



Life As A Front Porch

A Torquere Press Single Shot by Sean Michael

Josh rocked slowly, chair creaking wood on wood, the sound so familiar he almost didn't hear it.

The early evening light left long shadows across the lawn, a light breeze rustled the big maple that shaded the porch. It wasn't cold yet, by any definition, but he wore a heavy cable sweater. He felt the cold more as he got older, felt it enough he was starting to seriously consider Randy's suggestion that they move to warmer climes.

Well. He had the occasional thought about it. Thing was, he loved their home, loved living in this neighborhood where they knew everyone, where they had lived and loved and fought and worked to be accepted by the community as a couple.

The thought of not watching the old maple that graced their lawn changing with each season, of not watching the kids growing from toddlers to teenagers and moving away, bringing back kids of their own, well that made him sad.

"Hey Mr. Keller," called out Robby Winston as his skateboard rumbled noisily along the sidewalk.

"Evening, Robby," he called back, smiling.

It was a good neighborhood.

Warm hands fell on his shoulders, the soft brush of mustache on his cheek familiar and welcome. "Hey, Mr. Keller." The drawl was soft, muted, Randy's deep rumble still thrilling him.

He chuckled, the sound husky, wanton -- Lord, he was nothing but an old hound dog. "Evening, Mr. Preston." He reached up and stroked the back of Randy's hand.

"How was your day, babe? All good?"

"Yeah, I did all right. Volunteered to help out with that Habitat house down on Lester this weekend. They've got that one to finish before the bad weather sets in and another not even started besides." He smiled up at Randy. "Said I'd ask you. It'll be a few weekends in a row, but we could make eyes at each other across the roof."

"Sounds like a plan. Weather's supposed to be nice and I like watching you work." Blue eyes too pretty to be a guy's twinkled down at him, that black hair -- okay, black with a liberal shot of silver, but who noticed with those eyes -- falling into Randy's face. His lover needed a haircut.

He reached up and pushed it back off Randy's face, humming happily at the softness of the black strands. "How about you, how was your day?"

"It was good. Mariposa Arredondo? Had her baby last night. Her husband came by to tell me she wouldn't be in class." Randy grinned. "A little girl." Randy loved his ESL students, got involved with all of their stories, their lives.

"And when are we going to see her?" he asked, voice fond.

Randy's cheeks went pink, but that grin? Classic. "I told Jorge we'd bring them supper on Monday evening. She'll be home by then and no one'll be up to cooking."

"Excellent. We'll have to plan a menu we can move easily."

One of the things he and Randy did together was cook. Randy was more of a dessert man, but they did it all together; cooking together was like making love.

"I was thinking lasagna in one of those throw away pans, then they wouldn't have to worry on doing dishes." Randy's hands started rubbing his shoulders, massaging.

"We could make two and they could freeze the second." He leaned back in his chair, eyes closing. Randy's hands were like magic. Always had been.

"Mmm. Or we could make it Sunday night, eat one and give them the other." Randy loved lasagna.

He chuckled. "We could."

"Love that sound, babe. Always have."

He smiled, gazing up into those eyes he'd fallen in love with from the start. "Yeah? You want to go in and show me just how much?"

"You know it." Those eyes got a little darker, a little warmer.

He got up, noting idly that it was just a little harder to get out of a chair these days.

"Come on, old man. Let me cure all your ills." Randy held out one hand to him, his lover still a beanpole -- long and tall and lean.

He took Randy's hand and stepped up close so their bodies brushed. "I do like the sound of that."

Randy leaned down, tilted his face up. "Fuck, you're still the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

He just melted, pressing close, mouth waiting for Randy's kiss. "And you still make me feel like the center of the universe."

"You are, babe. You are." Randy took his mouth, tongue pushing deep.

He opened wide, one hand finding Randy's waist, the other reaching for his shoulder. Damn, Randy could make him hard and needy just like that. After all these years. He was either easy as hell or still in love. Or both.

Randy's hand was warm and solid on the back of his head and his lover tasted like the spearmint candies that were in a bowl by the front door.

"We need to go in," he murmured, shivering, though not from cold.

"Mm-hmm. I need you." There was nothing like that smoke-and-whiskey voice wanting him. He nodded and managed to peel himself away from Randy long enough to get inside, but as soon as that door closed he pressed back up close, mouth searching greedily for his lover's. Randy chuckled, the kisses brief and sweet, teasing, those long fingers working his sweater off, his t-shirt. "Wanton."

"Yours, babe. Always yours." He shivered, moaned as Randy's fingers slid along his skin. More than thirty years together and Randy made him feel beautiful, desired, beloved. All he could do was hold on and hope that he made Randy feel the same.

His fingers shook slightly as he undid the buttons on Randy's shirt, just like they had that first time, just like they always did when Randy made him eager and needy. Randy's fingers weren't helping, tweaking his nipples, petting his belly, generally driving him mad.

"Randy..." His voice was rough, dragging like sandpaper over wood. "Please."

"Anything." Randy slid to his knees, fingers working Josh's jeans open, mouth so hot.

Josh gasped softly, fingers going to Randy's hair which suddenly didn't seem too long, but just long enough to wrap his hands in.

"Love you." That tongue slid over his belly, cock bumping Randy's chin as it was freed.

"Oh, Randy. I love you. So much." He stroked Randy's face, fingers tracing the beloved features, pleasure filling him.

"Good." Soft lips parted, took him into that perfect heat.

He made a sound, soft and needy, legs shaking until he locked his knees. Randy sucked, head bobbing nice and slow, lips trailing over his prick, hands on his thighs. It was so damned hot -- always was -- and it made him feel so damned good and it wasn't long before he was whimpering, shaking with the need to push into Randy's mouth. He never did though, not until Randy indicated he was ready.

Randy took him all the way in, swallowing, throat working around his prick, so sweet. He shivered, moaned and his hands tightened in Randy's hair. "Oh... please."

Those pretty eyes shone up at him, Randy nodding.

"Love you," he whispered, hips starting to move, to push and pull his cock in and out of those tight lips.

Randy moaned, nodded, love evident, beautiful. He moved faster, the pleasure making his balls draw up and he was going to come soon, now, he was coming, pouring his pleasure and his need and his love into Randy.

Randy cleaned him, cheek resting against his belly. "Love."

"Oh, God, love, yes. Love you. So very much." Randy nodded, hair so soft against his skin. His fingers let Randy's hair go, moved over the beloved features again. "Now what do you want?"

"You. Forever." Randy licked and nibbled on his fingers.

He shivered and bent to bring their mouths together, licking the taste of himself from Randy's mouth.

"Mmm..." Randy stood, cock hard in the old jeans, thick and heavy.

He reached over, fingers stroking Randy through his jeans. "Take me to bed, Randy? Love me?"

"Mmm... yes, babe." Randy's hips pushed into the touch. "Yes."

God, his lover was still the most handsome man he'd ever seen. The silver in his hair, the wrinkles, they just enhanced his Randy.

Randy smiled, leading him down the hall and into the huge, light-filled bedroom. He'd built it himself, put the skylights in. It was everything he wanted in a room. It would have been empty without Randy though. He turned to his lover, finally managing to get that stubborn shirt off.

