

"I like 'em full dressed, put on whatever you've got." Sam took a swig of his beer. "Ah, that hits the spot."

"Nothing like cold beer on a hot day." Cold beer or hard cock.

Damn.

Be good.

"You said it."

Sam aimed his bottle in the general direction of the fields. "You need any help with chores or something? I hate to impose without pulling my weight."

"I could use some help feeding after supper, surely. The cattle are good, but the horses will be wanting their dinner."

"Just let me know what to do and I'll shoulder my load."

"Cool. You like to ride?" He had an extra saddle and God knew Lexy needed some exercise.

"I haven't been on a horse for awhile, but yes, I do."

"Yeah? I got an extra saddle. We'll have to go for a ride over the weekend." He grinned, pleased.

"Hell, if you're into fishing, we can head down to the pond."

"The one I can see from my window? It's a pretty looking piece of water."

He nodded. "It's full of bass and crappie, too. I keep it stocked."

"That sounds great. Haven't caught my supper in a few weeks."

"Oh, then we'll have to rectify that." He grinned, then blushed. God, Sam must think he was a fucking looney.

"Sounds nice, Chance. Thank you." Sam wasn't looking at him like he was crazy. Yet, anyway.

He got up, flipped the burgers. A horn honked and he waved at one of his neighbors without looking up.

"Guess I'm going to be the talk of the town 'til something new comes along," Sam noted dryly.

"Oh, as many folks as are coming in from Austin, you'll only have to worry for a few days." He grinned. "Mr. and Mrs. Daughtry live the next house down; she just had a stroke and is not doing so good. Buck and Brenda Kaye live across the way -- he services vending machines and she manages the grocery."

"I imagine everyone knows everyone and their business? Tends to be a trend in small towns. Of course small town folk'll help each other out more often, too. It's a trade off."

"Well, there's two types of folks here -- small-town and 'we're getting out of the big city and building big-assed houses where it's cheap' people, you know? The out-of-towners that work in Austin? Not so friendly."

"Uppity?" Sam asked it like he knew all about uppity.

"Yeah, all big money and big city, you know? Posers." He hated when they came into the feed store, rolling their eyes and wrinkling their noses and calling the place 'quaint'.

"Some people think they're the cat's meow, but the cat always knows better."

That tickled him and he laughed, nodded. "You got that right. Let's pull these babies in and eat. I'm starved." A little shaky, too. He needed his shot and some grub.

"Sounds good. The smell is good enough to make me starving."

He nodded, pulling the burgers off and onto a plate. "Everything else is on the kitchen table."

He hurried inside, putting the burgers down and giving himself eighty units before anything else.

"You all right?" Sam asked, taking a seat at the table.

"Yeah. Just need to eat." He was jittering and, fact was, he shouldn't have given his afternoon snack away, but Sam had looked so fucking miserable...

"I hear you." Sam dug in, putting a burger between two halves of a bun and putting some of everything on it. "Damn, this is a fine burger, Chance."

"Thanks." He set himself up and munched down, shakes easing up, body relaxing. "I'm not bad on the grill, if I say so myself."

Sam nodded, the way he chowed the burger down and grabbed a second one attesting to the truth of it. Or to the fierceness of the man's hunger.

He had some potato salad, some tomatoes, a bit of pickle, then went to pull the cobbler out. "You like peaches?"

"You pretty much put anything in front of me and I'll eat it." Sam gave him a wink.

"Oh, cool. I'll warm this up and we can share." He popped the dish in the microwave, humming.

"You'll have to take some room and board out of my pay."

"We'll cross that bridge when we get to it, yeah?" He didn't mind having the company, actually. It was nice to have someone to talk to, look at.

"All right." Sam seemed content to leave it at that. The man's pride no doubt demanding he say something, the wallet happy to let it slide.

"So, tell me stuff about you. You like watching movies? Music? Axe-murdering?" He grabbed the ice cream and two bowls and spoons.

"You should have asked about the axe-murdering before inviting me home." Sam gave him another one of those winks, blue eyes glinting.

"Oh..." He gave Sam his best stupid redneck look. "You got yourself a point there..." Then he winked, grinned. "I'm a great judge of character."

Sam chuckled, digging into his dessert with gusto. "I don't mind movies, though I prefer sports, playing over watching, but watching will do. And I like cards -- anything with strategy and a little bit of something to sweeten the pot."

"Yeah? I play catcher on a softball team. Wednesday nights. It's fun. I do a lot of riding and fishing and such." Oh, Daddy'd love that -- another victim to kill at poker.

"Softball, heh? Open league or you got to sign up at the start of the season?"

"Open. You oughta come out one week, meet Mike and Aaron -- they're the coaches. It's a thirty dollar entry fee, but we got extra gloves and shit. You look like you could hit a ball a mile."

"I did okay playing with my unit. Usually took second base or short stop, but I do okay in the outfield, too. Been awhile since I played, but it sounds like it could be fun."

Chance nodded, finished his dessert. "Yeah. There's something about a good game, gets the blood pumping." Of course, the guys in their shorts and muscles shirts wasn't bad either...

"Yep. I do like riding and fishing, too. And believe it or not, running. Got into the habit with PT and never really got out of it."

"Running? As in jogging and stuff? There's lots of guys do that in Austin."

Sam chuckled. "I'm not uppity about it, I promise. Just got used to moving and kind of need to keep doing it or my knees freeze up on me. Hell, they give it their best effort regardless."

"Oh, I hear you. I'm always trying this or that to keep the diabetes from eating me." Hell, the first thing to go would be erections and, even if he wasn't getting some a lot, some was better than none.

"You look pretty fit for it. Only diabetics I knew before you were pretty old and rickety."

"Well, I've had it since I was three and I try to take care of myself, you know?"

"So I guess you don't really even remember a time when you didn't have it, then."

He shook his head. "I remember being in the hospital, sort of, but even then it might have been the stories. Momma said she had to bring Lucky up because he wouldn't stop screaming for me."

"You two were that close? You hear stories about twins, but you never know if they're just wives tales or truth."

"Oh, we were damned close. He was nine minutes younger than me and we spent all the damned time together before he left for basic."

"Was that hard? Getting split up like that?"

"Oh, hell, yes. I was so pissed -- at him for going, at me for being diabetic, at God for everything. He loved it, though, and honestly? He'd never have been happy here on the farm." Teasing his gay brother, playing practical jokes and shit.

"But you obviously are -- you look right at home."

"This is my home." He shrugged. "I'm not an exciting guy, you know? Just damned near forty-year old cowboy who likes to fish."

"Excitement isn't all it's cracked up to be."

"No shit. Boring means nothing's fucking up, yeah?"

"Hell, yeah." Sam pushed his plate away and stretched in his seat. "Damn, that was a fine meal, Chance."

"Well, you stick around any time at all and you'll get it again. It's my favorite."

"I'm partial to burnt meat myself." Sam got up with a bit of a groan, stretching out again. "I'll do the dishes."

"Cool. I'm gonna run out and start feeding. Come out when you want, I'll introduce you around." He put his plate in the sink and grabbed his hat on his way out.

It was nice to have another person about to chew the cud with.

Real nice.

It didn't matter that it was Sunday and there was no work and he could sleep as long as he wanted. For nearly all his life, Sam had been up by six am. When he'd been little he would play with his matchcars and his GI Joes and then there was school and then training and PT and a body just got used to being awake at the same time everyday.

He came in from doing his morning run along the fences that broke up the fields in Chance and his Daddy's places, and started doing his stretches and simple PT exercises.

The warm weather and consistent use were working a number on his knees -- he felt better than he had since he'd discharged. He pulled off his shirt and wiped his face with it before lying on the ground and starting his sit-ups.

The curtain in Chance's bedroom window twitched, then settled. Damn, he hoped he hadn't woken Chance. The man wasn't usually one to sleep late, but possibly he'd just been polite the last couple of weeks, having a guest and all. He didn't think he'd made a lot of noise, but Chance was used to being on his own.

Sam turned over to his belly and started in on his push ups. A couple hundred of those to go with the sit-ups and he was done.

He headed in to see if the bathroom was free. The bathroom door was open, Chance's bedroom door closed. He could hear Chance moving around, waking up.

"Alright if I take a shower?" he called.

"Huh? Uh. Yeah. Yeah, cool." Man sounded like he was catching a cold, all husky. He hoped not. Colds were miserable buggers.

He hopped into the shower and washed quickly, hands slowing as he washed his cock and balls. He lingered long enough to jack off, and if he was thinking on what the long, lean cowboy in the other room might look like naked and hard beneath him, well that wasn't hurting anyone.

As he was shaving, he decided he needed a haircut. It had been awhile since he had money for that kind of thing and he was bit flush now. Chance had been letting him mooch off the man longer than was right. It was time to settle their arrangements. It worked out well for him to stay here, they seemed to suit each other well enough, but he could understand if Chance wanted his privacy back and if that was the case, he'd find himself a room to rent somewhere now that he could pay.

