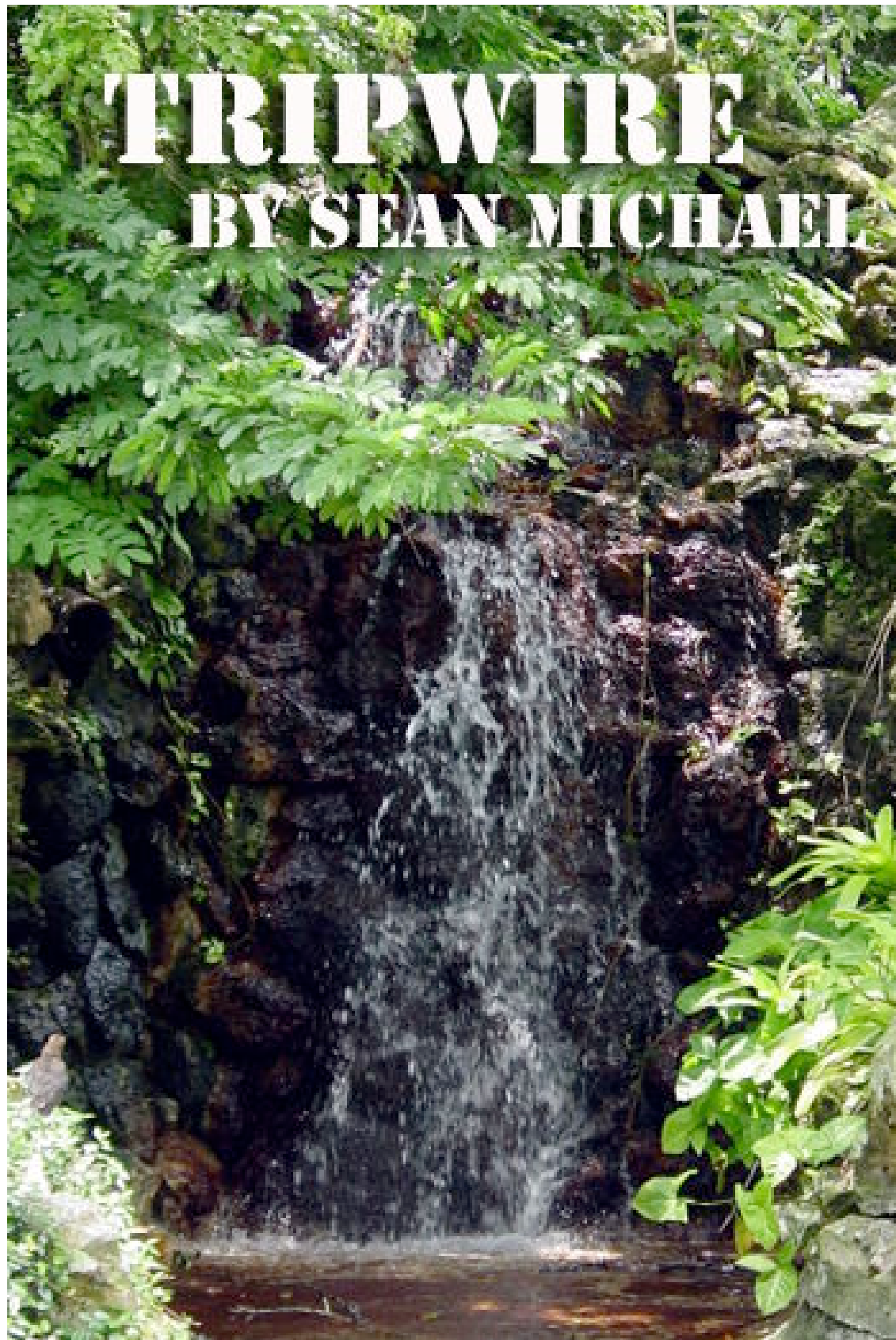


TRIPWIRE

BY SEAN MICHAEL



Tripwire
By Sean Michael

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TRIPWIRE

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CHAPTER ONE

Damn, if Pappy could see him now.

Knee-deep in shitty water, rifle slung over his back, surgeon's hands tugging some rough-ass rope attached to a raft, tugging a family across the river, woman gravid and fixing to go into labor, skinny child covered in shrapnel wounds, clinging to her.

"Va a estar bien. Soy un medico."

Her dark eyes flashed to him, then to the men behind him and he held out one hand. "No les haré daño."

They got her onto shore and into the little jeep, heading straight for the hospital. Tony pushed his braid back, ball cap keeping the sun out of his eyes.

The vegetation kept brushing the top of the jeep, the toucans flying and squawking as Eduardo flew through the jungle. Tony dug through his pockets, hunting a bit of candy, finding it and offering it to the kid.

The tents were well-appointed, at least for a MASH-type setup. His employers were generous, allowing him to treat the natives, so long as he treated the people that were sent to him without question, without hesitation.

Sure as shit, the compound was buzzing like a fire ant bed when they pulled in, some strangers in cammo arguing with Marco and Marco's boys, Spanish flying hot and wild. Tony hopped out, motioning to Carla to take the child, barking orders. "Necesitamos un ensanchador ahora. Carla, lleve a el alguna comida digale que su mama va a ser bien. ¿Quien es ese? ¿Marco, quien los envio?"

Come on people! Stretcher! Answers! He didn't have all fucking day, this woman was fixing to blow baby.

Marco started jabbering, Mama started screaming, and Viejo and Xavier appeared with the stretcher as the baby's head crowned and he prepared to work right here. Shouldn't be too bad, barring the prerequisite postpartum ook in the Jeep. Hell, if the fucking loggers hadn't been burning her fucking village to the motherfucking ground, she could be doing this with a midwife and her family, not with some strange gringo making things difficult.

"Empuje, Mama. Casi hecho." Come on, honey. Push it out, I got armed company.

Xavier backed away, hiding his eyes, calling for some women to come and help 'el esqueleto'. Tony chuckled, shook his head. There were a handful of families who'd settled close by -- some for supplies, some for medical help, most were families of his boys, his guards.

It didn't take too much more, a little girl plopping into his hands with a little tug and a wiggle. Two or three women came up, clucking and bitching and muttering about bad luck and women's work and bad spirits.

Viejo grinned at him, leathery face wrinkling. "Leave them. They will make it right, Esqueleto."

"Yeah. Get someone to clean out the jeep. I'm going to meet our guests."

He clapped his old nurse's back, grabbed a towel off the stretcher and headed over. "Who the hell are y'all and what're you doing disturbing my camp?"

One of the guys came forward, holding out a hand. He was tall, square with blond hair chopped short, like a high and tight. His blue eyes were cynical. "You can call me Cap. These are my boys. We're running interference for a couple of brats and one of them got hurt. We were given these co-ordinates, told there was a doctor who'd drop everything to take care of things."

Cap turned back and nodded at Marco. "Not only was there no doctor, but this guy seems to think we should just move on."

"It's his job to make sure los soldados don't find us. I'm Dr. Rumer. Where's your wounded and how many of you are armed?" He shook, nodded.

He wasn't a fucking cherry out here and he'd be damned if a bunch of mercs came and wiped his operation out.

Cap shook his head. "We're not soldados. Guns for hire. There's eight of us guarding two kids from... Tin Can? Who are they with again?"

"Greenpeace, Cap. The guy on the box said to tell the doctor Rick sent us."

Cap nodded. "There you go. Greenpeace. Rick. That's all I've got. And frankly, I'm not too fond of these kids, so if you aren't interested in patching the bleeder up, it's no skin off my nose." Cap jerked his head. "Doc, Trip, bring the stretcher."

Two men came forward, both with automatics slung over their shoulders, a stretcher between them. The kid on it was pale as a ghost.

"Shit, kid. What did you tangle with?" He pushed his hair back, fingers finding his scissors and slitting the clothes open. "You're at the right place. Marco will find y'all a place to settle. Sorry for the confusion. Y'all bring him. Viejo! Le necesito. Ahora."

One of the guys with the stretcher, the shorter one with short brown hair and brown eyes -- hell he was never going to be able to tell them apart with their cammos and their gear and their guns -- gave him a nod. "I'm Doc. He fell out of a tree. He's lucky he's not dead and amazingly enough he's only got a few scratches on the outside. He must have broken something inside though. His belly's swollen and tender. Frankly, I'm not sure you can save him, but we've got our orders."

"You want us to put him somewhere?" asked the other guy carrying the stretcher -- Trip, Cap had called him. Trip was nearly as tall as he was, dark blue eyes under dark hair in a not quite military short cut.

He snorted. "If I can't, it can't be done. Hospital's this way."

He started moving, going from zero to sixty in nothing. Viejo was already bustling, boiled water at the ready, IV bag hanging. The sound of the generator was a comfort, the Eagles blaring from the little boom box even more so. He'd get scrubbed and get to work, have that boy patched before he had to sing Hotel California twice.

He pushed his hair back, grinned at Viejo.

Fuck, he loved his life.

* * * *

Trip chowed down with Doc, Cap and Tin Can while Watts, Benson, Fly and Bear worked a four-point perimeter around the 'hospital'.

"It's not that I don't trust the hospital guards to watch the place, but I don't expect them to put us and our charges in very high priority," Cap had said when he'd assigned the guard duty. They'd all switch over in another six hours or so. Cap didn't figure they'd be there long. Once his friend was fixed up, the second kid they were guarding was likely to head home or at least somewhere for reinforcements.

Trip hoped they dumped him back in Jakera, While the pay was first class, it was a hell of a lot easier escorting goods through the jungle than protecting these activists.

There were a lot of locals here at the hospital. Guards with rifles, but also families, women going to and fro, kids running around and getting yelled at whenever they got underfoot. It looked like a pretty big operation, which jived with the amount of money the eight of them were getting to wander through the jungle with Fric and Frac, their baby activists.

"You think the kid's gonna be all right?" Cap asked Doc.

Doc shrugged. "Hell if I know. If he'd been bleeding bad he wouldn't have survived getting here. What was he doing up that tree anyway?"

"Surveying." Cap shrugged when they all turned to look at him. "That's what he said. I don't ask questions anymore than you do. We do the job; we get paid. That's how it works."

Trip tossed his can into the garbage pile and licked his fork clean, putting it back into the pack he was sitting on. A brew would have hit the spot about now, washing away the tinny taste of their rations and the damp and dust of traveling.

The doctor wandered over, scrubs stained and bloody, emerald eyes tired. "He's going to be fine. Can't move him for at least ten days, though, so y'all'd best get settled. There's stew, if y'all want. I'm fixing to go wash."

Trip groaned, Tin Can and Doc's grunts of displeasure joining in.

"We'll call in and find out what the men with the cash want," Cap told him. "And we just ate -- wish we'd known about the stew earlier."

"Yeah, sorry. I was busy and the boys get nervous. There's the food tent. Two hots a day, random stash of beer. Soap and makeshift showers there, but I prefer the river." The doctor lit up, cigarette held tight in his teeth. "Make yourselves at home. I've been working with Rick over ten years. Y'all aren't going anywhere 'til I give the green light."

"All right, we'll set up six hour rotations on/off for perimeter duty. We're not putting your people out by chowing down with you are we?" Cap was a decent man and he kept them all in line.

Trip grinned and sat back, enjoying the long skinny view in front of them.

"Nah. Part of my funding goes to this sort of situation. 'Sides, MREs? Suck hairy donkey balls and I haven't seen a one with a beer." Tall and tanned, the man didn't have a pound of fat on him. Hell, the heaviest part of him had to be the waist-length braid, gold and thick as his wrist.

"You got that right," laughed Cap. "Thanks, Doc." Cap chuckled. "Well that's gonna get awkward as we've already got one of those."

Trip chuckled. "Bones suits."

Oh, that was a sweet, sexy low laugh. "Yeah, I reckon it does. The locals call me el esqueleto -- the skeleton."

Trip's own chuckles turned into laughter. Oh yeah, that made sense. A dip in the river was suddenly sounding very appealing. "That river of yours far?"

"Nah, 'bout a ten minute wander. You want; you can come with me."

"Cap?"

"Your free time is your free time, Trip. Just make sure you've got your piece with you -- I don't want anyone caught with their pants down."

He nodded and stood, stretched.

"You got somewhere for us to bunk, Bones?" Cap asked. "We'll double up so we'll only need four beds."

"That big assed tent over there? Y'all can take it. It's the guest quarters." Bones winked, grinned. "Classy damned accommodations."

Cap chuckled. "Thanks again, Bones. Any of you want to go swimming, I'll hump your gear."

"I'm going for some zzzs," said Doc.

"I need to check the radio," put in Tin Can.

"Look like it's just you and me, Bones." Trip gave the doctor a grin.

"Yeah, cool. Come on, it's down this way." Bones sauntered off, hips swaying nice and easy. "You're Trip, right?"

"Yep." He followed, feeling loose and good. Ten days was a long time to sit around doing nothing, but this time it was looking up.

"Cool." Another cigarette was pulled out, a long draw taken. "Fuck, but it's been a busy day. Don't repair livers every fucking afternoon."

"His liver, eh? Sounds like something necessary. Doc knew there was something twisted up inside, but not what." The way the man was working that cigarette, it was starting to make him hard.

"It's a touch challenging to live without one, yeah, but his'll heal up pretty and he'll have a scar to brag about." Those green eyes were picking up every bit of color in the jungle and just shining. He couldn't help but grin at Bones; the man was obviously easy in his skin, happy. It was nice, too, to meet someone who knew not to ask questions, not to be curious. Trip figured Bones saw lots of guys, lots of people coming in and out, because he wasn't even getting curious looks. The jungle opened up, a pool widened out beside the quickly moving river. "Watch out for the fucking monkeys. They steal shit."

He chuckled. "Maybe I should have left my piece back at camp."

Bones started to strip, so he did as well, the pool looked nice and cool, inviting. The man had a pretty little cowboy butt, the tan going all the way, legs that just went on and on. He hadn't seen anyone but military style musclemen and kids for several years now and he had to admit Bones was waking up all sorts of parts. He took the clip out of his piece and got into the water in a hurry. You never knew how some people were going to take an honest show of interest.

Bones wasn't in any sort of hurry, bending to scrub the filthy clothes, before standing, proud and tall, hanging the clothes over a stone. He was staring, he knew he was, but a man could only not look for so long. Bones was a fine, fine looking man. He wouldn't say no to having a piece of that. He wouldn't say no to seconds.

Then that braid got worked loose, hair going everywhere, sun setting it off. Damn. His cock throbbed as all that hair slid over Bones' shoulders. Oh, now, the man was putting on a show for him. Had to be.

Bones slid into the pool, washing quickly over by the moving water, hair going dark and heavy. "Damn, this water feels fine. You need to borrow the soap?"

Soap. Oh man. He wanted that more than he wanted a piece of that sweet ass. "Please."

Bones gave him a grin, handed over a little waterproof ditty bag with two bars of soap, and a bottle of creamy shampoo. Disposable razors. Damn. "Help yourself."

He went for the razor first, soaping up his face and taking care of the growth. Felt fucking good to get this clean. Bones offered him his privacy, swimming idly before climbing up onto a flat rock and sunning like a lizard. Like a seductive, half-hard, needing to be fucked lizard.

Clean and horny, he swam slowly around Bones' rock, trying to think up a line that wouldn't make him sound like a total horn dog.

Those green eyes opened, watched him for a long while. "You hunting for something you can't find in that ditty bag, Trip?"

He stopped swimming and treaded water. "Yeah, I guess I might be."

Bones slid back into the water, moving nice and easy, body brushing up against him, just enough to make him sensitive, make him want more.

"You think you have what I'm looking for, Bones?"

"I think you've had a nice, long look. I'm thinking we're both full-grown and able to get what we want."

He nodded and directed his movements so he slid up against Bones. "I imagine you're right."

He brought their lips together, watching those green eyes sparkle in the sunshine. Long fingers slid up along his shoulders, those lips opening for him, lazy and hungry all at once. He moaned, prick hardening the rest of the way up. Their legs tangled together as they treaded water, his tongue slipping into the wet heat of Bones' mouth. Some men were put on this earth for fucking, eager and easy to the practice, and Bones seemed to be one of those, body sliding and rocking against his. Their cocks slid together, like brands of fire in the cool water.

"You're built like a brick shithouse, man. Stunning." Those green eyes were hot, happy, appreciating him.

He colored just a little, pleased all through. "And you're all long and lean like a race-horse. Sweet."

"Mmm..." Bones brought their lips together again, fucking his mouth nice and easy with that soft tongue. He moaned softly, one hand sliding down to cup that fine ass. Shit, they needed to get to where they could get their feet on the bottom. The long body shuddered, rocked against him. "Great hands."

"Let's go shallower and I'll show you what I can do with them."

"Hell, yes." He got another grin, this one all his. "There's a little natural ledge over there, just the right height."

"Lead the way, Bones." He let the man go with reluctance, swimming easily until he found his footing. Bones settled up on the ledge, arms opening for him, water lapping at the thin torso.

Oh, it was perfect.

He slid his hands around Bones, landing on that sweet ass again, squeezing as his mouth found Bones'. Legs wrapped around his waist, body rubbing against him, nice and easy, cock hot as a brand. He let his fingers stroke along Bones' crease, rocking them together. Fuck it was nice to have a warm body to rub against. Felt good, so much better than his own hand.

Bones' hands explored, finding his nipples, his ribs, searching out little hot spots, stroking them. He sent one of his own hands up along Bones' spine. It was knobby and hard, but sensitive. His other hand stayed where it was and he started to tease Bones' hot little hole.

"Mmm..." Bones purred against his lips, thighs shaking a little against him.

He kept that finger pushing against Bones' hole, his other hand drawing around to pump their pricks together. Bones braced himself and started rocking, riding, involved and eager and right there. He stared

into those green eyes and plundered the hot mouth, all the while working their cocks, hand sliding, squeezing. A soft gasp sounded, eyes rolling, the long cock jerking in his hand.

Fuck, that was hot. He pulled harder, his hips working with his hand. Fuck if the man didn't stay hard, too, just seeming to want more, now.

"I don't suppose you have any lube stashed away out here?"

Bones chuckled, shook his head. "Offers come rare. I might have some at the hospital, but it's not likely."

"Damn. I was hoping for a chance at this sweet little hole." He teased it with his finger again, hand still working both their pricks, his balls insisting he needed to get down to business soon.

"Shit, it's been so long I'm damn near a virgin all over again." Bones pulled him close, shifted until his cock was sliding along Bones' cleft.

"Oh, Fuck, Bones..." He swallowed hard, wanting it so badly, thinking it was probably not the brightest idea for either of them without any lube.

"So fucking big..." The man leaned back, rubbing and rocking against him.

He groaned. "You sure?"

"Yeah. Yeah. Just take it slow, right? I'm wanting."

"You just let me know when something doesn't feel good." He pushed his finger in first, and fuck but Bones was tight. *Tight*.

"Oh... You have great hands..."

"All the better to fuck you with." He grinned, working a second finger inside, stretching the tight little hole.

"Mmm..." Bones arched, riding his fingers, body clenching tight. He pushed in harder, searching for that little gland.

"Oh! Sweet fuck. There, man! There!" Bones bucked, eyes rolling.

Oh, that was nice. He pushed his fingers against the bit of flesh again and again. The little cries were sweet, the way that belly rippled and bucked even sweeter. He finally couldn't take it anymore and he pulled his fingers out, sliding his prick along Bones' crease again a few times before pushing slowly in.

"Oh... So fucking big..." Bones' mouth was open, eyes rolling, hands on his upper arms.

"All the better to...oh fuck... fuck you with." God, Bones was tight. Fucking sweet.

"Uh-huh." Bones nodded, knees drawing up, body pulling him deeper.

He moaned as his cock pushed in all the way. He was fucking deep inside Bones and the man was so tight and Jesus fuck, it was perfect.

"Sweet fuck..." Bones gasped, stilling, tongue wetting those parted lips.

"Let me know when I can move, Bones. Don't make it too long." He didn't think he could hold still long. Not with that tight body rippling around him.

"Not made of glass. Fuck me." The words were almost growled, those green eyes flashing. Growling back, he let himself go, pulling almost all the way out and then shoving back in hard, pulling Bones down onto his prick. Bones' cry was sharp, triumphant, birds flying at the sound.

Oh, fuck, he could get used to a sound like that.

He began to thrust over and over again, pleasure riding along his spine. The tight ass fucking worked him, muscles milking his cock. He got a hand between them, hand going around Bones' prick. He wasn't going to last very long, this was too fucking good and it had been too damned long.

Bones shot at the first touch of his fingers, body tight as a fist around his prick. The moment the tight vise eased he shot, filling Bones with heat.

Bones groaned, relaxing, panting. "Wow."

He nodded, trying to catch his breath. "Fuck yeah."

"I don't suppose you'd want to do this over and over for the next ten days?"

"Hell, yes." He could so go for that.

"Fucking A." Bones grinned, leaned over for a kiss.

He licked his way into Bones' mouth, moaning. Sweet.

"Mmm..." That long body started rocking again, moving slow.

Oh... He groaned as his prick jerked and stopped getting soft, started filling again.

"Can you do it again, big guy? Can you take my ass one more time?"

"I'm going to do it or die trying, Bones."

"Oh, no dying on my watch, T." Bones laughed, bucking.

He moaned and started moving again, shuddering as Bones' ass slid over his prick.

"Oh, that? Is fine." Bones leaned back against the shore, hair spreading out.

"It sure is," he murmured, fucking entranced by the sight.

"You have a fucking sexy voice, man." That hair brushed against his hands. Oh, fuck that was... silky, soft. He wrapped his hands in Bones' hair, fucking the man with hard thrusts.

"Mmm..." Bones moaned, stretching up, water pouring over the gold skin.

Oh, this was going to be a good one, having already come once, he was going to be able to last and last. The wind picked up, cool on his skin, a fine mist gathering at the top of the water. It was like a fucking magical place, time, and he floated on it.

Bones leaned up, hands sliding over his shoulders. "Wow."

"Fucking wow." He grinned, shifting and finding Bones' gland with his next thrust.

"Oh..." Bones cried out, clenched around him. Oh was right. He moved faster, harder, riding the sensations. Those legs were wrapped tight, Bones' body jerking, soft moans filling the air.

"Soon, Bones," he warned, swallowing hard, holding on tight to his control.

One hand started pumping that long cock. "Yeah. Yeah."

He pulled on Bones' hair, slamming into the long body. Spunk sprayed, Bones groaning, twisting, milking his cock. He shouted, his own orgasm starting at his fucking toes and crawling up his skin, spraying out his cock.

Fuck, it was good.

He bent his head, resting it on Bones' chest as he tried to find his breath.

"I'm never fucking walking again."

He chuckled. "You're going to make my... ego grow."

"Mmm... nice fat, long... ego." Bones winked, sultry laugh sounding.

He threw his head back and laughed, prick sliding from the tight body. Bones grinned, dove back into the water, fine ass cresting the surface. He climbed out and watched the sun glinting off Bones' skin every time he surfaced. What a fine specimen.

Finally Bones climbed out, hands braiding the long hair, squeezing it dry.

"You're a nice tall drink of water, aren't you? Very fine."

Very fine indeed.

He couldn't help hoping that the kid needed an extra week or two to recover.

* * * *

The rain started as they headed back to the compound, slow and steady. Drenching. They moved towards the compound, the smoke and light from random covered fires visible. He wanted a beer and a towel and... hell, about ten or twelve days to explore Trip's hard fucking body.

"My tent's the one with the green stripe." He made the offer, let the merc make his own decision.

"Yeah? You normally bunk alone?"

"Yep. It's good to be King." He grinned over, winked. "I have the good beer, too."

"Oh, now if you're throwing beer in with the offer, there's no way I can say no." Trip gave him a wink.

"Beer, blowjobs, maybe a cigarette, if you're good."

"Oh, I think I already proved just how good I can be." He got another wink and Trip nodded back toward the guest tent. "Let me check when I'm scheduled for perimeter duty, let Cap know where to find me."

"Cool. You know where I am." He wandered toward the hospital to check on his patient, checking heart rate and temperature.

The boy looked good, pale and weak, but good.

Cap slipped in. "The kid looks good. You're good at what you do."

He smiled over. "Hell, yes. I'm the best."

Cap chuckled and then sobered. "So are my guys. I hand pick 'em for every missions and Trip's always first on my roster."

"Yeah? He seems to know what he's doing, seems to be solid." As a fucking rock.

"Hell, yes, he's solid. A good kid." Cap nodded. "Well, ten days is a long time for you to have extra people under foot. We'll try to stay out of the way as much as possible." Cap gave him a half salute and went.

"I hope he doesn't try too hard." Bones checked once more and then headed for his tent and dry clothes and good beer.

He had a nice set up -- books, pictures, little cooler, padded bunk. Hell, he was well-funded, he knew it. That's why he was out here -- excitement and supplies and doing what he was put on earth to do. Amen.

Trip was already there, lying naked as the day he was born, smoking a cigar, looking for all he was worth as if he were settled in for the duration. He was given a lazy grin. "Hey, Bones."

"Mmm... hey, T." He stripped off his wet clothes, digging out a towel to dry off with. Trip looked him up and down and fucking *purred*. Oh, but that made him feel hot. He got himself a beer and his brush, went to sit next to those acres of muscles.

Trip's hand slid through his hair. "I've never seen anything like this."

"Yeah? I've been growing it since the day I left for college. Drove my old man batty." He started brushing, long, easy, practiced strokes.

Trip laughed, fingers impeding his brushing. "Nothing says screw you, Dad like long hair."

"Hell, yeah. Mr. Business Hair would hate to see me now." He leaned toward the touch, purring.

"Guess he doesn't have much taste then."

"Not even a bit."

Mmm... taste. He leaned over and licked that tanned skin. Yummy. There was that lovely purr again, Trip's hand pushing his hair over his shoulder. He cuddled in, hands flattening out over that amazing belly. Damn. Trip's hands slid over his back, exploring lazily. He found one little nipple, sucking nice and slow, tongue sliding over the hard nub.

"Oh, fuck, that's nice, Bones." That voice was rough, Trip's prick jerking and starting to fill against him.

"Mm-hmm." He nodded, sucking a little harder, letting his teeth threaten.

Trip's hips pushed up, hands sliding down to cup his ass. Oh, he was liking those hands, liking that touch, thighs spreading a little. "You're nice and eager, Bones. I like that."

"I've never been accused of being a shrinking violet." He grinned, wiggled.

Trip chuckled. "Thank God for that."

The big fingers danced over his ass, teased his crack. He moaned, hole clenching, so sensitive. "Oh, fuck, that feels good."

"Yeah, from this end, too." One finger tapped against his hole.

"Oh!" He jerked, rubbing, eyes wide. "Sweet fuck."

"It will be." Solid and sure.

"Sure of yourself, aren't you?" So fucking sexy. He was going to lap every second up.

"Oh, no. I'm sure of you." Trip rolled him on the small cot, putting him on the bottom.

Fuck, there was some strength there. Luscious. "Are you now?"

Trip rubbed their hard pricks together. "I am."

Fuck, that felt.... Yeah. Oh, yeah. "I'm thinking you're something else, T."

"Yeah? I can live with that." Bending, Trip brought their mouths together, hips still moving nice and slow, body pressing down into him.

He went with it, lips opening wide, tongue sliding against Trip's, soft purrs moving through him.

"I could get fucking used to this," muttered Trip, nipping at his lower lip.

"Uh-huh. You fit fine. Just fine." He liked the way Trip's head felt under his hand. Trip nuzzled into his

hands, just moving nice and slowly. His entire body was awake, alive, aroused, aware of Trip's lips, hands, skin.

"I'm on perimeter duty in three hours," Trip whispered, nuzzling the skin of his neck, licking at his collarbones.

"I'll keep you warm and happy 'til then." Oh, fuck. That tongue. Fuck.

"Perfect." Trip kept exploring, licking right along his hair where it bisected his skin instead of pushing it out of the way. "You taste good, Bones."

"Mmm... this? Is so fine." He arched, rubbing them together, low moans filling the air.

Trip nodded, teeth grazing over his nipple. "Best I've had."

"Oh... Again." Fuck, he was flying. Trip's teeth grazed his nipple again and then the man licked the tip before tugging on the little bit of flesh with his lips.

Oh, man. He was soaring, cock leaking on that perfect, hot belly.

One of Trip's hands was tangled in his hair, the other holding his head, fingers stroking his cheek, his lips and nose and chin. He chased those fingers with his mouth, licking and nuzzling, sucking the thick thumb in. Trip's purr vibrated around his other nipple, that big body starting to move against his again. He groaned, sucking harder, head starting to bob.

"Fuck, I bet you give amazing head."

He let Trip's thumb pop free. "Wanna see if you're right?"

Trip raised his head and those dark eyes looked up at him. "Hell, yes."

Tony licked his lips, moaned, suddenly hungry for it, for the feel of hot flesh on his tongue. "Fucking A."

Trip flipped them again, putting him up on top of that hard body. "I'm all yours."

He moaned, sliding down, mouth trailing down Trip's body, Trip's belly, heading for that hard cock. Those hard muscles rippled for him, Trip moaning, both hands sliding through his hair. He nuzzled Trip's cock with one cheek, rubbing and stroking it, inhaling the rich musk.

Trip chuckled huskily. "Feels fucking good and you haven't even started yet."

His lips explored the soft, heavy balls, tongue sliding. "Smell good."

"Your soap," groaned Trip, legs spreading fucking wide for him, hips shifting, pushing those balls toward him.

"Mmm... soap and water and man." He wrapped his lips around one testicle, licking so gently.

"Oh, fuck." Trip fucking whimpered for him, hands twisting in his hair. His cock was aching, rubbing against the blankets, his nose brushing Trip's shaft. A shudder moved through the big body, Trip's head

moving from side to side. He slowly licked his way up Trip's prick, nuzzling and moaning, lapping as he headed for the dark tip.

"Tease," whispered Trip, cock jerking, tip leaking copious amounts of pre-come.

"No way. Teases don't put out." He wrapped his lips just around the tip of Trip's cock, sucking nice and easy. Trip's laugh shattered into a long, sweet moan. Tony went to work, sucking and bobbing and moaning and wanting. The flavor of Trip was all male and strong and addictive and he pulled hard, needing more. Trip loved every second it, just moaning and writhing for him, cock leaking more and more of the hot drops.

"Mmm... As much as he liked sucking, he liked knowing he was making someone need, making his lover hard and horny.

Trip's legs moved restlessly, hips starting to push into his mouth, sweet little jerks that hinted at a need for more. He took Trip in, lips spread wide, head bobbing as he sucked hard. Trip's heels dug into the cot, his movements growing longer, harder, the noises needier and more wanton. He relaxed, taking all Trip had to give him, taking everything in.

"Oh fuck." Trip humped into his face, moaning and groaning as the fat prick slid deep. He cupped that muscular ass with his hands, encouraging the thrusts. Yeah. Yeah, man. Show me. The hands in his hair held his head steady, Trip just going to town, shouting out and coming hard down his throat. Oh, sweet fuck. He swallowed hard, hips humping the sheets as he swallowed. The hands in his hair softened, Trip's fingers stroking through it, gentle, almost reverent. "Shit, Bones, that'll keep a man coming back for more."