"Mmm..." Randy's hands were on his ass, his hips, his belly. "Sexy old man."

"M younger than you," he pointed out, not really paying that much attention to their conversation.

"Uh-huh. You are." Randy licked his shoulder, mustache tickling.

He laughed, hands sliding over Randy's skin. "God, I love you."

"Good. I'd hate to think you slept with me for thirty four years because you disliked me." Still laughing, he pushed Randy down onto the bed, covering the long, lean body with his own.

"Mmm... so hot, babe." Randy stretched beneath him, legs spreading.

He wriggled. "Me?"

"No, my other lover." He got goosed.

Laughing, he rolled away and moved up the bed, grabbing the lube off their side table. Randy rolled, too, teeth sliding against his skin. He shivered and shifted, curling against Randy's warmth. His lover shifted, spooning up behind him, rubbing, riding nice and slow.

"Oh... Oh, Randy." He passed the lube back, hands lingering against Randy's skin.

"Yeah. Warm." Randy opened the lube, slick fingers sliding inside him, so good. He moved one leg forward, giving Randy more room, breath starting to grow short.

"Oh, babe... You're so fine." Randy's lips brushed his shoulder.

He shivered, warmth moving through him, cock struggling to come back to life. Oh, what his lover did to him. Randy's touch was slow, sweet, the motions building his want slowly. Such patience in his own need, but that was his Randy, always making him fly.

"So hot inside, like silk." Soft words filled the air, just like the soft touch inside him.

"Only you," he whispered. Only Randy had ever touched him there. Only Randy.

"Yeah, babe. Only me. Only good, yeah? Even the first time."

"Oh God, yes. Yes." Oh, the first time had been... scary and wonderful and everything he'd ever imagined it could be, Randy so sweet, so patient, so damned hot.

. . . .

Josh took a breath as Randy unlocked the door to his apartment. The date had been wonderful, just like the three before it; the two of them liked the same things, enjoyed each other's company and the heat between them was like nothing he'd ever felt.

And Randy had invited Josh up to his place. His cock had been hard ever since. He wasn't nervous. Well, he was, but he wasn't scared -- the man behind those amazing, warm blue eyes would never hurt him.

Randy's place was in the middle of town, one of four apartments in a converted house, little but not generic. "Come on in."

The place was clean, simple, decorated in a zillion different shades of blue. Very groovy.

It was comfortable and nice looking, felt good. He might have wandered and checked how it was built, the quality of the walls, but Randy's long, lean body drew his gaze like a flame drew the moth.

"Have a se..." Randy's eyes met his and the deep voice trailed off. His jaw was taken in one hand; his head tilted. "I want to kiss you."

"Please. Yes." He nodded. Yes. His mouth opened automatically as he gazed up into Randy's eyes.

Randy tasted like the coffee they'd had after dinner, sweet and creamy and rich. So hot, so right, Randy didn't tease, just kissed him. His hands reached for Randy's shoulders, fingers brushing the shoulder length hair as he held on, eyes closing as he lost himself in the kiss. Randy held him, head and waist, supported him and let him melt.

And melt he did, just relaxing into Randy's body. He was boneless. Well. Except for one part of him. It felt like Randy felt the same way, prick a hot pressure against his belly.

The kisses continued, one after another, making him moan and kind of shake a little with wanting so badly. He sure hoped they were going to do more than kiss, he wanted to be naked with Randy, to see that long body for himself.

"Would... would you like to see my bed, Josh?" Those beautiful eyes stared into his, so earnest, so fine.

That look made him bold. "Yes. I want to see it. And you. I really want to see you."

"Oh, I know that feeling." Randy's hand slid over his spine. "I've wanted you since I saw you."

"Me? Yeah? You make me feel sexy." Not awkward and gawky and coltish, but sexy and lovely and wanted.

"You're beautiful." Randy's lips brushed along his jaw, his throat.

He shivered. "You make me feel that way." He'd never thought a man could be beautiful, but he believed Randy.

"Good." He got a smile, warm and happy. "I'm glad."

"You know you're really handsome, right? Because you are." He leaned up to press their lips together again, he wasn't smooth with words, but this felt good, right. Randy's tongue slid against his, sweet and hot and soft.

"Oh, you make me want so many things," he told Randy when their lips parted.

"Anything you need." Randy smiled, licked the corner of his mouth. "Come see my bed."

He nodded, taking the hand Randy held out for him.

Randy's bed was huge, covered in pillows and blankets, just filling the little room. "I'm so tall, I needed a big one."

He nodded. "I like you tall." God, that was cheesy. But true.

"Good. I don't come any other way." Randy slipped off his shoes, sat at the end of the bed, arms open.

He followed suit, slipping his own shoes off, pushing into Randy's arms before he could start to feel too awkward. Randy got him settled on the thin thighs, hands sliding over his back, lips covering his again, just like that.

He melted against Randy again, eyes rolling back into his head at how good it felt. Randy slowly worked his shirt off, kisses deep and sweet and right and heady. He figured he should return the favor, but his fingers were trembling, fumbling.

"Mmm... It's okay. We're good, Josh."

"I want to make you feel good, too."

"I do. You do. We're good." Randy chuckled, nuzzled. "You make me eager."

"Oh yeah. Really eager." Yeah, that was a good word for it. He pressed their lips back together again, giving up on Randy's shirt, just holding on.

Randy's hands found his skin, touching and petting him, making him arch and push into the touches. He was so hard, his cock aching, pushing against his zipper something fierce. It was a good hurt though, pleasure and heat behind it.

Randy leaned back, pulled his own shirt off, then brought their chests together, skin-on-skin. He whimpered, actually whimpered because it felt so good. Randy was hot and silky, little hairs half scratching, half tickling him. Like that mustache on his lips.

"You smell good, Josh." He stopped and sniffed, but all he could smell was Randy and coffee. Randy chuckled, but the sound wasn't mean or insulting, more fond and happy, inclusive. He grinned sheepishly. "You were being romantic and I took you literally."

"No. I was being literal. Pheromones. The way you smell makes me hard."

"Oh. Oh." He pushed against Randy, more turned on than ever. "I'm hard, too, because of you. But I don't know if it's pheromones." God, he was a dweeb.

Randy grinned. "Well, if I'm hot and sweaty and you don't think I smell terrible, we'll know."

He got another hard, deep kiss, this one just curling his toes. He just whimpered, holding onto Randy, tongue sliding along Randy's. He could get lost in these kisses.

Then Randy's thumb brushed against one of his nipples, drawing it up into a point. He gasped eyes going wide as the sensation zinged right down to his cock. "Oh! Randy!"

"Mm-hmm. 's good." The touch came again and again.

He started whimpering, shaking as he could feel his orgasm barreling down on him.

Randy's hand dropped to his fly. "This okay? Can I touch?"

He nodded. "I'm gonna be quick," he warned in a whisper, eyes glued to Randy's.

"You'll get hard again. We just need the edge off." His jeans were opened, cock taken in Randy's warm hand.

"Randy!" Oh, he was going to come. He was... oh. yes. He pushed with his hips, body shaking as the pleasure shot out of him.

"Mmm..." Randy's hand kept moving, spreading his seed over his cock.