And if Chance was amenable to him staying, then it was high time he pulled his own weight.

Clean, shaved, dressed and determined to settle the matter before the breakfast dishes were done, Sam headed for the kitchen and the smell of coffee.

Chance was whistling, wearing a pair of ancient old jeans and a muscle shirt, eggs and sausage sizzling away on the stove. "Mornin', sir."

"Morning." He was glad he'd taken care of business earlier, because Chance looked mighty fine. "Food smells good. As usual."

"Yeah. I was hungry this morning." Chance chuckled, cheeks a little pink. "We're fixin' to have to go shopping, though. We're getting low on the necessities."

"*We* are, are we?" He sat, figuring this was as good a time as any to broach the subject. "You happy then, with the arrangements of me staying here with you?"

He got a surprised look from bright eyes then Chance ducked his head, turned bright red. "Yeah. Shit, Sam, I'm sorry. I'm bad about that, turning me into we. Blame it on being a twin."

"No, that's all right, I just wanted to be sure you meant what I thought you meant about it. If I'm staying it's time I started paying my way. I'm renting the room from you and I should be helping out with the groceries -- I certainly eat more than my share of them."

He wasn't upset about the 'we', just didn't want to be taking advantage. Chance left himself wide open for it, and he wasn't the kind of man who'd take advantage of that.

"Well, you sure? You need to build up a little buffer first?" Chance grabbed the tortillas and the orange juice.

"It's been three weeks -- I imagine I've got a buffer. I appreciated the help when I first got here, I was pretty desperate for the job and a place to stay, but I'm not anymore and it's time I started paying my way."

"Okay, the grocery budget could use the help, yeah." Chance settled in a chair. "You happy with the room set up and stuff. I mean, since you're not going to be a guest anymore?"

He reached over to fill a tortilla with eggs and sausage, nodding. "Hell yeah, it's a damn site nicer than most rooms I've been able to afford."

"You've got a nice view from there, too." Chance made himself a burrito, then gave himself an injection.

"Yep. I'm happy with it. And I'm willing to give you a fair price for the privilege of using it."

"Fair enough." Chance nodded, relaxed and easy. "Now that that's over, you interested in taking the boat out today?"

He shook his head -- looked like he wasn't going to get an amount out of Chance. Well if the man didn't deduct anything from his next paycheck, he'd just leave some money in the coffee jar, where Chance was sure to find it.

"Yeah, fishing sounds like a nice relaxing way to spend the day after a week of working my rump off for the boss."

"Yeah, I hear your boss is a real bastard and a half."

He chuckled and winked. "You think he's bad, you should see his father."

Chance's laugh filled the room, low and happy and husky.

He ate the rest of his breakfast, helping himself until he was full up. It was easy and peaceful here. Chance was good company, but didn't need to be having a conversation all the time. He was glad they'd worked it out because he didn't really want to have to move on, even just to a new place to room.

He was... as close to happy as life had brought him in a lot of years.

They'd worked themselves into a routine -- food, dishes, chores, fishing. Lots of time in the sunshine, lots of iced tea. His own skin was going as leathery brown as Chance's was -- he was just missing the cowboy boots and hat and he could have been mistaken for one of the locals himself.

After the kitchen was straight, they headed out, the horses hightailing it from the back pasture at Chance's whistle. He went and got their feed and then made sure the dogs were topped up. There was an older horse that had become fond of him, nudging and nickering, nibbling his pockets.

"Go on, I don't have anything for you."

It was their routine, the horse would nibble and search and he'd grouse and complain and then finally dig out the sugar cubes or carrot sticks or apples he'd stashed.

Magpie pushed again, tossing her heavy head, whinnying. He pushed back a little, muttering something about old horses who didn't know when to make themselves scarce. She was quick today, figuring out which pocket he'd hidden the carrots in. Chuckling, he took them out and handed them over, rubbing her nose.

Chance chuckled. "She's got your ticket, Mr. Sam. You want to saddle up and ride down instead?"

"I'm easy, Chance." The old girl would probably appreciate the stretch.

Chance chuckled and went back to work, whistling the entire time. The man had a way with the animals, easy and lazy and completely at home. It was good physical labor and he enjoyed it.

Chance's cell phone rang and the man answered it. "Jeff Andrews! Good lord and butter, man! I haven't heard from you in a hundred years. How's Ricky doing? Y'all still... Oh. Oh, man. That sucks. I'm sorry, you deserved better."

Sam led Magpie back out, giving Chance his privacy.

"Me? No, no. Not since Justin headed up north to ride the rodeo. Where you living now..." The words trailed off as the barn door closed.

He wondered who Jeff was and Ricky and Justin. A lot of guys for someone who was on his own, who seemed so content that way. He teased Magpie for awhile, wondering if their fishing trip was off.

Then Chance came out, hauling his saddle. "Sorry. Old friend. Which pole you want?"

"We still heading out? Cool. I'll take the blue one."

"Yeah. Jeff is driving -- he's a bus driver for a band and they're taking a break and he decided to chat." Chance handed the saddle over with a grin.

He saddled Magpie up. "So where do you know him from?"

Lacey came dancing up and Chance threw the blanket over her back. "We met at a club in Austin. He was in college at UT and I was looking to play pool. There were a handful of us, mostly college kids, who played around twenty years ago. Now we're scattered to the winds."

"Wow, that's a long time to keep in touch." He got up into the saddle, waiting for Chance to finish up before heading toward the pond.

"Jeff's a good'un. Dropped out of school to follow somebody to Hollywood, then ended up driving busses across country and dealing with no-good bass players."

He frowned. "No-good bass players?"

Chance nodded, moving them up a rolling hill. "He has troubles with love-em-and-leave-em types."

"Funny, I wouldn't have pegged too many bass players as women. Shows you what I really know about music, doesn't it?"

Oh, those cheeks went a bright, fiery red. "I... Uh... Oh, look at that hawk!"

He turned and looked for a hawk, not expecting to see one. There it was though, soaring through the morning air, wings spread wide. "Wow, look at that." He watched it, debating whether or not to call Chance on the distraction. In the end he decided that if Chance wanted to change the subject, he should respect that.

"Yeah..." Chance watched until Lacey started dancing and they headed off, the horses ambling, the momma and foal unsaddled following them.

"I hope I'm not cramping your style being here," Sam said quietly. Chance hadn't hand anyone over, friends or lovers in the time he'd been staying here. The man hadn't gone out either.

"My style? No. I'm sort of a homebody, you know? Play softball. Go play pool once or twice a year in the city."

"Okay. I just didn't want to be making you miss out on. Well. You know." And why exactly was he bringing this up? Not a good avenue to be wandering down.

"I..." Chance looked over, uncomfortable, worried. "Yeah."

He frowned. "Well now, that's twice in the last few minutes I've made you uncomfortable. Is it me, or that phone call's got you on edge?"

"No. It's more that I'm not looking to get my ass kicked, yeah? I don't make any trouble, Sam."

"You've lost me, Chance." He wasn't planning on kicking anyone's ass.

"Oh. Oh, shit. I..." Chance closed his eyes. "Sorry. I thought you were suggesting something. Sorry."

"What the hell are you talking about, Chance? Did I step in shit somehow with asking about our arrangements? Look, if you don't want me here, I can find somewhere else, I won't take it personally." What the hell?

"Huh?" Chance stopped. "Okay. I'm obviously having a different conversation than you are. I thought you were poking to see if I was sort of uh... light in the loafers. I was trying not to make you uncomfortable."

"Light in the..." Suddenly the light bulb went off in his head. "Shit. No, I wasn't poking. I mean. Are you?" Well this was a fucked up conversation if he'd ever had one. Of course he was a little invested in the answer now, too, wasn't he?

"You weren't? Oh. Well, shit. This is deeply cracked." Chance rubbed the back of his neck. "I should have more coffee before I'm social."

"I wasn't but I am now." He knew his gaydar wasn't very damned good, but he was going to fucking turn it in if Chance played on the same side of the fence he did.

"I thought the service was all don't ask, don't tell."

"True enough. Let's go catch dinner." He nudged Magpie, speeding her up. Chance didn't want him to know, didn't want to know about him -- that was a clear signal he *could* read. It was a shame though. Man was a tall long, cool drink of water that he would have enjoyed drinking.

Chance didn't say a word and they settled on the edge of the pond, both baiting their hooks and fishing like they would starve if they didn't catch anything. Sam swallowed his sigh and raised his head to the sun. Just forget it old man and things'll slide back to what they were. They had to because he liked it here. His bum knee liked it here.

"It's mighty peaceful out here, Sam." Chance looked over.

"It is," he agreed. Nice and easy and comfortable.

Chance kept fishing, kept stealing looks.

He caught the man's eye on one of them. "You got something to say to me, Chance?"

"Yeah, I reckon. I... Nobody but Daddy knows. About me. I'd appreciate if you didn't say nothing."

That stung a little. That Chance though he'd do that. Even if the man didn't know him. He shook his head. "I wouldn't rat out a fellow club member, Chance."