"Mmm... good deal." He nuzzled Trip's belly, panting a little. "Damned good."

"Oh yeah." Trip's hand slid over his head. "What can I do to help you out, Bones?"

"Touch me." He crawled up Trip's body, rocking, moaning. "Love your hands."

"You're one sexy bastard, you know that?" Trip's hands slid down his back where they split, one staying to caress his ass, the other sliding between them and wrapping around his prick.

"Oh..." He leaned down, licking and lapping at Trip's throat, moaning as pleasure lit him right up. One of Trip's fingers teased his hole, and the man's thumb slid across the tip of his cock. He shot with a jerk and a cry, eyes rolling as he came, toes curling.

Trip chuckled, hand still stroking as he came down. "You're quick off the mark. Makes a man feel pretty studly."

"Yeah, I'd be in trouble if I didn't recover just as fast."

Trip's hands slid over him, nice and warm and solid. "Mr. Eveready?"

"You got it." He snuggled in. "Always up and wanting."

Trip's arm wrapped around him, one hand reaching down to pull a blanket up over them. "Mmm... sounds like fun."

Tony nodded, licking Trip's throat. "Nothing like a physician to make your body sing."

"Oh, is that your secret, Bones?"

"One of them, yeah. You'll have to work to find the others."

"Oh, now that sounds like a most pleasurable task."

He chuckled, stretched and yawned. "Yes, sir. Most good. You need an alarm?"

"Nope, but if you've got one I'll sleep harder."

"I do." He leaned, set the alarm and then settled in for a nap, using Trip like a mattress, comfortable, settled.

Fucking sweet.

* * * *

Perimeter duty at night had its advantages and disadvantages. Trip liked working in the dark and quiet. It was usually cooler at night, too. And easier to pick up problems.

On the other hand, once you were done there was no one to come down with.

He considered briefly hanging out with Cap, Can and Doc, but Cap and Can had snuck off somewhere and Doc always nodded right off for a nap after duty.

There was a warm body waiting for him in the big tent with the green stripe, and it wasn't that he didn't want to go there, it was that he really did. Bones deserved his night's sleep and the last thing Trip was going to want to do when he joined that warm body in bed was sleep.

Fuck it. Sleep was overrated and if Bones woke up grumpy, well he carried a weapon, now didn't he?

He grabbed his gear out of the guest tent and dumped it inside Bones' tent, stripping off as he headed for the little cot. Oh. Oh, now, that was sweet. Bones was sleeping on his belly, ass in the air, thick braid hanging onto the floor. And if the man wanted to sleep, he shouldn't have been lying like that. Or he should have at least put a blanket on.

He bent down and bit that beautiful ass.

Bones squeaked, damned near jumping off the bed and spinning, eyes wide. "Fuck!"

He chuckled. "I'm sorry, I couldn't resist that sweet ass."

"Prick." Bones grinned, stretching out.

"Yeah, I got one." He winked and bent, hand sliding along Bones' side. "Been a long time since I came home to a warm body."

"Glad I ranked that high." Undulating, flushing -- Bones looked fine, aroused and happy.

"Oh, that sweet ass of yours ranks high." He bent and took one of Bones' nipples in his mouth, loving the way the little piece of flesh went hard under his tongue.

"Oh... welcome home, T." Hands slid over his shoulders, Bones rubbing against him, moaning low.

He purred, cock hard as a rock already. Fuck, this jungle doctor was giving him a fever. Long fingers started stripping his clothes away, searching for skin. Oh yeah, he could fucking get used to this. He brought their mouths together, kissing Bones hard. Bones opened right up to him, fingers finding his cock, stroking, exploring. He groaned, deepening the kiss, moving into those touches.

"Hungry." Bones met his hunger straight on, pushing into his mouth, his hands. Hell yeah, he was hungry for this, for the way Bones' tongue pushed against his own, the way those hands moved on his skin and the way that body worked with him. "Still fucking feel you, sliding in my ass."

"Oh yeah, you were fucking tight around me." He licked at Bones' lips, looking down into the green eyes. "Wanna repeat it? Make sure we're remembering it right?"

"Oh, yeah. Think we might need to. Think I might really need it."

"Mmmm, that's what I want to hear." He chuckled and nuzzled Bones' neck. "I don't suppose the lube's nearby?"

"Uh-huh. Man doesn't want to get out of bed when it's time to jack off." Bones stretched, found a wrinkled tube.

He chuckled, taking the tube. "Looks well-used." He gave Bones' a wink.

"Mmm... I have a big... libido."

He snorted with laughter. "Jesus, Bones, you got that wit licensed?"

"Nah. Just the hands, T."

He was still laughing as he got his fingers slicked up, but it faded quickly enough into a moan when he pushed two into Bones' ass. Oh fuck, the man was tight and hot. And tight.

"Oh, yeah. Yeah. Fuck." Those eyes were huge, so green, hot.

"That's the idea, Bones." He grinned, cock just throbbing in anticipation.

"Uh-huh. Yeah. Yeah." Bones leaned up, tongue sliding against his throat.

He growled, a shudder going through him. "You're going to get me all distracted, Bones."

That ass squeezed his fingers. "Focus..."

"Oh, fuck. Oh fuck, Bones." With a groan he curled his fingers, finding Bones' gland.

Bones jerked, body going stiff and still. "Yes..."

"Oh yeah. That's the spot, eh?" He nailed it a few more times.

"Uh... Uh-huh. Oh. Uh-huh..." Those eyes rolled, Bones' lips parting. Oh, that was a fucking beautiful sight. He kept his fingers moving, just watching. It didn't take long before Bones was coming, riding his fingers, spunk spraying over the flat belly. He slid his free hand through the come on Bones' belly, bringing his fingers up to his mouth, licking them clean as he kept bumping the little gland, keeping Bones hard. "Oh. Sweet fuck. That. Wow. Feels fucking fine."

"Sexy bastard," he muttered, shaking his head. "Can't wait any longer."

"Yeah. Now. Fuck me." Bones spread, moaning low.

"Hell, yeah." He settled between Bones' legs and pushed his cock into Bones' body, moaning at the incredible tightness.

"Oh..." His cock was held in an amazing heat, squeezed.

"Fucking sweet," he groaned, bending to take Bones' mouth as he started to thrust. Bones opened right up, tongue sliding against his own, stealing his breath. He just kept moving, brain shorting out at all the fucking fantastic sensations going through him.

Bones pushed warm, needy noises into his mouth, fingers pulling him in deeper, harder. The fucking cot creaked, but held. They found a good, hard rhythm, him thrusting, Bones' ass slapping against his hips. It was amazing. Solid. Fucking hot the way those eyes watched him, stared at him.

He growled into their kiss and pushed harder, faster. So fucking close now. Bones' ass tightened, the man nodded. Yes. God, it felt good. Two more thrusts and he was flying, just soaring through the night sky. Heat sprayed between them, Bones whimpering, moaning.

He collapsed down onto Bones, moaning happily at the silky warmth of the man's skin.

"Fucking fine." Bones nuzzled his neck, purring.

"Hell, yeah." He licked the sweat from Bones' shoulder. "You are fine fucking piece of man, Bones."

"Mmm..." Those hands were soothing, stroking, easing him right to sleep.

Oh, he could get used to this. All too fucking easily.

He sank into sleep where his dreams were warm and soft and the men all spoke with slow drawls.

* * * *

The kid was struggling a little, trying to get an infection and Tony'd spent his morning watching and washing, pumping the kid with bug killers and checking with Viejo on the status of the new baby and mother. Normal day.

Well, except for the ache in his ass, the muscles pulling and stretching from being used.

That? Not normal.

Welcome as flowers in May, but not normal. Fucking sexy as hell, but not normal.

Lunchtime came and he grabbed two plates of carne guisada and headed to his tent, intent on looking for more not normal. "Rise and shine, Trip. I got food."

One dark blue eye cracked open. "Already risen, Bones. Come on in and make it shine."

"Mmm..." God, he sounded needy, plates set aside in favor of the bigger and better meal. Trip pushed away the covers and oh my yes, Trip very definitely was already up. Those big arms opened for him.

"Oh, look at that..." He purred, stripping down to his scrub pants before settling into Trip's arms, rubbing nice and slow.

"I may never get out of bed again," Trip informed him, pushing away the scrubs until those hands were on his ass.

"Okay, I'll bring food and lube and just ride that fine fucking cock until the end of time."

"You got a deal." One of those solid fingers teased between his ass cheeks.

"Oh..." His nerves were on fire, flashing, flaming. Fuck, it felt so good. One solid finger pushed against his hole while Trip's other hand wrapped around his braid. "Fuck, yes. Feels so good."

"Gonna ride me, Bones? Sit on my cock and fuck yourself?"

Oh. Oh, sweet fuck, he needed. "Yes..."

Trip managed to find the lube where it had gotten shoved under his pillow, the little bottle waved under his nose. "Get yourself slicked up, Bones. Show me how much you want me."

"Bossy." He grinned, pushed his braid behind him, and slicked three fingers. His hole was hot to the touch, sensitive as one finger slid in deep.

"Oh fuck, you are one sexy fucker." Trip reached out and slid his fingers down along his chest.

"Oh..." He raised up on his knees, riding his fingers, giving Trip a show.

Trip groaned, shuddering beneath him. "Fuck... oh, Bones..."

"Yeah. Feels damned good."

"Looks fucking amazing from here, Bones." Those thick fingers tugged at his nipples.

"Oh..." He arched, hips rocking, pushing down on his fingers. Trip started to rock up into him, hot cock

sliding along his inner thigh. His head fell back, body rocking and shifting, cock bobbing, heat dripping from the end.

"Jesus fuck, Bones. You are something fucking else." One hand wrapped around his prick, moving with him.

"Gonna make me shoot..." His fingers found his gland, entire body jerking.

"You'll stay hard." Trip gave him a lazy grin, tugging harder, sounding so fucking sure of him already.

"Uh-huh..." He gave a soft cry, spunk spraying over Trip's fingers. Trip purred, hand sliding over his belly, rubbing his come into his skin. He started moving slower, ready for that heavy cock, ready to be spread wide.

"Don't make me wait, Bones. I want you."

He nodded, spreading, fingers sliding free. "Now."

Trip reached down and slid that fat prick against his hole.

"Yes... again." He arched, body begging. Again and again that hot cock teased along his crease, Trip's thighs trembling "Please. T. I need. Please."

"Take me in." Oh, that voice was pure sex. He whimpered, bore down, gasping as he stretched. "Fuck. Oh, Bones, fuck." Trip's eyes rolled, his chest heaving. "Shit, you're something else."

"Yeah. Fuck me. Love the feel of that cock..."

Trip dug his heels in and pushed up into him, cock going deep. The world went sort of bright and shiny, sparkles flashing behind his eyes. Trip was moaning, moving, pushing into him over and over. He bucked, rocked, low cries filling the tent. Trip's solid hands wrapped around his hips, fingers digging in and guiding his movements.

"Fuck. Yes." He jerked, whimpering. Trip moaned and groaned, whimpered as well, there was no doubt the man was enjoying it every bit as much as he was.

He swung his head, braid brushing Trip's belly. Trip gasped, jerking deep and coming hard inside him. Oh, fucking A. He jerked himself off, hand quick and sure. Damn.

"Sexy motherfucker."

"You are." He grinned, panting a little, sweating as he worked his cock. Trip's grin was feral, one hand wrapping in his braid and tugging him down for a fierce kiss. He moaned into the kiss, ass squeezing, body tight.

"Come on my cock, Bones. Let me feel you."

"Oh. Oh, sweet fuck. So good..." He whimpered, squeezing as he came hard.

"Oh fucking yes." Trip growled a little for him, hands sliding on his skin.

"Oh. Oh, addictive. Friggin' addictive, babe."

"Yeah, you know it. I'm never going to want to leave."

"Yeah, you will. But you'll come back." Mercs were gypsies in their souls. "And it'll be fucking hot when you do."

"Yeah. Something to warm up to on the cold nights." Trip chuckled, big hands sliding over him.

"Something to fuck my ass through the cot."

Trip purred. "You know it."

His hands moved over Trip's head. "We got days and days to make memories."

Trip nodded. "Yeah. Lots and lots of memories. You're gonna be walking bow-legged before I go."

"Mmm... promises, promises."

"I'm a man of my word, Bones."

"Excellent." He dove into another kiss, fucking lost. Fucking stunned.

One of Trip's hands was warm on his skin, the other was wrapped around his braid, holding tight to his hair. He felt alive, sexual, sexy, happy. Tony relaxed, rubbing their skin together, loving the way they felt together. Trip was purring, rumbling happily like some big jungle cat beneath him.

His hand stroked along Trip's side. Oh, he could get used to this. So fucking easy. So fucking easy.

CHAPTER TWO

It became a pattern. Eat, fuck, put in a shift of perimeter duty, fuck, sleep. Eat, fuck, put in a shift of perimeter duty, fuck, sleep. Trip was especially fond of the fucking parts. Bones was insatiable and obviously just loved fucking as much as he did and that made for great sex.

After four days of it, he was feeling fat and lazy and satisfied, like a big cat curled in the sunshine after glutting on a big kill.

He'd just finished a shift and Bones was busy checking out some locals, so he'd grabbed a plate of food, found some beer and was currently playing cards with the boys. Tin Can had everybody's money in his pile and Cap, Doc and him were debating the wisdom of throwing more money after it to try to earn some back. They each anted up another twenty and the cards were dealt. Trip figured if Bones didn't wrap it with his patients soon, he was going to lose the rest of his available cash.

He heard the low whistle, smelled the tobacco and then that long braid, the sweet little ass be-bopped by, green eyes shining. His prick perked up, just like that and as soon as the round ended, his own hand the winner for a change, he excused himself.

"You going just as your luck changes?" Tin Can asked. "Well I'm not going to stop you while from quitting while I've still got most of your money."

Doc chuckled. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do, Trip."

"I guess that leaves me wide open then?" He headed off in the direction Bones had gone in, still chuckling.

That soft whistling led him along, down a path, past the pond, Bones just far enough ahead to make it interesting. He gave a low whistle of his own, a signal to whoever was guarding this end of the place that it was just him, nothing to check out or worry about. Then he moved a little faster, working to catch up to Bones.

He lost the son of a bitch once or twice, but followed the trail, groaning when the jungle opened up to offer him the sight of a waterfall splashing down over and around Bones. The man was naked, hair loose, thighs parted as he arched.

Jesus fuck, there was a sight to wake a man all the fucking way up.

He started stripping, wading through the water as soon as he was naked.

Bones turned, hands stroking the long, thin cock, smiling. "You found me."

"Hell, yes. And now that I've found you, I'm going to have to have my wicked way with you."

"Oooh! I like wicked." Bones pushed the long heavy hair back. "Can we try for naughty, too?"

"I'll do my best, Bones." He winked and started pumping his own cock, standing a few feet away from Bones. Those green eyes fastened on his prick, tongue licking those lips. "Sexy motherfucker," he growled, moving closer, into the fall of water.

"You are." Bones stepped forward. "Want you."

"You got me," he muttered, wrapping Bones in his arms and tugging that warm body close. Slick and wet, hard and rubbing against him, Bones was something else, something special. He didn't try to kiss Bones, the water falling all around them would have made that awkward, but he watched those green eyes as their bodies pushed together, cocks sliding hot and firm. Bones' hands fastened on his shoulders, hips rocking nice and steady against him.

He liked the way they were even in the sex department, the way Bones always gave as good as he got without being all macho and shit about it. In Trip's experience there were guys who wanted to fuck you and guys who wanted you to fuck them. Bones just wanted to get off and even when it was him fucking Bones, the man always made him feel like Bones was working him as hard as he was working Bones.

"Mmm... acres and acres of muscle to touch..." Bones leaned forward, licked his shoulder. "To taste."

Fuck, the man made him feel sexy. He flexed for Bones. Oh, that got him a whimper, hands sliding down his back. He purred, his own hands finding that sweeter than fuck ass and squeezing. Bones arched, one leg wrapped around his hip. That gave him access to that hot little hole and he pushed one of his fingers in, moaning at the heat.

"Yeah..." The word was whispered, soft and low and sweet.

He fucked Bones with that one finger, the skinny body rocking against his own. Hell, yeah. Bones was moving fast, hard, cock throbbing against his own. He pushed a second finger in alongside the first, twisting and sliding them, searching for the man's gland.

"T!" The cry was sharp and sweet, heat spraying against his belly.

Fuck he loved that, the way Bones went off so quick. It would be less fun if the man didn't recover so quickly, but as it was, it was awesome. He kept his fingers moving, nipping at Bones' shoulders. That cock didn't go soft, just stayed hard and hot, the scent of need sweet. It was good and hot and the water falling and falling on his skin had him so sensitized, making each rub of Bones' against him slide through him from head to toe. Bones climbed up him, legs wrapped around his waist.

"Fucking shit, you're sex on or off legs." He pushed another finger into Bones, making it three, humping Bones hard with them.

"Oh. Oh, good. Fuck." Bones leaned back, hips jerking, hair hanging back. He fucked Bones a bit more with his fingers, but his prick was hard as a hammer and his balls were aching like a son of a bitch. He wanted in. Bones seemed to agree. "Enough playing. Fuck me."

Yeah. That he could do. He could so do that. He shifted Bones, prick rubbing and then sliding in. Bones arched, low cry splitting the air, that sweet hole so fucking tight.

He brought their mouths together, biting at Bones' lips as he started moving Bones on his cock. Those muscles rippled and moved around him, milking and stroking his cock, fucking him as much as he was fucking Bones. It was fucking awesome, pulling the pleasure right out of his spine. The man rode him, bucking on his cock and groaning, letting him know how good it was.

With enthusiasm like that, it wasn't going to be long and sure enough, he soon felt the pleasure gathering in his balls, a heavy, insistent pressure.

Bones fisted his own cock, hand jerking, hips shifting furiously. Oh yeah, fuck. He came with a shout, filling Bones deep inside. Bones groaned, bucking and sliding on his prick, seed spraying between them.

He kept his arms around Bones, groaning as the water swept seed and sweat away.

"Oh, fuck. That was... I've always wanted to do that."

"Got anymore fantasies I can fulfill for you, Bones?"

"Loads." Bones laughed, splashing him with the water.

He let Bones drop into the water, taking a few steps back and splashing. He could do a water fight. He could do loads, too.

The water started flying fast and hard, their laughter echoing.

Damn, this was the good life.

* * * *

Man, ten days went quick when you were fucking your brains out. Not that he was complaining, because he wasn't, but if he did? Too fucking quick. He even enjoyed Tin Can and Cap, although Doc? Major dork and a little bit of a peeping tom.

Tony had all the important shit -- how to contact Trip in an emergency, Trip had his radio information and a topical map to find the hospital again. Now he needed his last night, thank you. Something to hold on to.

Trip came walking out from the jungle, headed right for his tent. He got a wide grin as soon as Trip saw him. "Looking good, Bones."

He turned, wiggled. "All yours, T. If you're wanting."

Trip snorted. "There's only one answer to that and you know it."

He nodded. "I do. I want you." Sometimes it was just time to be honest.

Trip grinned and nodded back. "Well it seems you've got me. For another night anyway, yeah?" Trip nudged him into his tent, dark blue eyes holding his gaze.

"Yeah." He pulled the tie off the end of his braid, loving the way Trip's eyes flared.

Trip was good, the man stripping himself before reaching for him.

"Sexy bastard." He took his hair in hand, teasing Trip's belly, nipples.

"Oh, fuck." Trip shuddered and started undressing him with trembling fingers.

"Oh, you like that." He purred, stroking again, stroking more.

"Shit, that's about the sexiest thing ever." Trip's voice was little more than a growl.

"Mmm... get on the cot, I'll show you something."

Trip raised an eyebrow and then grinned and lay down. "Show me, lover."

Oh. Oh, yeah. Lover. He leaned down, wrapped his hair over Trip's heavy cock, sliding the curls around the shaft.

"Fuck!" Trip's eyes went impossibly wide, got impossibly hot, the big body bucking uncontrollably. "Bones..."

"Yeah." He did it again, moaning at the heat in Trip's eyes. Trip made a desperate sound, body bucking again. Trip's fingers fisted into the sheets. "Oh, fuck. You're hot. So fucking fine." He wrapped his hair around and around that cock, slowly tugging it free.

"Bones!" Shudders continued to rock Trip, noises like he'd never heard coming from the man.

"Yeah. Yeah." He was going to have to make sure Trip remembered to come back.

If the look on Trip's face and the noises he was making were any indication, Trip wasn't going to forget for a long time. "Shit, Bones. Gonna..."

"Yeah, babe. Show me. I'll get you up again." He wrapped his hair around Trip's prick again and as he dragged it off, Trip bucked again, shouting as spunk shot into his hair.

"Fucking hot." He whimpered, panting, cock rubbing against Trip's thigh.

"Jesus fuck, what the hell was that?" Trip was panting, eyes hot on him.

"Mmm... foreplay."

"Foreplay... if that was foreplay I'm not sure I'm going to survive the climax, Bones." One of Trip's hands reached out, sliding along his belly.

"Oh..." He purred, grabbing a towel, cleaning his hair, leaning into the touch.

"There's something else we haven't tried yet," Trip murmured, fingers moving over his skin.

Bones hummed, rocking nice and easy. "What's that, babe?"

"You haven't done me yet." Those dark eyes watched him.

"Oh..." He purred, bit his bottom lip, aching, cock bobbling. "Oh, you're right. I haven't."

"Well what are you waiting for? Break out the lube and lets get busy."

"Ah, romance." He chuckled, leaning down to lick at Trip's balls, spread him. "Get the lube."

Trip groaned and the tube was passed down to him.

He took it, slicking up two fingers and sliding them over the wrinkled little hole. Trip jerked, moaned, legs shifting restlessly. "Fucking fine, T." He pressed inside, fingers sliding nice and easy.

Trip moaned, legs spreading wider, bearing down on his fingers, taking them deep. He licked and lapped at Trip's shaft as he searched for Trip's gland. There was no doubt when he found it, Trip jerking hard, shouting out.

"Oh. Right there." He purred and started working that gland hard.

"Shit, yes!" Trip was moaning and pushing up into his touch.

God, his lover was beautiful. Beautiful. Hard and hot and sexy and...

"I need, babe. Please. "

"I'm right here, Bones. All yours."

"Yes." He slicked his cock up, moving to rub the tip against that tight hole. "Hot..."

"Take me, Bones. Please." Trip's hips shifted, body pushing against his cock. He nodded, panting, pushing in with one smooth stroke.

Oh.

Tight.

Hot.

Oh.

"Trip..."

"Oh yeah. Bones. Fuck."

"Uh-huh." He started moving, pushing deep, rocking into Trip's heat. Trip's hands reached for him, sliding across his chest. He wrapped his hands around Trip's waist, pushing in hard and fast.

"Fucking amazing, Bones."

"Mmm... fucking you, babe." He grinned, leaned down to steal a long kiss. Trip groaned, but opened up, tongue sliding with his. He was flying, too hot and too hard to last, focusing on making Trip feel. Trip's hand wrapped around the thick cock, tugging in time with his thrusts.

"Come for me, T. Come on my cock. Let me feel you." He was panting, shaking, needing.

"Fuck!" Trip shouted, body squeezing tight as he came.

He let himself go, pumping hard, filling Trip with heat. Trip purred, pulling him down into another kiss.

Oh, fuck, yes. "Going to miss this."

"Yeah. My hand's going to be fucking busy."

"Yeah. But when you come back to roost, it'll be so good." He found a grin as he slid from Trip's body.

Groaning, Trip rearranged them so he was lying half on the muscled body, sheets covering them. "Yeah, I'll be back."

He nodded. "Good, 'cause I'm damned fond."

Damned fond.

Trip nodded and kissed him, fingers sliding along his spine.

He closed his eyes, holding on. Breathing Trip in.

"I'll be back," Trip murmured again.

He nodded. "I'll be waiting."

CHAPTER THREE

Trip walked into the large clearing of the hospital, twitching with the effort not to shoot as the guards trained their weapons on him.

It had been over two years since he'd seen Bones. Hell, for all he knew, there was a new doctor here now, Bones gone back to whatever he called home. Trip hoped not. For two long years he'd been jacking off to the memories of those ten days and he sure as hell was hoping to relive them.

There was a little tiny voice that suggested that Bones might not want to see him, but he'd pretty much squashed it on the walk in. Bones had made it pretty clear he was welcome back and Bones knew what the life of a merc was like. If you were lucky there was no break between jobs and he'd been lucky for two years. Cap had arranged a job for them that started in another six weeks, though it would take him almost two to hike into it from the hospital. Still that gave them four weeks to fuck their brains out.

"Soy amigo del doctor," he told the guards, looking for a familiar face, but to be honest, last time he'd been here he'd not paid that much attention to anyone who wasn't Bones.

They muttered amongst themselves, speaking faster than he could follow, but he did hear "el esqueleto", so Bones was still here.

He rolled his eyes. He was hot. He was tired. He was fucking horny.

"Bones!" He bellowed.

"What the fuck?" Bones appeared from the main tent, glasses perched on the skinny nose. Shit the man looked fine -- tanned and blond, eyes as green as he remembered. "Well, I'll be damned. Do I know you?" The grin he got was wide, pleased, those eyes twinkling. "Dejelo. El es seguro. Este es Senor Trapiezio."

The guards' guns went down and he grinned, headed for Bones. "Looking good."

"Yeah? You're a sight for sore eyes. You been staying busy?"

"Hell, yeah. Non-stop. We're lined up for another job in about six weeks. But I'm a free agent until then. I thought you might have a use or two for a body."

Well shit if they didn't get going into Bones' tent soon he was going to fucking throw the man to the ground and fuck him silly right in the middle of everything.

"I imagine I have some work for you." He got a wink, a slow grin. "Let's go talk about it."

"Excellent." He fell into step with Bones, headed toward the oft fantasized about green stripe tent and the little cot in it. All right, so the fantasies were more about the long stretch of skin and bones walking beside him, but sometimes they did it on the cot.

Bones slid into the tent, pushing into his arms as soon as he walked in, mouth pressed against his.

Oh fuck. Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck.

His cock was hard like *that*, the real thing so fucking much better than his imagination. His hands grabbed Bones' ass, rubbing them together as he plundered that sweet fucking mouth. Bones was hard, too, tongue sliding against his, hands on his head, keeping their lips together.

He wasn't in the mood for romance, foreplay, was pretty fucking sure Bones' would forgive him for it, too. He pressed his hands between them, yanking down Bones' scrubs and tugging his BDUs open and down and then oh fuck, yes. He gripped Bones' naked ass, squeezed that sweet flesh and started rubbing them together again, their pricks on fire against each other.

It didn't take anything before Bones was shooting, humping against him, heat spraying over his belly. Oh yeah, fucking good.

Without ceremony, he turned Bones around, pushing the man over to his cot. Bones' bent and braced himself with his hands against the cot and Trip spread those sweet cheeks and just pushed right in.

Oh, sweet fuck, the man was tight, hot, clenched around him like a fist, but better. "Fuck, I needed this. Want it."

He started thrusting hard, taking that tight ass.

Bones' body pulled him in, held him tight and fought him on each retreat. "T. Oh, fuck. T."

"Yeah. Soon, Bones." He wasn't going to last long, not this time, not buried to the hilt in the sweetest, tightest fucking heat ever.

"Yeah." Bones squeezed him tight, muscles milking him.

"Bones!" He roared, jerking as he came hard, pushing his seed deep into Bones'.

They slumped together on the bed, panting. "H...hey."

He purred, hands sliding along Bones' sides, one of them finding that thick braid and holding on. Soft lips brushed over his knuckles, the kiss warm, sweet. He slipped from Bones' ass and settled next to the lean body, tugging Bones against him. "Hey, lover."

Bones cuddled in, rubbing against him, eyes sultry and hot. "Hey, babe."

"You're looking good. Feeling better." And fuck, could he not just lie here for the next week feeling Bones up? Yes, he could. Maybe even he would.

That face lifted, lips offered to him. "Feeling just fine."

He took Bones' mouth, the lazy, slow kiss growing sudden teeth. Okay, maybe he'd be doing a damned sight more than just feeling.

Bones purred into his lips, cock rubbing against his belly, hot and hard. Oh yeah, his ever ready Bones. He slid his hand down to that sweet ass and encouraged the movements, tongue pushing deep into Bones' mouth. Bones' fingers found his nipples, rolling and pinching, tugging just a little. He gasped, hips pushing against Bones. "Fuck. Need you. Need this."

"Yeah. Yeah, two years is too fucking long, babe. Too long to go without you." The words didn't hold any heat, Bones touching and rocking and moaning.

He nodded, agreeing, meeting Bones' movements, their bodies sliding together as easily as if it had been just last week. Those eyes were bright, so green, dazed as they watched him, searched him.

He kept Bones' gaze as he brought their pricks together in his hand, pumping nice and slow, keeping them on the edge instead of pushing them over. Bones give him one long, breathless kiss after another, making love to his mouth.

Oh, fuck. Now this? This he could do for a week.

Eventually though, the need built too high to put off any longer and he tightened his grip, pulling harder. Bones shuddered, lips fastening around his tongue, sucking hard. His hips jerked, shoving his prick through his hand and he came, seed spraying between them. Bones followed right behind, maybe not even behind as twisted up in his own orgasm as he was.

He rubbed his hand clean on Bones' skin, feeling mellow, melted. Bones held him close, breath slow and easy against his chest.

And just like that, he knew he was home.

* * * *

He was out walking, stretching his legs and exploring, watching the birds and the monkeys and flowers, following the river. The weather was cooling and he wondered idly what month it was, whether it was hot in Houston, cold in New York. He idly craved a cold coke, an ice cream cone, turkey and provolone sandwich. Bones kept going, humming and warm, ambling, not paying the slightest attention to anything.

The sound of a weapon getting ready to fire and the low "hold it right there" sure got his attention though.

Shit. Shit. Shit. He dropped low, frowning.

"Jesus fuck, Bones, is that you?"

Oh, he knew what voice.

"T? Babe?" He stood up, blinking.

"What the hell are you doing this far out on your own?" Trip came through the jungle, glaring at him.

It had been nearly six months since he'd last seen the man.

"Walking." He couldn't stop grinning, moving toward his lover. "Wandering."

"I could have shot the hell out of you," Trip grumbled, but his lover's mouth twitched and soon Trip was grinning, wrapping him up in those arms.

He crowed, snuggling close. Fucking sweet! His T! Trip's mouth crashed down on his, the kiss hard and hot

and full of pent up need. He pushed into Trip's lips, climbing the strong body, hips rubbing. Trip sucked on his tongue, fingers digging into his ass, rubbing their groins together. He arched, bucking as his orgasm crashed over him, hot and fierce and wild.

"So fucking hot," Trip muttered, still humping him.

"Yeah. Need you." He nodded, panting.

Trip looked around a little wildly, no doubt for a place to fuck.

"Grass. Grass, babe. Need it." He kept rubbing, kept begging for it.

Trip growled and nodded. "Fucking now."