He didn't even start to get soft, cock staying hard in Randy's hand. "Oh. That was... Oh." So much better than with his own hand, it was amazing. So much better than the quick almost furtive rubbing off against someone he'd done in the past.

"So good. I like how you feel in my hand."

He would have blushed, but he felt so good and all his blood was in his cock. Instead he just pressed close and tilted his head for another kiss. Randy gave it to him, sweet and slow and deep. He moaned, fingers sliding now on Randy's chest, the man so hot. Randy's nipples rose to meet his palms as they moved over them.

A low, deep sound pushed into his lips. Okay, that? Was really sexy. He whimpered again, letting his hands slide some more so his fingers could flit across the small, hard nipples. God, they were hot. So hot. He touched them again.

Randy was hot, skin pushing against his hands. He pushed against Randy, sort of half rubbing their chests together, running on instinct. Randy's hands pushed into his jeans, squeezed his ass, rubbed.

"Oh, God. Randy. Can we? I want to lie next to you." This sitting thing was nice, but he wanted to be closer. More naked. Randy just brought it out in him, made him wanton and wicked.

"Yeah. Lose the jeans?"

He nodded and stood, watching Randy, needing to not be the only one totally naked. Randy stood too, old-fashioned straight legged jeans hitting the ground, then the tighty-whities and socks went. Oh. Tall. Lean. Hair black and shiny above that heavy cock.

"Oh. Wow." He reached out, his own undone jeans forgotten as his fingers brushed over Randy's cock.

"Mmm..." Randy pushed toward his touch, arching.

"God, you're so hot," he murmured as his fingers touched a little harder this time. Randy's skin was on fire, so soft and so hard beneath the velvety flesh.

"I want you." Randy moaned low, thighs parting as those hips started rocking.

He nodded, shivering, sweet heat going through him. His cock even throbbed. "Yes. Please."

"Yes." Randy led him back to the bed, tugging gently.

He pushed his jeans and his underwear down, pushing his socks off, too once he got to them. He climbed onto the bed, lying down, looking at Randy with wide eyes. Randy settled beside him, hand stroking down along his body, making him arch and moan. "Beautiful."

He copied Randy's movements, hoping to make Randy feel as good as he felt. Randy's mustache brushed over his nipples, tickling, soft.

"Oh!" He gasped and pushed against Randy, gasping again as his cock slid against the heat of Randy's belly.

"Uh-huh. Oh." Randy's tongue followed the brush of mustache.

He grabbed onto Randy's arms. It felt so good he was shaking, eyes so wide as he watched Randy's mouth at his nipples, mouth open to say "Oh" again, though no sound was coming out. Randy seemed to be as happy, as excited, tongue moving down his belly. He moaned, hips working, rhythmically sliding his cock on Randy's skin. The pleasure inside him was so big. Enormous.

Those lips kept moving down, sliding down towards his cock.

"Oh, God, Randy, are you going to? Oh. Oh." He shivered, moaning, pleasure almost blinding him.

"Is it cool?" His navel was nuzzled, licked.

"Uh-huh. Yeah. Oh, God, yeah." His hands were still holding onto Randy's shoulders with an almost death grip. He just needed to hold on, to know that Randy was real.

Then Randy's tongue slid over the tip of his cock and Josh knew it was real. His breath caught in his throat along with a long, slow moan that sounded pained, but really was just... shock and amazement and burning need.

Randy sucked him slowly, fingers soft on his balls, his inner thighs. He thought maybe he was going to die right here, right now. Just explode into about a million little pieces and he wouldn't even mind because this was better than anything ever.

Then Randy started humming, head bobbing. He shouted out, hips humping automatically, pushing, basically fucking Randy's mouth. He stopped as soon as he realized what he was doing, almost sobbing with the effort of holding back.

Randy lifted his head, looked up. "It's okay. You won't hurt me."

"No? It just feels so... good."

"You won't. I'll let you know if you do."

He nodded, fingers sliding across Randy's lips. "Okay."

Randy nibbled his fingers, playful, hungry. "I want you."

He nodded. "Yes. Please. Anything. I just... I need." He did, he needed more sucking or holding and kissing or *something*.

"Would you... Can I make love to you, Josh? Do you like that?"

He didn't know, but he couldn't imagine not liking anything Randy did to him so he smiled and nodded. "Please."

Randy kissed the tip of his cock, humming. "Hand me the tube in the basket on the little table? I'll slick you up."

Oh wow. That was. This was. Real. Yeah. Okay, cool. He could do this. He turned and reached for the basket, fumbling around inside it before his fingers wrapped around a tube. He pulled it out. KY. He used this stuff to jack off...

Randy settled up behind him, fingers stroking his ass, his thighs. Lips brushed his nape, his shoulders, his ear. He shivered, moaned as each touch set his skin on fire. He passed the lube back, fingers trembling just a little. Randy kept kissing and nuzzling, fingers sliding down along his cleft, circling his hole and rubbing, but not pushing in.

A ripple of pleasure went through him and he gasped, body pushing back. "Oh. Oh, Randy." He was starting to sound like a broken record, but oh. Wow.

"Mmm... Yes." Those fingers pressed a little, one entering him.

He shuddered, body squeezing Randy's finger tight. God, that finger was so big -- huge.

"So tight, Josh. So hot."

"So big!" he replied, leg shifting restlessly.

"Oh, babe. That's one finger and I'm thick." Randy kissed again. "We'll take it slow."

"I'm sorry." God, he was such a dweeb. And he still wanted it, wanted to give this to Randy, to have this, have Randy.

"For what?" God, that voice... "I'm not in any hurry. I could enjoy you for hours."

"Oh. Oh." He closed his eyes, feelings welling up in him, warm and good and Randy was just blowing his mind in all possible ways.

"Mmm." The kisses and touches continued, Randy warm and steady behind him.

He was soon shivering again, pushing back onto Randy's finger. It didn't seem quite so big anymore, quite so huge.

Then Randy added another finger, so slick, so careful. The burn made him gasp and he stilled again, moaned, not afraid, but he couldn't stop his body from seizing up.

"Easy. Easy, let me in, babe." Randy was right there, right with him, so warm.

He relaxed, breathing slowly, body stretching for Randy's fingers, letting him in. It wasn't pleasant, but it wasn't bad and then slowly, so he almost didn't notice, it started being warm and good.

"Mmm... yes. Yes, Josh. That's it." That voice made him shiver, made him moan again, body pushing back into Randy's warmth. He got a sweet, soft purr, Randy's fingers sliding deep, fingertips brushing deep inside him.

He shouted, screamed even at the unexpected jolt of pleasure that shot through him.

"Yeah." Randy stroked the spot again and again and again. He thrashed, jerking each time, cock hard and throbbing again, his eyes rolling.

He couldn't think, he couldn't breathe, he just... oh, he was going to come. Again. Oh. Oh.

"Randy..." He was coming apart.

"Easy. Easy." Those fingers slid away, the pressure against his hole hotter, wider.

He moaned, nervous of what was coming, but needing it, his whole body throbbing with that need.

"Please. Please, Randy."

"Take me in." Randy's hand wrapped around his hip, helping him back.