He watched his line.

Chance blinked, almost dropped the fishing pole. "You? Really? But... you were in the army. Lucky said... Oh, God. You must think I'm a goddamned idjit. I was sitting here thinking you were fixin' to go off about me being queer..."

"Lucky said what? We were all queer hating assholes?" He nodded. You played one if you weren't. It was the way you survived. "I suppose we come off that way. 'Course I'm not in the service anymore. And you've been good to me. If I had a problem with it, I'd just leave."

"Okay, so I'm a paranoid asshole." Chance sighed, dug two peaches out of a saddle bag. "I'm sorry, man. I was being a dork."

He gave Chance a wry grin. "We're both a fine pair, sitting here for weeks utterly fucking oblivious."

He was tossed a peach. "Hey, I'm an old guy. Heading toward senility, even."

Sam snorted. "I'm older'n you cowboy, so careful how you bandy that word about."

"By nine months, yeah. Big deal."

He snorted again. "Older's older -- nine years, nine months or nine minutes, right?" He remembered Chance working those nine minutes older than his twin into the conversation at some point.

"Shit, if I look half as good in my jeans as you do in nine months? I'll be a happy man."

"I don't think your jeans would fit me, Chance." He winked.

There was that laugh, husky and bright all at once. "That would be real the Incredible Hulk-y, wouldn't it?"

He grinned and nodded, something easing inside him. The peace here hadn't been shattered after all. He bit into his peach, feeling the juices flow down his chin.

Chance cast his line out again, leaning back against some rocks, sucking the juice out of the peach. He took a long look, allowing himself to appreciate the view. Not that he was going to do anything about it, but it was nice to know if he was caught looking, he wouldn't have to start explaining himself.

"Oh, I got a bite!" Chance sat up, bobbing the line. "Come on, now. Take it."

He got the net and crouched by the water, waiting. The bobber went down and Chance's line went taut. They worked together, got a good-sized catfish into the bucket. "Woo-hoo!"

"All right, dinner."

They both re-baited their hooks and threw their lines back in, settling again.

"Couple more of those and we got ourselves fried catfish." Chance chuckled, stretching out. "Fried catfish and hushpuppies and 'naner pudding."

"'Naner pudding?" Another one of Chance's southern specialties, no doubt.

"Banana pudding? Warm the first day, cold the next?"

He started to chuckle, mind going from the place of weird to the gutter. "Is that what you call it here?"

Chance looked over. "What else would you call it? Bananas, 'nilla wafers, pudding..."

He shook his head. "Sorry, I was tangenting."

"Tangen..." Those eyes went wide and Chance blushed a sweet, deep rose. "Oh! No. No, 'naner pudding bananas are too soft for that. You'd need chocolate-covered ones..."

He started to laugh, just tickled. Chance's laugh joined with his, easy, relaxed. He smiled and went back to watching his line, occasionally watching Chance, dozing a little.

They managed to catch six fish between them, cleaning them right there and packing them down.

"We do good work, man."

"Yep." They did. They worked real well together.

Chance dug around, pulled out sandwiches, a thermos. "Hungry?" It always amazed him how Chance was always prepared with stuff like this and then he'd remember the diabetes and knew it was years of experience.

"Thanks."

"No sweat. Turkey and provolone. Yum." Chance started eating, tossing bits of bread for the fish now and again.

He finished his sandwich and lay back again. "I do enjoy a lazy day -- though I wouldn't want a steady diet of them."

"Yeah, I hear you. Relaxing's only good when you've got something to relax *from*."

"Yep. Kids these days just don't get that."

Chance nodded. "It's definitely a different mindset, you got that right."

"Still I'm surprised there wasn't any high-schooler looking for a summer job snapping up work at the feed store. Guess that was my luck." Bastrop wasn't the first place he'd been looking.

"The FFA kids volunteer a lot, but the kids don't want all the hours, not when they can drive half an hour and work in the mall near a bunch of other kids."

"They do seem to move in packs, don't they?" God, had he ever been that young? He supposed he had been, but damn, he felt sometimes like he was from a different species.

"Hell, yes. There's no such thing as one kid." Chance chuckled, swatted at a fly.

"You realize we're now officially old men?" He gave Chance a wink.

"Oh, hell yes. I keep expecting my hair to fall out alongside my teeth." He got another of those laughs, the sound filling the air.

"I hope not, that would be a shame." Damn, had he said that out loud?

Chance gave him a grin and a wink. "Yeah, I agree. Still, we're looking fine for old dudes. I mean, you take damned good care of yourself."

He shrugged. "Just do what's habit."

"I'm more just lucky. I'm a natural beanpole."

He chuckled. He'd have called Chance a long, tall drink of water rather than a beanpole, but he supposed the analogy worked.

"Man, when I get wealthy, I'm going to put a real life swimming pool in. Chlorine water and all." Chance grinned. "Snake free, thank you."

"That mean it's not safe to go for a dip with the fishes?"

"I've never really tried. Never seen a snake in there, but by myself? That's one hell of a chance to take."

"Well I'm here now if you're hot and wanted to have a dip." Not to mention he wouldn't say no to the view that would result in.

"Hmm." Chance gave it a minute's thought. "I think I might, just to say I had."

Chance stood, stripped off his shirt and belt, shucked the ancient jeans, leaving him in nothing but deep green boxer-briefs, hugging a good-sized package. Sam was surprised to see a dreamcatcher tattooed on one thin shoulder, the eagle feather trailing down Chance's spine.

"That's a fine piece of work." The man as well as the tattoo, though he'd keep that little tidbit to himself. He tried not to shift and make it too obvious he was starting to sport wood.

"Thanks. It was my second. Lucky had one to match." Chance waded into the water, slow and careful, the green of the shorts going black.

"Your second? Where's the first?" Now that? Might have been a leading question. It all depended on where the other one was at.

"Hmm?" Chance turned to face him, pulled the waistband of the briefs down on the left side, exposing another feather, this one with strips of beaded leather disappearing into dark gold curls.

Well hello, sailor. He swallowed hard. "Nice. There a significance?"

The waistband was settled back into place. "My first lover was an art student and a Latoka Sioux Indian. He drew it for me." Chance grinned. "I'm sure he had the symbology figured, but I was so scared of the sound of the tattoo gun, I didn't listen."

He chuckled. "That's a hell of a place to have your first one done. Why'd you and Lucky go with the dreamcatcher?"

A beautiful striking man no doubt, that first lover. And talented. An old war horse like him hardly stood a chance, so he resolved himself to just watch and enjoy the view for as long as he was there.

"Partially because I had the one and wanted to stay with the theme." Chance waded deeper. "Mostly because Lucky was fixing to head to Saudi and he was scared, having nightmares. We got shitfaced the night before he shipped out and decided the tattoos would keep him safe, let him sleep."

He winced. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, it happens, I guess. I mean, he died doing what he loved. Lucky was a lifer. He loved the whole package." Chance gave him a smile, and it didn't look forced at all. "He's in a good place now. I've done my mourning for him."

He nodded. It was a good attitude, one the family of a lifer needed. He'd been a lifer himself, the early discharge due to the bum knee that just wouldn't heal up enough for him to be of use to anyone. He almost envied Lucky.

"You probably would've liked Lucky, although I'd have had to point him out to you. It's funny -- we're identical twins, but he wasn't diabetic, so he was bigger than me by damned near eighty pounds. Strong." Chance gathered the water up in his hands, poured it over himself. It was like a god-damned porno and he had to spread his legs where he sat, giving his cock more room.

Sounded like Chance was more his type than Lucky. A muscleman was nice to look at, but he liked 'em long and lean, like Chance, when it came to actually making out.

The sun caught the water as it ran, catching in the hollows of Chance's collarbones, the indentation of Chance's navel. He bit back his groan, hand twitching to head for his cock.

"Damn, the water feels fine. You want me to come out, give you a shot?"

He was torn between getting in and letting his overeager cock cool down and not wanting to put on the show stripping would give Chance. "Nah, I'm good."

Chance shrugged and waded in deeper, the dark cotton clinging to the tight little ass, leaving nothing to his imagination. Oh, now there were his fantasies for the next month, easy.

He did let his hand stray this time, trying to casually adjust himself. Not so easy when he sporting a raging hard on. Chance turned about the time he did, eyes flicking to the motion of his hand. Chance's gaze lingered for a second, tongue sliding out to lick his lips, then the man blushed and ducked under the water.

Damn, he wanted a piece of that. A great big piece.

Sam made sure that by the time Chance came back up he was busy with their poles, working on imaginary tangles. Chance slowly made his way up to the bank, grabbing the long muscle shirt before stripping off the briefs and sliding on the jeans.

Not before he got a look at that long cock, though, full and heavy. His fingers curled into fists. Damn. He needed a fucking cold shower.

"You..." There was that huskiness from this morning again, low and rough. "You ready to go in?"