"Yes." He climbed down, pushing his pants off, exposing his ass. "Now."

Trip knelt behind him, two fingers pushing into his hole, stretching him for that fat prick he knew was coming, that he wanted.

"Yeah. Yeah, babe. Please. Need your cock." He spread, head thrown back, panting.

Trip's fingers disappeared and one of Trip's hands wrapped around his braid, tugging on it as that hot cock pushed right into him. "Bones. Fuck."

"Yes!" His eyes rolled, body rippling, world going bright.

"Fuck, yes." Trip started to fuck him, hard and sure, pushing into his body again and again. It was hard and feral and fucking good. The tug on his hair drove him higher, made him whimper and shake. "Oh fuck, Bones. So fucking good. Missed this."

"Yeah. Babe. Oh. Oh, fuck. Tell me you're real." He couldn't believe Trip was here, fucking him, filling him.

"This doesn't feel real?" growled Trip, pushing in harder, giving his braid a sharp tug.

He cried out, arching, so close, so hot. "Yes!"

Trip bent, teeth sinking into his shoulder as the thrusts grew in strength. "I'm real, Bones. Fucking here fucking you."

He didn't have the strength to answer, just buck and jerk and come, world spinning. Trip roared, pushing in hard enough to send him right to the ground, coming deep inside him. He rested his cheek on Trip's hand, panting, coming back to earth.

"I still don't think you should be out this far without an escort," Trip told him, tongue sliding on his skin, body warm against his back, his ass and thighs.

"You can be my escort back." He purred, rocking and humming.

Trip nodded. "I'll be your escort everywhere for the next couple of weeks."

"Fucking A." He was grinning ear to ear, soaring.

Trip chuckled and then groaned as he pulled out. He was given a hand up, Trip fixing his scrubs before setting himself to rights.

He swayed a little, blinking over at his lover. "Good to see you."

Trip chuckled and wrapped an arm around his shoulders, heading them back toward the hospital. "Good to see you, Bones. You're a sight for sore eyes."

"You been taking care of my merc?" He leaned close, inhaling.

"About as well as you've been taking care of my doctor." Trip gave him a grin and a quick kiss.

His laughter sent the birds flying as they headed along the river. Funny, he didn't need an ice cream near as much. Just more T.

CHAPTER FOUR

Trip trudged through the jungle, moving from landmark to landmark and keeping his compass headed due east within the dark canopy of vegetation. Tin Can had let him off at the usual drop off and the hike in usually only took just over a day, but his leg was aching something fierce and, despite the tourniquet, he was leaking blood. He could have retied it, but Doc had told him not to touch the damn thing until he was having it seen to by a real doctor. Doc had been pretty clear it was a real doctor he needed.

Lucky for him he was headed for one.

Over two days in and he was half convinced he'd lost his way, which was a fucking shame because nobody knew where he was or where he was headed and he wasn't really ready to fucking die yet. At least not because he'd gotten fucking lost. He was soaked with rain and sweat, his fatigues glued to his body.

It was almost a surprise as he stumbled into the cleared area where the tents were pitched, the red cross on the side of the larger one confirming he was where he wanted to be. He sheathed his machete and thumbed the safety off his piece, keeping the jungle at his back as he waited to be noticed.

It didn't take long, Bones was fucking well funded, well regarded, well protected, both by his employers and the Kollas he took care of. Hard, dark eyes met his, a spattering of Spanish preceding the rifles pointed at him as the damned sun started fading.

"Espera! Espera! No tire! El es un amigo del doctor. Senor Tropiezo." The old man that was Bone's nurse came stumbling out. "No tire."

The rifles rattled, the young men looking at each other, at the man they called Viejo.

"Si. Yo soy amigo del doctor." Now that someone had spoken for him, he slowly held out his hands, pointing the barrel of his piece toward the ground. "Bones? Get your ass out here," he growled in English.

His own personal hippie popped out from the main tent, long blond hair pulled back, cammoed scrubs hanging over the thin frame. The man's green eyes went wide, glasses pushed up. "Good Lord in Heaven. Trip. Lord, what happened to you? Todos afuera! Abran uno sendero!"

The men scattered at the clipped Spanish, so different from Bones' normal drawl.

He thumbed the safety back on his piece, nodding at Bones. Thank the fucking Lord, because he was just about ready for a good long nap. "Managed to catch a stray in my leg. Doc fished it out, but he was a little concerned about it getting stitched right, disinfected and stuff." He managed to find a bit of a smile for Bones.

"Shit. Come on in and I'll patch you up." Bones went over to the little private tent of his, holding the flap open for him, knowing better than to try to help him.

He made his way over, wincing -- now that he'd stopped his leg was not in the least interested in starting up again. It was dark and cooler than the jungle in the tent. More than that, as soon as the flap was dropped closed it was private.

Bones gave him a grin, a headshake. "You're a sight for sore eyes, T. Get stripped and stretch out on the bed. I need to check that butcher's work." Then the flap was raised, more orders barked. " Viejo! Necesito agua limpia, morfina, y penicilina. Un poco de vendajes y jabón. Ahora!"

Trip stripped off his gear, his boots, his clothes, leaving on his pants -- Bones could cut them off and use them for rags, they were already cut enough to be no use to him. He lay down on the cot, sighing and closing his eyes as the clean soap and tobacco scent of Bones surrounded him.

A cool wet rag washed his face, his neck, the sensation sweet as fuck. "Been a hard few days, yeah? I've got some morphine coming for you."

"Thanks, Bones." Just being off the leg was a relief, but as he relaxed, his nerves started to jangle, making him feel twitchy as hell.

"Anything for you." His pants were cut away, then one arm soaped and washed. "Going to get you some good stuff and some bug killers, T. Then I'll wash you. You just let me patch your bod."

He nodded. "Just do it."

His voice was rough as he gritted his teeth, breathing slow through his nose.

He could hear the noise of the hospital around him, the Spanish of the soldiers and the softer, more fluid language the Kollas spoke. There was a generator close by and beyond that the sound of the jungle settling into night. The guards would be on patrol now, more worried about animals than men as the darkness fell.

The IV slid in easy, the cold flush of saline mingling with the warm sinking of the morphine. Bones hummed some old folk song as the filth and grime was cleaned from him, the bandages removed and his leg examined.

He let his eyes close again, let the morphine take away the noise and the jangling and the pain, and he just floated there. He trusted Bones with his life. Things just sort of went blue-grey and distant, the soft song and the gentle touches the only constant.

"Whatsa damage, Bones?" His words sort of slurred together, but it was too much effort to say it more clearly.

"You nicked a vein and have some fucking amazing bruising, but Doc did a good job sewing you up. Gonna be sore for a few days and have a right pretty scar, but you'll be fine." Those green eyes appeared, shining down at him.

"Add to my collection." He grinned up at Bones, feeling pretty good at the moment.

"Yeah, T." Long fingers trailed up along his belly, tracing scars Bones knew by heart. "More to touch. Good to see your face, man. Good to have you home for a bit."

He nodded. "Yeah. I haven't been clean in weeks."

He was looking forward to the downtime, looking forward to not having to slog through the jungle or

dodge bullets or eat fucking c-rations. Not to mention a certain doctor's fine ass that he hadn't even had a decent look of yet.

"Well, you're clean now. I won't feed you yet, but you want some water? Some juice?" His head was stroked, the sensation comforting, familiar.

"What do I have to do to get a kiss?"

He heard that rich, low moan, hell, damn near felt it. Lips as warm as summer covered his, Bones' tongue sliding along his own, then sliding up to tickle his mustache. "Going to have to shave you. You're all bristles."

He nearly shuddered from the kiss, the morphine about the only reason he didn't.

"You can do me all over, Bones. Nice and smooth and clean."

"Mmm... Yeah. Shave you, then start licking, tasting." Lips brushed his ear. "You know how long it's been since I rode your cock? Sucked you off?"

"Eight months, two weeks, one day and fourteen hours." He shrugged. "Give or take."

"Fourteen and a half." Those lips covered his again, harder, hungrier, the dull heaviness of Bones' braid landing on his chest.

Yeah. Yeah, this was why he beat his way through the fucking jungle exhausted, hurting. Bones tasted like cigarettes and coffee, smoky and bitter and beneath all that was just plain fucking Bones. He reached up, finding the braid and wrapping his hand around it. Harsh sounds pushed into his lips, that thin chest rubbing against his arm. He just opened his mouth wide and kissed Bones like he wanted to fuck the man -- hard and fast and sure, his tongue owning that fucking hot mouth.

He heard the gasp, felt the motion of one skinny arm pumping. The scent of need was starting to take everything else over. "Sorry, T. You taste so fucking good and I gotta."

"You'll make it up to me," he muttered, bringing their lips back together and taking Bones' mouth.

Bones' had always been eager, begging for it, quick to shoot, but quicker to recover, and the cry that was fed to him heralded the splash of heat on his arm, the smell of spunk. A soft wave of pleasure went through him at that smell and he wished he wasn't drugged out. It would wear off though and then Bones had better watch out.

"Shit, beautiful, you make me fucking ache."

"I can take care of that for you."

He let go of Bones' braid and let his hand slide down the skinny back, hand pushing into Bones' scrubs to grab that fine ass.

"You need your... Oh. Oh, fuck, your hand feels fine...."

He could always count on Bones to respond to his touch like he was a fucking god. "Kiss me again, Bones."

"Yeah. Fuck, yes." One hand cupped his face, stroked his cheek, his jaw as that tongue pushed into his mouth again and again.

He floated on the drugs and the kisses, just holding onto Bones.

Before he knew it, he was floating, dreaming, the scent of home everywhere around him.

* * * *

Three fucking days he'd kept Trip doped and healing. Three days of washing that fine fucking body, drowning the merc in antibiotics and painkillers and IV fluids. Three days of wanting. Tony chuckled, shook his head as stubborn fucking eyes fastened on him as he walked in the tent. Looked like somebody was done playing patient. "Howdy, T. How's it hanging?"

"You tell me, Bones. Fuck knows you won't believe me when I say fine."

"Oooh. Grumpy soldier-man." He stayed out of reach, admiring the heavy muscles, watching the way that chest tapered down into lean hips.

"Come over here and say that. Or better yet, take this fucking needle out of me, Bones. I'm done lying here." Trip leaned up on his elbows, aiming a stern look at him.

Excitement buzzed through him, cock filling from the threat, the promise, the heat between them. "Are you now?"

"I am." The thin sheet that covered Trip did nothing to hide the man's need, Trip's cock making a tent of it's own out of the cotton.

He licked his lips, stepping forward, panting a little. "I suppose you don't need the IV anymore..."

"It's only going to get in the way, Bones." God, those blue eyes could see right through him, right into his belly, his soul.

"Yeah." He grabbed a strip of surgical tape, eyes fastened on that body as he slid the needle out of Trip's arm, slapping the tape down to staunch the bleeding.

He'd no sooner done that than Trip grabbed his arm and pulled him down onto the cot. Trip's lips found his, the kiss hot and hard and needy.

He straddled Trip's waist, trying to avoid the line of stitches as Trip pushed him, drove him like a bull through the chute. He could feel Trip's cock, hard and insistent against his ass, fucking huge and wet at the tip. Oh, that? Was finer than a pie supper. His whole body jerked, rippling, damn near begging for the fucking he knew was coming. "Want."

"I've got what you want right here, Bones. And I'm aiming to give it to you all night long." Those solid killing hands were holding his waist hard, fingers bruising.

He tore off his t-shirt, chuckling at the wide-eyed look he got when Trip saw the jagged scar bisecting his stomach. "Homemade knife. Bastards worked for me for a month before they moved."

"They dead?" Trip asked, fingers sliding along the scar, learning it.

"Buried in the jungle, where they belong." He pushed into the touch, rubbing against it. "Thought I was going to have to send Tin Can the key to my safety deposit box for a few seconds."

Trip growled and without warning flipped him, hands tearing away his scrubs before Trip's hips started grinding down into him.

"Hey!" The doctor surged forward, drowning the lover out. "Watch that leg, man. You'll strain the stitches."

"Fuck my stitches." Trip pushed his legs up over the wide shoulders and surged into him, cock going deep, hard. The world fucking stalled, the stretch and heat and burn stopping his breath and shrinking the universe to Trip's cock and his hole. Trip didn't give him a chance to catch his breath either, that thick cock plunged into him over and over again, a low growl building in volume coming from his lover. He gasped, one hand wrapping around his cock, pulling hard, ass squeezing in time with his tugs.

"Yes." The single word split the air, Trip thrusting harder, growl turning into a roar as heat filled his body. He watched the thick throat work, his own orgasm torn from his body, pushed from him. Trip collapsed down on top of him, bending him double until he could get his legs off Trip's shoulders.

"Damn. Missed that." Missed you.

Trip nodded, breath coming in short, hard gasps. "Yeah. Fuck, I always forget how fucking tight you are."

He chuckled, or tried to, ass squeezing hard. "Nothing like a hard fucking to make a man's day."

Trip groaned, a shudder going through the hard body. "You said it, Bones."

With another groan, Trip pulled out, wincing a little.

He clucked a little, adjusting his glasses as he reached for the bandages on Trip's thigh. "I'm going to beat you with a stick if you've torn those fucking stitches."

Trip chuckled, collapsing down on his back. "That sounds promising. Do I get to choose the stick?" Trip asked, hand wrapping around his cock. Trip hissed as he took the bandages off.

"Mmm..." His hips pushed into Trip's touch. "Little pink, T, but the stitches held." He coated the entire mess with antiseptic and analgesic and taped it up again.

"Does that mean you aren't gonna beat me with your stick, Bones?"

Tony laughed, waggled his hips so his cock slapped in the palm of that thick hand with a solid thwack. "Hell, no. I was giving my patient some recovery time."

Trip chuckled, hand reaching up to wrap around his neck and pull him down. "You already gave me three days, Bones. We've got a lot of catching up to do."

He ran one hand up along Trip's belly, palms brushing the tiny nipples, making those stunning fucking muscles jump and dance under him. "Shit, yeah. Months worth."

The sounds of the camp were distant, the natives giving El Medico his privacy, giving his tent a wide berth. Trip -- El Tropiezo -- had a well-known temper and a growl that sent the soldatitos scrambling and no one wanted to be the first to feel his wrath.

Trip purred for him, lying back and letting him touch and play. He leaned down, nibbling and licking, lips sliding over the salty skin, mapping it. Trip's hand found his braid and slid down it, pulled off the tie and started to undo the plait. He hid his smile in the hollow of Trip's throat, tongue playing the nerves over the jugular. Trip groaned, head going back, fingers carding through his hair.

"Mmmm..." He bit a little, starting to rub, starting to rock and slide his cock against those abs, the motion instinctive, undeniable. One of Trip's hands settled on his ass, guiding his movements, encouraging his rocking. All the time soft moans and encouraging groans sounded.

"Fuck, been dreaming about this. Been fucking dreaming about having you in a real bed, real sheets." He lifted his head, grinning wide. "Real air conditioning."

Trip grinned up at him. "Real fucking beer."

"Shit, yes. Steak. Real thick steaks and then a whole night of fucking."

Trip growled. "When did you get your license in torture, Bones?"

"Eighty two, babe. At the knee of El Presidente yeah?" He moaned, licked the line of Trip's jaw.

Trip's laugh turned into a groan, the big body pushing up.

He moaned, tongue following the square jaw up to one ear. "So fucking fine, T."

"You're not so bad yourself, Bones. Worth humping through the jungle for."

"You mean you don't come for the swank accommodations?" He chuckled, licking Trip's ear, letting a low moan out.

Trip groaned and bucked again, sliding his prick over the smooth skinned belly. "There is that."

"Shit, T..." He started rocking faster, ass aching, stretched and hot, mostly unused muscles complaining.

"Horny bastard." Trip kept one hand on his ass, the other wrapping in his hair and pulling him in for a kiss.

"Mm-hmm. You love it." He sank into the kiss, damn near purring.

Trip's answer was to tighten the hand on his ass and rock him harder against all that warm skin and to deepen their kiss. He opened wide, letting Trip in, cock leaking now, leaving trails on that fine skin. The hand in his hair twisted and Trip dragged hot lips over his chin and down his throat.

"Oh, sweet fuck." He started humping, toes curling, body on fucking fire.

Trip's tongue slid over the join of his neck and shoulder and then came the sharp sting of Trip's teeth. Tony cried out, the pull of his hair and zing of those teeth pushing him over the edge, just like that.

Trip's lips slid over his skin again, nuzzling, the hands on him gentling.

"Oh. Fuck, that was. Damn." He chuckled at himself. Oh, that was brilliant, Bones. Coherent, even.

He could *feel* Trip's smug smile. "Yep. It's no secret why you keep welcoming me back."

Tony angled up, took a long, slow kiss. "Yeah, babe. I'm having a torrid affair with your ammo clip."

Trip chuckled and tugged him down so his ass was rubbing against the top of a hard prick. "My ammo clip is ready any time you want it."

"Is that my cue to murmur, 'shoot me, baby'?"

Trip snorted. "I always forget your sense of humor needs to be shot."

He met those eyes, winked. "Keeps me humble, T."

"This is humble?" Trip laughed. "Fuck it's good to be home."

"Hell, yes. Home." Tony nuzzled, nipped Trip's bottom lip, sucking it in. He loved having Trip home and he'd take it, for as long as he could.

CHAPTER FIVE

Trip used to hate babysitting. The worst detail was protecting some rich tree-hugging kid as he wandered his way through the jungle, getting hurt out of his own stupidity more often than not. And the girls were just as bad, or worse, either daddy's girls who whined about the dirt and lack of hygiene or butch gals who were there to prove just how tough they were. Either way, they invariably landed themselves in hot water and needed to be taken to the hospital.

Of course nowadays, he hated the detail same as always, but he took them eagerly despite that. And he always hoped the little pricks got hurt. Because that led them straight to Bones.

This last boy's daddy had to be real rich, because they got airlifted out, him and Doc escorting the kid, and brought right to the hospital. Next to no hiking. Cool.

Bones and Viejo met the copter. Those green eyes sparkled at him for a second before fastening on the kid. "Talk to me, Doc."

"Got himself shot in the leg. Through and through, missed the femoral artery. I'm not even sure why we're here except he's a VIP of some sort. Rich Daddy, I'd guess."

He just grabbed one end of the stretcher and waited for orders, happy to be back in Bones' company.

"Ah. Just needs packing and rest and some bug-repellant? I'm your man." Bones chuckled and nodded, started towards the hospital, ass swaying.

He licked his lips, watching as he and Doc carted the kid to the hospital tent. They got the kid settled and then Bones got to work, sending them for beer and food.

"So are you two going to let me join in this time?" Doc asked as they ate flatbread with stew.

"Fuck off."

"No, seriously, why do you always get to get laid?"

"I said fuck off, Doc."

A warm, long hand landed on his shoulder. "Never gonna happen, Doc. Never."

He purred at the touch, chuckled at Doc's crestfallen look. Bones pressed close, cock hard against his shoulder. "Kid's going to be fine. We'll keep him a week or two, let him heal up."

Doc rolled his eyes. "I'll guard the kid. You two get reacquainted."

"Good man." Bones leaned down, lips near his ear. "Need you."

He nodded and finished his beer. "Thanks, Doc."

"It's not like I've got anything else to do."

Chuckling he led Bones toward his favorite tent in the place. Bones leaned toward him, hips bumping against him. He bumped back. Itching to kiss. To fuck.

Bones hurried up, tugging at him. "Need."

"Yep. Hard and fast and then hard and slow and then just plain hard."

"Yes." He was tugged into the tent, Bones stripping off his top. He returned the favor, hands getting tangled up in Bones' hair as he tried to undo the braid. Bones chuckled, working his pants open. "Oh, fuck. I can smell you."

"You want me to go get a shower?"

"Fuck no." Bones leaned in, licked his collarbone. "Smell good, babe."

He chuckled. "Jungle, five days in. Maybe I should bottle it."

His hands were wrapped in Bones' hair and he tilted Bones head up for a kiss.

"My lover. All man. Mine." Bones dove into the kiss, moaning, tongue fucking his mouth. He wrapped his lips around Bones' tongue, sucking, purring. Those green eyes went wide, hands gripping his shoulders. It was with great reluctance that he let Bones hair go in favor of getting the man's scrubs off his ass. Bones stepped out of the scrubs, wiggling, pressing toward him.

"Eager," he muttered, working his own bottoms down.

"Uh-huh." Bones nodded, unrepentant horndog. He hadn't even stepped out of the BDUs when Bones was pressed up against him. He just went with it, grabbing that fine ass and bringing their hard pricks together. Bones' hands wrapped around them, pumping, pulling.

"Oh yeah, lover, that's it."

He kept one hand on Bones' ass, the other going back to that fucking soft hair. "Yeah. Been dreaming about you, about this." He purred, lips sliding over Bones' shoulder, teeth grazing the bone.

"Love!" Bones jerked, hand squeezing.

The word, spoken just like that, sent him over the edge, heat splashing up over Bones' hand. His quick on the mark lover followed right behind, jerking and shooting, seed spraying. He purred, low and happy, cock not even thinking of going soft. No, when it was months between fuckings, the first few days were always hot and horny.

They made their way to the cot, mouths fused, hands exploring. Bones pushed him down onto the cot, following him, that hair curtaining them. He stroked his hands through it and then left one tangled in it as he explored Bones' chest, those little nipples that went hard hard under his touch, the flat belly. Sexy bastard.

His sexy bastard.

He growled, pulling Bones down into a hard kiss. Fuck, the man's kisses were sweet, hungry, breath-stealing things. He was running on instinct, hips pushing up into Bones, sliding their pricks together, hand buried in that silky hair.

Bones shifted, straddled him, his cock sliding along the man's crease, just like the first time they'd fucked. He growled lightly. "Fucking need you, Bones."

He reluctantly let go of Bones' hair, hand searching for the fucking lube.

Bones nodded, bending to nip at one of his nipples. He jerked, moaned as his hand wrapped around the tube shoved up under Bones' pillow. He slicked up his fingers and found Bones' hole, pushing into that tight heat. Bones groaned, sat up to ride his finger, hair loose around him.

"Sexy bastard," he muttered, cock just throbbing, balls aching with need.

"Yeah? Yours." Bones arched, fingers sliding over that flat belly. He purred, one finger becoming three just like that because he fucking needed.

"Oh! Oh, fuck. Yes. Yes, T..." The golden skin flushed dark, hips moving faster, harder. He couldn't wait and soon pulled his fingers out, using more of the slick to get his prick good and wet. Bones was eager, body shifting to take him in, demanding. "That's it, Bones. Fucking take it. Take me."

He pushed up, sending his cock deep.

"Yes!" Bones leaned forward, spine curving.

He slid his hands up Bones' back, brushing all that hair back over Bones' shoulders so it fell around their faces again. Then he planted his feet on the cot and his hands around Bones' hips and started humping hard.

"Oh. Oh. Fuck. T." Bones was hot and tight around him, squeezing hard.

"Yeah, Bones." He just kept moving, feeling it deep in his balls as they fucked nice and hard. Bones rode him, ass clenched, eyes shining. It was fucking amazing. It always was. It was why he came back here again and again, why his dreams were full of bright green eyes.

"Need this. Need you."

"Hell, yes." He pushed harder, one hand sliding to wrap around Bones' prick.

"Oh!" Bones' body squeezed his, milking him. He roared, pushing up hard as he came, spunk squeezed out of his cock by Bones' body. Bones cried out again and again, heat spilling over his fingers, body refusing to let him go.

He could live with that.

He pulled Bones down for a kiss, hands sliding over the long line of spine. Bones stretched out against him, purring, petting. "How you been, Bones?"

"Missing you, T, but staying busy. Things have been decent, though. Fairly quiet. Sewed up a monkey that got hurt."

"A monkey? An honest to god oo oo ee ee monkey?" He chuckled.

"Uh-huh. We named it Chango. It lives with Eduardo."

He laughed, the sound turning into a moan as his prick moved inside Bones' body.

"Oh, love that sound." Bones tightened around him.

He moaned again. "I can't fucking still be hard," he muttered. But he was -- Bones body making him want so fucking much that it was never enough.

"You're a fucking stud."

He purred. Fuck, yes, he was. Of course Bones inspired him. "Easy around you."

Bones nuzzled his jaw, whispering so low. "Love you, babe."

His cock throbbed and he purred, fingers stroking through Bones' hair. "Yeah."

Bones started moving, riding him nice and slow. He moaned again, hands searching out the places he knew made Bones' shiver, fingers relearning his lover. They moved together easily, rocking, moans mingling together. The edge was gone, the need slow and hot now, like a jungle evening.

Those eyes were watching him, shining, happy, the lamplight making them glow. He purred, hands sliding on Bones' skin, touching, exploring, enjoying. The man was eager, responsive, ready to fuck for hours on end. He didn't know if that was how long they had been going when his orgasm snuck up and caught him off guard, making him cry out as his cock throbbed, filling Bones with more heat.

Bones purred, settling down against him, snuggling.

He kissed Bones forehead, hands stroking idly. "Love you, Bones."

He nodded. Yeah. Loved this man. Felt good, felt right.

"Yeah." He felt Bones' grin. "Oh, and if I catch Doc trying to peek, I'm going to kick his ass, babe."

He laughed. "You catch him trying to peek and I'll hold him down for you."

"Fair enough."

He slipped from Bones' body and rolled them so they were side by side, lips sliding together in kiss that didn't have to ever end as far as he was concerned.

Maybe he'd shoot the next kid himself.

* * * *

Tony sat and smoked, digging through the box Rick had delivered. The man was fucking odd. Books, cassette tapes, canned chili, Velveeta. A box of Ding Dongs with 'Happy Birthday' scrawled on the box. Odd, but cool and he could settle in his bunk with Tom Clancy's latest and have a little party.

Too bad there wasn't any porn.

Just as he got settled there was a commotion from outside: guns cocking, low, angry Spanish sounding.

"Bones! Call of your dogs. Come on, Marco - you fucking know me by now."

Well, happy fucking birthday to him! "Trip!"

He went barreling out of the tent, stumbling over his own feet. "Marco! Es Tropiezio!"

Marco nodded, grinning wickedly. "Si. Si."

He got a tired, filthy grin from Trip, the man covered with mud and jungle from head to toe. "Well if you know, Marco, call off the fucking dogs."

There was no heat in Trip's voice though. The men dispersed, laughing and chattering. Leaving them in relative privacy.

"How's it going, babe?"

"Down and dirty. You guys still have that pool down the hill?"

"We do. You need me to bring my med bag?" Before anything, he was the doc.

"Just your tube of the slick stuff, Bones. I'm dirty, I'm tired, and I'm horny as hell."

"I'll grab a towel and a change of clothes for us both." He pushed into the tent, finding a bottle of massage oil from some fucked up care package -- it could do double duty -- massage and lube.

"I'll meet you down there," growled Trip. "I stay here and we're both dirty as fuck."

"Works for me." He gathered together his ditty bag, making sure he had razors and soap, before following in Trip's footsteps. Trip was already naked, dunking himself in the water. The sun glistened on the wet muscles. He moaned low, stripping quickly. "I brought soap, babe. Razors."

"Fucking A. I fell into a mud pit my first day out of San Phillipe and fucking stunk the whole way here."

"Ick." He slid into the water, tossing the ditty bag over after grabbing the shampoo.

"Soap. I think I love you, Bones." Trip gave him a wink and got himself soapy quickly. "You know it's bad when your ass isn't the first thing on my mind when I get into camp." He laughed, wading over to help wash that fine fucking body. Trip purred for him, leaning into his touch. "It's fast becoming my top priority, Bones."

"Yeah? I must be doing something right." God, his man felt fine. Strong, sexy.

Trip chuckled. "Yeah, you're doing something right -- breathing."

He laughed, splashing Trip playfully. "I tell you what, Doctor Anthony Rumer can breathe with the best of them."

Trip splashed him back and then tackled him, pulling him under and finding his mouth in the water. He groaned, tongue pushing into Trip's lips, hands wrapping around Trip's head. They came up for air, but Trip only gave him a moment to get it before diving back into his mouth like a starving man.

He groaned, holding on tight, meeting Trip's hunger head-on. Trip grabbed his ass and rubbed them together, humping hard against him. He cried out, climbing Trip's body, needing that cock. Trip growled and helped him, hands shifting to spread his ass and then just like that he was being impaled, Trip roaring as he went deep.

"Yes! Yes, yours!" He rode hard, fast, moving furiously.

Trip was just as eager, movements wild and hard, fingers bruising his hips as Trip pulled him down again and again. He loved the burn, the stretch, the pounding as Trip loved him, fucking him. One of Trip's hands left his hips, slid around his prick and tugged. "Come on my cock, Bones. Do it."

He nodded, grunting low, body going stiff and tight as he shot.

"Oh fuck yes." Trip bucked up hard into him a few more times and then stiffened, filling him with glorious heat. He relaxed, holding on. Panting.

"Oh, that's better," murmured Trip, nuzzling his neck.

"Uh-huh. Happy fucking birthday to me. The best."

"It's your birthday? Sweet." Trip gave him a kiss, hard and deep.

"Mmm..." He melted into it, purring low.

"I'll have to think of something to get you." Trip's eyes narrowed. "Let me see... what do I have that you want..."

He tightened around Trip's cock. "You'll think of something."

Trip groaned. "You think?"

"Uh-huh..." Tony leaned back toward the water, trusting in Trip to hold him up. Trip did, letting him float and beginning to slowly move again. "Oh. Oh..." He stretched out, moaning low.

"How am I doing?" Trip asked.

"Doing?" He was floating, moving easy.

"With your gift?" Trip shifted him slightly, nailing his gland with the next soft thrust.

"Oh... Good. Good. There."

"Right fucking there." Trip settled into a groove, pushing into him again and again, each thrust hitting his gland. He couldn't catch his breath, couldn't see, couldn't do more than feel. He slid through the water, back and forth, propelled by Trip's cock, Trip's hands.

He grinned up into those eyes, sinking. "Love."

"Hell, yes. I love you, Bones."

He came with a cry, body rippling in the water. Trip kept on fucking him for long moments and then came the familiar cry, the familiar heat inside him.

"Oh." He smiled, moaned, fucking flying.

Trip pulled him back up, brought their mouths together. The kiss was lazy, warm. Sweet. "Happy birthday, lover."

"Oh, yeah. The best ever, babe." The best ever. "Can you stay awhile?"

"How does four weeks sound?"

He made a sound that, in a lesser man, would have been a squeal, arms wrapping around Trip's neck. Trip chuckled, arms around him, lips moving over his neck.

"Mmm... Yeah." He was shivering, wanting.

"Fuck, you're insatiable. I love it."

"I can't help it. I want you."

"It wasn't a complaint, Bones. Not by a fucking long shot."

"Oh, cool." He stroked Trip's belly, shoulders, back.

"You gonna let me wash your hair, Bones?"

Oh, sweet fuck. "Uh-huh. I brought my brush, too."

Trip purred for him. "Fucking awesome."

"Where do you want me, babe?"

"You'd best stand in front of me." Trip pulled out of him with a groan. Stand? He needed to stand? His knees were jelly. Trip righted him, chuckling and catching him as his knees went out.