He moaned, the sound pushed from him by Randy's cock. Randy felt enormous. Just huge. But hot and yielding somehow, even as he was stretched beyond his imagination. He didn't want it to ever stop.

It burned, but Randy moved slow, fingers on his hip, on his cock, on his skin, distracting and touching him, making it worthwhile. At last Randy stopped moving, hips snug up against his ass and oh. It was so real and so hot and a shuddering sigh left him.

"Is it okay, Josh? Feels okay?" Randy's voice was just raw with need.

He nodded. "'S cool. Hot. Oh, God."

"Uh-huh. It gets better." Randy started to move, in and out in sweet, slow motions.

His eyes rolled. God. Oh. Yes. He had no words to describe the feeling of Randy's cock moving inside him, pulling away and pushing back in and sliding past that spot and just... oh. "Not gonna last much longer, Josh. Just too good."

Randy's hand circled his cock, started pumping. He just whimpered, body starting to move, pushing into Randy's hand and then back onto his cock. It was. Just. He came hard, crying out. Yeah.

"Oh, sweet fuck! Josh!" Randy pushed harder, sucking up a mark on his shoulder as heat filled him.

His cock pulsed one last time, a feeble spurt that nonetheless shook him as hard as the rest of them had and he whimpered, leaning back into Randy, overwhelmed. Randy panted against his back, so hot, so close.

He twisted his head back, mouth brushing Randy's.

"Thank you." Randy's eyes were smiling.

"Thank me? No, thank you." He could still feel Randy inside him, getting smaller, but still hot.

"Thank us."

He laughed, feeling incredibly loose, boneless. "Yeah, okay."

Randy chuckled. "Can you stay? I make a mean waffle."

He nodded. "I'd like that."

. . . .

Josh had liked it a whole lot. In fact he'd never quite managed to leave, now had he? "I remember it like it was yesterday."

"I fell in love with you that night." Randy was touching him, loving him.

"You did?" He knew that, but he always loved hearing Randy tell him about.

"I did. You trusted me, let me in, but it happened in the middle of the night. You turned around and held me, loved on me, and I was yours."

"Just as I'm yours," he murmured. He reached back, hand on Randy's. "Enough. I'm ready. In me, please."

"Yes." Randy nodded, slid inside him easy and sure and familiar as breathing.

He cried out, body pushing back onto Randy's cock, moving with his lover. "Oh, Randy. It's good."

"Yes. Always." Randy pushed deep. "Love you."

"Yes. Yes, I love you." Fifty three years old and he was still a sap. Still in love. Still went flying when ever his lover touched him.

"Good."

They rocked together, slow and easy, Randy's hand petting his cock. He moaned, hand sliding over Randy's, following his lover's arm back to stroke Randy's side. The pleasure built slowly, surely, making him go warm and then hot.

Randy panted, rocking into him, so thick, so hard. "Make me feel young."

"You make me feel." He shivered, getting close, Randy pushing him to the edge.

"Uh-huh. Love." Randy pushed atop him, pushing harder, fucking him.

He braced his hands on the mattress and pushed back into Randy's thrusts, fingers curling into the sheets. "Oh. Love."

"Yes." Randy kissed his neck, panting hard. "Soon, babe. Soon."

He nodded. He was going to be sooner than that, sooner than soon, like right -- "Randy!" He cried out, body shaking as he came, ass squeezing Randy's cock tight.

"Yes." Randy thrust hard, pounding into him a few more times before heat filled him.

He moaned softly as Randy collapsed against him, hand reaching for Randy's, twining their fingers together. So good. So warm and right.

"Mmm... Love you, old man."

He hummed and squeezed Randy's hand, Randy's cock. "Love you, too."

Randy moaned, chuckled. "Want to go out tonight? Dinner and a movie?"

"You up to that, old man?" he teased. There was that new romantic comedy out they both wanted to see and they hadn't been to Archer's Deli in ages.

"I am. We could stop at the garden store, find something Halloweeny to add to the yard."

"Oh, two somethings, Randy. One classic and one tacky. With lots of lights."

He shifted, moaning as Randy's cock slid out of his body, and then turned, arms wrapping around his lover.

Randy kissed him, soft and slow. "Perfect."

He nodded, warm and loved and feeling just fine. "Yes, love."

Randy shivered in the November wind, heading up the porch steps, envelope in one hand, bag of groceries in the other. He'd bought beef for stroganoff, even a bottle of wine. Loaf of bread. Cake. Not that he was trying to butter Josh up, because he wasn't, really. He just...

He let himself in, put the envelope from his organization in his pocket. They wanted him to run a center on the Texas/Mexico border. A whole center. Of his own.

Damn.

Whistling came from the back of the house, the sound of sandpaper on wood just below that. Josh was in his workshop.

Randy pottered, starting the meat and some water, setting the table, doing those things that made suppers together nice, things that wasted a little time.

Thoughts kept zipping through his head. The money would be great, but Josh would have to start over. The weather would be great, but they'd lose the house, their friends, their neighborhood. The opportunity was great, but could he even *do* it?

Finally he quit pottering and followed his heart, which told him he needed to talk this over with the other half of his soul.

Josh was still whistling, working on a rocking chair, sanding it smooth with his usual loving care. The noise stopped as he walked into the workshop, Josh's face lighting up as it always did when his lover caught sight of him. "Oh, you're home."

"Yeah. Hey. I started supper." He smiled, leaned down for a kiss.

Josh opened for him, one hand sliding through his hair and then down to hold onto his shoulder. A sweet hum filled his mouth, Josh's eyes soft, happy. Oh, Lord help him, he loved this man more than life. He stroked Josh's jaw, chin.

Josh nuzzled into the touches, turning one kiss into two and then three and even four before their lips slowly parted. "How was your day?"

"Long. I wanted to get home to you." To talk. Touch. Have you tell me everything was going to be okay.

"Oh." Josh pinked slightly, still looking young and innocent, despite the soft lines and grey scattered throughout his hair. "Well you're home now. Let me wash my hands and I'll help you with supper."

"Sounds good." He went to look the rocking chair over as Josh washed up. "This is beautiful."

"Do you think Emily Vani will like it as a wedding present? Can you believe it? Little Emily with the pig tails and skinned knees, all grown up and getting married. I spoke to Natalia today. She cries whenever she talks about the wedding, but you can see the joy in her eyes -- they're good tears."

"Oh, who wouldn't like it?" He ran his fingers along one arm. "I got a letter at work today."

"Yeah?" Josh dried his hands off and put away a couple tools and then came over to loop an arm around his waist.

He nodded, just handed the envelope over.

Josh read it through, eyebrows climbing. He got a smile. "Congratulations on the offer, Randy. That's quite the compliment."

"Yeah. Yeah, it is." He tilted his head. "What do you think?"

"I think it's an amazing opportunity. Are you interested in the job?"

"I don't know. Sort of? Sort of not."

They headed to the kitchen, both of them working easily.

"Well it's in Texas. So if you want the job we have a lot of thinking to do. If you don't, you can just concentrate on basking in the offer." Josh bumped his hip and cut up some mushrooms for the salad.

"Do you think I could do it? Do you think I *should*?" He stirred the meat, seasoned it, put the water on to boil.