"Yeah, pretty much." His own voice was husky and he couldn't meet Chance's eyes, so he whistled up Magpie, looking around for her.

Lacey came up and Chance got her saddle bags settled, then swung up into the saddle, denim tearing just a little in the seat. Now what kind of sense of humor did the man upstairs have to be torturing him like this?

He almost went for it, but he wasn't exactly a great catch, down on his luck, bum knee and all and if Chance wasn't really interested it would make things really awkward.

He got up on Magpie and nodded to Chance, letting the man lead the way. Might as well go for the full torture package and watch that ass in the saddle.

Chance moved in the saddle like a wet dream, hips shifting constantly. "What'd you do to your leg, Sam? You hurt it in the army?"

"Yep. Twisted it up pretty good running through the sand and as we were kind of running for our lives, I didn't get it looked at right away." He shrugged. "I finished my tour in the Gulf, managed to get some physio done on it, which kept me going until about two years ago. I was only a couple years shy of my twenty, but I got an honorable. Sometimes you just have to admit you can't do what you used to."

"Damn. You get disability for it?"

"Yep, about enough for smokes if I smoked." Or coffee and a donut every day which was what he'd survived on when he'd first gotten out.

"That sucks. Still, you look like you were managing just fine this morning, yeah? So maybe the Texas sun is helping?"

"It sure is. I haven't had too many aches at all since hitting the warmer weather a few months ago. It stiffens up a little if I forgo the PT though."

Chance nodded. "I reckon it does. You got quite a regimen."

"You could join me if you wanted." Because watching that ass while he was running sounded like more wonderful torture. He shook his head at himself. Still, he'd be happy to have company.

"Oh. Well, maybe. I'd have to sort of plan it, you know?"

"Not an early riser?" He hadn't noticed Chance up and about before he'd gotten back before today.

"Huh?" Chance looked confused for a second, then his eyes went wide. "Oh! Nah. I gotta take my shot and eat at seven. I'll need to move my meal and shot up to go running with you or I won't make it. Maybe I could just have a little snack and then go..."

"Oh, right! Damn there's a lot to remember with it, isn't there? Well if you really do want to join me, I could do warm-ups for a half hour or so before I head off on the run -- give you more time to eat. I've been getting up at oh-five hundred for over twenty years, not an easy habit to break. Guess I've never found a reason to either."

"Be easier with a warm body keeping you in bed, I reckon." Chance blinked, shut his mouth, turned dark red.

"I suppose I wouldn't know," he admitted. You didn't stick around to spend the night when you were fucking with other men and you were in the army.

"Oh. I'm sorry." Chance looked down. "It's one of my favorite parts of having a steady."

"Having a steady in the service'll get you a dishonorable and the tar beaten out of you." He shrugged. "It's just the way things are. I'm not exactly great boyfriend material anyway."

"Well, I spent some time in Austin, you know? College. Long time ago."

"You don't have to apologize for having a different life from me, Chance. Hell, I can't say as I think it would be great if we could all just get along instead of having to hide like we're doing something wrong."

"Yeah." Chance grinned, sort of rolled his shoulders.

"Hell, you're the closest I've ever come to having a steady." Now it was his turn to go a little red. He wasn't sure why he'd said it, except it was the truth.

"Well, then, we're even, huh? It's been fifteen years since I had one. That's long enough to be a distant memory."

"Well aren't we just a pair of old men." He guided Magpie into the field off the barn, reminding himself of all the reasons why jumping Chance's bones was a bad idea.

"Yep. Old and crotchety."

"Nothing wrong with my crotch," he muttered as he dismounted.

Chance gave a strangled laugh. "Good to know, given how well-formed it is."

"What?" Chance had been checking him out? Why?

Chance's eyes met his over Lacey's back. "You heard me."

"I guess I did at that." He just wasn't sure what to make of it. He wanted it. Hell, he wanted it bad. And he supposed he could move on when Chance figured out he was a bad choice. "But I guess I think you should come over here and say it to my face."

The air seemed charged, suddenly heavy as Chance walked around Lacey's rump. "I said, I'm glad there's nothing wrong with your package, Mr. Sam, 'cause it looks just fine."

"You wanting a better look?" Shit, he was hard. Almost fucking vibrating with it. It had been a long time since he'd gotten laid. It had been forever since he'd cared about the person he was fucking.

"Hell, yes. I'm tired of imagining it every fucking morning."

"Shit, Chance, we'd better get inside."

"Let me get the saddles in the tack room." He got a nod, Chance moving fast to get the horses settled, the tack stowed away. He didn't bother to help; he'd have just gotten in the way.

He was harder than hell, harder than he could remember being.

The tack door closed and then blue eyes met his. "Inside, yeah? Before I get blue balls from wanting."

He nodded and headed in, knowing he couldn't possibly handle watching Chance ahead of him. He didn't run, but only because he didn't think he could in his condition.

"Fucking fine." He barely heard the moaned words, Chance right behind him, close enough to feel.

They got in and he looked around, trying to decide if they should go to his room or Chance's or just drop on the fucking floor right there in the hall.

The sound of the door closing and locking was loud, Chance's hand hot on the small of his back. "You want to start in the shower? I've got pond water on me."

Well thank the lord one of them still had a few working brain cells. He nodded and cleared his throat. "Sounds good."

Chance's hand slid around, then those fingers twined with his. "Cool. Come on."

He nodded, walking with Chance, a part of him sort of sitting back and watching this like it was a dream or some jerk off fantasy. They hadn't even kissed yet -- it wasn't real yet.

Chance got two towels out, then got the water running before starting to strip, baring that skin to his gaze.

And the whole time he just stood there watching, like a bump on a log. But it was like he was mesmerized, his cock throbbing, his eyes glued to Chance's lean body as it was bared to him, this time all the way down to skin.

As soon as Chance was naked, those long fingers started on his clothes, started stripping him down.
"Need to see, Sam."

"Yeah. I know. I'm sorry, I..." He leaned forward, pushing their lips together.

Shit, he'd practically forgotten what a kiss felt like. Soft and warm and hello nice to meet you, too. A quiet little moan pushed into his lips, one of Chance's hands sliding around to cup his neck. Chance opened right up, tongue sliding against his own, licking him.

The taste of the man exploded across his tongue and he groaned, pushing into Chance with his body, feeling like a firecracker, all ready to go on a hot July night. Chance didn't pull away either, just snuggled right into him, rubbing. The man was hot, almost liquid in his arms.

He whimpered -- there was no other word for the high-pitched needy little noise he made -- and wrapped his arms around Chance's naked back, hands sliding down to that fine ass and squeezing...

Chance groaned, ass wiggling into his hands, rubbing in little circles.

"Damn, you feel good." He dove back in for another kiss, starting to rub up against Chance, wishing he'd let the man get him naked before starting this because now he felt like a car careening out of control, just going for the edge of that cliff full on.

Chance's fingers started working his jeans open, freeing his cock to the warm touch.

"Oh Fuck!" One push into those long fingers and he was coming like some untried school boy, pulses of pleasure climbing up his spine.

Chance moaned, fingers sliding, spreading his come over his shaft. "Fucking hot."

"Sorry," he muttered, embarrassed at going off so quick, leaving Chance hanging like that. Those warm fingers were conspiring to keep him hard though, so maybe he had something to offer Chance after all. "Course you keep that up and I won't have to be."

"No reason to be sorry. More fun to play with the edge off."

He nodded. Chance was probably right. 'Sides, he was used to going months without and then fucking his brains out in an evening and going back to prolonged celibacy, he'd just never needed quite that hard before.

He shucked off his clothes and nudged Chance toward the shower before they got distracted again and lost all the hot water. Chance stepped into the water, head falling back, hair going dark gold, water pouring down the long body. He reached out, finally having permission to slide his hands over the slick skin. He groaned. Shit, Chance was hot and smooth, fucking good under his fingers.

The man was responsive as fuck, too, pushing into his touch, hips rocking nice and slow. He groaned, lips finding Chance's again, tongue pushing deep as passion flared again. Chance opened to the kiss, tongue pushing against his, fucking his lips. He opened his own mouth, let Chance in as his hands learned the lean lines of Chance's body, sliding and pressing over warm skin.

It felt good, Chance's cock on his belly, sliding, so hot. Chance's hands were on his back, his ass. So fucking long since someone else had touched him like this and he moaned, shuddered as his prick jumped.

"Oh... Damn, you're something else, Mr. Sam."

"You're not so bad yourself, Chance." He hardly recognized his voice, all hard rumble and husky need as it was.

Chance groaned, pushed right up against him. "Damn..."

He nodded. He couldn't agree more.

Grabbing Chance's ass, he tugged and shifted until their cocks slid together, making him moan and bring them together harder, faster. Chance went right with it, head thrown back, throat working. He latched his lips on that throat, sucking away the water from the warm skin.

"Oh!" Chance's fingers tightened, body jerking against him.

He moved them together faster, tongue and lips working the spot now. Chance arched, fingers gripping hard as a cry filled the air, heat spraying against his belly. He made a happy noise that came from deep in his belly and kept rubbing, kept sucking and licking, kept squeezing that sweet ass.