"Sorry. You make me melt." He grinned over, winking, holding on.

"Don't be sorry for that, lover." Trip grinned and kissed him, hands sliding on his skin. He opened,

moaning low, body plastering against Trip. "Sexy bastard." Trip's hands slid through his hair. "Where's that shampoo."

"Mmm... in my ditty bag. The clear bottle." He reached for it, arching almost completely backwards.

"Fucking sexy bastard," murmured Trip, fingers sliding on his skin. He handed the bag over, rippling under the touch. Trip purred and poured shampoo over his head, fingers starting to work it through his scalp. He closed his eyes, melting, floating, letting Trip touch him. "Fucking love this hair. Silk."

"Mmm... Feels so fucking good." Trip massaged his scalp and slid fingers through his hair, tips moving on his skin. He moaned, almost panting, purring. Trip's hands stopped working his hair, sliding slickly over the rest of him now, soaping him up. "Mmm... Love your hands, your touch."

"My hands are in love with your skin."

Oh... He moaned, undulating, moving under those hands.

"In the water, Bones. Lets get you rinsed. I want you. Again. And then again."

He sank into the cool water, the soap floating away. Trip's hands moved through his hair, rinsing the soap from him. God, he felt spoiled, melty. Loved. Trip pulled him back up against all those lovely muscles, hands pushing his hair back over his shoulders. Low, sexy purrs were coming from his lover. He reached up, wrapping his arms around Trip's neck. "Hey, babe."

"Hey, lover." Trip's lips covered his, the kiss almost gentle and soft. He purred and leaned, hands mapping Trip's body.

"I don't suppose someone made you cake?"

"My money-man sent Ding Dongs and chili."

"Oh, feast of kings. You're going to share, right? I mean I'll do some pretty far out things for Ding Dongs."

"Oooh! Like what? Share!" He was laughing, splashing a little, having fun.

Trip chuckled and splashed him back. "Tell you what, I'll let you jack me off with your hair for every Ding Dong you give me."

"Oh, you'll *let* me, will you?" He chuckled, head tossing, hair flying.

"I will indeed. I know how that gets you hot." Trip winked at him.

He laughed, sending a wave against the muscled belly. Trip chuckled and pounced him, pushing them both under. He wriggled free, swam a few feet, then got caught by one strong hand. Trip pulled him back up against that strong body, teeth sliding on the skin of his shoulder. "Gonna mark you, Bones. Give you a birthday hickey.""

"A birthday hickey? I've heard of lots of presents, but that's a new one." Fuck, but it was nice to feel lazy and cool, sliding against his lover.

Trip chuckled, slowly walking them toward shore. "I can take it back, if you don't want it. It is your birthday after all."

"Oh, I want it. I want it, T." He wriggled his ass back against Trip. Trip's laughter turned into a groan and then his lover's teeth slid along his shoulder again, a little harder this time, full of promise instead of teasing. He shuddered, thighs parting a little.

"You like that."

"I do." He blushed dark, nodded. Trip purred, teeth sinking slowly into his skin. "Oh..." He arched, eyes rolling. When Trip released his shoulder, his lover's hot tongue slid along his skin, making him shiver. "T." He gasped, unable to catch his breath.

"Take me back to your tent, Bones. I'm turning into a fucking prune and I need some things hard not soft and wrinkled."

"Come on home, then, babe. I'll fix you right up." He braided his hair quickly, getting it out of the way. "We'll have Ding Dongs."

"Beer, too?" Trip's hand wrapped around his braid, tugging his head back for a kiss.

He nodded, lips opening. Anything they needed.

* * * *

He'd fucked Bones seven ways to Sunday, making sure it was the best fucking birthday the man could remember. And now he was enjoying some of the best things life had to offer, aside from a certain beanpole doctor that was. Sugar and booze in the form of Ding Dongs and beer. Fucking awesome. He moaned and dug into the box for another Ding Dong.

"Greedy, greedy." Bones was smoking, stretched out in a patch of sun.

"Yep." He shoved the cupcake into his mouth and washed it down with the last of his beer before lying with his head on Bones' hip.

Bones' fingers started combing through his short hair, petting him. "Mine."

He smiled up at Bones, not denying it. One long finger trailed along his nose, along his bottom lip. He opened his mouth, nibbling at it. The chuckle he got was low and sweet, rich. "Hungry."

"For you, Bones? Fucking starving." He wrapped his lips around Bones' finger, sucking on it.

"Mmm..." Bones blinked, watching him, cock shifting, filling. He rubbed his head along the hot prick, purring. "Feels good, babe."

He nodded. "You do."

"Mmm... I love you, love touching you."

"Love it when you touch me." He chuckled. Fuck, they were a pair of saps. Must have been all the fucking sugar.

"What else?" Bones grinned down at him, eyes dancing.

"You fishing, Bones?"

"Fishing?" He got a head tilt. "Just wanting to know if there's turn-on I've missed."

He chuckled, hand reaching up to find that braid. "I think you've found most of them."

The hair was thick, soft, still a little damp. He slipped the tie off, watching Bones as his fingers worked the bottom out of the braid.

"I never wear it loose unless you're here." Bones sounded husky, happy.

"You don't wear it loose enough when I am here, always wrapping it up in the braid." He groaned as his fingers slid through the soft strands. It still surprised him, the way the touch of Bones' hair on his skin could make him go from zero to sixty in nothing flat.

"The wind tangles it, makes it messy."

"I love brushing it," he pointed out, not fucking caring if the admission made him sound girly. He fucking loved that hair. Bones purred, stretched up for the heavy-handled round brush. It was handed to him with a grin. Grinning himself, he sat up and pushed up behind Bones. He slid the brush through the golden hair, sitting close enough that the strands slid over his skin, making him moan.

"Perv." The word was moaned, low, husky.

"Your fucking perv," he shot back, still using the brush. In a moment or two he'd put it aside in favor of his fingers.

"Yeah... I'm one lucky bastard." Bones leaned forward, stretching.

He purred. "Lucky *sexy* bastard."

He put the brush aside and moved his fingers through Bones' hair, tips sliding on warm skin.

"Mmm... feels so fine, T." The long spine rippled, arched.

Yeah, it did. He pushed against Bones, rubbing his chest, his belly and his cock against all that glorious hair and the warm body.

"So fucking hot, babe." Bones rocked back against him, motions lazy and slow.

"Fuck. You make me need." He pushed up onto his knees, prick sliding against Bones' back, tangled in the silky strands, making him moan.

"We're too fucking old to be going at it like this..." Still those thin hips rocked, pushed back against him.

"Tell it to my cock, Bones."

"Hell, no. It might listen..."

He laughed, the sound sliding into a moan as Bones' hair wrapped around his prick and pulled.

"Mmm... something felt good, huh?" Bones wriggled, hips rocking.

"Your fucking hair." So fucking good.

"Yep. My pervert." Bones laughed for him, arching closer.

He purred, sliding along Bones' back, thrusting his hips to push his cock through the silky hair again and again. Bones shifted until the thin body was sitting in his lap, hair between them.

"Oh, fuck." He wrapped his hand around both their pricks, Bones' hair tangled in, and started stroking.

"Yeah." Bones lips slid against his, tongue flicking in to taste. Oh, this was better than fucking Bones' back. He wrapped his free arm around Bones, hand on that fucking sweet ass. That long thin body was plastered against him, belly against belly, thighs warm atop his own.

His prick was throbbing, balls aching. He purred, pulled harder, loving the silk and snag of Bones' hair on his skin. Bones' fingers were warm and sure on his neck, his shoulders, holding him. He could feel the need slide along his back, knew it wouldn't be long. "Bones..."

"Yeah, babe. Love you."

"Oh yeah..." He jerked, coming hard. He felt Bones' heat join his, heard the low, deep moan as Bones shook in his arms. He purred, hand still moving on them, getting their come all through the hair wrapped around their pricks.

"Gonna have to wash it again."

"Mm... such a shame."

"I know it." Bones chuckled, tilted to lick at his neck.

He put a finger beneath Bones' chin and tilted that face up to his. The kiss was long and sweet. Those green eyes watched him, lazy and soft, sated.

"I love you, Bones." He pushed his lover's hair back off his shoulders. "My sexy bastard."

Bones nodded, the dark mark on his shoulder lurid. "Yours."

"Don't you forget it." He growled just a little. He never got all caveman or anything, but Bones was his, it was something he knew in his bones.

"Not going to happen. Been almost six years and I haven't, not with anybody else. Not since you."

He purred, pleased. "Come to think of it, neither have I."

"Well, then. Doesn't look like we're going to forget, babe." Bones grinned at him, leaned close.

He chuckled and licked at the mark on Bones' shoulder. "Doesn't mean I can't prove it now and then."

"Oh, excellent point." Bones stretched, exposed more skin. He purred and slid his mouth along Bones' skin, licking a spot on the long neck that would look really good with a mark on it.

"Mmm... soft..." Bones purred, rocking.

"You like it soft, Bones? Or you like it hard?" He bit down into the warm skin.

The cry was sharp, sweet, fucking perfect. He drew the mark up and then licked at it.

"Fuck. Fuck, that tingles." Bones was shifting again, moving against him.

"Again? Already?" He chuckled, tickled pink.

"Shhh... don't remind me I'm too old for this."

"Hell, Bones at sixteen we were too old for this." He'd never been so turned on and horny in his life. Never.

"At sixteen I couldn't have appreciated this." Bones grinned, nuzzling him. He chuckled. The man was probably right. "Were you this buff at sixteen?"

His chuckles turned to laughter. "You wouldn't have looked at me twice when I was sixteen, Bones."

"Well, no. I was considerably older when you were sixteen, babe."

He snorted. "Considerably?" He chuckled some more. "It's more like we come from different worlds, Bones."

"Yeah? I was definitely doing the ivy league thing, pissing off my entire family, one at a time."

"Yeah, well ivy league was a little out of my league." A lot out of his league.

"Yeah, mine, too." Bones grinned at him. "I was out here a week after my residency was over, slogging ass through the monsoon season."

He reached down and grabbed said ass, squeezing. "And a fucking sweet ass it is, too, Bones."

Bones laughed, wriggled. "Gonna take it again?"

"Hell, yes. Over and over again."

And over and over. For the rest of his fucking life, god willing.

* * * *

The sun was beating down, the mists from the waterfall rising. He was stretched on a makeshift raft, floating in the mouth of the river, naked as the day he was born, watching the birds fly.

Oh, yeah. This? So much finer than eighty hours a week in a downtown ER.

Tony grinned, just basking in the sun, whistling. There was a splash from nearby, probably a fish jumping out of the water and he didn't pay it no nevermind. The next moment his raft tipped, water splashing on him as a large, muscled body pulled up next to him.

He might have squeaked, if he weren't a tough-assed doctor living the jungle life. "Well, well, look who the river coughed up. You get caught up on sleeping?"

Trip stretched out next to him, hands beneath his head. "Sick of my own company."

"Glad you found me then." He reached out, just stroked Trip's side. Trip murmured, muscles rippling.

He dipped his hand in the water, then slowly poured it over Trip's belly, watching the water slide over the ridges of those strong muscles. Trip reached over and slid a hand down his chest, letting it settle on his hip. He grinned, watching that massive fucking hand on him. Man, he dug that, loved the heavy touch, the strength. Trip's fingers slid over his skin, stroking. He stretched out, purring a little, cock filling like it was trying to catch T's attention.

Trip chuckled. "It doesn't matter how hot it gets out here, there isn't anything as hot as you, Bones."

He leaned up, letting his eyes drag along Trip muscles, fingers following along behind. "I got a lot -- a *lot* -- to be on fire for."

"Flattery will get you fucked." Trip's hand moved to slide through his hair, pulling him down for a kiss.

He was still laughing as their lips crashed together, leg moving to rub against Trip's heavy prick. Trip's groan filled his mouth along with a hot, insistent tongue. The hollow of Trip's hip was made for his cock and gave Trip his belly to rub against and damn, it was fine, fucking and kissing under the sunshine, rubbing against Trip's heat. Those big hands slid around his waist, guiding his movements, sliding them together.

Trip's kisses were like falling -- huge and overwhelming and just stole your breath plumb away. Their mouths broke apart with a gasp, Trip's dark eyes staring right into him. He moved against Trip, teeth sinking into his bottom lip as he groaned, so fucking turned on, so fucking lost.

Trip licked at his lips, his teeth. His toes curled and he chased that tongue with his own, the raft rocking with the thrusts of their bodies. Trip threatened to send it tipping when he rolled them, pushing down against him. He arched up, gasping from a mixture of need and adrenaline and pure want.

"You ready for me, Bones?" Trip asked, pushing his legs apart.

"Always." His knees drew up and out, the offer as blatant as it got.

Trip groaned, that thick prick pushing at his hole. Fuck, that burn was sweet, deep in the pit of his belly, balls drawing up. "Fuck you're tight. 's good."

Trip set a long, slow pace.

"Yeah." His legs rested on the sides of Trip's ass, his entire body moving with the thrusts. Trip's mouth took his again, tongue pushing in as the big body moved above him. He wrapped his arms around those amazing fucking shoulders, the splash of the water against the side of the raft cooling his back, Trip above him, making him soar.

That fat prick slid into him, splitting him open over and over again. His own cock was leaking, rubbing between them both.

"Touch it, Bones. You know you want to." Tony groaned, hand pushing between them, nails dragging along Trip's belly. That made Trip push hard, the big body shifting them both and that fat prick suddenly hitting his gland.

"Sweet fuck! There!" His fingers wrapped around his cock, his cry echoing through the trees. He didn't have to tell Trip twice, his lover pounding into him, nailing his gland with each and every thrust. He came, arching, bucking, fucking cock staying hard as Trip's cock drove into him, slammed him.

Trip kept thrusting, pushing into him and making his body shake, his orgasm stretching out longer and longer. He couldn't breathe, couldn't focus, couldn't do anything but fuck and feel and be right there. Trip just kept pushing into him, that cock making up his whole world.

"Trip. Babe. I... So much." He pushed up, mouth fastening on the joint of Trip's shoulder and throat. Trip shuddered, the steady thrusts stumbling for a moment before Trip found his rhythm again. Tony sucked hard, teeth scraping, riding Trip furiously.

"Fuck! Fuck!" Trip shouted, jerking into him and filling him deep with heat. He held tight, body wracked with shudders, nerves firing wildly.

Trip sort of purred like one of the big cats, nuzzling his neck, body slowly lowering, letting him take all that weight.

"Sweet." He held on, world bobbing and swaying with the raft.

"Yeah. Nice spot you got here, Bones."

He nodded. "I'm fond."

Trip chuckled and bit his neck before rolling off him, again threatening his little raft before it settled out, Trip lying next to him again. He grinned, digging in the cooler for a bottle of water, taking a long drink before handing it over.

Yeah. Nice spot.

Trip watched the smoke from Bones' cigarette slowly dissipate. In a minute he'd open his eyes all the way and move and let Bones know he was awake. But for now... he was just watching that skinny body as Bones had his first cigarette of the day, hair all loose and falling around the naked body.

The man was fucking sexy.

Oh, now there was his cock, taking notice and it was about time to let the good doctor know he was awake. He shifted in the small cot, rumbling. Bones smiled, slow and lazy, hand reaching out to pet his belly, humming low.

His rumbling got louder and he smiled back. "Morning, Bones."

"Mornin', T. You're looking mighty fine." Those fingers slid over his skin, drawing lazy circles.

He arched up into the touches, his own hand reaching out to slide over Bones' thigh. "Yeah? You like what you see, Bones?"

"You know it. You're the finest thing I've ever seen." Bones was damn near purring, eyes traveling his body.

"I do like how you wake up." He slid his hand up Bones' belly, his chest, wrapping around the man's neck and tugging Bones down.

Warm and smooth, Bones' knee pressed between his thighs, belly nestled against him. "Good."

He slid his hands from Bones' shoulders back down his spine to cup his ass before bringing their mouths together. Bones moaned, tongue sliding in, fucking his lips nice and steady, cock full and hot against his belly. He opened his mouth wide, fingers sliding down to into Bones' crack. Those green eyes shone, a sweet cry fed right to him.

He moaned, bucking up, sliding their pricks together. The low purr buzzed against his lips, Bones finding a slow, lazy rhythm, warm and languid above. Fuck it was good. Worth slogging through the jungle for. Worth waking up for.

His fingers stayed at Bones' crease, teasing along it in that same lazy rhythm, not pushing, just enjoying. Those hands explored his face, his head, his jaw, touching and stroking, finding little bundles of nerves and waking them up. It made him buck up and arch, moan into Bones' mouth.

Bones' smile felt good, warm against his lips.

He cupped Bones' ass in his hands, spreading it wide and letting two fingers take turns pushing just barely into that tight, hot hole.

"Mmm..." The corner of his mouth was licked and nuzzled, Bones' eyes hot and bright. "Feels good."

He nodded. "You're so fucking tight. Hot. It's like magic."

"Yeah. Live for this, love to feel you deep."

"You gonna go for a good-morning ride?" he asked, reaching down onto the ground with one hand, searching for the lube.

"Hell, yeah. I'm all about the riding. Hoo-boy."

He chuckled, fingers finally snagging the tube and bringing it up. He handed it over to his lover. "Get yourself ready for me, Bones."

"Pervert." Bones winked, sat up and slicked two fingers. Balancing one hand on his chest, Bones reached back, eyes closing as those fingers pushed deep.

He purred as he watched. "I might be a pervert, but I'm a pervert with a fucking sexy lover."

That got him a grin, a blush, the long hair brushing his skin. He arched again, groaning. He wrapped one hand in that hair and the other slid past Bones' balls. He pushed one of his own fingers into Bones.

"Oh..." Bones rippled, the sound pushed from him pure fucking sex. He added another one, his two tangling with Bones', pressing deep, sliding past that little bump of a gland. Bones threw his head back, throat working, riding their fingers. "Sweet fuck!"

He nodded, moaned a little as Bones' body squeezed their fingers tight together. That? Was going to be fucking awesome around his prick.

"Okay. Okay, I need. Now." Bones' fingers slid out, wrapped around his cock. "Now."

"You won't hear me arguing, Bones." Fuck no. He moaned as Bones' hand slid, slick and hot, along his prick and then Bones lined him up with that tight hole and Bones pushed down and he arched up and fuck... that was tight and good. Bones' hands landed on either side of his head, that soft hair pouring around him as Bones started to ride.

Groaning, he turned his face, nuzzling against the silky hair. That sweet ass was silky, too, squeezing him tight, hard.

"Oh, yeah. Babe. Love this." Bones moved, slid on his prick nice and easy.

"Yeah. Fuck. Good." He met Bones' movements easily, feet planting on the cot to give him leverage. Oh fuck it was sweet. Right. Sure and steady and so fucking good, Bones' cock sliding against his belly, Bones' ass rubbing his prick. He slid his hand along Bones' cheek, bringing his lover down for a long, deep kiss.

Bones purred for him, tongue sliding along his in time with the motion of their hips. Moaning, his hands found Bones' hips, pulling his lover down harder, gasping. Fuck, it was good.

"T..." Bones nipped his bottom lip, eyes rolling. "Again."

"Yeah." He dug his heels into the cot and pushed up as he pulled Bones' down, going deep, hard. Bones sat up, dropping down on his prick again and again. His hands held tight to Bones' hips, his eyes rolling as the feeling of Bones' ass squeezing him hard. Fingers found his nipples, pinching and rubbing, pulling. "Bones!"

He shoved in deep, the sensation ripping up his spine.

"Yes!" Bones arched, pinched harder.

"Fuck!" Harder and harder he pushed into Bones. He was so fucking close. That hungry hole squeezed him,

Bones' body fucking milking his cock, heat splashing on his belly. That was all it took for him to lose his own load. He squeezed Bones' hips tight, heat pushing deep.

"Yes..." Bones leaned down, kissing him good and hard. He took the kiss, giving back as good as he got, hands sliding through Bones' hair to cup his lover's skull.

Bones purred, melted down against him, male and strong and smooth.

He slid his hands along Bones' skin, feeling good and settled.

"Mm... morning." He could feel the brush of Bones' eyelashes.

"Yeah, a fucking good one at that." He grinned, turning to kiss whatever part of Bones was closest.

"Yeah, babe. Fucking sweet."

"Yeah."

Now if all mornings were like this? He'd like them a whole lot more than he did.

CHAPTER SIX

Trip wrapped the wire around the fencepost, swearing as the barbed wire bit through his gloves. There wasn't another fucking person in the world he'd do this for. Well, not unless there was some serious cash crossing his hand. But there'd been raids on the tents that made up Bones' hospital and the good doc had nearly been killed on the last one. Oh, Bones' had played it down, but he'd gotten the skinny from Bones' nurse. Tiktol or Tikoni or something.

So he'd gathered the obviously useless troops and put them to work. They were almost done, too. They'd have to finish it in the morning though, darkness was falling and he was covered in bug bites and cuts. He gathered up his tools, dropped them off at the supply tent and headed to Bones' tent.

Tony was washing his hair, bent over a tub, naked ass high in the air, skin gold in the lamplight.

Jesus fuck, he was one lucky asshole. "I see you're waiting on me."

Tony jerked, hair slapping wet and soapy along that long spine. "Shit! Trip! You scared m... Oh, Christ. Y'all need patching up? Let me grab some pants."

"Finish rinsing off and don't bother dressing on my account." His grin turned into a wince as he pulled off his gloves. "Wet naked man's about the best medicine I know."

"What happened to your hand?" Trip ducked his head again, ass going up again.

He chuckled. "Same thing that happened to my arm and my belly, back and legs. Fucking barbed wire is a nasty customer." One thing he could say about Bones, the man moved fast when it was time to work. He was stripped and stood in the clean tub, Bone's fingers searching his wounds. "Worry wart. They're just cuts. I've survived far worse."

Each cut was washed, creamed, bandaged. "Shut up, you. I'm doing my job."

He grinned. "You get off on it, don't you? Patching me up. Playing doctor."

"Hey! Six years at John Hopkins is so not playing." His ass was slapped, hard enough to sting. "Anybody out there need me?"

He chuckled and rubbed his ass, pouting. "You going to abandon me?"

"Not if you tell me your boys are all okay."

"I sent 'em in to see Viejo whenever they got cut."

Bones leaned forward, dropping a soft, sucking kiss to the tip of his cock.

"Fuck." He jerked, surprise and pleasure catching him off-guard.

"Careful. Don't fall." Bones grabbed his hip, steadied him.

"I'm fine. Don't let me interrupt you."

He got a grin, wicked, playful, blond hair drying in waves all around the thin shoulders. "Oh, someone's feeling his oats."

"No. Someone wants *you* to feel his oats." He gave Bones a wink.

Those long fingers wrapped around his cock, pumping. "Mmm... oats."

He chuckled, reaching for Bones, bringing those lips up to his. "This jungle's getting to you, Bones."

"I tell you what, Trip. I'm thinking we need a little vacation. Machu Pichu, maybe. Or Buenos Aires."

"Cold beer, cold air and a real bed? Pshaw. We don't need that." He grinned at Bones. That sounded pretty fucking good, actually.

"Steaks, sheets, hot tubs." Bones licked his lips.

He made a show of checking his arm as if he was still wearing his watch. "We leave now we can be there in... four days hike?"

"Hiking? What is this hiking you speak of?" Trip chuckled, tweaked one of his nipples.

"You know. Jungle, machete, walking until your feet fall off -- I do it every so often, dragging my sorry ass into the middle of nowhere to see your sorry ass." He reached down and grabbed said ass and had to admit, there was nothing wrong with Bones' ass. Nothing at all.

"Oh. No, I think my feet are most important to my employers. Let's float down river." Bones wriggled for him, laughing, eyes dancing.

"On that thing you call a raft?" He snorted and grinned. "I want to get there in one piece, Bones."

"Well, then, we're just going to have to wait a few weeks for the bird to show."

"And you'll come away? Leave here when it does? Really?" It took a lot to pry Bones from the hospital. The last time he knew about was a couple of years ago when a child needed a special operation that could only be performed at a better stocked hospital.

"Viejo can manage for a week." Those eyes were quiet, serious. "Need a bit of civilization, yeah?"

He reached out and stroked Bones' cheeks, thumb riding across that full lower lip. "Hell, yeah. It would do a body good." Bones ducked his head, sucking his thumb in, mouth pulling on it. He groaned, cock throbbing with each pull. "Fuck, Bones."

"Mmm-hmmm." Bones' head started to bob, tongue sliding over the pad of his thumb.

Moaning, he reached out and grabbed Bones' prick, hand working it expertly. He felt the moan, vibrating his thumb, tickling it, those green eyes flashing up to his. Sexy bastard. He squeezed Bones' cock, thumb sliding under the head.

His thumb slipped free, Bones' head falling back. "Oh."

Oh, yeah, right there drove Bones just crazy. He slid his thumb over the tip of Bones' prick, picking up some pre-come and spreading it over that spot, working it over and over again. The thin body arched, Bones' hands hard on his shoulders, head back. "Oh, sweet fuck. Yeah. Damn."

"Yeah, I know what you like, Bones. I'll take care of you."

"Always. Oh, T. You've got the finest fucking hands..."

"All the better to fuck you with." He tilted Bones' face, kissing the man, their lips mashing together, teeth clicking. Bones cried out, pushing close, heat flaring just like that. He pumped Bones in his fist, tongue pushing into the heat of Bones' mouth, sweeping through and taking the sweet and tobacco flavor in.

Heat splashed over his fist, Bones quick to the finish, as always, just giving it up to him. He purred into Bones' mouth, the kiss easing as his hand slowed, sliding nice and easy and slick along Bones' prick. Those green eyes were dazed, blinking slow, but the cock in his hand stayed hard. He broke the kiss to give Bones a grin, free hand moving down to cup Bones' ball sac.

"Mmm..." Those long legs parted, spread.

Yeah, that was his Bones, always ready for more no matter what he'd just had.

Trip stepped out of the tub, still holding Bones' cock like the prize it was. "You gonna bend over for me?"

"Any time, stud." He got a long, slow wink, Bones' tongue wetting his lips. Groaning, he brought their mouths together again, tongue following the trail Bones' had taken.

"Mmm..." The kiss ended and Bones turned, bending over his cot, hair pouring over onto the blanket. Oh, fuck, that was a sight to raise a dead man's prick and he was far from dead. He grabbed the slick from the floor beside the cot and got two fingers ready, pushing them into Bones as his other hand slid through the blond hair. Eager and ready, the hungry little hole pulled his fingers in, held them tight.

He leaned over Bones' back, spreading his lover's legs wider apart with his foot. "That's what I love about you, Bones. You're always fucking ready for me."

He got a soft, breathless chuckle in response. "I was born ready for you, T."

He moaned, sliding his fingers away and slicking up his cock. As he slid home, he couldn't think of a single reason to argue with that.

Bones arched, a sweet, low moan filling the air. "Oh. That's what I needed."

He nodded. "Yeah. Yeah, lover."

With long, sure motions, he started fucking Bones. Hot and tight, Bones pulled him in, muscles squeezing him, holding him. There was no place on earth like this one right here. Trip groaned and moved hard, fast, burying himself inside Bones over and over again.

A fine sheen of sweat covered the long back, damn near made Bones glow, gold skin warming to pink. He grabbed a handful of Bones' hair and that sweet ass and just let Bones have it. Bones cried out, head up, hips rocking, body fucking working him. Long and hard, he fucked Bones until he felt as if his spine was melting.

"Coming," he muttered before groaning low, cock jerking as his spunk shot deep.

He smelled Bones', the salt and musk of his lover heavy on the air. He kissed the back of Bones' neck, hand letting the long hair go.

Bones eased down against the cot. "Sweet."

He pulled out with a groan and sat on the cot, hand sliding on Bones' back. "Yeah. Not bad."

A hot tongue slid over his hip, teeth scraping. "Not at all."

He chuckled, hand sliding along Bones' knobby spine.

"Mmm... great hands."

He grinned and kept touching, playing with Bones' skin. "I thought that was a doctor's pervue."

"Mine are talented. Yours? Are stunning." The kisses traveled down along his thigh.

He moaned, spreading his legs for Bones. "You know what I always say about flattery."

"Mm-hmm. That I do." The back of his knee was nuzzled.

He purred, fingers combing out Bones' hair. "You still wanting, lover? Still my horny bastard?"

"Yours." He got a sweet, low moan, tongue sliding over his skin.

"Good." It was what he lived for. What kept him coming home out of the jungle.

* * * *

Dude. Sheets. A/C. Curtains. Fucking running water. Room service. Television. If a certain someone would quit bugging out down the hall stressing security? Life would fucking rock.

Tony stretched out on the bed -- clean and naked and feeling 3/4 fine, sipping on a cold motherfucking beer. Cold. Wicked.

There was a knock on the door. Or rather four knocks. One long and three short. Trip had insisted on a code, so they knew when it was each other coming in the door. "It's unlocked, man. Come on in."

The door opened, Trip bitching at him. "Two long two short is the code, Bones. I knocked one long three short. I could have been anyone. And you don't lock the door behind me?" Trip locked it, the bolt shooting home loudly.

"I was busy being naked and wet in clean water." He grinned over. "Beer's cold, babe. Cold. And I ordered steaks for dinner."

"Cold beer? Hook me up." Trip was busy looking, checking him out from head to toe. He flipped over and reached for the bar fridge, grabbing another bottle. "Oh, now there's a view. Real bed, cold beer and that fine ass in the middle of it all." Trip sat down on the bed. "Shit, this is soft."

"Mm-hmm." He wiggled, hips rising off the mattress a little. Trip took a long drink of his beer, but those dark eyes were heavy on him the whole time, watching, noticing everything. He rolled back onto his side, wet braid pooling under his head, finishing his beer.

"How long to steaks?" asked Trip, voice rough.

"Forty five minutes to an hour. They're busy."

"Perfect." Trip drained his beer and set the bottle on the side table before leering at him. He chuckled, stretched, hand slowly pumping his prick. Trip moaned and stood, pulling off his clothes and tossing them over his shoulder.

"Fuck, you're fine. Did you bring lube?" He pumped harder, watching those muscles, those hands.

"Did I bring lube? Do I fucking love your ass? Of course I brought lube. I mean, we did come here to fuck, right?" Trip licked his lips and pulled a tube out of his pack.

"Fuck and suck and touch and anything your horny little heart desires." He couldn't stop grinning, bouncing.

Trip grinned and nodded. "I can think of enough to keep us occupied for a month of Sundays."

"Mmm... I like how you think." He spread, hips rocking, cock hard as stone.

"I thought it was how I fucked that you liked." Trip gave him a wink and climbed onto the bed.

"That, too." He reached for Trip, hands sliding over the broad shoulders. Trip purred and brought their lips together, kissing him enthusiastically. He gasped, one leg wrapping around Trip's hip.

"Oh yeah, you want it." Trip's mouth moved to his jaw, to his neck.

"Always. Want you." He arched and nodded, toes curling.

"Fuck, you taste good. Clean." Trip muttered and kept licking, nuzzling, taking little bites.