"Oh, I imagine you could do it, Randy. You love teaching, love your students. You would be a natural." Josh sighed and looked around. "It would mean leaving our home."

He nodded, started stirring flour into the sour cream. "The money's good. Good enough you could retire."

Josh stilled. "Me? Retire and live off you? Randy... You've got six years on me. I'm supposed to be taking care of you when you retire, not the other way around."

"It was just a suggestion, babe. I haven't made any decision. I don't know what I want to do. I needed to talk with you about it." He wasn't ever getting old enough to be taken care of.

"I won't live off you, Randy. Not as long as my hands still work. No matter where we are, I'll find something to contribute." Those hands landed on his shoulders and squeezed and then wrapped around his belly, Josh pressing up against his back. "I don't know if I can move, Randy. I love our life here. Our house, our community. We fought to be accepted here and I don't know if I can go through that again."

Randy nodded. "If I turn this down, I'll never get asked again, but you're right. South Texas isn't known to be queer-friendly."

Josh kissed the back of his neck, cheek rubbing his skin. "Truth is that I love it here, Randy. But if you need to go, I will follow you. There's only one thing that truly makes my life whole and that's you. Everything else is just details."

He nodded, held Josh's hands. "We just need to decide what's best for both of us. Together."

Josh nodded and turned him, pressing against him. "That's right."

"I love you, babe. I don't know what to do about this." It was easier to just admit it, share it between them.

"We'll figure it out." Josh's head tilted, mouth open for a kiss.

"We always do." He smiled, taking a long, hard kiss. They always had -- from ugly family gatherings to angry neighbors.

. . . .

The sound of breaking glass woke him and he stumbled out of bed, grabbing the bat. Goddamned kids.

Bigots.

Assholes.

Fuckers.

"Stay in bed, babe."

"I'm not letting you go down there on your own." Josh was right behind him, body heat warming him.

"I don't want you hurt." Still he didn't complain too much, because he was a little scared himself.

"You, too, Randy. I'll come with you and we'll face it together." His robe was passed to him, Josh already wearing his. At his look, Josh shrugged. "I figured us both being butt naked would just give them more ammunition."

"Yeah. Smart man." They'd been having troubles with the teenagers down the street, the assholes harassing them, throwing things.

"Do you think we should call the cops before going out there?"

"I think you should, yeah. I think I need to go beat me a couple three assholes to death." Man, he reverted to redneck fast enough, didn't he?

Josh's hand slid on his arm. "Randy... I don't want blood all over our new lawn. I'll never be able to live here if that happens."

"How do you feel about the driveway? It's paved."

"I love this place," murmured Josh, his lover looking miserable.

"I know. I'll fix it. One way or the other. We'll fix it."

A knock came to the door, Mike from next door pounding. "Randy? Josh? Are you two okay? Sandra's on the phone with the police now."

Josh's hand squeezed his arm, a long sigh sounding. "Oh. Thank God."

Randy went to open the door, Mike in a robe and pajamas, hair disheveled. "Shit, man. Those kids? Are a menace."

"Yeah, come in. Come in."

Josh turned on the lights and moaned softly as the front room was revealed, glass from the window covering the floor along with a half a dozen rocks.

"At least no one was hurt." It looked like cold comfort to his lover.

"And a window's easy to replace." He hugged Josh's shoulders. "Go make some coffee, babe. You see anything, Mike?"

Josh leaned against him for a moment, soaking up warmth and strength and then went to the kitchen.

Mike shook his head. "I heard the noise and saw them leaving. I didn't see their faces, but it's the McAllistair boys and their friends. They've always been trouble makers, but usually only pulling up flowers and egging houses on Halloween, you know?" Mike ran a hand through his hair, making it stand even higher on end.

"Thanks for coming over. We're going to file a complaint. I won't have people being disturbed in the middle of the night."

"Not to mention they're escalating things. Have you two..." Mike paused and then just went on. "Have you considered selling and moving somewhere else?"

"No. We love this house, we're not leaving." He was determined. Josh loved this house.

Loved it.

Mike nodded. "I wasn't suggesting you should. I just wanted an idea how determined you were to stay. Me and Sandra are behind you and so are a number of the other neighbors. There's others though... well some don't think that the McAllistairs are doing anything wrong and I've heard rumors they've been encouraged to... escalate things."

"Well then, they're going to have to get used to us. We're good neighbors, Mike. You know that." God damn it. He wasn't leaving. He *wasn't*.

"I know. But when the cops get here, you're going to have to turn those kids in, not just make a general complaint, because this isn't going to go away on its own."

Josh came out of the kitchen with a tray with the coffee pot and three cups. "I'll get the broom and clean up the glass in a minute."

"Leave it for the police, babe." He grinned at Mike. "I'm turning the little shits in. Their parents can come discuss it with me personally."

"Are you sure, Randy?" Josh sat close. "You don't think that's going to cause more trouble?"

"On the short term, yes, but I'm in for the long-haul, Josh. You can't let people mess with your pad, babe. You *can't*. This is our place."

Josh nodded, taking his hand and holding on. "I know. We searched a long time for the perfect place."

Mike nodded. "Well, I'll say what I know. I don't like people threatening for no good reason. Before you it was Jimmy and Carol-Ann, the black couple down the street."

"Well at least with us here the pressure is off them." If Josh was joking, he was calming down.

"And maybe they'll talk to the police with us." His lips were set in hard lines, fury replacing his fear. Josh's hand squeezed his, his lover jumping as the doorbell rang.

"Hey. Relax. It'll be okay." He opened the door to Jimmy, the man a professional football player, big as night and twice as dark skinned. "Jimmy. They hit you, too?"

"Nope, but I'm gonna talk with the police. We're not going through this again."

Josh's heat pressed against his side again. "Thanks for coming, Jimmy. We appreciate the support."

"Come on in. Have a cup of coffee." Josh was going to need to make more. It would give his lover something to do, something to think about beside what had happened.

The police were on their way down the street, and he nodded. "I'm going to throw on some jeans. You make coffee, babe."

Josh blinked at him for a moment and then nodded. But instead of going away, Josh stepped closer and hugged him, arms tight around him.

"Hey. Hey, we'll make it right, Josh. We will. I swear to you."

Josh nodded and looked up at him. "Together."

"Yep. Side by side." Forever. Josh was his better half.

Josh pressed a kiss to his chin and headed back to the kitchen.

He ran to the bedroom to get his jeans and a pair for Josh. He didn't want to talk to the cops with his willie wagging.

. . . .

Josh was melting against him. "We fought together for this place, stood up to a lot. And I still love it here. Still love you like I did back then."

"Yeah?" He loved the house, too, loved the way they fit, the way they knew everything, everyone.

"Yeah. I'm not trying to influence you unduly here, but we have a lot of history here. A lot of loving." Smiling, Josh rubbed against him.

"Thirty years. Thirty years, babe. I... I don't know. Part of me says I can't just turn down the promotion. It's double the salary..."

"The money won't matter if we're not happy." Josh's fingers stroked his cheeks, tugged him down for another soft kiss. "You don't have to decide tonight, do you?"

"No. No, babe. I have a week. No. *We* have a week." He smiled into those beloved eyes.