"Oh. Oh, sweet fuck, so good..." Oh, that drawl? Pure sex.

"I want to fuck you." He did. Wanted to bury his cock deep in that fine ass, wanted to lose himself in it.

"Hell, yes." Chance nodded, lips tracing his jaw. "Bed. Tile's hell on the knees."

"It is indeed." He chuckled -- now there was somewhere he had experience.

He could feel Chance's grin against his cheek, one long arm reaching back to turn the water off. It made him smile, too and he stepped out, getting dry quickly. It wasn't as urgent as it had been, but he wanted, there was no doubt about that.

Chance led the way into the bedroom, tight little ass just swaying, taunting him, drawing him. He sped up, spared Chance's room a quick glance before cupping that ass in his hands and tumbling Chance onto the bed.

Chance bounced, laughing, moving right up against him. Smiling, he took a kiss and then another, hands roaming over that warm, silky skin, finding it just as smooth and enticing dry as it had been wet.

"Mm..." Chance pushed into his touch, hands gentle and warm on his hips, his balls.

He grunted. "Feels good." He wasn't one to talk in bed, but hell, it had been so long and he wanted to make sure Chance knew he was into it.

"Uh-huh." Chance's lips found one of his nipples, sucking it in, tongue sliding over it.

Sam shuddered and pushed their bodies together, cock sliding on Chance's skin. "You got stuff?" he asked, hoping like hell Chance did because he sure as shit didn't.

"Yeah. Should. Haven't used it in a while." Chance turned, dug through the drawer in the bedside table.

He purred at the sight of that sweet ass again, hands sliding over it, fingers teasing along the crease. Fuck, he needed. Bad. Chance's thighs spread, offering him more, a little crow sounding as a tube of slick stuff and a line of rubbers were pulled from the drawer.

He found Chance's hot little hole with his thumb, rubbing circles on the wrinkled flesh, pressing but not pushing in as he reached for the tube with his free hand.

"Oh..." Chance rolled further onto his belly, ass pressing back into the touch.

He let the rest of his fingers reach down to cup Chance's balls, fondling them as his thumb continued to rub. He worked the slick open one-handed and pressed the lube around his working thumb, letting it slide in as soon as it was slippery.

Oh, fuck. The man was tight, body pulling him in, rippling around him. He groaned and settled up on his knees between Chance's legs, pushed his other thumb in, working both of them in and out, on their own and together.

"Oh. Oh, sweet Lord that's good..." Chance rocked, ass begging for it, for him.

He stretched Chance carefully, taking his time, taking more time than his cock wanted him to, but damn it, once he was in he doubted he'd be able to take it easy, so he wanted to make sure he wasn't going to hurt Chance any.

It didn't take long though, before Chance was pushing into his touch, long back shining with sweat. "Please."

"Sure thing." He let his thumbs slide out and got his prick covered in latex and then he was pushing in and oh sweet fucking lord Chance was tight and hot around him.

Chance moaned, rising up until that skinny back pressed against his chest, muscles rippling wildly around his prick. Groaning, he wrapped one hand around Chance's cock, the other sliding up the long chest to find those little nipples. Then he began to thrust, nice and slow while he still could.

Chance rode him like the man was born for fucking, entire body into it, lips open, eyes closed, all about feeling it. It wasn't long before he was rocking harder, pushing deep with every thrust. Damn, it was good. Hot. Necessary.

Chance bucked, shifting, going stiff as his cock pressed deep. "Fuck! Again!"

Oh yeah, anything that made that tight body ripple around his prick like that he was doing again. He hit the same spot over and over, thrusts becoming wild as his pleasure soared.

"Oh. Fuck. Coming. Sam. Coming. I..." Chance shot, crying out, ass milking his cock furiously.

He rode it out and then thrust wildly a few more times before filling the condom. It felt fucking amazing, the pleasure exploding inside him like that and he rested his head on Chance's shoulder, gasping, panting.

"Oh." Chance helped them settle on the mattress, the man still snuggled against his chest.

He kept his arms wrapped around Chance, liking the weight of the man in his arms.

Shit, he could get fucking used to this.

Chance wiggled a bit, then settled, warm and long and relaxed. "Feels good, Sam."

"It does, Chance. It does indeed." His eyes closed and he let himself just enjoy it, the novelty of being able to sleep holding someone if he wanted, of just holding afterward instead of either rushing into fuck number two or into his pants so he could get out of there.

Chance's fingers stroked his arms, soothing him, easing him into sleep. He rumbled a little, and squeezed Chance in an awkward hug and then followed the insistent pull into slumber.

Chance woke suddenly, unused to sleeping with someone else, with being warm and held and close. Still, it only took a second and a look to see Sam's face, to relax, let his eyes drift closed again, hands petting the fine body.

It felt good, just relaxing and touching what he'd been admiring and jerking off to for weeks. Hell, when Sam had started poking, he'd been sure he was about to get his ass kicked, not fucked into the mattress.

He thought option two was a much better deal.

Sam rumbled and pushed toward his touches, the sounds not quite awake. He hummed, gentling the touches, soothing, exploring. Sam's rumbles turned to purrs, the rangy body still pressing close.

Oh, yeah.

He started licking and kissing, eyes still closed, learning the flavors of Sam's body.

"Damn. Chance. Nice." The words were muttered, Sam's hands sliding over him, one finding his head and petting.

"Mm-hmm." He found one nipple, spent some time there. Sam bucked against him, making a strangled sound. He rubbed back, tongue sliding over the peaked flesh.

"Chance!" Sam's cock was hard, leaving a wet trail as it slid over his belly.

"Yeah. Yeah." He licked his way down, cheek rubbing against Sam's shaft.

"Oh, damn." Sam rolled onto his back, legs spreading for him in invitation. He purred, nuzzling the heavy balls, the soft inner thighs, hands exploring the muscled legs. "Chance... yeah." Sam's hands wrapped in the sheets, gripping them.

"Yeah." His lips trailed up, circling the head of Sam's cock, pulling, tongue sliding. Sam made a noise, a cross between a shout and a moan, hips bucking.

He pulled harder, searching for that sound again, so bright, so free of the constant heaviness Sam carried around. It came again, along with the sharp movements of Sam's hips, Sam's fingers going white as he gripped the sheets.

He reached out, twined their fingers together.

"Condom," whispered Sam hoarsely, fingers squeezing his. He moaned, nodded, still sucking, fingers scrabbling to find one.

"Fuck. Hurry." Sam's hips started moving, pushing the fat cock deeper.

He lifted his head, licking. "Damn it. Where are they?"

Sam's hands started searching, rolling blindly through the sheets. That cock was hard and red, shining with his spit.

"So fucking fine. Damn." He nuzzled, open-mouthed.

"Shit. Where the fuck did they go?" Sam growled, half sitting and getting his eyes involved in the search.

They found them at the same time, Chance's fingers clumsy with need, rolling it down over Sam's heat, mouth following immediately. Sam shouted, hips shoving up that cock up into his mouth. He took Sam deep, forcing himself to relax, to take it all.

Sam humped several times and then shouted again, cock burying deep in his throat as it pulsed and filled the condom. He let Sam's prick slide free, slowly nuzzling the flat belly, kissing and licking.

Sam moaned, hand stroking his head. "Damn, Chance. That was... damn."

"Uh-huh. Damn." He grinned, chuckling a little.

Sam grunted, hand sliding along his skin. "This waking up with someone thing? You might have a point."

"You think?" He felt good. Lazy. Horny. Easy.

"I do. With what part of my brain didn't get sucked out of my cock."

"There's some left? Shit. I'll have to try harder next time."

Sam chuckled, the sound light and easy. He grinned, worked his way up Sam's body. Sam's mouth was there to meet him, tongue teasing past his lips.

Oh. Nice.

He cuddled closer, opening up. Hey, soldier. Sam kissed him long and slow, hands starting to wander over his body, almost idly. He hummed low, wiggling, hips rocking, desire a low burn. Sam's hand finally found its way to his cock, wrapping around it and tugging as the kisses continued.

"Mmm..." He rocked, pushing into the strong, warm hand, toes curling right up.

"What do you want?" Sam asked him, thumb pressing against the head of his cock.

"Uhn..." He moved harder, humping a little faster.

"I love a hard dick in my hand."

"You... You know right what to... Oh... To do with one."

Sam's hand just kept moving, working him. "Got one of my own, don't I?" Sam gave him a wink.

"Oh, yeah. Fine one. Nice and thick..." God, he just lost the mouth to brain connection.

"You seemed to be enjoying it earlier."

"Fuck, yes. Still feel you." He moaned, biting his lip as he humped.

Sam's mouth latched onto his shoulder. That was all he needed, coming with a cry, jerking into Sam's hand. Sam hummed around his skin, lips backing off, tongue sliding on his skin a moment longer.

Oh. Oh, that was. Just fine.