"Mm-hmm. Gonna suck you in the shower, ride your cock in the bath. Take your fingers in deep..."

"Gonna get a head start on that last one about now." One of Trip's fingers pushed between his legs and teased his hole.

"Need." He drew his knees up, spread wide. "More."

"I can do that." That finger slid right in and started to fuck him.

"Yeah." He started riding, hips rocking sure and steady, chuckling as they both tried to adjust to the softness of the mattress.

"Too much bounce," Trip murmured, winking as a second finger joined the first inside him.

"Careful. Don't let too many slip in." He grinned into those eyes, tongue sliding along Trip's lips.

Trip laughed, a third finger pushing into him. "How many's too many?"

"I..." His words trailed off as pleasure derailed him.

Trip's tongue pushed into his mouth, fucking him as surely as those fingers. His eyes rolled, body jerking, hips rocking faster. Trip filled his mouth with a moan, fingers pushing him hard.

"You. Your hands. Fuck. Love this." He was babbling, shaking, so fucking hot.

"Love them this much?" Trip asked, another finger pushed in.

"I. I. Yes. Yes. T. Babe. I. Oh."

"Fuck, Bones, you never cease to amaze me." Wide, hard, hot, deep, Trip's fingers pushed in and out again and again.

He whimpered, his whole world that touch, that hand.

"You want it all, lover?" Trip's lips were at his ear, nibbling the lobe.

"E...everything you got." He gasped, toes curling.

"Son of a bitch." He could feel the cold of the slick stuff being spread around his hole and then, as Trip's fingers pushed back into him, it was suddenly thicker, slowly stretching him wide.

"Trip." Tony was panting, mouth open, eyes rolling.

Trip's hands stilled. "You okay, Bones?"

"Oh... So full, babe. So fucking full."

"Not quite all the way in." Trip kept pushing, spreading him wider and wider.

"I... Oh. Oh, fuck. Trip. Need. I." His breath caught.

All of a sudden Trip's hand was in, his body almost snapping around his lover's wrist -- he could *hear* it. "Fuck..." A noise fell from his lips, raw and rough and desperate.

"Jesus, fuck. Bones." Trip's hand slowly closed and then opened again.

"Oh. Full. F...full. Trip." His body burned, focus on his ass, on the stretch.

"Yeah. Yeah. Wow." Trip's hand kept moving slowly.

He nodded, blinking up. "Uh-huh. Wow."

Trip's mouth found his, lips warm, almost reverent. Their tongues slid together, a soft moan shared between them. Trip moved his hand with bigger movements now, mouth still slow and easy on his. All he could do was breathe and feel, entire body focused on Trip.

Dark eyes stared into his own, full of him. The kiss grew harder, deeper as Trip's hand began to move with more confidence inside him. He was shaking, shuddering, aching and hard and flying.

Trip's lips slid over his face, licked at his skin and soft words whispered into his ears. "I'm holding you in the fucking palm of my hand."

He nodded, gave a little hitching sob. "Yeah. Oh, fuck, T. So big."

"Huge, lover. You're a-fucking-mazing." Trip's mouth latched onto his neck, sucking in time with the movements of that hand deep inside him.

The sounds that poured from him were amazing, desperate, constant and low and needy. Trip's cock was hard and leaking against his thigh, sliding in tandem with the movements of Trip's fist.

He reached out, stroked Trip's face with trembling fingers. Trip looked up at him and gave him a long, slow smile that brightened the dark eyes. That was all it took and he came, room going grey around the edges, body gripping Trip's hand like a vise.

Kisses were being pressed against his face, Trip's hand solid and quiet inside him. He relaxed, stretching, squeezing Trip, just feeling.

"You look melted," murmured Trip, hips rocking slowly against him, cock hard and slick along his thigh.

"Mmm... Yes. Feel you everywhere."

"I should pull out." Trip wasn't though, instead he was rubbing harder, faster, prick sliding against him.

"Mmm... Want to come again. With you." He grinned, hips just barely moving. "Make me greedy."

"On my hand? Again? Fuck, Bones, you're the horniest bastard I know." Trip growled and bit at his lower lip. "Don't ever fucking change."

"Never. Going to be hunting your prick for fucking ever."

"Amen to that, Bones." Trip started to move his hand again, just little motions that matched the rub of the prick in question against his hip.

Trip's knuckles brushed his gland and he gasped, toes curling, shoulders coming off the mattress. "T!"

Trip went absolutely still. "Bones?"

"Oh. Oh, fuck. Again, babe. Please. Please. Do it again."

Trip did, giving a sexy chuckle when he jerked and gasped again. "Oh, I could get addicted to this, Bones."

"Anything. Fuck. Don't stop. Fuck, it's good. Don't stop." He was sobbing, gasping, growing wild with pleasure. Trip's hand moved harder, faster, that prick hot like fire against his skin, rubbing counterpoint to the incredible hand stretching him wide.

"Close. Babe. Please. Fuck." The words just fell from his mouth, desperate and needy and all for his lover and those amazing hands.

"Fucking sexy." The words ended in a shout, heat splashing against his skin.

He screamed, body tightening as he shot, emptying his entire fucking soul out. Trip's hand kept moving, suddenly stretching his hole impossibly wide again and then it was gone, a huge hole left inside him.

Trip pulled the cover over them and pressed close, held him tight in strong, capable arms. The hand that had been inside him was on his back now, pushing him close against the hard body. He stayed close, shuddering, holding on, letting Trip keep him together.

The knock on the door brought Trip awake and up, his hand reaching under his pillow for his weapon, which wasn't there. And the bed was fucking soft and huge compared to Bones' cot.

Right, the hotel.

The one with room service and that knocking had to be their steaks.

"Hold your horses, I'm coming."

He grabbed his shorts on the way to the door and slipped them on.

Room service was a table on wheels with covered plates and a young waiter. He signed Bones' name on the slip and added a nice tip for the kid before pulling the table in and locking the door.

"Hey, sleepyhead, food's here."

Those green eyes blinked open, dazed and still half passion-drunk. "Huh?"

He chuckled and pushed the table up next to the bed, hopping on and stretching out next to Bones. He kissed his lover's lips. "Food. You remember the steaks? They go with the cold beer?"

"Oh, yeah. Burned cow." Bones grinned, shivering as he sat up. "Man, you broke my brain."

"Yeah, that was pretty fucking intense. You sore?" He grabbed one of the extra blankets off the bottom of

the bed and put it around Bones' shoulders. The a/c was nice, but they weren't used to it being almost fucking cold.

"Sort of, but not really. More like empty, stretched." Bones settled close, pulling lids off the trays.

He chuckled and nudged their shoulders together. "My cock's gonna seem small tonight."

"Nah. I'll be so sensitive it'll feel like the first time."

He purred a little, leaning in to kiss Bones again. Man made him feel like a stud, it was only fair to be one. Bones opened right up to him, lips parting, tongue sliding out to taste. Oh, if it wasn't for the fact they had hot steak sitting right in front of them, he'd be going in for another round.

The steak would give them energy to keep it up all night, though, so it was worth taking a break for. He broke the kiss reluctantly and picked up his knife and fork. They dug in, both of them eating eagerly, sharing the rolls, the salad, not really talking, just sitting together, chowing down.

By the time they were done he was seriously stuffed in a way he hadn't been in a long time. Oh, he had enough to eat most of the time, an army, even one made up of mercs, moved on their stomachs, but good food? And enough that he had to stop before it was all gone? That was a rare treat.

He finally pushed the table away from the bed, Bones' having finished before him, and flopped back onto the bed. "Damn that was good."

"Shit, yeah." Bones settled against his hip, braid heavy on his thigh and balls, slowly flipping channels.

His hand dropped to his lover's head, stroking idly. "A man could get used to living like this."

"Mm-hmm. One day, when there's not so much to do and younger guys to do it, yeah?"

"Oh yeah, I'm not saying I want to, just that a man could." He'd get too fucking restless, stuck in one spot like this. Hell, he'd been offered a chance to stay put at Bones' hospital, putting his skills to use guarding the place, the man of the hour, but he got itchy feet so often, needed to move around and do.

Bones nodded, settled, fingers sliding over his balls, stroking, petting. "I hear you, T."

He let his legs spread a little, giving Bones plenty of flesh to play with. His prick was perking, growing interested now that he'd napped and his belly was full. A soft hum sounded, his balls cupped, fingers rolling them gently. His eyes half closed as he loosened Bones' braid, hand stroking through the soft hair.

"Mmm..." Bones' tongue slid over his thigh, the soft breath tickling him.

"You ever thought about cutting it?" he asked, spreading the long hair out over the bed, Bones' back and himself.

"Nope. Not since before college. Had a bitchfest with my old man and he hacked it off. Swore I'd keep it long since then." Bones chuckled. "Not that it matters now. Now I just like it."

Trip nodded. Bones didn't talk much about his father. "Gives me something to hold onto."

"Mmm... yeah. Yeah." Bones scooted a little, lips wrapping around the tip of his prick, sucking gently.

He groaned, hips jerking a little before he settled again. "Speaking of something to hold onto..."

The chuckle tickled his cock, Bone tonguing his slit. He let his eyes close, concentrated on the feeling of Bones' tongue and mouth slowly sending him to the sky. Bones took his time, melting him, dissolving him, moving so slowly that his hunger surprised him. He wrapped his second hand in Bones' hair, not guiding that mouth, just holding on and enjoying the fuck out of what Bones was doing.

The long slow licks were addictive, Bones' cheek pillowed on his belly, fingers stroking his inner thighs. He thought maybe he could do this forever, fingers wrapped in Bones' hair, the silk of it spread out over his skin, that sweet, hot fucking tongue lapping at him.

One finger slid back, teased his hole, circling it slowly. He groaned, legs spreading further apart, hips tilting. It was fucking heaven, having the soft bed beneath him, the air keeping the place cool and being the center of Bones' focus.

Yeah, a man could get used to this. The thin finger disappeared, then returned, slick and cool, pressing into him, fucking him nice and slow. He purred, fingers massaging Bones' head. One finger became two, touch curling, finding his gland.

"Shit!" He jerked, hips pushing his cock deep. Bones chuckled, repeated the action, stroking him. He rode the sensations, pushing between mouth and fingers. Open, eager, his lover took him in, sucked him, working him again and again.

Moaning, hands twisting in Bones' hair, he moved, caught in the most pleasurable trap. The rhythm sped, stealing his breath, sending him higher. "Fuck. Bones." It was his warning to Bones as the pleasure rode him hard, making his balls ache, making him need until finally he shot hard down Bones' throat. Bones swallowed him down, tongue working his shaft, making the aftershocks rocket through him. Up and down, up and down, he kept the rhythm going, albeit slowly now.

Fuck, Bones made life sweet.

Bones hummed, licked his belly, nose sliding through his pubes. Such a sensualist. He tugged on Bones' hair, guiding the man slowly up along his body to his mouth.

Lips swollen, hair wild, his lover looked debauched.

He purred, licking at those lips, hand sliding down Bones' body to wrap around the hard prick. Bones moved into his touch, hips rocking nice and easy.

"You've got me all slick and slidy -- you gonna fuck me?" He spread his legs, bringing up his knees to cradle Bones' hips.

"Mmm... yeah, T. Nice and slow." Bones shifted, stretched up for the lube. He moaned, hands sliding over Bones' skin. Those green eyes smiled at him as the long cock was slicked. "Sexy bastard."

He smiled back, reaching up to tweak a nipple, down to push his thumb against the slick tip of Bones' cock. "Takes one to know one."

"Mmm..." The cock was pressed into his hand. "Put me where you want me, babe."

He pumped Bones lightly a couple of times, watching what that did to those green eyes. They looked so big with Bones' glasses missing, like they were trying to compensate for the lack of correction. He guided that sweet prick to his hole, hips tilting, offering himself. "Take me, Tony."

"Oh..." That long cock slid deep, the stroke strong and sure, the stretch sweet.

He moaned, hips tilting just a touch more, Bones' prick pushing past his gland and making him shiver.

"Mmm... Yeah. There." Bones grinned wide, hips starting to shift, sliding over that spot again and again.

"Fuck, yeah." He planted his feet on the bed and met each thrust, moaning. It was something else, with the soft bed cushioning his back, Bones' hot prick sliding in him.

"So fucking hot, T. So fine. Wanting me."

"Always want you," he growled, fingers wrapping in the sheets, holding on tight as Bones moved faster, harder.

"Always. Fuck, babe. So tight." Bones was sweating, flushed, working hard.

He watched Bones moving over him, felt that prick working his gland, pushing into him over and over, let himself get lost in it, get lost in Bones. Moaning, he grabbed his cock and started pumping. Bones' hand joined his, hand working them harder, faster.

He tried to catch his breath but couldn't, body pushed higher and higher until he was flying, soaring. He shouted out, shoulders leaving the bed as he came, spunk spraying up his chest. He could feel the motions inside him getting rough, random, heat filling him. He was breathing hard, body clenching around Bones' cock. Reaching out, he pulled Bones down, hands wrapping around his lover's back.

"Oh, shit. T. You... you're something else."

"Ditto, lover. In fact ditto squared." If he was something else, Bones was that much more something else. And he didn't think he was going to move from this spot for at least a day. Maybe two. Long as Bones stayed where he was to keep him warm.

They slept through the night, through breakfast, up until lunch, which was steak again and salad, then they stumbled toward the bath. They? Smelled terrible.

Tony got the tub filled, added bubbles and oil and then slid right on in. "You coming, T? It's fine."

Trip chuckled. "You look like a kid with those bubbles up to your chin."

He wiggled his toes, laughed. "Who? Me?"

"No, the other guy in the tub with you." Trip shook his head and stepped in. "Oh, wow, it's *hot*."

"Uh-huh. Hot and bubbly and slippery." He waited until Trip settled, then stretched back out.

Trip sat across from him, feet beside either hip. "I can't believe we both fit. Hell, I can't believe half the stuff they've got here. How do people get anything done?"

"They don't, I guess." He shrugged. He'd been in the jungle his second week out of his residency.

Trip groaned, his eyes closing. "Feels fucking decadent. Like I should be waiting on my man servant to come wash me or something."

"Mmm... when I'm finished being a schlub, I'll wash you." He found one of Trip's feet, started rubbing it.

One of Trip's eyes opened up. "Yeah? Cool." Trip's eye closed and he relaxed back down. "Feels good, Bones."

"Yeah, these old feet have been used and abused." He let his eyes fall closed, too, just focusing on rubbing, touching.

"Not that old yet, Bones." He could hear the smile in Trip's voice. "And they've plenty of miles left in them."

"Mmm. I hear you. They're almost as old as mine." He traced a line up along the sole.

Trip shivered a little, foot twisting. Tony grinned -- didn't tickle again, just filed it away for later. The shit he knew about Trip was endless -- B positive blood, family history of diabetes, allergic to sulfa, multiple scars, responded well to antibiotic treatment. And yet, he didn't know the man's real name. Well, birth name might be more accurate. As far as he did know, nobody had used or even knew Trip's real name in a long, long time.

Of course, he was pretty sure that was one of a thousand things they didn't need to know about each other.

They'd been soaking maybe fifteen minutes when Trip sat up. "Well that was fun. Pass me the soap."

That was his Trip, not used to lounging around doing nothing, even on his downtime. Chuckling, he reached for the soap, fingers searching because he wasn't quite ready to open his eyes. Trip's fingers found his, sliding along them as his hand was guided to the edge of the tub.

"Mmm..." He followed the touch, smiling.

The soap was up near his shoulder and as his hand closed over it, Trip made the water in the tub splash and slide and suddenly his lips were covered, the kiss lazy and sweet. His eyes popped open along with his lips, tongue sliding in to taste Trip. Trip's eyes were smiling at him, his lover relaxed and easy.

He teased Trip's tongue into his lips, then started sucking, nice and easy, watching those eyes the whole time. They heated up for him, Trip's body slowly sinking against him.

He wrapped his legs around Trip, moaning into their kiss, body rocking, rubbing. Trip matched his movements, their pricks sliding together as the water sloshed around them. His hand wrapped around Trip's hip, pulling them tighter, the oil and bubbles making them slippery. Trip moaned into his mouth, moving

faster, harder, making the water spill over the side of the tub. He tilted his hips, moaned as that heavy cock nudged him.

"Fucking love how you're always ready for me." Trip moved a little and then was pushing against his hole, slowly spreading him.

"Always. Fuck, that's sweet, babe." He arched, taking more in.

Trip nodded and kept pushing, going deeper and deeper. His ass slid on the bottom of the tub, making them shift. Trip groaned, cock sliding deeper still. He took his glasses off, set them on the side of the tub, then leaned up, licking and sucking at Trip's neck.

"Yeah. Fuck, 's good." Trip's hands settled on the tub behind him, hips moving, fucking him slowly. He nodded, pushing into the thrusts, moaning low as he sucked up a mark on Trip's throat. His moan, or maybe the movement of his mouth on Trip's neck seemed to spur his lover on, Trip thrusting harder, faster.

He was still sensitive from having Trip's hand -- Trip's fucking *hand*, fucking hell -- inside him, body squeezing, gripping Trip's cock. One of Trip's hands slid into the water and wrapped around his dick, pulling hard.

"Fuck, yeah." He nipped Trip's throat, body clenching as he came. Trip threw his head back, shudders rocking the muscled body as heat pulsed inside him. Tony purred, nuzzled the dark mark on Trip's throat with his nose. "So fucking fine."

"You clean up pretty good yourself, Bones." Trip settled awkwardly on him, the tub not quite big enough for this.

They wiggled until Trip finally snorted and hauled them both up, turning the shower on to rinse them. Trip put an arm on either side of his head and crowded him against the tile. "Didn't you say something about fucking up against the wall?"

"Oooh... I believe I did. In fact, I believe the promise was against every available surface."

Trip moaned and slid their lips together. "You think the hot water'll hold out long enough for me to get it up again?"

"As much as we're paying for the room? It better." He wrapped one leg around Trip's ass. Trip started rocking, cock already half hard against his inner thigh. He reached down, encouraging it to fill, sliding that long shaft between his leg and palm.

Groaning, Trip rubbed against him, mouth sucking water up off his shoulder.

"Mmm... makes me want you." He nuzzled the top of Trip's head, lips sliding over the wet hair.

"You just had me, you horny bastard." Trip's grin was warm against his neck, teeth grazing his skin.

"Did I? I have a bad memory." He chuckled, wiggled. "You'll have to remind me."

Trip laughed. "I can't believe you just said my fucking you wasn't memorable. It will be this time, I promise."

Grinning, Trip kissed him hard and then turned him to face the tile. He stretched up tall, ass wiggling, chuckling. Trip was one hell of a sport.

Trip spread his legs wider and held his ass open with big hands. "Gonna last for fucking ever this time," murmured Trip as his cock pushed in.

"Oh..." He arched, pushed back into the thrust. "Yeah."

Trip groaned and started to thrust, forehead coming to lie against the back of his neck. This time was slow, lazy, both of them working together, humming, moaning, rubbing together. Eventually Trip moved and found his gland, prick sliding across it again and again.

He groaned, arching and stretching and squeezing. "There."

Trip made a purring noise, licking at the skin of his neck. "You're the boss, Bones."

"That's Doctor Bo... Oh..." Trip thrust in deep and he got derailed, body squeezing. "Sweet."

"Yeah, it is..." Trip kept thrusting, one hand moving from his chest downward, going so slowly.

"Mmm... Could fucking do this forever..." He leaned back, purring, water splashing around him.

"I might need a break or two," muttered Trip, groaning as his hand wrapped around Tony's prick.

"Okay. For food and to change positions." They laughed and groaned, rocking together.

Trip's hand moved faster on his cock. "Soon, Bones. Need."

"Yeah. Yeah, babe. Come for me. Fuck."

Moaning, Trip shuddered behind him, two sharp thrusts pushing Trip's cock deep into him. Then heat filled him, Trip hot and solid behind him. That pushed him right over, made him jerk and spray seed over the tiles. Trip's arms went around him, holding him as Trip leaned against him.

"Mmm... it's good, you and me, T."

Trip nodded, stubbled cheek rubbing against his shoulder. "Yeah."

"Nap now? Or you want to go cause trouble in the city?"

"I'm easy, lover." Trip groaned as his cock slipped out.

"Mmm. I hear that about you." He cleaned them off, turning the water off before it got cold.

Trip chuckled and grabbed a towel, wrapping him up in it and drying him lazily. They settled together on the bed, the sun setting, the lights of the city starting to shine.

He'd had to buy jeans because Bones' said he couldn't wear his camos in the city. And a dress shirt. He'd let the salesclerk pick it out. Dark blue. Supposedly complemented his coloring. It fit and wasn't green, as per Bones' instructions, so Trip had taken it. And then he'd had to buy shoes because he could hardly wear his army surplus shit stompers. A hundred fucking dollars -- they'd cost more than the god damned outfit.

But if Bones was happy, he wouldn't bitch.

He waited for Bones to come out of the bathroom, flipping channels. They were going to go out into the city and have steak in a restaurant instead of at the hotel.

"Oh, now, you're looking fine." Bones leaned against the doorjamb, looking good with his hair down, emerald green shirt making his eyes glow, khaki pants making his legs seem so fucking long.

"Yeah -- not so bad yourself, Bones." He turned off the television and got up, heading over to give Bones a kiss or three. Bones felt fine against him, warm and sleek, smelling of herbs and tobacco and soap. The fine hair felt like silk in his hands, softer even than usual. It made his prick start to fill and he broke their kisses with a groan.

He got a warm, lazy smile, hands sliding down his belly. "Beautiful bastard."

"If we're going out you're going to have to stop tempting me to throw you up against the wall and fuck you again."

"I am? That's no fun." Oh. Sultry, slinky kittenish Bones was in the house.

He growled a little, hands sliding around Bones' waist, thumbs playing over Bones' hips. "We don't have to go out."

Bones wiggled, eyes dancing. "If we don't go out I can't whisper perversities."

He groaned, cock no longer just starting to perk up, but making him fucking regret the tight fit jeans. "I'll make you a deal. You take the edge off me and I'll let you whisper perversities to me in public."

"Spoiled man." Bones slid down his body, fingers working his jeans open.

"Hey, I'm taking you out on the town." His protest wasn't very heartfelt though, his legs spreading just a little to support him.

"Yeah. And you're my own personal appetizer." Bones nuzzled his cock, hair brushing his prick.

He groaned, cock jerking as hundreds of strands tickled over his skin.

"Perv." The word was whispered, a hank of hair wrapped around his cock and pulled free.

"Oh fuck." He shuddered, hands going out to hold onto the doorframe as his knees threatened to give out.

"Yeah." Bones nodded, then fucking did it again. And again.

He moaned, hips pushing, wanting more. The slide of those slick curls was driving him mad, making him

ache. He watched, utterly fascinated as Bones' hair slid over his cock. Bones was going to fucking make him come without putting lips on him.

Those eyes, so fucking green, so bright, stared at him.

Since the first time he'd seen them, those eyes held him. "You're something else, Bones," he muttered, voice hoarse.

"Yours, babe." Then those lips wrapped around the tip of his cock, sucking, moaning, pulling hard. He made a strangled noise, pushing deep, Bones' hair sliding along his prick. His cock slid into Bones' throat, the heat tightening around him.

"Bones..." Another shudder and he came. He could feel Bones swallowing, sucking, draining him dry. He dropped one hand down, sliding his fingers through Bones' hair. The purr vibrated his cock, Bones' hands wrapping around his thighs.

"Fucking good, Bones."

"Mmm... yeah." His cock was cleaned, carefully tucked back into his jeans.

He smiled down, still holding himself up with the wall. "You'd better give me a minute to find my knees again."

Bones grinned, nuzzling him again. "Yeah."

"You needing or you want to head out?" he asked, still stroking that amazing hair.

"Mmm... Needing, but we have reservations..."

"It's up to you, Bones. Go out, stay in. It's all good."

Bones stood, thumping his cock good and hard. "Let's go, T. We got real food waiting."

"Oh, now, I'll go, but you be nice to that. I've got plans for it." He gave Bones a wink, stroked the front of his khaki's and led the way out.

His ass was just barely squeezed as the hotel door closed.

"Oh, you cheeky bastard." He chuckled, planning his revenge. "Where to first?"

"I have reservations at Casita's." Bones was bouncing, eyes lit up.

"This someplace special?"

"They say it's the best food in the city, without being too fancy and frou-frou."

"Yeah, well it's certainly put a spring in your step." A very nice looking spring too, from behind.

Those green eyes flashed back at him. "That doesn't have shit to do with the food."

"Oh." He grinned wide, feeling about ten feet tall. Bones always did make him feel special.

They flagged down a cab, Bones sliding in and jabbering in Spanish, giving directions. He settled in beside Bones, enjoying the heat of his lover's body along his side.

This might be fun. Of course it might also be torture. Bones was vibrating, humming, tapping and touching and grinning ear to ear. His lover's pleasure was infectious. It was good to see Bones so loose and free, the weight of being in charge of an extreme field hospital lifted for now.

They pulled up in front of a tiny restaurant, the smell of grilled meat strong as they got out of the cab. The place was simple, classy, intimate. Perfect. They were shown to their table and he sat across from Bones, watching the animated face, the bright green eyes behind their glasses. They shared a bottle of red wine, some calamari, Bones' foot periodically rubbing his calf.

It was different but nice, like a real, normal date.

Only from what he could remember of dates? You usually weren't looking at a sure thing once the date was over. And his Bones? The surest.

The steaks were perfect, the potatoes fluffy, everything amazing. Bones kept laughing, sharing old jokes, old stories.

Several hours passed in a blur of good food, good company and laughter. And wine. Three bottles. They were both a little tilty as they hailed a cab, Bones swaying with the wind.

He helped Bones in. "Back to the hotel?"

"Mmm... hotel. Bed." Bones giggled -- fucking giggled.

He gave the name of the hotel to the driver and sat back, grinning at Bones.

"What're you grinnin' at, T?" Oh, the drawl was back.

"You. I haven't seen you this drunk since... well maybe ever."

"I'm not drunk, babe. I'm floatin'." Bones chuckled again.

He chuckled. "You'll have to forgive me for not noticing a difference."

"Oh, I'm fixin' to beat you, babe." The long hair was wrapped around one hand, wielded like a very soft, very thick rope.

"Promises, promises."

Bones started laughing again, eyes dancing.

"Damn that's a sweet look on you." He slid his hand along Bones' thigh. "You got anymore promises for me?"

"Anything you want, babe." Bones spread a little, purred.

"Yeah, I think you've got what I want."

Bones always did. The blush deepened, thin belly rippling. He purred, hand stroking from hip to knee. He was taking a chance, but he was pretty sure the cab driver couldn't see. That long hair brushed his arm as Bones leaned toward him. He groaned, prick jerking hard. Fuck, that hair was a turn on. Everything about Bones was.

Bones moaned, just a little, just enough for him to hear.

Shit, weren't they there yet?

All evening Bones' had been flirting with him, getting him worked up. Those eyes flashed up at him, teasing, warm, wanton. Fuck, he wanted. Bad.

The fucking taxi finally pulled up in front of their hotel and he threw money at the driver, grabbing Bones' arm and dragging him out of the cab. Bones stumbled behind him, giggling, rubbing against his ass. He ignored it until they made the elevator and then he shoved Bones up against one side, taking that mouth with his own.

Wine and steak and berries -- fuck, Bones tasted good, hot.

Moaning, he rubbed, sliding their pricks together through too many fucking layers of polite clothing. Bones was hard as nails and so fucking hot, needing him. He reached out and hit the stop button with one hand and then reached up and aimed the security camera at the ceiling, then he dove back into Bones' mouth.

The cry that pushed into his mouth was delicious and fucking perfect. He pulled at Bones' buttons, sliding his hand in to touch skin and tweak Bones' little nipples as he pushed their hips together.

"Oh. Oh. Oh. Fuck. Babe. 's good." Bones' hips rocked faster, rubbing.

He nodded, sliding a hand down to pull open Bones' khakis and wrap around that fucking hard cock.

"Oh..." Hot and stiff, that heavy prick leaped into his hand.

"You gonna come for me, Bones? Gonna get spunk all over the fucking elevator?"

"Oh, shit. Sweet. Yeah. Need it." He growled just a little, heat and pride and fucking need of his own in the sound and then he started to pump Bones' cock like he was going for first prize. A low cry filled the air, Bones arching, hair loose and long, framing the thin body. So fucking sexy, so fucking hot. He humped against Bones' hip, pushing them both hard. Heat sprayed over his hand, over his wrist. "Babe!"

"Fuck, you are one sexy bastard." He rubbed harder, letting the smell of Bones' spunk push him over, push him into coming in his jeans like a teenager.

Bones leaned back, panting, eyes rolling. "Oh. Fuck. Wow."

He grinned and licked Bones' neck before starting to tuck the sweet prick back in. Low happy sounds filled

the air, Bones clinging and nuzzling. He got Bones more or less presentable again and hit the elevator button, looping his arm around Bones' waist.

"Mmm..." One hand stroked his belly, Bones humming low.

The elevator came to a stop and the doors opened, several people waiting to be let on. Trip walked Bones' out, meeting shocked eyes and smiling, heading his lover down toward their room.

Bones? The little slut? Just sashayed all the way down the hall.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Trip cleaned his piece carefully, watching as two of the eco-terrorists they were escorting fussed over the third. Idiot hadn't listened and gotten himself mauled pretty badly. Doc had patched him up, but the man needed better, needed someone with supplies who knew how to use a scalpel properly. Radio instructions had told them to pick Doctor Anthony Rumer from a drop off zone a half day away.

How come it was the idiots who had all the money for this kind of thing?

Not that he was going to complain about getting to see Bones.

His piece was back together and he'd taken over watching their ... guests, when the call went up that gamma party had come back with the doctor.

He watched them come in, eyes finding Bones immediately.

The man looked pissed, flying across the compound, braid bouncing. "Exactly how many of you assholes are going to get hurt before you learn to listen?" One hand came up, silencing the team leader. "I don't want to talk to you. I want Doc's report and then Trip's. The rest of you are a fucking waste of my time right now. Doc? What'd you give him?"

That son-of-a-bitch could bark orders with the best of them.

Doc seemed so short compared to Bones, skin brown, hands long and thin, almost delicate. The man nodded at Bones. "Morphine and a shot of bug killer. He got both yesterday afternoon, but I don't like his color or his temperature. I stitched him up, but I think he's bleeding inside, judging by the way he's been fading. Cat got him good."

"Okay, let's get him somewhere I can give him a looksee. You got blood?" As Doc shook his head, Bones growled. "Okay, Doc, you find one or three of these fine men with the same blood type and get me some. Trip? They give Doc trouble? You tear their arms off. I'm not in a playful mood."

"That would be my pleasure today." He nodded to Doc who got the equipment from Bones and they set up at a table a few feet away from what was going to be the operating table. "You heard the man, everyone with type O get your asses over here and form a line. Anyone who complains gets beaten to death with their own arms. Captain, looks like we're going to be here awhile longer."

Cap nodded and organized their guys, those not on sentry duty sorting themselves out with food and sleeping bags.