Josh beamed at him. "Then I suggest we spend tonight celebrating the offer."

"Oh. You have the best suggestions." He grinned, leaned in for a hot, hard kiss.

Josh was breathless by the time their lips parted. "I just don't want how wonderful a thing this is that they offered it to you to be lost in the shuffle of pros and cons."

Randy grinned, blushed. "Yeah. It is pretty cool, huh?"

Josh nodded. "Not that I'm surprised. You're not only a stud, you're great at your job and care about your students."

"You think the stud thing's really an issue?" He reached to add noodles to the boiling water.

"You mean it isn't?" Josh blinked up at him, the love in those eyes all-encompassing.

"No one but you thinks I'm hot, Josh. I'm an old man." He took a soft kiss, then another, and another.

"You're *my* old man and everyone with taste thinks you're hot, Randy." Josh squeezed him, smiled up at him. "More kisses."

"Demanding brat." He laughed, taking that lovely, open mouth.

The word 'yours' was breathed into him, Josh hold him, opening wider for him.

"Thank God for favors large and small." He cupped the back of Josh's head, kissing hard. Josh just melted against him, his lover always so easy, so eager and wanton and ready for him.

"Dinner... dinner's going to burn."

"Oh, that won't do." Josh broke away from him and turned the burners off. "There." Then he had his arms full of his eager lover again.

He chuckled, pulled Josh over to the table with the sturdy chairs, sitting and tugging Josh in his lap. Josh straddled his lap easily, the position familiar and right. Their mouths met for more kisses, Josh rubbing against him.

He worked Josh's shirt open and off, hands roaming over the strong, firm muscles of his lover. Josh returned the favor, fingers clumsy as ever once they started making love. Soon enough they were sliding together, hands running over each other's bodies.

Randy buried his face in Josh's neck, breathing deep, lips open and hungry. Josh's head fell back with a moan, his lover's fingers alternately clutching and stroking. Oh, so good. He nibbled and licked, finding all those sensitive spots. Josh's moan's were sweet, his body warm as it pushed against his fingers, his chest.

"So beautiful." He fastened his lips around a pulse point, sucking gently.

Josh cried out, hips pushing against him, hands clutching. "Randy!"

"Mm-hmm." He sucked harder, pulling up a mark.

Josh whimpered, shivered, so responsive to him as always. Beautiful man. His world. He moaned low, teeth scraping against Josh's throat.

"Gonna make me come, Randy."

Yeah. Yeah, babe. Love you so fucking much. Come on. He sucked harder, rocking them together. Josh just gasped and shook, hips jerking as he shot in his jeans.

He just purred, breathing deep. He could smell the faint scent Josh's come, the stronger musk of his lover's skin. Josh was melted against him, panting.

"Mmm... perfect." He nuzzled the dark bruise on Josh's throat.

Josh shivered, fingers beginning to slide again over his skin. "Oh. Randy. Oh."

"Mm-hmm. Oh." He smiled, nipples going tight.

"It doesn't even seem possible, but I love you more every day." Josh smiled at him, fingers finding the hard points of his nipples and flicking across them.

"Oh." His hips jerked, lips parting. "Josh."

"I love being able to make you look like that," murmured Josh, licking at his lips.

"L..like what, babe?" He moaned, offered more.

"Like you're loving what I'm doing to you."

"Yes. Yes, I do. Need you."

Josh hummed, looking happy. "Good. I need you, too."

Their lips came together for a kiss, long and slow. Josh's fingers kept moving, tugging at his nipples, petting his belly, tickling along his sides. His breath came faster, goosebumps rising on his skin. Josh moaned, pressed against him. He kissed Josh's jaw, chin, shifting under Josh, needing.

"Take me to bed, Randy? Or the shower -- I'm all sticky in my pants."

"Oh, the shower sounds good. Or we could soak in the tub." They'd splurged fifteen years ago and bought a huge whirlpool tub to share, to make love in.

"Oh, yes. You, me, hot water, naked? What more could a man ask for?"

"Hell if I know, babe. You've just described my own personal heaven."

"Mine, too." Josh gave him a kiss and then got up off his lap, making a face. "I'm getting too old to be coming in my pants."

"Never too old." He chuckled, goosed that sweet ass. "I'll be doing it in the nursing home."

Josh shrieked and laughed, dancing away from him down the hall. "Perv!"

"Nope. Pervy would be letting the nurses watch." He followed happily, hard and eager.

Josh gasped. "You wouldn't!"

"Hell, no. Mine, Josh. I don't share. You know that."

Josh's hand slid into his and squeezed. "Good. Now you start the water while I get rid of these disgusting jeans."

"You got it, babe." He got the water running, sliding out of his slacks.

Josh stripped, cleaning himself off with a towel and then stepped up behind him, pressing close.

"Mmm..." He bent over, ass rubbing against Josh. "Feels good."

"Oh... Uh-huh." Josh's fingers slid over his hips, cupped his balls and his cock.

"Don't stop. Love your hands."

"These old callused things?" murmured Josh, fingers of one hand moving on his cock, sliding and touching, the finger of the other dancing along the small of his back.

"Uh-huh..." He licked his lips, hips rocking back.

Josh kissed his back, fingers sliding to his crease, just teasing as the hand around his cock squeezed and started to pump.

"Oh. Oh, babe." His hands landed on the side of the tub, slipping a little.

"You're so hot," murmured Josh.

"Just need you," Spreading, he tilted his hips, ass pushing into those warm hands.

"And that, Randy, is so hot." Josh's fingers teased his hole and there was a soft moan. "Oh. I want to make love to you."

"Please. Yes. In the water or out?"

"Right here. Like this. God, you're such a temptation." Josh's finger pushed gently, retreated. "I need the slick."

"In the medicine cabinet." He turned the water off, spread for his lover.

Josh's heat slipped away and then returned, this time that finger pushed right into him. "Oh God. So hot. So soft. Tight. Randy."

"Yeah, babe. Yours. Touch me." He closed his eyes, breathed the steam in, the familiar scents of shampoo and soap.

A second finger slid into him, Josh's other hand circling his cock, pumping his flesh slow and easy. His breath panted out of him, hips jerking randomly.

"Sexy. Oh, love you." Josh's fingers were so careful, stretching and searching, finally sliding across his gland.

"There. Oh. Oh, fuck. Josh. There."

"Oh, Randy." Josh stayed there, sliding those fingers across his gland again and again. "I want you."

He just nodded, focus on his pleasure, the heat inside him.

Josh's fingers slipped away. "Me now, love." There was a moment, the sound of flesh sliding slick and then Josh's heat pushed against him.

He took Josh in, groaning low, bracing himself. "Yes..."

"Oh. Oh, so good. It's okay, Randy? It's good for you?"

He nodded, pushed his hips back. Yes. Good. More.

"Oh, good." Josh kept sinking in until their bodies were together tight, Josh plastered up against his back.

"Josh..." He wriggled, the touch of Josh amazing, burning against him.

"Oh, Randy. So amazing. I love you."

Josh started moving, so slowly, so carefully.

"Mm..." He closed his eyes, rocking into the thrusts, the passion building slowly, filling him all through.

His lover's hands wrapped around his hips, holding on and tugging him back. "Randy. Oh. Oh."