Sam's arms went back around him, slightly awkwardly. "Not used to this part," Sam murmured gruffly. "Not saying I don't like it."

He leaned in, took a soft kiss. "A man ought to be able to have this part, too."

Sam nodded. "Yeah."

He found a comfortable spot on Sam's shoulder, relaxing down.

Yeah.

Sam couldn't remember a better Sunday.

They'd jacked each other off one more time before the shakes had Chance out of bed and making a quick breakfast. Then they'd showered together, soaping each other up, learning the lines of each other. The laziness of it, the unhurried rush, was a novelty, something he'd never had a chance to indulge in and Sam was liking it just fine.

Now they were out fishing again, lying under the sun, Chance's head resting on his thigh. Not for much longer though, because his knee was freezing up between not having done the morning's PT and keeping it still so he wouldn't disturb Chance. He held on as long as he could but finally just

couldn't take it anymore and he grimaced, shifting and trying to catch Chance's head with his hand as he moved. "Sorry."

"You okay?" Chance rolled up, fingers moving to his knee to rub. One thing about this cowboy, Chance wasn't shy about touching.

"It just stiffened up on me -- it's aching pretty good. I missed out on my regular PT this morning." He groaned. "Damn, that feels nice."

"Yeah?" Chance kept working it, rubbing it, making him feel just fine, thank you. Oh, he could get used to this, to having someone warm and fine and making him feel good. Those fingers slid and stroked, free hand petting his thigh.

He sighed happily. "Feels better now," he finally admitted, loath to lose the sensation of those fingers on his skin. It was just such a rare thing, to be touched like this by another human being and he was soaking it all up.

"Want me to stop?" Chance's eyes were shining, warm.

"Not really," he admitted, smiling at Chance. He reached out, fingers trailing through the golden hair, hoping that was all right. He wasn't used to this being able to touch just to touch thing.

He liked it.

"Oh, good." Chance's touches kept going, getting a little firmer as Chance leaned into his touch.

His prick was interested without being desperate and he was in the mood to linger, to enjoy the luxury of time, of not having to go hard and fast as long as he could until it was over. He traced the shape of Chance's head then moved his fingers over, fingertips sliding on the smooth cheeks.

A soft moan sounded. "You got yourself some fine hands, Mr. Sam."

"Yours are pretty damned fine yourself, Chance."

He slid his fingers along Chance's neck, circling the edge of the t-shirt Chance wore. Chance swallowed, chuckled a little, skin pinking. Those fingers pressed a little harder and he grinned. Someone was sensitive there. He teased back behind one ear and then down across Chance's Adam's apple.

"Mmm..." There was a tiny line of gold hairs that Chance had missed in shaving, tickling his fingertips, shining in the sunlight.

He leaned forward suddenly, giving in to the urge to lick at the spot with his tongue.

"Oh." Chance lifted that pointed chin, giving him more skin.

He made a soft noise, licking and nuzzling the warm skin, finding Chance's pulse point and pressing his tongue against it. Chance's hand cupped his cock, thumb sliding along his shaft. He groaned, teeth sinking into Chance's skin as he jerked just a little.

Chance gasped, sliding over to straddle his thighs, giving up any pretense of not wanting. "This okay?"

He nodded, throat tight with the need that rolled over him. He slid his hands down to cup Chance's ass, tugged him a little closer.

"Long as no one's gonna come up this far in." Old habits died hard and being careful about where you fucked was one of his oldest.

"No one should. Gate's locked." Chance rubbed against his belly, hard and hot through the cut-off jeans.

"Then we're good." He found Chance's mouth, took a long kiss. Chance met him half-way, one hand cupping the back of his head and holding on, holding them together. He rubbed Chance against him, hands tilting that sweet ass as the kiss deepened. Chance moved nice and easy, rocking and sliding, the scent of need growing stronger.

He slid his fingers around Chance's waistband until he found the button up front and popped it open.

"Good idea." Fingers slid down his belly, returning the favor.

He moaned as Chance's fingers teased over his flesh, his own fumbling just a little as he carefully worked down Chance's zipper. Then his hand was full of hot, hard cock and he squeezed, ran his fingers through the wet come at the tip.

"Oh. Your fucking hands." Chance groaned, fingers fishing his cock out, petting.

Seemed Chance had a bit of a thing for his hands. He couldn't think of a single reason why that could be a bad thing. So he just took advantage of it, fingers sliding, spreading that liquid down over Chance's prick to make it slick, all the while groaning as Chance's fingers played over his own skin.

Chance pushed into his touch, hips moving with his rhythm. He moaned, stroking that fine prick, feeling it hot and hard along his palm. So hot.

"Shit. You make me hard as stone." Chance sucked in his bottom lip, pulling at it. He nodded, groaned, tugged harder. Him, too.

Soft puffs of air pushed into his mouth, Chance's hand answering his, pulling and driving them faster. His own hips were pushing up into Chance's hand, little groans pulled from him.

"Soon." Chance moaned, bucking for him.

He nodded. Yeah, he could do soon. He could do real soon. He tugged harder, thumb sliding across the slick tip of Chance's cock.

Heat sprayed over his hand, Chance's fingers going tight. "Yes!"

He shuddered, hips pushing into Chances hand for a half dozen strokes and then coming himself.

"Oh, fuck. That... that's good." Chance rested their foreheads together, panting. Damn good.

He licked at Chance's lips, not really trying to make it a kiss, just enjoying the heat and taste of the man. He was still holding Chance's cock. Didn't really want to let go. Chance didn't look worried by that either, just relaxed and smiling and close.

"I hope I remember not to jump you in the store," he teased.

"I'll wear a sign. No Jumping."

He laughed, just tickled. "And what will you tell people when they ask?"

Chance thought for a bit. "That I'm getting on in years and need to save my joints?"

He laughed some more, feeling good, feeling better than he had in years.

"Mmm... that? Is a great sound." Chance winked, settling in.

He shook his head, laughter fading slowly, arms settling around Chance. "You bring it out in me. Make me feel young."

Chance's hands slid over his face, petting. "It's been a long time since I been at peace like this."

"I thought you were happy on your own?" He just didn't want to cramp the man's style.

"I wasn't unhappy, but..." Chance shrugged. "There's a difference between laughing when you wake up and not crying."

"Yeah." He nodded. He could understand that.

He got another kiss, slow and deep, just stealing his breath right away. He closed his eyes and fought his shudder. Oh, fuck, those hands were sure, warm, sliding over his face, the kiss never ending. He whimpered softly, his own hands finding Chance's waist and just holding on.

He'd never been... whatever this was. Loved. Felt. Held. Adored. Whatever. He just didn't want it to stop. He held on tight and kissed back, got lost in the sensations. Chance sucked on his tongue, rocking nice and slow and steady.

He leaned back slowly until he was lying on the ground, taking Chance down with him -- thank god for sit-ups. Oh, Chance fit perfectly, legs and body cuddling into him. He couldn't remember anything ever feeling so good and he held on tight, kissing, tasting.

Chance straddled his waist, fingers on his chest, touching and learning, petting him. He bucked up, cock sliding along Chance's ass, shivering and whimpering beneath the touches, feeling almost undone by them.

"Mmm..." Chance started moving, hips sliding against him.

"Fuck. Good." He was still whimpering, moving into Chance's touches.

"Yeah. Yeah, Sam. Could touch you for days."

"Well I won't stop you." Not for a minute.

"Oh, good." Chance smiled for him, the expression reaching the blue eyes.

He smiled back, hands cupping Chance's face. "Thank you," he murmured before taking another kiss. Chance purred, undulating against him, tongue sliding against his, slow and easy.

He slid his hands into Chance's hair, holding them together. He began to think they might just do this forever -- touch and kiss. He wasn't complaining, even if his knee was starting up again. Some things were worth a little pain.

"You want to head home, Mr. Sam. Get in the cold air? Soak in the tub?" Chance's eyes danced. "Fuck like bunnies on a soft bed?"

"Hell, yes. They all sound good, but that last one? I think needs to be marked top priority."

"I'm so there." Chance levered himself up. "So there."

He bit back his groan as he got up himself and swore he wouldn't miss PT again. Even if it was damned hard to even think of getting out of bed with a warm body next to him.

Chance didn't say a word, just moseyed some, giving him something to focus on, to follow.

And follow he did, grabbing his pole and heading home.

Chance tallied up the till, eyes following Sam around, admiring. Damn, the man was distracting. He counted the receipts one more time, grinning as he finally came up with two totals that matched.

"You about ready to head out, Mr. Sam?"

Sam wandered back over to the cash and gave him a warm smile. "I am."

He met that smile with one of his own, a wide grin that just wouldn't stop. "Me too."

"Gotta admit, I've been ready since we got here. And you know I'm not a shirker."

"Not even a little." He nodded, locked the deposit up. "Been a long day."

Sam nodded, those blue eyes so much lighter than when he'd first arrived. "It has." They were hotter, too, looking him up and down openly now that they were alone.