Bones worked way past dark, the long, lean body backlit by the lanterns, the tension obvious in those shoulders. Finally the kid was closed up, IV checked and Bones was walking, cherry from the cigarette like a laser sight. He caught up to Bones and fell into step next to him, his job now to shadow Bones, make sure the man survived until they took him back out to his ride back to his hospital.

"Kid gonna make it?"

"Yeah. He's got no fucking spleen and half a liver, but y'all get him over toward Machu Pichu and he'll

live." Bones rubbed his forehead, fingers shaking a little, starting to come down from a twenty-hour adrenaline boost. "How you doing, T?"

"Frustrated as fuck and not looking forward to the reaming we're going to take whether the kid lives or not. They've got more money than brains most of them and the chuckle-heads in charge take that money and send them off wherever they want to go." He snorted. "It was getting to the point where if that cat hadn't mauled him, I was going to."

That surprised a chuckle out of Bones, the blond head nodded. "They just keep getting younger and dumber."

"Yeah, well as long as they're only endangering themselves, the boys and I'll keep escorting them and you'll keep patching them up." They wandered out of sight of camp and he nudged his hip against Bones'. "How're you doing?"

Bones took a long drag. "I'm doing. We had another attack on the hospital last week. I'm thinking I'm going to have to move us. There's something up, man. Somebody's selling me out. Besides that and the fact that the medical supplies are a week late again? I'm cool."

"Another attack." He shook his head. "You got people there you can trust, Bones? To make sure you stay safe?" He did some figuring in his head. "I can't get out of this detail, but once we haul these assholes back out of the jungle, I'll come up and give you some proper bodyguarding service." No one was going to mess with his Bones.

"I got Jose and Xavier, but I wouldn't say no to a visit, that's for sure." Bones smiled at him, field stripping the smoke. "Now, we've worked, we've small-talked. I got a need, babe, with your name on it."

"It better be my name on that need." He shouldered his rifle and pushed Bones up against a tree, hand going straight for that sweet cock that was just waiting for him. Fuck, it was good with Bones.

Bones pushed right into the kiss, hips rubbing furious circles against his palm. He slipped his hand into Bones' scrubs, giving the man skin to rub against. Hard, quick eager -- Bones moved with him, shaking a little, moaning a lot.

"That's it, Bones, give it up for me." Fuck, it had been too long.

"Oh!" Bones jerked, coming just like that, sweet and hot.

He groaned. Yeah. Nice. He brought his hand up to his mouth, licking the come from his fingers. Bones' tongue slid alongside his own, hot and wet. Oh. Oh, the sexy fucker.

He shoved hard into Bones' hip, dragging his prick along one bony protrusion. Bones shoved the loose scrubs off, climbing up his body, rubbing and touching.

"Fuck." Groaning, he put one hand on the tree to hold them up, the other pushed between them, opening his cammos to let out his prick.

"Yes. Been too long." Bones licked his jaw, his throat.

"Shit. I don't have stuff." He almost whimpered, rubbing against Bones' ass.

"I won't break, babe." It was all the permission he needed and he shifted, pushing against that sweet hole. Bones bore down, a low groan filling the air. "Yeah..."

"Fuck, yeah." It was like being swallowed by the tightest, hottest silk imaginable. "God, Bones..."

"Yeah. Just what I need." Bones hands squeezed his shoulders.

He groaned and started to hump up into Bones, that sweet ass taking him over and over again.

"Fuck, yes." Bones' mouth found his ear, tongue sliding around the edge. He shuddered, but managed to keep the rhythm going. "So fucking hot. So deep. Fucking live for you, for your cock, your hands."

Sexy bastard was just giving it all up for him and he moved faster, balls fucking aching.

"Yeah. Oh. T. There, babe. Right fucking there." Bones bit his earlobe, groaning low.

"Fuck." He leaned Bones against the tree, fucking hard, just about ready to shoot hard.

Bones' body went tight, clenching tight as a fist. "Yes."

He bit Bones' shoulder to muffle his roar as he came, hips jerking. Heat spread between them, Bones moaning low. He shifted, turning so the tree was against his back, Bones close and warm in his arms. Bones just held on, resting, cuddling.

He buried his face in Bones' neck, just breathing the man in, sweat and cigarettes and Bones.

The night was quiet, still, and they just rested for a while. Together. Taking the time they were given.

CHAPTER EIGHT

He'd made it four months, three weeks, and six days before he sent the note for Trip. It was simple, straightforward. "More attacks. Eduardo's dead. Need you. Bones."

Then he'd started packing, trying to move while they didn't have any seriously wounded, while the rains were still just threatening. He hadn't been scared for a long time, hadn't been really worried about living out here. Not until last week. Not until Eddy got buried out back of the main tent.

There was a commotion outside and then came the familiar growl. "Call your dogs off, Bones."

"Le permitan de entrar. Ahora!" He pushed out of the tent, finding a weak smile for Trip. There were a group of them, familiar faces, strong, good men. "Hey. Y'all come in."

Trip led the guys in. "I told the guys where I was headed and why and they insisted."

Cap nodded and gave him a grin. "You think we were going to let Trip have all the glory saving your ass?"

"Y'all wish." He gave them a nod, head jerking towards the tents. "Come on, I'll find y'all beds."

"We can find our own beds." Doc gave him a wink. "You're turning in early tonight, I imagine."

The guys all laughed and Trip rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, we are. Watch the lanterns, they'll use them to pick you off." He shrugged his shirt off, the scratch from the bullet grazing him last week still red and raw. He could feel the heat of Trip's gaze, could almost hear the rumbling growl.

The rest of the guys scattered, and Trip's hand grabbed his arm and dragged him into his tent. He stumbled behind, focused only on the heat of Trip's hand, the strong, male scent of his lover close enough to touch. As soon as the flap was closed he was pulled up tight against hard muscles, Trip's mouth closing over his. He pushed into the kiss, wrapping around Trip and clinging. His. His.

"It could have been you," muttered Trip, hands tearing his scrubs, pulling them away.

"No. I have too much to live for." His fingers worked buttons open, shaking, need riding him hard. Trip's hand wrapped around his prick, tugging him off just like that.

"Oh. Oh, fuck. T. Please. Yes." He smashed their lips together, bucking into the touch, toes curling. Trip's hand was hard and rough, not giving any quarter, demanding his seed, demanding proof of his life. He gave it up, just like that, just like Trip wanted, like he needed.

Trip growled, hand still working him, pulling out every last shudder. He whimpered, rubbing, hands wrapping around Trip's neck, holding on tight.

Trip's mouth never left his, even as he was walked back to his cot, shoved down on it, Trip rubbing urgently against him. Yes. He tore Trip's pants open, thighs spreading, needing that cock. Trip knew, felt it, too, just pushed right in without question.

"Yes!" The burn made him gasp, entire body shaking. "Fuck. T. More."

Trip pushed all the way in and then set up a good, hard pace, fucking him like it was for the last time. He buried his face in Trip's chest, mouth open, tasting the musk and salt. Trip just kept fucking him, hard and fast, heart going ninety to nothing.

Something inside him eased, opened, Trip so close, filling him. That hard hand was back around his prick, tugging in time with the thrusts that rocked him. He shook, crying out as his balls went tight and hard, drawing up.

"Give it to me, Bones. Let me feel you around my cock." Trip's voice was rough, needy.

He managed to nod, to whimper softly as his world exploded, body jerking on Trip's cock. Trip slammed into him and came with a soft sound, filling him with heat. He kept his eyes closed, kept close, kept on holding on. Trip was heavy and solid above him, breath loud in his ear.

"Thank you." He swallowed hard, hugged. "I needed you."

"That's all I need to hear to come, Bones." He nodded, breathing deep, breathing in the scents of them, together. "You moving out or you just need a bodyguard? Or both?"

"Both. I think... I think it's someone on the inside. Eduardo was killed in his tent; they know everything we're doing." He just couldn't back far enough away to see who it could be.

"You got any idea who's behind it?" Trip asked. Bones could almost see the wheels turning.

"No. I keep trying to figure it, but it doesn't make any sense, T. We're helping these people."

"What about the people who fund you? They're bound to have pissed people off. I mean they send people out here to blow shit up and stop development and stuff."

"The people who fund me? Oh, man. There's not a government on earth who wouldn't give a billion dollars to shut them up." He shrugged. "I don't know. I haven't had a paying patient in months; they're dying before they get here."

"You give me a list of anyone who joined up with you guys a few months before this started. And find out how much money your sponsors'll pay for mercs. The guys I brought'll stick around a couple months and I'm not leaving until I'm sure you're safe, but if we can break camp with just the folks you absolutely trust 100% and my people, I'd feel better."

Trip shifted, lying beside him, hand stroking along his side, fingers lingering every time they neared the abused area from where the bullet grazed him.

He nodded, hand curled around Trip's waist. "There's a spot about thirty miles in, water, shelter. Spot about ten miles out for birds to land, pick us up, drop off supplies. It's more exposed than here, but at least we could see them, too, yeah?"

"You got someone you can spare to take Cap and Tin Can to scout it out?"

"Marco's the one who found it. He can show them the way." He started trembling a little, adrenaline from trying to deal with this shit finally easing.

Trip's fingers started digging into his skin, the massage hard and deep. "I'm here now, Bones. Anyone wants to get you they're going to have to get through me first."

"Oh..." He melted, just fucking dissolved. "I didn't sign on to shoot back, you know? I'm trying to save people."

"I know, Bones. That's why you called us, yeah?" Trip stroked his hair off his face and bent to give him a kiss.

"Yeah." He found a smile, a real one this time, tongue sliding into Trip's mouth, tasting him nice and slow.

Trip's lips wrapped around his tongue, sucking gently, hands sliding over him with more intent now, fingers finding first one nipple and then the other. He purred into the kiss, hands sliding around Trip's neck, massaging gently, rubbing. Trip's hand found his ass, squeezed and tugged him close so their cocks slid together.

"Mmm..." Nice and easy now. Slow. Peaceful.

He'd hardly even registered the gunshots before he found himself on the floor, under Trip again, the cot providing dubious cover.

"Don't move," growled Trip, crawling over to his gear to grab his weapon and crawl back, gunplay sounding back and forth the whole time.

He grabbed his glasses, then his pants. "I have patients in the hospital."

Goddamnit straight to the lower bowels of Hell.

Trip gave him a look. "You can wait until the gunfire's stopped." Trip put him back flat on the ground, big body pressing him down into the ground.

He didn't fight it, hell, this was why he'd called for Trip. The man was the best and only a fool hired an expert and then ignored their advice. Still, he fucking hated this.

"You can't fix anyone if you're dead, Bones. Just relax and let me do my job." Trip was tense, head tilted as he listened. "They're getting further away. You hear that? The loud ones are ours, the others are getting quieter." Trip shook his head. "I don't like it. An all out attack like that? It's almost like they knew we were here."

"I'm telling you, babe. It's somebody here. One of *my* guys." How could one of his boys do this? To him? To the work?

"I don't have enough guys here, Bones, to protect the camp against one of your own. You'd better get on the horn and get that money secured and we'll get you started from fresh. Or do a proper interrogation."

The gun fire finally stopped and Trip got up. "Do not move a muscle."

Then Trip was walking to the tent flat, crouched low. Just before disappearing, he was given a stern look. He lasted about seven seconds, give or take, before starting to reach for things. Shoes. Scrub top. Smokes.

The sick fear would come back, but right now? He was chief surgeon and the unlucky fuck in charge. He couldn't just hide and whimper.

A few minutes later Trip came back in, trailed by Cap and Doc. "They clipped Tin Can and Watts. They knew *exactly* which tents the boys were bunking in."

Doc nodded. "They're in the hospital tent. And they got the generator, too. Watts'll be able to fix it once you get him patched up."

Cap stood in the doorway. "First thing is a call to your sponsors and find out how much they want this place to keep going. I want to call the boys in, but they aren't going to show without cash. And no offence, Tony, I don't trust any of your people."

He nodded, pushed his hair back, letting himself fall into full-out doctor-mode. "Let me patch your boys up and I'll get on the radio. Somebody check the Jeeps and the supply tent."

He'd get Viejo to do a head-count and then lock everybody down for the night.

"Trip's your shadow from here on in, Bones. I don't care if it's in the hospital or taking a piss -- he's on you 24/7." Cap turned to his boys. "Doc you're on the jeeps and supply tent, I'll check the perimeter and once the boys are up we'll set up a proper patrol. I'm going to want a dozen guys in here by next week if Bones gets the funding. Get your recs ready."

He nodded, heading out, snapping orders to Marco, Viejo. "Consiga la radio lista, Marco. Deseo a hombres en campo. Junto. Ahora."

With Marco getting the radio warmed up, ready, he could talk to his people as soon as he was done patching the boys up.

Trip trailed him like a shadow, crowding him almost. "I find out who's behind this and there's going to be hell to pay, Bones."

"Yeah. Yeah, this is fucking in..." The explosion was so loud, so unexpected his brain recorded it as silence, his ears simply unable to register the sound. The entire camp went still for a long moment and it wasn't until he saw a hand holding the radio receiver, smoking at the wrist, that he understood.

He headed for the back of the compound, intending to hunt the wounded, the survivors. Trip's arm went around him, hauling him back up against the solid chest, backing them both up toward the center of camp, away from the hospital tent.

"Let me go. My men are back there. I've got wounded back there." His voice was echoing inside his head, the smell of fire beginning to itch at his nose.

"We regroup in the trees on the south side of the clearing, Bones. Then we make sure nothing else is going to blow up. Then maybe you get a chance at the wounded." Trip just kept dragging him, weapon at the ready.

The camp was like an ant's nest, people running, screaming, bleeding. "Marco was warming up the radio."

"Aw, shit, Bones. I'm sorry." It didn't slow Trip down any though, didn't stop the sure steps back into the trees. Cap was already there along with Tin Can and Watts, Tin Can looking a little pale. They had their packs with them but nothing else.

A moment later Doc showed with Marco slung over his back. Then Viejo was put down at his feet by Cap.

Cap started barking orders. "You do what you can short term for him, Bones, and then you patch up Tin Can and Watts. We can't do this with just five guys, but we *really* can't with three. Trip, you go salvage. Weapons first, medical supplies second. Everything needs to be checked for explosives. Send everyone you find to the south end of camp, send a runner to the village, tell them to come get their people out of the hospital. We can't hump through the jungle with wounded."

Trip squeezed his arm tight and took off back into the swarm of people, disappearing behind a tent.

He tore off his shirt, tore it into strips, trying to staunch the blood pouring off Viejo. "Doc, is Marco alive?" The man was smoking, third degree burns blackening the body.

"I just grabbed him and ran, Bones." Doc had put Marco down next to Viejo, but had stepped back, looking grim.

Cap was still barking orders. "Tin Can, your radio still working?"

"Yes, Cap. It wasn't hit in the gunplay."

"Call in a dozen of our best guys. People we trust, people who Bones' might have helped in the past so they'll have a reason to stick around along with money. I want them here regardless of whether Bones can find the money to pay them. Tell them Trip's calling in his markers. Tell them to meet us at the drop off on the other side of the river. The second one -- I don't trust anything too close. Once you're done on the radio we'll let Bones have a go at securing some funds."

He nodded, reaching over to check Marco's pulse. Dead. Damn it. "He's gone. Hold on Viejo. Don't you fucking die on me, too. I need your help."

He got the blood stopped, then he turned Tin Can. "Next. I need my fucking supplies. Now."

"Trip'll bring them if they aren't booby trapped, Bones." Cap gave him a look. "We can't trust anything or anyone from your camp until it's been checked. You've got one dead, one dying and god knows how many more were hurt. This is my show now, Bones. We'll let you do as much as you can for your people, but I'm not risking any of my guys unnecessarily -- not even you."

Tin Can gave him a wan smile. "I'm not dying, Bones, but I sure could use a shot of something for the pain."

"Hold steady, soldier." He grabbed the bag he'd pulled from his own tent, his emergency stash. "Give me your arm and let me see the wound."

Tin Can passed the radio to Doc and gave Bones his attention. "You know what's funny, Bones? I can't imagine why a doctor would be the target of something like this. You kill someone's kid or something?"

"Not that I know of, man. I mean, shit, I can't save 'em all, but I do my best." He tore off the man's sleeve, wincing at the bullet hole going right through the muscle. "Looks like a clean wound. I'm going to pack it and tie it off, then fix you up. 's gonna hurt like a bitch though. You hit me, I'll be pissed."

He grabbed the gauze, soaked it in saline. "Breathe for me, man. Count out loud. I'll be done before you hit thirty."

"You're enjoying this, aren't you, Bones?" Tin Can gave him a wink and started counting, voice getting strained as he started to work, but the man didn't move, just let him do his work.

Trip showed up just as he was done with two large chests of medical supplies. "Half your guards are dead. I sent the rest scrambling. Told the Kollas to get their wounded and disappear, that you'd get word to them if you could once you're resettled."

"I said weapons first, Trip," complained Cap.

Trip snorted. "Gone. There's not a bullet left. And one of the jeeps is missing, the other two have slashed tires, ripped out wiring and bullets in the engines."

"God damn motherfuckers." He tied Tin Can up, then gave the man a shot of demerol, antiemetic and antibiotic. He couldn't think. Not now. No thinking. Working. Just working. "There you go. You'll feel it in a minute. Go. Sit. Next."

He bent and checked Viejo's pulse -- weak and thready, the old man was fucking bleeding out, he knew it. He grabbed his stethoscope, started listening, looking.

"They knew what they were doing, all right," muttered Trip.

"Watts needs looking at, Bones."

"I'm okay, Cap. Let him fix up Viejo first."

"Where're you hurt, Watts?" He pressed against Viejo's stomach, searching. A mass of blood spewed from Viejo's mouth, spraying him, hot and steaming and wet as Viejo sank to the ground. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. He fought the urge to throw back his head and scream. He and Viejo'd worked together fifteen fucking years. Fifteen. Fuck. Fuck. "He's gone. I can't help him. Where the fuck are you hurt, Watts?"

He grabbed a piece of his scrubs, cleaned off his glasses.

"Head got grazed by a bullet. It's bleeding like a son of a bitch, but Doc told me I wasn't gonna die."

"You want Marco and Viejo buried?" Trip asked him softly, hand on his shoulder.

"Yeah. Yeah. Fucking animals'll get them otherwise." He stood, slapping some butterfly clips and antibiotic cream on Watts. Not thinking. Not thinking. "You'll have a great scar. Tonight I'll give you something for the headache. Who's next?"

He just kept working. Not thinking. Not even beginning to think.

Trip and Doc dug holes for Marco and Viejo. Tin Can and Watts salvaged what they could. Cap barked orders.

"All right, Bones, wrap it up. We're heading out to rendezvous with our guys. You have to cut your people loose, we're not taking them with us."

He nodded, not even really listening. He headed back towards his tent to grab his bugout bag, to tell his team -- his people for years some of them -- to take what they could and run. It wasn't until he grabbed his bag and turned that he realized Trip was right there behind him, face grim, eyes watching, careful.

"I'm fine." He found a cigarette, having to chase the trembling flame with the end of the smoke. "You get hurt at all?"

"No. I'm fine. Come on, Bones. We have to go. We've got a lot of walking to do tonight."

"Yeah." He stripped his t-shirt and pants off, skin stained with blood, then put on spares. "Let's go."

He headed out of the tent and didn't look back, didn't meet the dark eyes of the people he'd lived with, worked with.

He was outta here.

God damn Trip was fucking tired.

They'd hiked into the hospital and then turned around and hiked back out again, heading past the "close" drop off point for one another thirty miles south. No stops. They couldn't afford it. Not until they met up with the others and could set up a proper perimeter.

And then they'd figure out what the fuck was going on.

Cap called a halt just inside the jungle by the clearing where the bird was going to drop the ten guys who'd agreed to come out and help. They were meeting up in a few hours, so they could rest.

Tin Can came over. "Bones? Cap says you need to call your sponsors and find out what the fuck they know. What they want you to do."

Bones, who hadn't said a fucking word in hours, just nodded, looking at the man's arm before taking the radio and walking a little way off, the cherry on the cigarette a dull red.

"He okay, Trip?"

"Hell if I know. He hasn't said a word."

"You don't have to take my head off."

"Sorry, TC. I just want to know who the fuck is responsible for this so I can tear their arms off."

He could hear Bones now, low furious growls splitting the air. "... fucking bitch at me for deserting my post you pointless motherfucker. They fucking bombed the shit out of everything and I fucking expect you to drop me enough funds..."

"Sounds like we're not going to get a lot of help there." He growled. Stupid fuckers back in their air conditioned offices in the States with no clue what the rest of the world was really like.

Cap came up and pounded him on his back. "That's all right, Trip. It's personal now. Once we decide where to settle up, we can let the extras head off home again if Bones' people don't cover their purses."

Another cigarette was lit, the flash of the lighter bright. "...be a shame for all my records to fucking drop into the media's lap, son. Don't fuck with me, I've had a long goddamned day and I was playing this game before you could even fucking wipe your own ass. You let me talk to Rick. Now!"

He got a look from Cap, a raised eyebrow. "Bones got a bit of a temper?"

"He just doesn't like getting shot at or having his people killed."

"Yeah, kinda puts a damper on the day."

Something happened in the conversation then, Bones stopped short, shook his head, fingers rubbing his forehead.

Frowning he headed over, taking a long swig from his canteen. "What's up?"

"Rick says I got sold out. That every fucking merc in the southern hemisphere's got a picture of me." Bones looked up at him, eyes still. "I'm worth more to you dead than alive."

"Jesus fuck. By who?" Shit. Fuck. Favors or no favors, the guys they had coming in couldn't be trusted.

"Doesn't matter. I'm out of here." Bones handed over the radio. "Y'all stay safe."

He grabbed hold of Bones' arm. "Hold the fuck up. I'm going with you. Cap and the guys'll let us split out supplies." There was no fucking way Bones was going anywhere without him. Not with a bounty on his head.

"No. They want me; they'll find me. I got Eduardo and Viejo and Marco on my conscience. I won't have you, too. You didn't sign up out of the goodness of your heart or for some cause, remember?" Bones grinned, the look shocked and pale. "It's all about adventure and a paycheck."

"Fuck the paycheck, Bones. If they find you and I'm there, they won't be able to get you." He kept hold of Bones' arm and dragged him back over to the guys. "We've got to split up. The four of you can head home once the others get here. You all can. Bones and I are going to ground."

"What the hell is going on, Trip?" Cap stepped up and spoke for all of them.

"Seems like I've suddenly grown in worth, fellas, and, as much as I'd love to stay and play Trust the Mercs? I don't have the kind of funding to stay in the game."

"Well fuck, that's a shame, Bones. You're one of the good ones, yeah?" Cap shook Bones' hand, his. "We'll split out the medical supplies and, given we're about to meet up with a well supplied dozen men you can take the radio."

Trip shook his head. "We don't need a radio. Just a head start."

"We won't chase you down!" Tin Can looked affronted.

"I know. But the guys coming off those birds in three hours? I'm betting at least one of them is thinking of making a pretty penny off Bones' hide. We'll just go. You won't even have to lie about the direction we take."

Bones was checking Tin Can's arm. "You keep that packed and clean. It'll heal up fine." He could hear the fine edges of pure, overwhelmed panic in that voice, the drawl going deep.

Watts was going through their packs, rearranging stuff. Med supplies and food made up the most of what he was putting in his and Bones' bags, but Trip wasn't about to complain they were getting the lion's share of the goods. Everyone ponied up matches and water tablets and Cap handed his bowie knife and Glock to Bones.

"You're going to need these so don't give me any bullshit about saving lives not taking them."

Bones opened his mouth, but nothing came out, so he just nodded, pocketed the .38. They needed to get moving, get away from here and hidden before Bones started waking up, started thinking and understanding.

He shook hands with each of them. They were as good friends as you got in this business and he'd have trusted all of them with his and Bones' lives. But he wouldn't ask it of them. He shouldered the biggest pack and accepted Doc's .38 and Tin Can's canteen, along with Watts' playing cards and canteen.

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do, man."

He gave Watts a grin. "That leaves me wide open, right?"

They were all chuckling as he and Bones slipped back into the jungle, going deep enough to be hidden from sight before they switched directions. He didn't have a clue where they were headed, so he just headed them south. They could decide when they'd put a few days between themselves and the guys.

Bones just walked, head down, silent as the grave. One thing to say for Bones, the man didn't bitch, didn't slack.

The jungle wasn't quiet, bird and animals making plenty of noise, which was a relief. Gave him a bit of confidence that there wasn't anyone lying in wait. It was a hell of a fucking thing and it made him just fucking furious to think about.

Him? The guys? They killed people for money. They protected anyone with the cash to pay for it. Their morals were rather... loose. But Bones? He fucking helped people. Saved lives. And he didn't ask if you were military, merc, villager, kid, adult. No, he just patched people up.

It wasn't fucking right and one day he was going to find out who'd done this, who'd put the price on Bones' head and he'd take it out on their hide. There were things worse than death.

They walked until he couldn't walk any more and then they just kept going. It was sort of like med school -- except in med school there was coffee and no monkeys and people weren't shooting at you.

"They got your name, Tony. One of my men found a merc with a dossier on you an inch thick. They figure they get rid of you? They can get the Kolla on their side, get the pipeline run. They're offering two million for you dead, twenty million alive. You need to run, Tony. I'm cutting off the funds from this end and depositing the pre-arranged amount for breach of contract in your bank. I don't know you, man, and you never worked for me."

And that was that.

And because he'd helped them, Marco, Ed -- dead. Hell, Viejo's blood was fucking flaking off his skin like he was rusting.

Walking.

He just needed to walk.

No thinking about the boys.

The hospital.

The bomb.

The blood.

The jeeps.

The fact Trip was right here, being a bodyguard.

Tony wondered idly if he could afford Trip. Probably. He'd rarely had the need to dip into his salary and his retirement bonus was hefty. If he could ever get to it.

Trip was tireless. A fucking machine, just marching them to the end of the fucking world. He didn't know if it was going to be far enough. They traveled on through the night and the next day and the next night and when the sun came up and the jungle started to get steamy, Trip finally called a halt near a water source. "We need to sleep."

He nodded and sat, blisters on his shoulders, his feet, his soul, eyes closing almost immediately. Just like med school. Just like med school with more monkeys.

Trip hunkered down next to him, hand sliding on his thigh. "You need anything, Bones?"

"A do-over." He could feel the tears on his cheeks, but he ignored them, simply too tired to care.

Trip's forehead pressed against his. "Done. We'll go somewhere they can't find us and you can start over."

"Sorry you got dragged into this, T." He breathed Trip in, needing to know he wasn't alone, wasn't lost.

"I made my choice, Bones. There wasn't any dragging." Trip's breath was warm and soft against his face, Trip's hands solid around his upper arms.

"I... I..." He lifted his chin, brought their lips together, shutting himself right up. Trip's mouth met his, the kiss hard and full of need, a little desperate and a lot hot. Oh. Okay. Yeah. He reached up, pulled Trip closer, tongue pushing, fighting.

Trip's hands were hard on his arms as Trip rolled them to the side, hiding them in the underbrush. He was exhausted and hurting and devastated and dirty and god, he needed. Trip didn't seem inclined to send chocolates and roses and woo him, instead his lover just opened his pants, Trip's pants and slid them together, hard and sure and so right.

Son of a bitch. What kind of asshole could lose damn near everything and be hard?

He thrust harder, faster, sobbing into Trip's mouth. Maybe the kind of asshole who had the one thing he didn't lose right there.

They traveled for days, twisting and turning, criss-crossing, doubling back, avoiding anything on two legs. They slept every couple of days, but Trip kept them moving pretty hard. Partly to get them where they were going, partly to keep Bones busy. He figured his lover was going to break down sooner or later and it would be easier, well safer, if it happened once they were settled.

They were headed for his... well bolt hole, though it wasn't a hole. Quite the opposite, it was hidden on a mountainside, inaccessible from all but one route. A long time ago Cap had suggested he make himself a place if he needed it, somewhere to hide out, somewhere with supplies and a water source. It had started out as not much more than matches, a wood supply, a canteen and a couple of blankets on the mountainside.

Whenever he had a chance he'd build on it. Now there was a simple room made out of rocks. You couldn't tell it was there from the air or from below. It had an open area on one side, a rocking chair next to the makeshift window. He'd carved the pieces for that himself, bringing one after another up and putting it together over the years. The rest of the furniture was made out of rock, but he had enough wood stored in he could probably carve out other stuff if he had the time. Which it seemed he was going to. There was ammunition, explosives, flares, knives, a couple of radios and food supplies.

It wasn't much. It wasn't fancy. But the water that flowed down from the mountain about a quarter mile from the place was cold and pure and no one knew about it.

He'd never mentioned having the place, not to Cap, not to Tin Can, not even to Bones.

The only drawback was it was a hell of a hike up the mountain to get to it and he'd gotten fooled by his own false path halfway there and they'd had to backtrack nearly a day's worth. Of course this was probably a good thing.

If he couldn't find the place, knowing it was there? Nobody else was going to find it.

He did manage to remember all the booby traps and guided Bones away and over the trip wires. And finally they were there. He pulled the brush and branches and rocks from the doorway -- he was going to have to make some sort of proper door -- and preceded Bones in.

"Well here we are. Home sweet home. Nobody'll find us here."

Bones stood at the door, looking like an old man, tired and skinny and still. "Cool." Wow. That made five whole words today. Go Bones

"There's a chair over there. It even has a view. Go sit." He'd make some food and they'd finish off the water in their canteens and then he'd make the man sleep, even if he had to fuck Bones into oblivion to do it.

"Is there a place to wash?"

"We could go to the stream. I've got soap and everything. You should eat something first though." He wasn't careful Bones was going to fade right away.

Bones shook his head. "After. I stink."

"Well I'm no picnic either, so you're on." He put down his pack, got Bones' off his shoulders and set aside. He'd unpack them later, take stock and see if he needed to set up traps or anything. He grabbed his homemade yoke with its two buckets, checked his .38 -- just because no one knew about the place didn't mean you stopped being cautious -- and led the way.

Bones sighed softly once they got there, sat and started stripping. The blisters on the skinny shoulders had broken days ago, leaving raw scabs, and he didn't even want to look at those feet. "You got a knife?"

He cursed himself for not bringing along anything from the med supplies, but he supposed he could doctor Bones up when they got back. In fact a nice shot of the good stuff along with bug killer after a meal sounded like a good idea.

He handed over his Bowie knife and started stripping.

The boot laces were cut, then Bones grabbed the long, filthy braid, sliding the blade beneath it.

"What the fuck!" He leapt at Bones, knocking the knife from his hands before the braid could be sliced off.

Bones blinked over at him. "I don't even know if I have a brush."

"I'll help you with it. Hell, Bones, it's not like we'll be too busy to care for it." He fucking loved that hair, loved the way it felt in his hands, on his skin, curtaining him and Bones from everything.

"Oh. Right." He got a tremulous smile, those green eyes unfocused and red. "I'm sorry. I'm just deeply fucked."

"Well if by that you mean I'm going to fuck you deep and hard, you got that right." He gave Bones a wink

and went over. "Come on, take off those boots and let's get wet. Water's gonna hurt your blisters like a sonofabitch."