"Yeah, babe. Harder. Need you."

Groaning, Josh gave him what he wanted, thrusts becoming harder, the sound of their flesh beginning to slap together. He lifted his head, crying out, shudders sliding through him. Josh's hands tightened, his lover pushing harder, a little bit wild now, the gasps and moans coming from Josh sounding urgent.

Oh, he loved that. Loved when Josh lost it, gave him what he needed. "Love!"

"Soon. Oh, Randy." The hand that wrapped around his cock was shaking, sloppy, but good nonetheless.

"Yeah. Yeah. Don't sto... oh..." He jerked, shooting right into Josh's hand.

Josh cried out, jerking into him a few more times before heat filled him deep. His lover collapsed against his back, breathless and panting, hand still wrapped around his cock.

"I. Oh. Damn. Good." He swayed a little, heart pounding.

"Yes, yes, Randy. Oh, I love you."

Randy nodded, agreeing wholeheartedly.

Josh shivered and slid out. "Oh. Hate that part."

They managed to get into the tub, curled up together in the hot water, rubbing slowly, Josh's hand sliding along his chest. They floated together, warm and lazy, bodies bobbing. At some point, Josh leaned over and pressed the button to make the bubbles go.

"Mmm... I don't know if I can leave this, babe. I mean, I have twenty more years of working, I know, but starting over?" He wasn't sure he could.

"It's scary, Randy, that's for sure. And if we go... well you're going *to* something, you know?"

"I'd support you forever, Josh. I wouldn't let you hang." Never.

"I know. I know. Don't want to mooch off you though."

"How can you be mooching? You've worked when I couldn't." God knew, the year he'd gotten sick and his immune system tanked, his Josh had supported him -- whether he liked it or not.

. . . .

He had wanted to go home so badly, wanted to get back to work. Hell, he'd pushed and pushed, getting himself out of the hospital, back into the swing of things, against doctor's order, against Josh's wishes.

Then?

Poof.

He'd stood up in front of his class and woke up in the hospital, tubes everywhere.

The infection had found his heart.

Now he was on strict, strict orders to be good and Josh wasn't hardly speaking to him and he couldn't go back to work and...

Damn it.

Josh came in, still wearing his work clothes, a plant in one hand, a fast food bag in the other. His lover set the plant down on the table beside his bed.

"Hi, babe." He found a smile, meeting Josh's eyes.

Josh sighed and then smiled back. "How are you feeling?" One hand reached, pushed his hair off his forehead.

"Tired. I want to come home."

Josh shook his head, nostrils flaring. "You're sick."

"I need to be home. I hate it here." He was whining, miserable, exhausted.

Josh rounded on him, expression furious. "You almost died! I don't care how much you hate it here, You are not leaving until the doctors say you're better."

"Don't yell at me." His hands were shaky, fingers so thin.

"I'm sorry." Josh sat on the edge of the bed, shoulder's slumping. "I'm so sorry." Josh leaned in to rest his head against Randy's chest. "You just scared me, Randy. So much."

"Oh, babe. I'm sorry. I didn't think, I didn't know. I..." He stroked Josh's hair.

Josh nuzzled into the touch, hand sliding along his belly. "I want you home so bad, Randy. But you follow the rules this time. You listen to the doctors."

"Have they talked to you? Do you know how long until I can work?"

Josh gave him a glare. "Were you even listening to what I said?"

"Yes. Yes. But... I only have so much sick time. So much vacation time. What will we do?"

"We'll figure it out, Randy. I'll find a night job if I have to. You living a long life is far more important than your job."

"You work so hard already..." He shook his head, cursing himself for being so weak.

"I would do anything for you, Randy."

He closed his eyes, feeling like the biggest moron in the world. "I'm sorry."

"Just get better, love. We're supposed to get *old* together."

"I will. I'm sorry. What did the doctor say? When can I come home?"

"If you respond to the medication well, sometime next week." Josh's fingers were moving, sliding on him, touching.

"So long? But..." He was so tired of sleeping alone.

"Sh. Sh. It's okay, Randy. It's going to be okay. You don't need to worry about money, or work or anything. I need you better and home and with me. And if that means three weeks here? Then that's what it means, k?"

"I want to come home." His breath caught in his chest.

"All right. I'll see if we can get a bed in. A nurse. Something." Josh stroked his cheek. "It'll be okay."

"Promise?"

"Yes. If you'll just let me take care of you for a change."

"You take care of me all the time." Christ, he was tired. Exhausted. Homesick.

"Obviously not well enough." Josh kissed the top of his head. "You look tired, baby. So tired. Sleep for me, k?"

"Stay here?" He grabbed Josh's hand. "Please?"

Josh linked their fingers. "I'm not going anywhere, Randy."

"Oh." He almost embarrassed himself by crying. "'kay."

Josh settled properly next to him on the bed, head on his shoulder. Oh. Better. He needed this. Needed this man.

More than anything.

. . . .

Josh nodded, head on his shoulder, hand sliding on his skin. "I did. Damned double shifts meant I hardly saw you for weeks."

Josh pressed closer. "Sure beat the alternative though."

"Yeah. Yeah, you're good to me. Always."

"I just love you the best I know how."

"That's all I need." He petted, smiled. "Well, that and long baths."

Josh laughed softly. "Well I think you can have both of those anywhere you want."

"Promise?"

"I do, Randy."

He nodded, holding on tight, cheek against Josh's. Yeah. Yeah. He did, too.

Josh leaned against the railing looking out over the street as Randy finished going through the house with the real estate agent. It was hot and the grass was going brown, the small tree on the lawn barely throwing any shade. An errant breeze blew the For Sale sign, making it rattle, drawing his eyes.

A little girl on a bicycle went by, slowing as she got to the driveway. "Hello, Mister."

"Good afternoon."

"You gonna move in?"

He tilted his head and then smiled and nodded. "Yeah. I think we are."

"Cool." She pedaled off.

He heard Randy's boots on the big, wraparound porch. "Babe? You out here? You okay?"

He turned to give Randy a smile. "Yeah, I was just looking over the neighborhood."

"What do you think? You still think you can live here?" There was still a bit of worry in Randy's voice.

He stroked the beloved cheeks, fingers sliding along Randy's mustache. "Are you kidding? Have you *seen* the stud who's thinking of buying this place?"

Randy kissed his fingers. "It looks good inside. Solid. What do you think?"

He looked back out at the street, nodding as the little girl on the bike went by again. "Yeah. Yeah, I think we can make this place a home."

"I thought we could knock down the walls in between the second bedroom and the master, make a huge room."

"Oh, now, what would we do with a huge bedroom like that?" He grinned, wanting to take a kiss so badly, but unsure of doing it here, out in the open.

"I'm sure we could figure something out, babe." Randy leaned down, brushed their lips together.

Oh. Oh, yes, he'd needed that more than he'd realized, the touch and closeness. He made a soft sound, melting against Randy's long body.

"Mmm..." Randy hugged him close. "Come inside. It's hot."

He nodded, hand slipping into Randy's, following his lover. The real estate agent was making calls, her voice echoing in the big old empty house. The place needed work, but it was fun work, and the cost was a fraction of what they'd been expecting.