He stretched, the look almost like a touch, prick filling right on up. That look could make a man reckless.

Sam's gaze lingered at his crotch. "You think the groceries can wait another day?"

"We'll stop at the Dairy Dart on the way for burgers." One of his hands dropped, thumb hooking in his waistband, fingers cupping his cock.

"Jesus fuck, Chance. That sure ain't a 'no jumping' sign." Sam's voice was gruff, the man's eyes glued to his waist.

He took a step closer, groaning low. "Get in the truck, Mr. Sam, before I jump your fine fucking ass."

Those blue eyes met his for a moment, so hot. Then Sam turned his tail and walked out without looking back. He watched that ass all the way, hotter than fuck. Sam climbed into the truck, looked like he was talking to himself, arm hanging out the window, fingers drumming against the door.

He slid into the driver's seat, started the car, fingers brushing against Sam's thigh. Sam made a noise, the hand in his lap fisting.

"I want you." He started driving, cock hard as marble.

"Hell yes." Sam shook his head. "I'm too old to be acting like a horny teenager on his first crush."

"You're not that old, Mr. Sam. We're not that old."

"I sure don't feel old right now." Sam turned to him, grinned. "You make me young, Chance."

He beamed, fingers stroking the muscled thigh. "Good. I could spend a long time learning you, sir."

Sam made another of those little pleased noises that were a bit groan, a bit grunt, a bit whimper.

"I've got nowhere to be."

"Yeah you do. I got an appointment for you, naked, stretched out in the bed."

This time the noise was all whimper, Sam's hand settling on his, pressing his palm flat against one muscled thigh.

"We could go straight home. Get food later." He wanted. Now.

"Yes, sir. That works for me." Sam nodded, hand tight on his.

"Good." He made a beeline for home, chewing on his bottom lip, bouncing a little with wanting.

Sam grinned. "Not too fast -- your neighbors are going to wonder what burr you've got under your saddle."

He chuckled, nodded. "I got myself a good-sized burr, I reckon."

Sam laughed. "Yeah, last I checked it was."

"I'm thinkin' we need to check closer..."

Sam nodded and groaned. "Up close and personal like."

"Mm-hmm. Fingers and eyes and tongue..." He pulled into the driveway, body thrumming.

Sam didn't say another word and as soon as the truck stopped the man got out, heading for the house like the hounds of hell were after him. Which, given the pups, wasn't completely unthinkable...

He chuckled and ran after, wanting to touch.

Sam was already in his bedroom, sitting on the bed and bending to take off his work boots. Those blue eyes glanced up at him as he came in, Sam's fingers fumbling suddenly with his laces.

He grinned, leaning down to take a long, slow kiss, unable to resist. Sam's moan pushed into his mouth, those fingers abandoning the boots in favor of touching him, hands wrapping around his waist.

He knelt down, the kiss never breaking, ending between Sam's legs. Sam pressed close, cock hard against his abdomen, kiss going from needy to even needier, the hands holding him going hard. He bowed into it, opening wide, giving it right up.

Sam filled his mouth with needy noises, hands suddenly working at his shirt, tugging it out of his jeans. His hands were doing the same, fumbling over buttons, needing skin. Sam groaned as they found it at the same time, fingers going straight for his nipples, tugging on them.

His cry was short, sharp, pushed right into Sam's mouth.

A shiver went through Sam. "Need you, Chance. Now."

"Fuck, yes." He stood, shaking, stripping himself to skin.

Sam did the same, getting out the bottle of slick and the condoms before climbing onto the bed, blue eyes hot on him like they had been all day long.

"How do you want me, Mr. Sam?" His hand was on his cock, moving nice and slow.

"You wanna ride me?"

If Sam didn't see the shudder that rocked him, the man was blind. "Uh-huh."

Sam nodded and groaned, fixed the pillows and sat back against them, legs spread, cock hard and dripping as Sam slid on one of the condoms.

He crawled up along Sam's body, thighs settling on either side of those fine hips. "You gonna get me slick?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

Sam got his fingers wet with lube and reached around Chance. He stretched up, spread, gave Sam everything he had. Sam moaned, a finger sliding into him and then another and another in quick succession, all three twisting and stretching him.

"Oh. Oh, Christ. Yes." He gasped, eyes wide, balls aching.

"That enough?" Sam asked him after only a moment.

"Uh-huh. Need." Chance nodded, needing it.

"Yeah, a lot." Sam's fingers slid away, wrapped around his prick to line it up with Chance's hole.

He pushed down, entire body rippling as he stretched. Sam groaned, hands finding his hips, fingers wrapping around them.

"s good. Been needing all day." Chance shuddered, needing to move.

"Yeah." Sam's voice was harsh, thick with need and those hands encouraged him up off Sam's cock and then back down onto it, both of them moaning.

"Oh. Fuck. Again." He reached down, fingers finding Sam's nipples. Sam jerked and then did it again, hips pushing harder.

Nodding, he started moving, panting and shifting until Sam's cock slid past his gland, made him gasp. Sam sped the thrusts quickly, moving faster and faster until they were fucking hard. He grabbed his cock, started pumping in time with the thrusts.

Sam's mouth pushed against his, the kiss sloppy and unfocussed, tongue sliding along his lips as the thrusts continued. He grunted low, body clenching as he fell over the edge, shaking. Sam groaned, hands tightening, cock slamming into him and pulsing inside the condom.

"Sweet." He leaned down, panting softly.

Sam's fingers fell away as he leaned back against the pillows, nodding. "I've been wanting to do that all day long."

"Yeah. Couldn't keep my eyes off you."

"Made it hard to work." Sam chuckled suddenly. "Hard was definitely the operative word."

Chance chuckled, shivered, feeling a little dizzy as the sweat dried on him.

"Cold?" Sam asked, pulling up the edge of he covers and getting him half covered.

"Y...yeah." He nodded, taking a deep breath, closing his eyes. Man.

Sam slid out of him and tied off the condom, tossing it into the little wicker garbage basket in the corner. Then those warm hands were sliding on his skin, petting him.

"Mmm..." He tried to breathe in, his chest feeling heavy, the blanket weighing him down. Oh. Come on, Chance. Come on. Focus. Juice. In the...

Where did he put it...

"I can't decide if I'd rather eat or nap," murmured Sam, voice far away. "Well, I'd rather nap and screw some more, but I'm hungry." Sam's chest moved beneath his head as the man chuckled.

He nodded, or tried to, eyes searching for Sam's, tremors coming harder, heart pounding in his chest.

"Hey! Chance?" Sam's hand cupped his face, turned his eyes up to meet the bright blue of Sam's. "You okay?"

Oh, thank God. He shook his head, mouth moving, trying to explain, trying to get Sam to give him the fucking juice.

"Fuck, it's the diabetes, isn't it?" Sam pushed him off and got up, leaving him on the bed as he left.

Shit.

He just closed his eyes a second, letting the room spin for a bit until he could focus again.

Sam's arm was suddenly under his back, solid and warm, pulling him up to sit, a glass pressed against his lips. He opened, choking a little as the liquid poured down his throat, his body confused.

"Fuck. Come on, Chance. I'm pissing in the wind here, hoping this is what you need." Sam kept on pouring the juice in, almost faster than he could swallow.

It didn't take five or six good swallows before he felt like he could focus, finishing the rest eagerly. "Oh. Oh, I needed that."

"Thank god. I wasn't sure it was the right thing."

It hit him suddenly what had happened and his cheeks flared. "Oh. Oh, God. Sam. I. I'm sorry, man. I."

Sam shook his head. "I forgot you needed to eat more than I needed to fuck you. I'm just glad I had it right."

"No. I got busy today and didn't have my three o'clock snack and... God, I'm sorry." He stood up, knees wobbling and weak. "I need a sandwich."

Sam stood with him, arm around his waist, supporting him. "I can make it. You can just sit."

"I'm not broke. I'll do it." He was shaking hard -- embarrassed and pissed and about to cry and it wasn't *him*, damn it, it wasn't. It was the sugars and he wasn't going to make a fool of himself in front of the finest thing that had crossed his path in forever.

"I can make a fucking sandwich, Chance." Sam pushed him into a chair and pulled out the bread.

He was going to scream. He was. Or throw something. Or scream. Fuck.

Sam buttered the bread and opened the fridge. "There's a couple slices of ham left. That okay?"

He nodded, fingers twining together. Yeah. Yeah, that would work.

Sam put the sandwich down in front of him, poured him another glass of juice and sat down across from him. "You gonna be okay?"

He nodded, eating, tremors slowly fading as his sugars settled. "God, I hate that."

Sam nodded. "It's a little scary."

"Yeah. I guess I should have warned you."

Sam grinned wryly. "No sex unless you've had food. Consider me warned."

He blushed again, stood. "I think I'm going to take a quick shower. I'm all sweaty."

"Want company?"

"It depends on if you're coming in because you want my bod or if you're worried about me falling and hitting my head." He winked.