"Yeah. I don't think they're blisters anymore, babe." The boots were pulled off, the OD green socks black with dried blood.

He winced. "Let's get you in the water and then cut those away."

He was going to have to go back and get some antiseptic and gauze to wrap Bones' feet. Either that or carry the man back and he had a hunch Bones wasn't going to be too happy about that suggestion.

"Yeah. That'll soften the scabs." Bones walked to the stream, hissing as he moved up to his knees in the cold water.

Grabbing the soap, Trip followed Bones into the water. "You want to sit so I can do your hair?"

"Huh? Yeah. Yeah, that's cool." Bones was too skinny, too tired, but found him a smile, a wink. "Perv."

He chuckled, hand sliding across Bones' cheek. "Yeah, but I'm your perv, yeah?"

"Yeah." His palm was kissed, then Bones sank into the water. He sat down behind Bones and undid the ratty braid, slowly working his fingers through the hair, unmatting the dirt from it. He worked the soap in, taking his time, just enjoying this one act. He could feel Bones relax, feel the waves of shivers that rocked the man, hair heavy in his hands. He finished up with Bones' hair as quickly as he could, wanting to get the rest of Bones cleaned, too. He could carve out a comb if they didn't have one. He loved this hair.

"This is gonna hurt," he warned before starting to clean the bloody scabs on Bones' shoulders.

"How're you doing?" Bones winced, tensing. "How're your feet?"

"I'm fine. The enforced march thing is kind of a regular staple for your average merc. I'm happy to have 'em clean though." He washed Bones' back and his arms and shoulders and chest. "You about ready for me to get rid of the socks?"

"Oh, I'm thinking they're sexy, man. Let's just leave 'em on." The joke was weak, Bones' voice strained, scared.

He reached for his knife from the shore and petted Bones reassuringly. "They'll heal up, Bones. You've got plenty of time to sit in the rocker with your feet up, watching the clouds go by."

"Yeah. Since when do you get to patch me up?"

He chuckled. "I figure it's only fair. You walked a few thousand miles in my boots, I should walk a few in yours, yeah?"

"Just a couple." Bones lifted his foot. "Do it."

He leaned in and gave Bones a quick hard kiss and then started working the man's sock off, ready to start cutting when he hit a sticky patch. He got the sock off, working the wool free, the bottom of the poor foot fucking hamburger.

Forget going back for gauze -- there was no way Bones was getting back on this foot again. He didn't care how much arguing there was about him carrying his lover around. "One down, one to go. Wish I'd brought the med supplies. We'll have to get you cleaned up back at the... home."

"Yeah, we got the supplies for it." Bones looked, wrinkled his nose. "Damn, that's ugly as sin."

"Yeah." He tilted Bones' head and took a soft kiss. "Could be worse though, yeah?"

"Fuck, yes. I got you. Come on, babe. Finish this and let's go back."

He nodded, did the other foot and then stood. "I'm gonna carry you back, Bones. And I don't want any arguments."

"You can't carry me and all the stuff. I'm heavy."

"All what stuff, Bones? We left our packs at camp. I can make a second trip for the water once you're all doctored up. Do you honestly think you can walk on these? It's a quarter mile over rock and scrub." He glared. "I said no arguments."

He went and put his own clothes back on, and his boots, giving Bones the evil eye. "Just sit 'til I'm ready to go."

"Pushy bastard." Bones' fingers carded through the long hair, the blond rich in the sunlight.

"Yep. I learned from the best." He took a moment to watch Bones, watching his lover. He couldn't help but be happy it was Marco and Veijo who'd bit it and not Bones. And if that made him a cold bastard, then that's what he was.

"All right," He called out, heading into the water. "Pony up."

To his surprise, Bones reached up, let him pick the scrawny body up and start walking, face cuddled against his shoulder. The son of a bitch was either exhausted or hurting or crazy. Maybe all three.

And that scared him more than anything else had in a long time.

He slept until he couldn't bear it anymore, then crawled out away from the cave, pissed and crawled back, pushing into Trip's arms. Then he slept some more. It was easy this way, quiet and warm and he hid in dreams for a while, healing and resting and hermiting.

It was the tension and worry coming off Trip that finally brought him around, made him really wake up. He stretched, hand sliding over Trip's belly, petting, head turning so he could wrap his lips around one nipple.

Trip stiffened for a moment and then groaned, hand sliding over his back. "Bones..."

"Hmm?" He would deal with shit in a little while, right now? He was busy.

"Feels fucking good." That hand slid down to his ass, squeezed.

He wriggled, finding the spot where their cocks pressed together, legs all tangled up.

"Oh, fuck, yes." Trip started moving, nice and slow.

"Yeah." He went back to sucking, licking, hair falling around Trip's chest. He relaxed, humming, purring. Safe. They were safe. Together. Fuck.

"Feels so good, Bones. Want to do this for ever."

"You got a deal." He scooted up, lips brushing against Trip's, their eyes meeting. "Hey."

"Hey, yourself, sleepy-head." Trip kept moving them together, the sensations slow and good, arousal soft still.

"Mmm... You feel good." He took a soft kiss, then another.

"You, too, Bones." One of Trip's hands went into his hair, sliding through it while the other stayed on his ass, moving them together.

He stretched, purring low at the touches. "Love your hands. Your touch."

"Then I'd better keep touching." Trip's fingers slid along his spine, up and then down into his crease.

"Yet another fabulous plan in a long line of fabu...oh... fabulous plans..."

"Uh-huh." Trip rolled them so he was on the bottom, rubbing against him.

"Oh." He spread, legs wrapping around Trip's thighs. "How long's it been?"

"Too fucking long." Trip started driving against him.

"Yeah." He pressed his fingers against Trip's lips. "Get me wet?"

Groaning, Trip took his fingers in, sucking and licking.

"Oh. Oh, fuck..." His eyelids drooped, watching those lips. "Gonna ride your cock, babe. Gonna take you deep..."

"Fuck. Yes." The words were slurred around his fingers.

He pulled his fingers free, reached back and slid them in, thighs parting, head falling back. "Oh. Oh, I need. Need your prick..."

Trip spit into his own hand and pumped his cock a few times. "Then move aside and let me in, Bones."

"Yeah..." He needed this, needed to be hot and hard and full, body spread wide and stretched around his Trip. As his fingers slid away, Trip's cock replaced them, pushing inside him, the stretch burning him. His eyes rolled, breath leaving his lungs in a whoosh, entire body squeezing tight. "T."

Trip stopped moving, dark eyes looking down into his own. "Okay?"

"Fuck, yes. Better than okay." He pushed up, lips sliding along Trip's, legs wrapping around those strong thighs. "Need this, babe."

Trip gave a little half growl with a moan attached and started to thrust, long, slow motions quickly growing short and sharp, needy. He nodded, encouraged, begging for it. His cock was hard as nails, wet-tipped and dripping on his belly. Faster and harder, Trip moved into him. "Oh, fuck, Bones. Good."

"Good. Fuck, babe." His hands slid up Trip's chest, fingers working the pebbled nipples, watching those dark eyes shine, go wide.

"Bones!" Trip jerked into him a couple more times and came, filling him deep with heat. Oh, yeah. He reached down, tugging his cock, ass working Trip's cock as he soared. Trip's head dropped and warm lips sucked on his neck.

"Trip..." He jerked, eyes rolling as he came, shooting hard between them.

Trip was heavy, solid on top of him. "Love you, Bones."

His fingers slid through the thick hair at the base of Trip's neck. "Good, because I'm yours and I'm staying."

He felt Trip's grin in his neck. "Good, because if you left I'd have to hunt you down and drag you back to my cave by your hair."

He laughed, long and low and deep, the first real laugh since... Since too damned long. Trip chuckled, looking damned pleased with himself. Tony reached out, fingers rubbing Trip's belly. "So where are we, babe? I was so out of it I just followed your fine fucking ass."

"Middle of nowhere. I've slowly built the place up. No one knows it's here. You're safe here. We're safe." Trip pushed into his touch. He nodded, trusting in Trip completely. He'd worry about a plan later. Right now he was happy, settled, rested, not worrying on all the shit that needed worrying about. "We don't have to stay forever," Trip murmured, nuzzling at his skin with warm lips. "But we don't go anywhere until you're healed up and you don't go anywhere without me."

"You're going to get tired of shadowing my skinny ass." He purred, rocking under the caress, lips parting. "Oh, sweet fuck, that's nice."

Trip snorted. "Oh yeah, I can see that happening."

"Mmm... hard to believe somebody'd pay seven figures to see me dead." He shook his head, fingers tracing Trip's mouth.

Trip's tongue came out to slide along his fingertip. "You must have really pissed someone off."

"I guess. I can't figure out how." His eyes were focused on those lips, that tongue.

"You turn anyone after that fine ass down, Bones? Maybe some rich brat got his balls all twisted."

It was his turn to snort. "My ass isn't worth two million, T."

"Two million? Holy fuck." Trip looked shocked.

"Yeah. That's what Rick said he's found. Two million dead. More than that delivered alive."

"That's fucking insane. You discover the cure to fucking cancer or something?"

"Hell, no. You know what I do... did. I patched guys up, delivered babies. Normal shit." He sighed, "I've been out here for years, T. Hell, I'll patch up anyone they bring -- enemy, friend."

Trip nodded. "I know, Bones. It just doesn't make sense."

"No shit. They've got to think I have information, yeah? To want me alive?"

"Yeah. I guess so." Trip's fingers slid through his hair, carding it. "I never was the brains of the operations I was in on."

"No? I don't believe it." He let his eyes close. "Oh, babe. That's feels so fine..."

Trip purred a little. "Yeah? I love your hair. 's sexy." Trip sighed and buried his face in the long hair, lips finding his skin through it.

"Oh..." His cock began to fill, body rocking on Trip's cock again, slow and easy. "Don't stop."

"Never," murmured Trip. Those lips nibbled their way over to his nipple, tongue licking him through the hair, the sensation strange and arousing at the same time. He gasped, fingers sliding around Trip's hair, nipples going tight and hard. Trip's teeth threatened, solid hand sliding down to grab his hip.

"Yes..." He squeezed, clenched, working Trip's cock.

Trip's groan vibrated against his skin, breath sliding over his wet skin.

"Oh. Oh, babe." He was flying, rocking and shivering. "Need you."

"You got me, lover." Trip started moving inside him, slow rocking.

He nodded, hands sliding down to wrap around Trip's ass. "Yes."

"Yes," whispered Trip, movements staying slow, intense and deep.

He moaned, breath stolen, heart pounding in his chest. "My love."

Trip groaned, mouth moving up to find his. The kiss was deep and slow, their eyes fastened together, green on midnight blue. Time stopped, the world disappeared and it was just the two of them and the long drag of pleasure inside him. Just them. Just now. He arched, pulling Trip deeper.

Trip's groan filled his mouth, as surely as that cock filled his ass. He whimpered, moving a little faster, a little harder.

"Love you." Trip breathed the words into his mouth.

"I... Yeah." He nodded, head just spinning. Trip's ass was moving harder, faster, picking up the pace as slow and lazy turned into pure driving need. He sobbed, bucking and nodding. Needing it. Needing Trip. Trip filled him over and over again, sending him flying.

He wasn't even sure when he started coming, just that he was and did and oh, sweet fuck, yes. Trip filled him with more heat and collapsed onto him.

"Fuck, Bones. 's good."

"Always. Always has been." He nodded, holding onto the center of his fucking world.

With a groan, Trip slid out of him and settled next to him on the makeshift bed, holding him tightly.

He settled, petted, hands moving sure and slow, letting Trip rest.

Trip relaxed a little after Bones woke up and they made love. He'd been worried Bones was going to sleep himself into oblivion.

He could understand the desire for it. Bones was fucked. Two million fucking dollars dead, more if he was brought in alive. If it was him and he was destined to spend the rest of his fucking life in this cave? He'd be thinking spending it unconscious wouldn't be a bad thing.

If they knew what the fuck was going on it would be easier, they could try to figure out something to do to counter it. But they were blind. Hiding out was about all they *could* do for now.

He was sitting in the rocker, working on another one, his knife good and solid in his hands, while Bones' slept some more. He'd made Bones eat though, and the man's feet were looking like they just might make it. The blisters and sores on Bones' shoulders were practically gone.

It was going to be okay.

Bones turned over onto his belly, legs moving restlessly, the man dreaming again. He growled a little, hands tightening on the wood and the handle of the knife in his hand. He wanted to kill someone. To rip their heart out for doing this to Bones. The man didn't have an evil bone in his body. He was a doctor. He helped people for fuck's sake.

He went over to the bed and slid his hand along Bones' back. Bones stilled and then hummed, pushing back into his touch, going from worried and stressed to sex-kitten just like that. He chuckled and bent, pushing Bones' hair aside to lick along Bones' spine from the neck, slowly down to Bones' ass.

A soft moan split the air, almost sounding like his name, Bones' long-assed legs curling up under the skinny body, giving him better access to that fine ass. Teasing, he worked his tongue up to Bones' neck again before licking his way back down, tongue sliding along Bones' crease this time. He teased the tip of his tongue just inside Bones' ass.

Bones purred, shifting, really waking up for him. Yeah. That was his Bones. Sexy bastard. He slid his hand down to play with Bones' balls and then further to cup the long, silky cock as his tongue pressed deep.

"Oh... Babe..." Bones got up on hands and knees, rocking back into him, moaning low. "'s good."

He purred, setting a rhythm up between his tongue and his hand, the scent of Bones heavy around him. Low moans started up, steady and needy and fine, Bones letting him know how good it was. His thumb slid across the tip of Bones' cock, collecting the drops there, spreading them over the silky flesh. Bones' hole was getting wet, almost ready for him.

"Babe. Oh... Oh, fuck... I need." Low and husky, that drawl was thick, thighs parting, hips tilted and offered to him.

Groaning, he rose up to his knees, sliding the head of his cock back and forth across the wet, stretched little pucker.

"Oh, yeah. Yes, T." Bones was panting, hips pulsing back against him in tiny, desperate little motions.

He stopped teasing, letting himself take what he wanted, sinking into Bones in one long motion. Fuck, it was good. Bones was tight and hot around his prick. Just fucking perfect. The low sound that poured from Bones was all about pleasure, the long body rippling, milking his cock, the scent of spunk sharp and sudden.

Moaning, he held on, forehead on Bones' back as he waited for his lover's orgasm to run its course, for Bones' body to relax and let him move again. Bones started moving, rocking and purring and riding him, still eager, still needing him. Moaning, he started fucking Bones, hands sliding to grab onto his lover's hips so he could pull Bones back into each thrust.

There was never any question that Bones wanted it, needed it, ass gripping his cock tight. He watched the long back undulate on him, watched Bones' hair moving with each thrust.

"T. Babe. Fuck, it's sweet." Bones looked over his shoulder, smiling, panting. "Fucking good."

"Fucking fine, lover." He smiled back, grinning wildly as his thrusts became harder.

"Yeah." Bones dropped down onto those bony elbows, crying out as he sank deep. "T!"

"Oh yeah, right there." He increased the power of his thrusts, moaning at the way Bones' body rippled around his prick.

"Oh, fuck. T. Good. Fuck. Please, babe. Don't stop." He grinned, that desperate babble letting him know how much Bones needed.

Like there was any chance he was going to stop. "You sure?" he asked, slowing, just a little, letting his prick drag over that little gland.

"Oh..." The shudders increased. "Babe..."

Moaning, he stayed slow as long as he could, which wasn't long, and then he was pounding into Bones again.

"Trip!" Bones jerked, pushing up, coming again with a sharp cry.

Bones' ass milked his cock, pulling his own climax right out of him and he screamed Bones' name to the sky. Bones moaned, shaking for him, holding him in.

He pulled out, shifting to collapse next to his lover instead of on top of him. He tugged Bones into his arms, sighing happily. A man could fucking live under any conditions for this.

Bones' lips covered his in a soft, slow kiss.

Yeah. Yeah, A man could cope.

CHAPTER NINE

Slowly he stopped sleeping all day, started wandering around the place, organizing the supplies, puttering. He wasn't thinking, wasn't answering questions and freaking out, not yet, but he was fixin' to. After he got the medical shit stored and arranged, Tony stood, grabbing a pack of smokes -- six packs left. 120 smokes and he was going to have to get more.

"I'm going for a walk, babe."

"Okay." Trip put down the knife and bedpost he was carving, stretched up and followed him out.

He gave Trip a look, a little confused. "You're okay, man. Keep working. I'm just needing to stretch my legs."

Trip shrugged casually. "So I'll stretch with you."

"Okay..." He lit up, surely Trip wasn't going to follow him every time he went exploring. "Is there a spot for fishing out here, man?"

"Yeah, the river where we cleaned up? There's fish in there, if we didn't scare them off." Trip nudged his shoulder, gave him a smile. "You're going to be in trouble when those smokes give out."

He grinned, leaned into Trip's strength, drawing deep. "I'll just have to find a supplier somehow, man. I've been a smoker for twenty years, I don't intend to stop."

Trip chuckled. "Well I'm not figuring out how to make 'em from scratch so we'll have to figure something out."

"There's got to be an answer. Hell, I have a shitload in the bank, enough to keep me in smokes until we're ancient." He refused to go where he thought Trip was leading him. He was not living in a fucking cave for the rest of his life. He was a fucking surgeon. A doctor.

"You figure out how you can get to the bank without getting killed and I'm all for it."

Tony nodded, braiding his hair as they wandered. Okay. Okay, he could do that. "I guess I could gain a hundred pounds, shave my head and pretend to be German."

Trip laughed. "You can't gain a pound if you try. There's no way your skinny ass is going to manage a hundred. And you're not shaving your head."

"Perv." He leaned over for a quick kiss. "I'll figure something out. You watch. So, where are we? As in, I want to head to Buenos Aires and buy you a steak, I head where?"

Trip pointed up at the mountain. "North. The ... cabin is east. Looking out from it south. West is where the river is. As far as I know, nobody knows about this place and it took us three times as long to get here as it should have because I didn't take a direct route." Trip looked around, nodding. "You're safe here."

"North. Cool." He listened to the birds, the calls of the monkeys in the trees. "How long 'til they stop hunting me?"

"Fuck if I know, Bones. If we knew who... why, we could do something about it, you know? It keeps going around and around in my head. I thought maybe we could hike a day or two out, take one of the radios and call Cap, see if he can find some information for us."

"Yeah. Or I could try Rick again, although they've cut me loose." And, fuck, didn't that hurt to say, still.

Trip shook his head. "I bet they monitor his communications."

"Yeah? I guess I could take a week and head out, make sure you and here aren't compromised." Then, if he got through, arrange a supply drop off, maybe a jeep.

"You mean we." Trip got that stubborn look on his face.

He arched an eyebrow. "And how can I make sure you're not compromised if you're with me?" God, he loved this stubborn, pigheaded man.

"If you're compromised then so am I. Simple as that. And don't you even think about ducking out while I'm asleep or off doing something or I will hunt you down and kill you myself."

"Are you threatening me?" He really wasn't angry, just feeling out the boundaries, where Trip was going to give in, where they would fight.

Trip gave him a surprised look and then shook his head, nudged their shoulders together again. "A promise, yeah? You're not leaving without me. Not with the bounty on your head. No offence meant, Bones, but you're a doctor, not a merc."

He reached out, their fingers twining together. "No, not a merc. I should have called for you earlier, T. I thought I could handle it."

"Can't change the past, Bones. And there's no shame in needing help under the circumstances. All a man can do sometimes is run." Trip's free hand pushed his hair off his shoulder.

"You're a smart man, Trip." He turned his head, kissed that square hand. "I have to admit, I'm getting spoiled, being able to touch all I want."

Trip grinned. "Yeah, I hope nothing falls off, we're using it so much." Trip winked at him.

"Hey! I'm a surgeon! It falls off? I'll fix it."

Trip started laughing, face suddenly young like when they first met. He turned and pushed into those arms, taking a long, hard kiss. Trip's arms looped around his waist, kissing back, giving as good as he was getting.

He loved the way they fit together, how his straight, long body molded into Trip's muscles, how their hips nestled together. Trip's moan filled his mouth, hard cock pressing against him. "You make me need, Bones."

"Still?" He hummed, stroked Trip's cheek.

"Fucking always, Bones." Trip nuzzled into his touch.

"Good. Need you." Trip made him ache, made him feel more than was reasonable. Trip's hands moved around to grasp his waist, thumbs stroking his hipbones. "Oh." He shifted, sliding in Trip's grip. "I'm never going to get to that growly, grumpy figuring shit out phase if you keep distracting me."

"That's not exactly incentive to stop now, Bones."

"No?" He grinned, tongue sliding over his bottom lip.

"No, lover. Not for a minute." Trip's tongue chased his.

"Oh." He grinned, cheeks getting hot. "I like that."

"Yeah?" Trip's hips nudged his.

He pressed his cock against Trip's thigh. "Yeah."

Trip moaned. "We gonna go back to the cabin or drop and do it here?"

"We could do it here. Then at the creek. Then back at the cabin." He was easy.

"Oh, I do like the way you think." Trip chuckled, filling his mouth.

He cuddled closer, moaning low, rubbing into Trip's strength. Trip's fingers stroked along his hips, fingers sliding over his ass.

"Mmm... you going to be my Tarzan?" He grinned, winking at his T. "Let me swing on your vine?"

Trip laughed, eyes shining. "Hell, yes. Ayiyiyiyiyiaaaa."

"Oh, sexy. *Very* sexy." He was laughing so hard his side ached.

Trip grabbed him and pushed him to the ground, hips grinding into him. "Are you laughing at me, Bones?"

"Uh-huh." He gasped, wriggling. "Gonna make me stop?"

"Yeah, I think I am." Trip grinned down at him, hand dropping between them.

"Remember, don't pull it off..."

Trip snorted. "Not what I have in mind." He got a wink and Trip got his pants undone, moving up.

"Oh?" He watched the birds fly overhead.

"Nope." The sky was blocked out by Trip's chest, that fat prick headed for his mouth.

"Oh..." He licked his lips, moaning low, cock going hard and hot at the sight.

"Think this'll stop the laughter, Bones?" Trip's cock slid along his lips.

"Oh, it might." His lips opened, leaving a soft, sucking kiss on the tip of that sweet prick.

Trip shivered and moaned. "Oh fuck, Bones."

"Uh-huh." Another kiss, his tongue sliding over the slit, pressing in.

"Don't stop," Trip whispered. He moaned, fucking the tip of Trip's cock with his tongue, drawing that salt and musk into him. A shudder wracked Trip's body. "Fuck..."

Oh, yeah. Yeah, babe. That's good. He focused on the touch, on driving Trip mad.

"Bones. Oh yeah. Yeah." Trip's hips pushed forward, wanton. Fuck, that made him feel good, sexy, needed. Made him ache for it. "Suck me," muttered Trip. "Please, Bones."

He moaned, hands wrapping around Trip's thighs and pulling that fat cock all the way in. Trip's words faded into grunts and moans. He pulled hard, sucking deep, letting Trip fuck his mouth, the fucking world spinning for them. Trip's hips worked, pushing in and out.

His hands slid around, fingers teasing Trip's ass, brushing that tight hole. Trip cried out, moving faster. He went with it, his own hips bucking up, driving into the air.

"Bones! Shit!" Trip's prick jerked in his mouth and hot, salty seed poured out.

Fuck, yes. Yes. He groaned and swallowed, fingers holding Trip in, keeping Trip close. Trip was panting loudly, shuddering. He cleaned Trip's cock before he let it slide free.

Trip moved back down his body, not saying anything, just joining their mouths. His hand curled around the strong neck, holding tight. His. Trip's hand slid down to wrap around his prick, tugging firmly as their kiss continued. Oh. He'd almost forgotten, he'd been so caught up in Trip's pleasure, but it fucking came back to him.

"You wanna fuck me, Bones?"

"Oh..." He bucked up, nodding, his low cry sending birds flying.

"Then this must be the go to the cabin and fuck portion of the day." Trip grinned, rubbing their noses together. "I know there's some lube left somewhere."

"Oh, man. Put that on the supply list. Granola, smokes, bug repellent, aspirin and lube." Sweet fucking teasing bastard.

"Shit yeah, it's an essential."

He nodded. "More important than beer."

"Fuck yeah." Those dark blue eyes twinkled at him suddenly. "More important than cigarettes?"

"Maybe. I'll take it under advisement, babe." He grinned back. "After all, I can always smoke banana leaves."

Trip snorted. "I thought it was the banana you liked."

"It's your banana I like." Trip was going to beat him for the puns. Trip groaned and squeezed his cock. "That's *my* banana, babe."

"Bones..." Trip growled at him.

Oh, man. He was in for a tackle, which would be cool if he wasn't already underneath and so not in running position. "Yeah, babe?"

"You got anymore where that comes from? Or you want to race me to the cabin and pound my ass into the rock?"

"Oh, I'm thinkin' I'll pick curtain number two."

"Cool." Trip kissed him breathless and then popped up, heading back the way they'd come. He grinned and followed at a run. He'd -- they'd go exploring later.

Trip went through his pack like a madman, wanting the lube before Bones pounced him. There it was. His fingers wrapped around it.

Bones heat hit him, hair falling around his shoulders. "Gotcha."

He purred, pushing back against Bones. "Yeah, you did."

Bones' cock was hot, hard, sliding against his pants. "Why aren't you naked?"

He chuckled and wiggled his ass. "You tell me, Bones."

"Because you're slow? Getting old?" Bones' teeth scraped along his shoulder.

He snorted, or at least tried to, but it wound up coming out as a moan. "Because you haven't torn my clothes off me yet."

"Oh. Right." Bones chuckled, hands sliding around his waist, working his pants open.

He purred. Sexy bastard. And all his.

"Love that sound." Bones panted, hips rocking into him, fingers sliding over his cock as his buttons came loose.

He groaned as those fingers squeezed him. "What sound?"

"The purr. Used to fucking dream about it. Used to jerk off, thinking about that sound and your hands."

Oh. That made him purr harder. The thought of Bones jerking off, thinking of him. Fuck, that was sweet. His pants were pushed down, ass exposed, Bones' fingers tickling his cleft.

"Oh, fuck, Bones." He shuddered, pushing back against the sweet touch.

"Yeah. Gonna. Need it." Bones nodded against his back, moaning low. "Lube?"

He passed it back, leaning his hands against the wall and pushing his ass back. He knew all about need. Bones kept nibbling, teeth scraping, slick fingers pushing into him with a smooth glide. He groaned. "Bones. Oh fuck."

"Yeah, babe. Fuck, you're hot."

"For you, lover." He whimpered and dropped his head as Bones' fingers slid past his gland, making him fucking shake.

"Yes. Yes, for me." The touches pushed deeper, harder, stroking his gland over and over. It was so fucking good. He shuddered and shook, pushing back, riding those long fingers. "So fucking beautiful. My T. Oh, sweet fuck."

"Yours. Oh, fuck, yours Bones. All yours." He whimpered, ass squeezing around Bones' fingers.

"Yes. Mine." Those fingers slid away and he felt the wide head of Bones' cock, spreading him, stretching him. Groaning, he bore back onto Bones' cock, taking it in.

"Oh..." Bones' fingers wrapped around his hips, pulling him back.

"Yeah. More, Bones." His eyes closed, all his senses focused on the cock inside him, on the hands holding him, on Bones. Bones didn't give him any quarter, fucking him hard and sure, panting against his shoulder. He shuddered, the sensations riding him hard. Bones pushed him, low moans filling the air, cock deep and hot. "Gonna make me come."

"Good. Want to. Want to feel it on my cock."

"Fuck, yes." He dropped a hand to his prick, tugging hard.

"Oh. Oh, I can fucking feel you."

He cried out, body shaking as he came hard. Bones' cry was sharp and harsh, heat filling him, fingers squeezing his hips. Oh, fuck, it was good. And there wasn't anyone but Bones he'd let do it. Bones leaned into him, rested against him, breathing hard. He loved that weight, holding his lover up, their bodies pressed close. Bones' hands stroked his belly, moving nice and slow, almost petting him.

"Bones? I was glad I was with you when you found out." He couldn't imagine being stranded with anyone else and not killing them before a week was up. He also couldn't imagine never seeing Bones again. Sure they spent months, sometimes a lot of months, apart, but there was always the knowledge they'd meet up again when whatever job he was on was over.

That hand stilled, then pressed against him, holding him. "I... Yeah. Yeah, T. I don't want to do without."

He nodded and turned, leaning against the wall and pulling Bones in his arms, his lover's body warm and good. "We'll be okay, Bones. We'll figure it out."

Bones settled, cheek on his shoulder, fingers still exploring. "Yeah, T. We will."

He nodded, hands sliding to the small of Bones' back, playing with the hair hanging there, and the soft skin around Bones' spine.

Yeah. They'd figure it out. And even if they didn't? There were worse places to be stranded.

CHAPTER TEN

Viejo was at the door of the cabin, watching him with dead eyes, glaring at him. Rotting. Marco was out there, too. And Eduardo. Victor. Jose. Everyone who'd died on him. Out there. Waiting. Looking at him. Tony reached out, meaning to wake Trip up, get them out of there. It wasn't until he saw Trip's corneas, milky and opaque that he realized Trip was waiting for him, too.

Tony woke up with a gasp, eyes rolling, the dawn just blooming. In seconds he was out of the cabin, feet walking him toward the stream. Water. Bath. Bath. Oh, fuck. Water.

He was almost there when Trip joined him. "You're up early. Couldn't sleep?"

He flinched away, suddenly fucking terrified that he'd meet Trip's eyes and they'd be dead, empty. Fuck. Fuck. "Yeah. Yeah, man. Bad dreams."

"Hey." Trip grabbed his arm, pulled him in against the warm muscles. "You're not dreaming anymore. You're okay, okay?"

He nodded, rested his head against Trip's chest, listening to the heartbeat. "Okay."

"Shit, it must have been bad, the way you were flinching from my voice." He could hear Trip trying not to be hurt, not to be upset.

"Yeah. Yeah. I dreamed about Viejo and Marco and the others. That they were here, hunting me. And you. You were dead, too. And it was my fault."

"Oh, Bones." Trip held him tightly. "I'm not dead. And if I was, it wouldn't be your fault -- you've saved my bacon more times than I can count."

"I know. I know. I just... God. It was nasty." He lifted his head, meeting those dark blue eyes.

Trip gazed down at him, eyes full of love and worry. "I'm sorry, Bones. I wish I could change what happened."

"I just... I'm supposed to save people. Not kill them."

"You didn't kill anyone, Bones." Trip sounded sure, absolutely positive.

"Viejo'd been with me fifteen years, fifteen years and..." He shook his head and stepped back towards the creek. "I need to get clean."

Trip fell into step with him. "You never asked them to stay with you, Bones."

"No, but they trusted me. They believed in what I was doing." He was going to be sick, going to scream, going to do something because it was suddenly real, suddenly he wasn't on vacation, wasn't out on a walk.

"And so did you. Hell, Bones, if you'd have left, are you telling me Viejo wouldn't have stayed and kept doctoring as best he could without you?"