He melted back against Randy. "Is there somewhere private we can hide for a bit?" He wanted Randy. And he wanted to make the place really theirs. Once they'd made love here, that's when he'd *know* it was theirs and it was right.

"Mmm... Let me tell Mrs. Garcia we just want to potter about a little and we'll meet her back at the office to sign the offer."

He pressed his lips to Randy's neck, tongue flicking a moment to taste and then stepped back. "Sounds good."

"Yeah, it does." Randy hurried off, the low voice echoing in the old place. It was kind of neat, the history here, the huge ceiling fans and hardwood floors.

He ran his hands along the wooden window sill, imagining their furniture here, the furniture he'd made through the years they'd been together. This place was slightly bigger, it would need more to fill it, things made especially for it. Once he'd finished with the renovations.

He could take time off once they moved, work on the place. Maybe made a few pieces to sell, work on gathering a clientele. He preferred the furniture making to house building. He supposed he could take the time it took to bring their new home up to snuff trying to make that work. It wouldn't be like he was living off Randy if he was working on the house...

And good quality hand made stuff was coming back into fashion. He could always fall back on housebuilding -- he was willing to bet there was always work with construction companies. As long as people needed some place to live, he had a job. He wandered to the back of the house where there was a perfect place for his workshop.

Randy came up behind him, hands around his waist, fingers sliding on his belly. "There's a great view out here."

He leaned back into his lover's warmth. "Yeah? I was thinking this would make a great workshop."

"I think it would. I'm going to take the little alcove upstairs as a home office, I think." Randy kissed his temple. "You're sure this is okay with you?"

He nodded, turning in Randy's arms, looking up into those incredible eyes. "I'm sure, Randy. In fact I was just thinking how it might be nice to not have the pressure to work for awhile. I could maybe see about going into making custom pieces. Nothing stressful."

"Oh, that sounds delicious. I need a desk, you know..." Randy smiled for him. They'd talked for hours and hours, but the real decision had come when they flew down, saw the education center. It was huge and new, beautiful and they wanted Randy's expertise, wanted Randy to help them make it work.

"I could make you one with drawers and compartments. A hidden treasure or two..." He maybe was even beginning to be excited about this. There were advantages to starting over. As long as he could do it with Randy. Then it would just be a new chapter in their life rather than a whole new book.

"I'd love that." Randy wrapped around him, held him close. "I love *you*."

He nodded, warmth and happiness filling him. "I love you, Randy. And this is going to be good -- great in fact. For both of us. I think we can be happy here."

"I think so. I think it will fun, to start again." Randy leaned down. "Kiss me, babe. Make this place real."

His mouth opened and he leaned up, Randy meeting him halfway, the kiss hard and hot, necessary and them. Randy's hand came up, cupped the back of his head in a motion that was more familiar than breathing.

He melted against his lover, need and love filling him, taking over everything else as Randy's tongue slid alongside his own. Randy was hard and hot against him, rubbing nice and slow, just loving on him. Just like it should be, just like always. It didn't matter where they were, this was good between them. He opened wider, hands sliding along Randy's sides, his own cock hard in his pants.

"Should we christen our new home, babe?" Randy walked him over to the wall, knelt in front of him, nuzzling his cock.

"Oh God. Yes. Please, Randy." He reached down, cupping Randy's cheek, thumb stroking the dark mustache. Randy sucked his thumb in, working it, sucking nice and slow. He moaned, prick leaping, throbbing. "Oh."

Randy's purr vibrated, felt so good, made promises.

"Oh, God. Need you, Randy, please." His hips were moving of their own accord, pushing, rubbing the bulge in his pants against Randy's face.

"Yes..." Randy got his pants open, mustache brushing his cock. He jerked, a shudder moving through him. A low moan filled the room, his moan, echoing back at him. Randy purred, lips sliding down his shaft, tongue licking and lapping at his cock.

"Oh, Randy." Another shudder went through him and he moaned, the sound needy, just like it was his first time again.

His cock was taken deep, the suction strong and sure, his lover hungry for him. Pleasure shot through him, straight up his spine, making him cry out. Randy cupped his balls, rolled them, demanding more.

"Oh." His hands slid into Randy's hair. "Please. I need." He wanted to move, had to.

He got the nod he was waiting for, Randy pulling hard. With a moan, he started thrusting, pushing his cock into Randy's mouth over and over again. So good, so sweet. So hungry. Randy just made him fly.

"Oh love. Soon. Soon." He whimpered, hips starting to jerk instead of flow. A moment later his pleasure poured from him. Randy drank him down, just like that, sweet as anything. He kept petting Randy's hair, hips slowing, finally stopping as he leaned against the wall.

Randy kissed his belly, mustache soft. "So good."

"Yeah." He bent to kiss Randy, tasting himself in his lover's mouth. "So very good."

Randy pressed close, drawing his hand down to that heavy cock. "Please."

He settled on the floor, one arm around Randy's shoulders, the other rubbing against Randy's cock.

"Oh. Oh, more." Randy buried those hot lips against his neck.

He moaned, undoing the button on Randy's jeans with fumbling fingers, gasping as he got the zipper down and Randy's hot flesh surged into his hand. He felt Randy's moan, as much as heard it.

"Oh, love you, Randy. Love this." He squeezed and tugged harder, the heat along his palm amazing. He could smell Randy now, the smell of love and sex and need filling the air, making it theirs. He whimpered, "Want to smell you when you come."

"Josh. Oh. Oh, babe." Randy lifted his face for a kiss. "Please."

He brought their mouths together, kissing Randy, tongue sliding deep. Randy bucked, hips pushing that cock into his palm over and over.

"So sexy," he murmured, thumb sliding across the tip, pressing into Randy's slit.

Randy's cry echoed, filling the room along with the smell of Randy's seed. Josh whimpered again, bringing his hand up to his mouth to lick the taste of Randy from it.

Randy watched, panting, eyes just shining. "Sexy..."

He blushed, leaning against his lover. "Yours."

"Yeah. Mine." Randy took a slow, sweet kiss, tongue sliding in, mingling their flavors.

He wrapped his arms around Randy's neck, holding on, the love so big inside him.

"Just think, babe. Weekends at the beach. No more icy cold morning for your arthritis. Mexican food whenever we want..."

He grinned and rubbed his nose against Randy's. "You don't have to sell me on it, Randy. I'm on board."

"I know. I wasn't selling. More... celebrating."

"Yeah? I thought that's what we were just doing." He gave Randy a wink, pushing close.

Randy's laugh brushed over his face, warm and sweet. "Oh, right."

He settled against Randy, just sitting quietly with him, listening to the house, to Randy breathing. "This is good, isn't it? This place, us. It's all good."

"Yeah, babe. It is. It's all good."

He nodded and twined his fingers with Randy's. They were the hands of older men, men with hair that had as much silver as not now, men who'd lived a lifetime together and were still taking the leap and making a new life together in a new place.

"You think we can make the next thirty years as happy as the first?"

"Better, babe. The next thirty will be better." Randy squeezed his fingers. "I promise."

"I believe you." He smiled and took a kiss.

Curled in Randy's arms, he looked around the room.

Yeah. He was home.

End

Life as a Front Porch

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