Sam chuckled. "I can't promise I'm not worried about you falling and hitting your head, but to be honest I was more trying to cop myself some more feels."

"Oh. He grinned, feeling a little more human. "In that case, I'd love some company."

Sam answered his grin with a smile, the worry leaving those blue eyes. "Good."

He twined their fingers together, tugged Sam toward the shower and round two.

They'd showered and gone to hit the Dairy Dart for some take out, putting the groceries off for another night.

Now they were in bed with a couple of books, Chance's a murder mystery, his a horror novel that wasn't terribly horrific, Chance snuggled up against him, nice and warm. It was getting late, nearly gone ten, but he was still keyed up from the evening's events, couldn't settle. Which might explain why the book just wasn't holding his attention.

Chance hummed a little, cheek rubbing his shoulder, turning a page. Which made his cock jerk and wasn't that just how the whole evening had started -- with him acting like a horny teenager.

Chance looked up at him, grinned. "You okay, Mr. Sam?"

He smiled back and nodded. "Just... well it was an exciting evening. The kind of excitement you don't necessarily want a repeat of."

"I'm sorry. It's going to happen. Part and parcel of the whole diabetes thing."

He nodded. "Maybe you should tell me what all to expect so I know what to do. It wouldn't have freaked me as much if I'd known for sure I was doing the right thing to help you."

Chance looked at him, then nodded. "Yeah. Okay. If my sugars drop? I get sweaty, shaky. Real aggressive. There's juice in the fridge, in the bedside table. If it's too bad to drink? There's a glucagon injector in the bathroom in a red case."

"A glucagon injector? That's like a needle all set up and ready to go? Like what folks allergic to bee stings have?" Damn, it was complicated. And serious enough Chance could die if he screwed up. He was only just realizing that.

Chance nodded. "Yep. Just screw the needle on and stick it in me."

"Okay." And it was. He could handle that. Every day he'd seen action other men had depended on him to do the right thing and keep them alive. Just like he'd depended on them. "Is there anything else?"

"Remember that if I get nasty all of a sudden, for no good reason? My sugars are dropping and a peanut butter sandwich will get me back to making sense."

"We're out," he noted. "But I'll make sure to buy the extra large pot."

"You wigged out?" Chance's hands pet his belly, stroking.

He considered the question carefully. Truth was not much actually wigged him out. He'd spent his life working in an environment where you learned to expect the unexpected and get through it with your life, the life of your buddies and a victory all under your belt.

"No. Just realizing how serious diabetes is. You make it seem... well like allergies or something easy."

"I... I don't think about it, it pisses me off. I mean, the three things I wanted to do when I grew up? I can't do any of them, so I don't think on it."

"Three?" he knew about the army thing.

"Yeah. I tried to go to flight school and... truck driver school, believe it or not. Can't do either."

"Damn. That sucks." He pet Chance, not sure what to say. He didn't figure anything he did say could make a difference.

"It's okay. I'm happy. I can't imagine not having my critters now, not being able to go for a long ride, go fishing."

"I guess things happen for a reason. At least that's what I tell myself when nothing seems to make sense."

"Yep. And I take good care of myself. Gotta keep the old pecker hard, you know."

He blinked, that being totally unexpected. "Sex is good for diabetics?"

"Diabetes is the top cause of impotence."

"Oh." Jesus, wasn't that a nice sentence to be hanging over a man's head. "I guess you're well motivated."

"Yeah. Makes me sort of a shitty long-term risk, but short-term? I'm good to go." Those blue eyes flashed up at him, then down again.

He pet Chance. "You're not the only one who's not the best long-term risk. Not by far."

"I'm thinking I'd risk some for you, Mr. Sam."

Warmth flooded in his belly. Chance had a way of making him feel good with just a few words. "I think I know that feeling."

Chance's hand landed on his belly. "That's good to hear, sir. Real good."

"Yeah? Good." He slid his hand on Chance's. It felt good, this man touching him. And he was getting used to it.

Warm, soft lips found his nipple, pulling nice and steady, tongue sliding over the tip. Oh, time for talking was done. He lay back on the pillows, hand sliding through Chance's hair, holding that warm mouth against his nipple.

Chance groaned, hand sliding down to find his cock. He pushed his hips up into that hand, his cock hard and needing just like that.

"Mmm... all for me." Chance grinned, leaned down to lick, to nuzzle.

"Hell, yes." He whimpered and bucked, tongue sliding out to wet his lips.

A soft puff of air ghosted over the tip of his cock, then those lips wrapped around his prick. He shouted, hips bucking, pushing his cock a little deeper before he got control and made himself be still, hands petting Chance's hair. Chance smiled around his cock, tongue sliding against the slit.

He shuddered, body tightening. "Good," he managed to mutter, trying to catch his breath.

That hot mouth took more of him in, sinking down farther. He found Chance's shoulders and held on, fingers digging in as the pleasure shot through his cock. A low hum sounded, Chance swallowing, hips sliding on the sheets. He panted, lying there like a fish out of water, fingers loosening their hold enough he could pat Chance. Chance nuzzled his belly, his hip.

"You make an old man feel good, Chance."

"Yeah, you make an old man feel fine as frog hair spilt four ways."

He chuckled. "Bring that sweet talking mouth up here for a kiss."

Chance slid back up his body, cock hot and heavy against his thigh. He moaned into Chance's mouth, hand sliding down to finger Chance's cock. That heavy cock jerked, pushed into his hand, Chance moaning low.

"You want to do me?" He asked, palm sliding against Chance's prick.

"Oh. Oh, shit." Chance bucked, nodding, hips driving into his hand. "Okay."

He kept stroking Chance's cock, stretching to reach the side table and pull the slick and a condom from its drawer.

Chance groaned, hips still moving. "How do you want to do this?"

"However you want." He'd never done it before, never been taken and so he didn't know what he liked, or even if he would like it.

Chance settled beside him, slick fingers tickling his balls, sliding behind to circle his hole. "Been a while?"

"It's never been," he admitted, looking Chance in the eyes as he spread his legs, letting the man know it was his decision, he wanted it.

"Never? I'll have to make it good." Chance smiled, the tip of one finger slipping in.

He would have answered about how he had no doubt that Chance would, but Chance had stolen his breath, that finger feeling strange, but good. Chance's tongue slid over his balls, that finger sliding, rocking in a gentle motion. He moaned, spreading his legs a little wider.

Chance didn't hurry, fucking treated him like he was something else, something special. Felt good, the care even more than those fingers inside him. Or at least it did until those fingers made something inside him that had him bucking, shouting.

"Oh, you like that." Chance purred, lips sliding along his cock as those fingers pushed in again.

"Fuck! Chance!" He bucked again, shivering at the sensation of lightning inside him.

"Yeah, you tell me when you're ready for it to be me."

"I am." He was. Wanting to give this to Chance, to share this with the only man he'd ever woken up with.

"Oh, good. Gonna make it good, Mr. Sam. I swear it."

He nodded. "I know you will." Chance had never made him feel anything but good, right from the very first.

Chance moved between his legs, pushing against his hole, spreading him so slowly. Oh, fuck, it burned, not harsh or horrible, but it still made him stiffen up.

"Breathe." Chance stopped, leaned down to kiss him.

He moaned into the kiss, breath returning with the sound and he made himself relax, ignore the pain. Chance moved in slow, gentle thrusts, carefully filling him, making him need. The burn faded, leaving behind an ache and a feeling that was unlike anything he'd ever felt. It made him shiver and he cried out as it got bigger.

"Yeah. Yeah, Sam. Feels so good." Chance's eyes were hot, aroused, watching him.

"It does." He nodded, hand reaching out to touch Chance's cheek. Chance turned, dropped a soft kiss on his palm, hips moving slow and easy.

He moaned, hips starting to meet Chance's thrusts, needing more. Chance gave it to him, motions sure and strong, pressing into him. His eyes rolled as Chance's cock slid over that spot inside him, sparking fire in him again. His cock was taken in a hard hand, calluses rubbing him, pulling in time with the strokes inside him.

"Chance!" He reached out and held onto Chance's shoulders, body feeling like it was going to shake apart as he came hard.

Chance moved above him, panting hard, hips driving into him over and over. He just held on, each movement making sweet shocks slide up his spine.

"Oh, yeah..." Chance purred, going stiff and still above him. He could feel Chance's prick throb inside him, filling the condom. He swallowed, fingers sliding through Chance's hair. "Oh. Oh, you're fine, Sam. So fine."

He shivered, bringing Chance down for a kiss. "You're not so bad yourself, Chance."

Chance eased out of him, tossing the rubber before cuddling close. He was undone, like he was so often by Chance, by the care and passion the man showed him. He pressed close to Chance, pushing into the warmth.

"Mmm... Feels good, Sam. Feels real good."

"Feels just about better than anything I can remember, Chance." He put his arms around Chance and held on. Would hold on all through the night and wake up next to this man.

He was growing used to it. Maybe growing to need it.

He thought maybe that would be okay.

End

End of the Line

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