"I want it back. I want my hospital, my work. I want them back. I want to hear Marco bitch about little Mariposa biting her brother. I want to sit and smoke with Viejo. I want to hear you tell me to call down my boys."

"I know, Bones." Trip was watching him, not trying to stop him, just watching.

"I want to know who would do this and why they didn't just walk up and shoot me! I'm right fucking here. They were close enough -- one fucking tent away. Why didn't they do the job?" He paced, arms waving, so fucking pissed, so hurt.

"Because they wanted you alive."

He stopped, looked at Trip with wild eyes. "You know how fucking scary that is?"

"Why do you think I've been shadowing you like I really am attached?" Trip asked him, eyes dark, face fucking serious.

"What do they want?" He backed up, swallowing hard, hands fisted at his sides. "What the fuck could they want?"

"Bones. Lover. If we knew that we could fix it, yeah?"

"Don't confuse the issue with logic." He wanted to scream. Instead he stepped into the water and promptly slipped, falling back into the cold water, breath knocked out of him.

Well, no screaming.

"Fuck! Bones!" Trip was there, helping him sit up, wiping the water from his face. "Are you all right?"

He gasped, fighting to catch his breath, nodding. Hell, no he wasn't all right.

Trip rubbed his back, looking worried, concerned "You've got to make your peace with what happened to them, Bones. They're dead. That's not going to change."

He just nodded, moving to wash his face, looking at the water sliding through the wrinkles in his hands in the morning sun. He'd graduated from Johns Hopkins. He was a good doctor, an amazing surgeon. Trip stayed close, closer than usual, sitting next to him and he could feel the fucking concern emanating from the man like a heat wave. He kept washing until he was shivering, hands red and raw. Then Tony stood, thoughts carefully blank, "What's on the agenda for today?"

"Fishing, checking the traps. Seeing if those funny root things are edible." Trip moved in close and slid those warm arms around him. "Making out."

He pushed close, drinking in the heat, the strength. "Yeah?"

"Oh yeah. In fact we might have to schedule that in before, during and after the rest."

"Oh. Okay." When all else failed, trust in the expert. The merc said snuggling and fucking was the answer, who was he to argue?

"We could start now." Trip's lips met his, the kiss uncharacteristically soft, but growing harder. He reached up, wrapped his arms around Trip's neck. Yes. Now was good. Trip started fucking his mouth, tongue sliding in and out vigorously.

It should take more than this to drive him out of his mind, to make things better. It didn't, but it should.

Trip's hands landed on his ass, tugging him close against the hard muscles, harder cock poking at his hip. He wrapped one leg around Trip's hip, trusting that strength implicitly. Trip moaned and bent him back, his body bowed. One arm stayed behind, holding him up as Trip devoured his mouth, the other came around to play with his belly, stroking and teasing his skin.

The jungle spun and he just went with it, entire body moving, rubbing against Trip's heat. Trip's mouth left his, cruising its way down his jaw to his neck, teeth nipping at his skin.

He groaned, grinned. "My folks never allowed hickies."

Trip looked to the right and to the left and then grinned at him. "Funny, I don't see them here." Then his lover went right back to drawing one up. He groaned, throat working as sensation filled him. Trip purred, lips grabbing his Adam's apple and stroking it.

"Oh. Oh, T. Babe." He stretched, stilled, crying out as he just felt. Trip growled a little, lips vibrating on his skin, teeth threatening, teasing. "You going to make me yours?"

"Oh, you already are, Bones. I'm just marking you so everyone else knows it."

Fuck, his man was a sexy, seductive motherfucker. "Have been for years."

Trip nodded. "I know." His babe's mouth slid onto his collarbones, lips wrapping around the bone, pulling up another mark.

"Sweet fuck. Don't drop me." He relaxed, stretched farther.

"Like I'd do that." Trip's tongue slid down his breastbone, teeth biting and nipping as Trip went.

"Love..." He was hard as stone, rubbing, needing.

"Oh yeah. Love." Trip's tongue slid through his belly button.

"Yeah..." His hands wrapped around Trip's head.

Trip kept going, hands straightening him up as his babe dropped to his knees. He watched, admiring, letting himself sink into this reality. Trip's fingers slid around and cupped his balls, lifting and rolling them as those wicked lips sucked on the tip of his prick.

Tony spread, rocking into the touch, moaning low. "So warm."

Trip purred and let his prick go. "On fucking fire, lover."

Then his cock was taken in again, deeper, Trip sucking hard. He cried out, head falling back, hips jerking.

Trip took him in further, tongue playing over the head of his cock. His motions came, slow and easy, cock pushing deep and deeper, sliding into T's throat. Trip's fingers slid up to his waist, encouraging his movements.

"Oh, shit. You make me need." His hands were on Trip's shoulders, hair filtering the light.

Trip just hummed and sucked harder. He bucked, fucking those hungry lips, losing himself to the rhythm. Trip took it all, was there for more, giving him everything the man was.

"Love you." He jerked, bit his lip hard. "Close, babe."

Another hum vibrated along his prick and one of Trip's hands slid around to grab his ass, finger pushing against his hole. That was all it took, as if it ever took much, and he came, moaning out Trip's name. Trip swallowed him down, hands sliding on his ass, his hips, stroking and touching.

"You keep that shit up and I won't be a basket case."

Trip slowly pulled off his prick, rubbing against his thigh with a stubbled cheek. "And this is a problem because...?"

"Oh... Huh?"

Trip chuckled and grinned up at him. "You are one fine man, Bones."

"Yours." He stroked Trip's cheeks. "Sorry for freaking, yeah?"

Trip's mouth chased down his fingers, licked at them. "You're entitled."

"I guess." He pulled Trip up, pushing into those arms. Trip's mouth closed over his, hot and slick and tasting like him. He purred, relaxed and easy. Oh, good. Good. He could cope.

Trip grinned, putting the last of the bed frame together. Sew up a couple of blankets and fill it with leaves and they had a fucking bed. He chuckled. A bed for fucking. Yeah.

Hell, if they were here much longer he was going to have the whole place decked out all cozy, just like a real home.

Bones was wandering aimlessly outside, gathering berries or something, whistling tunelessly. He was worried about Bones, the man fluctuating between rage and anger and acting like nothing was wrong. He didn't know how long it would be before Bones decided it was time to up and leave, to find out what the fuck was going on. Trip just wished there was a safe way to do that. The man was trying to cope, was trying to find a way to deal, and Trip had to give him props for working it out.

He finished the bed and went out to find Bones. "Hey, Lover. We've got a real bed!"

"Oh? You finished it? Cool!" Those eyes smiled up at him. "Man, you're handy."

He grinned. "Nah, just motivated to keep your ass comfortable."

"My ass?" Bones chuckled. "You talking about my ass?"

"You better believe I am. In fact I'd like to be doing more than just talking about it."

Bones turned, playful, looking at the tight, skinny ass.

"You shaking that at me, Bones? Trying to tempt me?" Fuck, he loved Bones.

"Yep. You think you can catch it?" Bones shifted away, grinning wide.

"You think I can't?" He grinned back, getting ready to run.

"You catch it, you can have it."

"I'll catch it." He was moving before Bones was, taking his lover down on a nice grassy patch.

"Damn, you're fast for a big man." Bones laughed, arching into him.

"Or maybe you were interested in me catching you and it made you slow." He grinned, pressing against Bones.

"Six of one, half dozen of the other."

"I'm the equivalent of six guys, I like that, Bones." He winked and bent to kiss that laughing mouth. Bones pushed into the kiss, made him gasp, made him work for it. His tongue tangled with Bones', each of them fighting for control of the kiss.

Bones pushed him a little, sort of growling. Oh, fuck, that was sexy.

He nipped at Bones' lips, but let Bones push him. His fingers were tangled with Bones', the lean muscles pushing against him. He let Bones push him over, rolling onto his back, legs opening to cradle Bones between his thighs. Their pricks slid together, making him moan and wish they were already naked.

"Hungry bastard." Bones grabbed one of the berries, smeared it over his lips, then dived in to taste.

"You're the one eating," he shot back. It would have been a better comeback if he hadn't sounded so damn hungry and turned on.

"Yeah?" Bones licked his lips again, then fed him another berry, tongue following it. The juice of the berry was sweet and tart at the same time, Bones tasting almost salty in contrast. He moaned, hips pushing up.

Bones purred, fucking his lips, body moving away from his, teasing. He growled around Bones' tongue, hands sliding onto that fine ass and tugging Bones back down against him. Bones cried out into his lips, hips sliding against his palms.

He slid his hands around to cup Bones' prick before tugging the man's scrubs down, baring all that hot silken skin to his touch. Bones humped his hand, cock hard and hot. Fuck, this was sweet. He wrapped his fingers around Bones' prick, pumping lightly.

"Mmm... Good. Good, T." Bones' eyes were wide, happy. He grinned and tightened his grip, giving it to Bones good and hard, knowing his lover would go off quick and recover even quicker.

Bones ducked his head, panting against Trip's shoulder, hips rocking, jerking. "Fuck!"

"You come first, Bones," he whispered. "Then we can fuck."

"Oh. Oh, yeah. T." Bones moaned against his skin, heat spraying over his hand, hot and wet. Groaning, he kept tugging on Bones' prick, the way slick and smooth now with the man's come easing the glide of skin. The smell of it was hot, made him want. "Fuck. You make me fly."

"How's the view up there?" he asked, nipping at Bones' jaw.

"Fucking perfect, babe."

He chuckled and then rolled them, pushing down into Bones. "How about from down there?"

Those green eyes picked up all the color from the grass, focused on him. "Oh, yeah. Fucking hot."

"That's what I want to hear." He leaned in to kiss Bones, licking at his lover's lips before sliding his tongue into Bones' mouth. There was a hint of the berry still there, but it was mostly all Bones, hot and good, a little spicy edge now that the man had come.

Bones' fingers pushed through his hair, held him close.

"Not going anywhere," he whispered. He liked it though, liked that Bones wanted him as fucking much as he wanted Bones.

"Good. Need you, T. You're my... You're mine."

He purred, hips moving against Bones. Fuck yeah, he could live with that. Bones spread for him, offering, eager. He worked Bones' loose scrubs the rest of the way off and started working on his own cammos. He kept kissing Bones, keeping the fire stoked between them.

Bones whimpered, so eager, so wanton and all his.

Once they were more or less naked, he pushed his fingers into their kiss, his tongue fighting Bones' to slick them up. Bones licked and sucked, matching his hunger, his need. They popped as he pulled them out, both of them sucking so hard.

Bones was panting, eyes shining, hips rocking up into him. He pushed his fingers into Bones' heat, moaning at the way Bones' ass pulled him in, squeezed him tight and hard.

"Mmm. More. I want." Bones grabbed him, hips rocking hard.

"Greedy bastard." He wasn't going to tease though, he wanted too badly himself. He crooked his fingers, finding that little sweet spot.

Fuck, he loved that -- the way those eyes went wide and shocked, the way Bones stilled, vibrated. He kept

pegging it until Bones was moving again, fucking himself. That was his signal and he pulled out his fingers, pushing his prick into Bones.

"T." Bones arched, pushed down and took him in deep.

Moaning, he dropped his forehead to Bones' shoulder. "Love you," he whispered, licking at Bones' skin. Then he started to move.

Bones moved, rocking, fucking, wanting him. Their bodies came together like magic, skin hitting skin as Bones met every thrust.

"Trip." His name was moaned, the way Bones said it made it sound like a prayer.

"Right here, lover." He slid his mouth over Bones' throat, licking at a mark left earlier.

"Yeah. Yours." Bones nodded, fingers tangled in his hair. Growling, he sank his teeth into Bones' skin, the words making him need so hard. "Sweet fuck!" Bones jerked, come shooting against his belly.

Bones' ass milked his cock, pulling his orgasm from him, making him shoot deep.

"Oh, yeah. Yeah, babe." Those hands rubbed over him, petting and stroking.

He pulled out and collapsed down, more on Bones than not. He didn't get any complaint though, Bones purring. He nuzzled Bones' neck, nosing and then licking at the marks he'd been leaving. There were starting to be quite a few of them.

Bones purred, stretched, rubbing against him. Like his very own big jungle cat. Bones' pelt was just as prized, too, and it was his job to make sure his lover didn't become extinct.

Tony was pissed. Not just a little aggravated, not just frustrated. Pissed off.

"I need to go, T. I have damned near half a million in an account -- enough to buy us a jeep, supplies, cigarettes, anything we need. I need to see if I can find out who's hunting me. I need to try and I need you alive and whole and not getting shot at." He looked over at Mr. Stubborn, those blue eyes unmoved, unconvinced.

"It hasn't been much more than three months, Bones. You have to let things die down. It'll never be safe, but it'll be a lot safer in six months or a year than it is now." Trip glared at him. "And if you suggest going without me one more time I'm going to... going to tie you to the bedpost and beat some fucking sense into you."

He rolled his eyes. "I am petrified."

Trip's glare turned into a five-alarm glower. "I'm serious, Bones. I'm not letting you out of my sight, even if I have to handcuff us together."

"Because that's so inconspicuous." He started pacing. "I don't want to risk you. I don't want to just sit and wait and let them win."

"And you think I want to sit around waiting to hear that you got taken in? Wondering if I'm ever going to see you alive again?" Trip shook his head. "I'm willing to negotiate the when, but I sure as hell am not letting you go out there by yourself."

"I'm not helpless." He wasn't.

"I don't recall saying you were."

Oh. Oh, he was so mad. He wanted to stamp his feet and scream, except that wouldn't help on the "I'm macho" front.

"Come on, Bones. I wouldn't try to tell you how to patch somebody back up, don't tell me how to keep you alive."

He stood there for a minute, mouth opening and closing. He hated being wrong. Hated. "I'm going for a walk. Stay here. I won't go anywhere."

He turned and stormed off, heading for the river, the water.

Trip gave him a whole five minutes before joining him on the bank. He got an apologetic look and a shrug. "I worry. Goes with the territory of caring about you, okay?"

"That's not fair."

"Tell me one thing about this whole stupid fucking situation that is fair, Bones."

He just shrugged, went back to pacing and thinking and listening to the shouting in his head. Trip leaned back on his elbows, seeming content to watch. Eventually the fury worked itself down to a frustrated mutter and he started walking, following the bank, just wandering.

And he'd be damned if Trip didn't fall into step next to him, walking like a silent shadow. He just ignored Trip's presence -- not because he was angry, just because he needed to be alone inside his own head. Trip seemed content with that, just following quietly, almost like he wasn't there. It was almost peaceful.

He came to a pool, the water still and clear, deep and he stripped off his clothes, wading in, gasping at the cold. Trip chuckled. He didn't give T the satisfaction of his grin, just dove deep, the water leaching his body heat.

When he came back up for air, Trip was lying on the bank, buck naked, skin dark and gleaming in the sunlight. Asshole. Beautiful fucking asshole, trying to make him feel better, trying to make him want.

Trip's head turned, those dark eyes staring straight at him, telling him he was the most important thing in the world to Trip. He was swimming over to touch before he even knew what he was doing.

Trip gasped, muscles in that sweet belly jumping as his cold hands slid over it. "Shit, Bones, that's cold."

"Uh-huh." He leaned down, nuzzled, licked.

"Oh, now that's nice and warm." Trip grinned, hand dropping to push his wet hair back off his shoulders.

"I was trying to be angry with you." He licked again, fingers exploring, purring.

"Angry with me? For wanting to see to it that your ass stays safe?" Trip gasped softly, as easily distractible as he himself was.

"Yes. Angry with you because you're here and will love me anyway and sometimes I just get so pissed."

"You're pissed because I'll love you anyway? Lover, I'm confused."

"You're not why I'm pissed, but you'll let me rant and rave at you, let me be mad and still be here, you know?" He knew what he meant, knew that he was safe -- head and body and heart -- with his lover.

"Of course I will. It's a fucked up situation, Bones." He got a wink. "'Sides, you're out of smokes."

"No shit. A man deserves his morning smoke, yeah?"

Trip's hand slid across his face, warm and gentle. "Yeah, Bones. You do."

He nuzzled down into the touch, eyes closing. "Yeah."

"I know a guy. He can hook us up, but we'll have to hike out of here before we make contact. Maybe four, five days all told because we'll have him drop the stuff and go back to it after we've watched, made sure no one's around." Trip kept touching him, hands warm and good on his skin.

"You take good care of me." He crawled up and settled on Trip's body, cuddling in.

"Well don't go painting me as a saint -- it's purely selfish." Trip was hot from the sun, skin like an oven beneath him.

"A nicotine fix makes for more fucking?" He nuzzled one nipple, licked it.

"Makes for a happier you, anyway. 's not nearly as much fun around here when you're all growly and pissy." Any sting the words might have had was taken away by the husky, wanton note in Trip's voice.

"Yeah. This isn't a bad life, if you got your smokes and enough lube."

Trip laughed, the sound sweet, jiggling him.

"Oh, and beer." He nipped Trip's skin, looking for more laughter.

"Hell yes." Trip laughed and squirmed. "We can't carry that much up here at a time though. We can't get too greedy our first time venturing out or we'll get caught."

He nodded, lifting his head to meet Trip's eyes. "I'm not going to be unreasonable, babe. I'm not one of those pointless bastards you used to guard."

"I know." Trip stroked his cheeks again and grinned. "I never fucked any of them."

"Oh! You..." He pounced, tickling Trip furiously. "Me either, though there was that kid from Boston kept sneaking into my tent. Scary."

Trip's laughter cut off suddenly, his lover rolling him. "What did you say?"

"Huh? Just that I didn't fuck any of them either."

"No, about the kid who kept sneaking into your tent. Were you joking about that?"

"Huh? No. No, it was that kid -- the one with the dark hair who wanted to drive a jeep into the jungle after the jaguars? He never hurt me or anything, just needed to be forcibly reminded what no meant." The kid was irritating, persistent, even tried to pounce his ass while he was sleeping.

"How young was the kid, Bones? And how persistent? What do you mean by forcibly reminded what no meant?" Trip rolled off him and sat up, eyes narrowed, waiting on his answers.

"What's wrong? He was in college, maybe? Bud or Bill or something. He kept coming in at night, might have been caught trying to slip me a little something in my drink and we might have had words. Nothing serious." Nothing major. You're scaring me, man."

Trip shrugged. "Well he's the closest we've come to finding someone who might have a grudge against you, right? How did you get him to leave? What did he say when he went?"

"He was a kid, babe. Harmless. Eduardo and Marco drove them down the mountain and left them at the dropoff." He looked down, winced. "Maybe he had a black eye and a broken nose."

Trip snorted. "You calling drugging someone so you can rape them harmless, Bones? And good for you." Trip was rubbing his belly absently, fingers dipping into his belly button on every pass. "But if you don't think he could be our guy... it's just you used the word scary."

"Yeah. Well, it was just... No..." He shook his head. "No, he was a baby."

"All right then." Trip lay back out next to him, hand stroking a little less randomly. "Where were we?"

"Fucking." He grinned and pressed close.

"Yeah, I thought it was something like that." Trip's mouth closed over his, the kiss eager. He opened wide, taking Trip's tongue in, moaning. Trip made the kiss long and deep and hard before drawing back and rubbing their noses together. "Could do this all fucking day."

"Oh, I'll schedule you in." He grinned, winked. "Fuck. Fuck. Hunt a bear. Fuck. Fuck. Buy smokes. Blowjob."

Trip laughed, those dark blue eyes dancing for him. "Sounds like you've got the agenda all figured out, lover."

"Yeah... I'm just going to have to figure out where to find you a bear in the jungle..."

"Oh now, here I thought I was the bear you were going to hunt." Trip gave him a wink, hands wandering over his skin.

"I already got you, babe." He wrapped one hand around Trip's cock, rubbing. "Hide and hair."

Trip groaned, rocked into his touch. "It does appear you... oh fuck, right there, do."

"Right here?" He worked the spot, thumb rubbing against the nerves.

"Yeah. Right fucking there." Trip pushed into his touches, rolling against him. Fuck, his man was sexy. He kept it up, pushing, making Trip fly. "Bones... Oh."

Trip shifted and rubbed, mouth open, full of cries.

"Yeah. Yeah, T. So fine." He watched, moaning low. "So fine."

Those dark eyes met his and Trip cried out, back bowing as he shot all over Bones' fingers. He purred, rubbed the hot seed into Trip's belly. Yeah, fine. Trip dropped down against him, their foreheads pressing together as Trip tried to catch his breath.

He brought their lips together, tongue sliding just inside. Trip purred. Then those warm lips closed over his tongue and Trip sucked him softly.

He relaxed, fingers tangling in Trip's dark hair, pissiness forgotten.

Trip let his tongue go, soft kisses dancing over his face. "You needing, Bones?"

"You? Fuck, babe. Always."

Forever.

'Til the end of fucking time.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Trip lay back on their new fucking blankets, puffing on a cigar, almost cold beer in his free hand. Carbono had really come through for them. Of course the man had access to a good chunk of his money and he suspected most of it was gone now. Luckily that was just one of the places he hid it.

It hadn't been easy carting everything back up, their eyes had been bigger than their backs, or something like that, but this? Oh, this made it worth it. As did getting Bones his fucking cigarettes again. Shit, the man grew surly when he was going through withdrawal.

Trip had hidden two cartons so that next time Bones ran out, he had a supply until they could arrange for more.

He took another swig of his beer and grinned over at Bones who was rocking. The man had three new paperbacks, was reading and smoking and looking settled in his skin.

This was almost the good life. If you ignored the pesky little detail of the price on Bones' head.

He finished off his beer but didn't start another one. They had twenty four. No sense in wasting them.

It didn't take long before the cigarette was finished, Bones nodding off in the chair.

Grinning, he rolled off the low bed and crawled over, nuzzling his face against the inside of Bones' thigh. Bones spread, purring softly, stretching. He undid the ties on Bones' scrubs, opening them carefully and burying his face in Bones' crotch. Clean. Washed with soap instead of just water and fuck, the man smelled good.

"Oh..." Bones shifted, heavy cock starting to fill.

"Pretty," he murmured, nosing the sweet cock, licking the silky skin.

"Mmm... warm. Love." Long fingers slid over his head, petting.

"You looked happy. Wanted to taste that." He kept licking, working his way up to the head.

"Oh." Bones swallowed, spread. "Oh, T. So fine."

"Yeah, you too, Bones." He sucked the thick head of Bones' cock into his mouth, tonguing the slit.

"Oh..." Bones curled down toward him, panting. He hummed, sucking just on the head until a sweet drop of flavor burst onto his tongue. "T..." Bones shuddered, gasped. "Don't stop."

"Why would I do a thing like that?" he asked, looking up and winking before taking that sweet prick back into his mouth.

Bones rocked, prick sliding back and forth on his tongue. So fucking hot, so good. He started bobbing his head, taking more and more in. Bones' hands were white-knuckled on the rocking chair, body shifting.

He pushed Bones scrubs down further, hand going in to cup the hot balls.

"Yeah. Yeah, T. Good." Bones bucked, head rolling. He worked Bones hard, flavor leaking into his mouth almost constantly now. It didn't take long, it never did with his Bones, the man quick to the finish and quick to recover. He swallowed it all down, kept sucking on Bones' cock, keeping it hard.

"Oh. Trip. Fucking melt me." Bones looked debauched, spread and sprawled and flushed.

He pulled off slowly, letting his hand slide along Bones' prick, squeeze it. "You don't feel melted to me, lover."

"No? That's not melty there at all." Bones grinned, sultry bastard. "You going to let me ride your cock now?"

"Like I'm ever going to say no to that one." He lay back on the ground, shimmying out of his pants. "Come and get me."

Bones laughed, hurtling out of the chair with a grin, straddling his waist. "Gotcha!"

He reached out, hands sliding over Bones' belly. "You sure do."

"Mmm... your hands." Bones stretched up, reached for his braid and started working it loose.

"Oh, you know I love your hair." He purred, hands sliding up Bones' body.

"Mm-hmm. We have a brush now." Bones' smile was wicked.

"Mmm, so I can come in it without you yelling at me?"

Bones chuckled, leaned forward so that hair pooled on his stomach. "You remember the first night I jacked you off with my hair?"

He groaned, prick jerking. "Fuck yeah."

"Almost cut my hair a hundred times -- tangles and heat and bugs and mud -- then I'd see your eyes when you came, and I couldn't."

He slid his hand through Bones' hair. "I'm glad you didn't, lover."

Bones purred, preening, luxuriating in his touch. "Yeah, babe. Me, too."

He grinned, prick throbbing again. "You wanna relive that moment?"

"Spoiled man." The laugh was low, husky, pure sex and the easiest thing he'd heard in months. One long strand was wrapped around his cock, cool and silky, then pulled away.

His eyes rolled, pleasure sliding up his spine. "You can call me anything you want, long as you don't stop doing that."

"It's a deal, babe." Another wrap and tug and slide and oh, that felt good.

He slid his hands along Bones' thighs, rubbing them up and down, almost trembling.

"Love how this turns you on." Bones did it again and again, silken strands gripping and sliding on his prick.

"Makes me easy," he murmured, a ripple moving through him.

"Makes you the sexiest thing I've ever seen."

"Oh, no, Bones. That honor goes to you." He bucked, arching up as Bones' hair slid across this slit. "Fuck. Again."

"Yeah. Yeah, babe." Bones did it again and again, hard cock sliding on his leg, his lover needing him.

"Fuck me while you do it." God, he was turned on.

"Bossy." Bones was whimpering, jerking against him. "Lube?"

"There's not much left and it's all the way on the bed -- just fuck me, Bones."

"Oh, sweet fuck." Bones sucked two fingers into that hot mouth, then pushed them deep, stretching him. The burn was sweet and he was so fucking hard and desperate it matched his need. Bones didn't tease, that long cock replacing fingers in no time, bony hips pressed hard against his ass.

He wrapped his legs around Bones' waist, pushing up into the penetration. Fuck, it was sweet. Bones leaned forward, hair falling over him like a sheet.

He moaned, feeling like he was about to explode. "Fucking love you, Bones." The words whispered from him as he shuddered.

"Yeah, babe. Come for me, come on my cock." One hand grabbed his cock, surrounded it with that thick, silky hair, and started pumping.

"Bones!" He arched up, riding Bones' cock, pushing into hand and hair, just fucking flying. He shouted as he came, spunk spurting onto Bones' hair.

He felt Bones push into him a few more times, felt heat fill him before Bones leaned down against his chest. He wrapped his arms around Bones, stroking the warm skin, fingers playing with Bones' hair.

Bones purred, low and sweet, cuddled right into his touch. "It's good, T. We're good."

He nodded. They had enough supplies to last them about six more months, a year on the outside if Bones was careful with his smokes. That would give them time to figure out what was going on, plan their next move, and for the big push to find Bones to have died down.

He'd gotten a note off to Cap, asked the man to poke around discretely and see if he could find out what the fuck was going on. Whatever news the man found could easily wait six months.

"Yeah, Bones. We're real good."

CHAPTER TWELVE

Bones stormed out of the shelter and headed out, going up toward the mountain instead of down toward the water.

Goddamn that self-important son of a bitch.

That beautiful, overprotective, sexy, mouthy, bossy son of a bitch.

He was going to...

To...

To...

Beat Trip to death.

With a shovel.

A dull shovel.

A dull shovel and then heal him up and make him apologize for...

For...

For taking care of him.

Asshole.

He kept walking, kept pacing. Kept moving. Kept watching the monkeys, the birds. The flowers. Trying not to hurry back to Trip and apologize for being a dork.

He didn't know how long he'd been walking when he realized there were footsteps following him. He tensed, then started moving a little faster, a lot quieter. Had to be Trip. Had to be. The footsteps kept up with him, quiet but not silent.

Bones stopped, waited. No one loved him like Trip did. The footsteps kept coming and then there was Trip. His lover stopped a few yards away and gave him a soft smile.

He offered Trip an apologetic grin, moving closer. "Hey."

Trip gave him an easy smile and met him halfway, hands looping easily around his waist. "Hey, yourself."

He cuddled in, leaning in for a long, deep kiss, hands holding Trip's head. Trip purred, hands sliding down to his ass.

"Sorry, babe. I just... I'm sorry." He rubbed their noses together, tongue lapping his lips.

"'sokay. I know you're going stir-crazy, Bones. I just want you to be safe."

"I know." He nodded, diving back into the kiss. He knew. Trip's hands squeezed his ass, tongue invading his mouth. He climbed up Trip's body, rubbing as he went.

Trip purred. "Fuck, Bones."

"Yes. Yes, T. Love..." His hands were in Trip's hair, lips sliding along his lover's.

"Want you," Trip growled.

"Take me, I'm yours."

"I know." Trip moved them until there was rock against his back, Trip pushing hard against him.

"Oh..." He gasped into Trip's mouth, thighs parting. Trip moaned and ripped his scrubs off, exposing him to those thick fingers.

"Yeah. Yeah, babe. In me." He nodded, panting, needing it. Fuck, they were going to have to fight more often. Trip pulled the BDU pants down, cock nudging at his hole. He bore down, taking Trip in deep, moaning at the stretch. Trip groaned and pushed all the way in, not stopping until that hard cock was seated deep inside him. Fuck it was good.

"Yeah..." He wrapped his legs around Trip's waist, moaning low.

One of Trip's hands stayed on his ass, the other one slipped behind his back, protecting him from the rock wall as Trip started to thrust.

Fuck, no one cared for him like this beautiful son of a bitch. No one ever. "Love you, T."

Trip purred and licked his lips. "Love you, Bones."

Trip's thrusts got harder, faster, a slight shift bringing that cock right across his gland with every push in.

"I... Oh. Oh, fuck. Babe." He was panting, crying out, needing.

"Yeah, lover." Trip's mouth wrapped around skin on his neck, licking and tugging in time with the hard thrusts.

He cried out, coming hard, almost surprised by the urgency, the wash of sensation.

"Oh fuck." Trip jerked into him a few more times before filling him with heat. He leaned in, cuddling close. Trip purred, lips moving on his skin, tongue licking and tasting him.

Bones hummed, melting, sighing as he relaxed.

"You feeling better?" Trip asked, still nuzzling him.

"Uh-huh..." He relaxed, moaning low. "I am."

"Good. I know you're going a little stir crazy. I'm used to long days with nothing much to do but either walk or guard -- you're used to being run off your feet."

"Yeah, for twenty years or..." Heat and pain shot up his leg and he jerked, eyes rolling as he saw the brown and red body slither back into the rock. Fuck. Fuck. "Go. Before he bites again. Gotta go."

"What the fuck? Bones?" Trip wasn't stupid though, the man slipped out of him and hoisted him over one shoulder, heading back down toward their home.

"Talk to me, Bones. What bit you?"

"Jararaca. Gotta go." He could feel his leg swelling, the blood sliding into his boot.

"Shit. We'll be back at the cabin in a moment, Bones."

He nodded, the pain just washing over him, drowning him, making him feel like puking. "It didn't bite you. Tell me it didn't bite you."

"It didn't bite me, lover. Just as well, I'm not sure you could carry me back." The words were grim, less of a joke than he guessed Trip meant them as.

He nodded, groaned as another volley of pain made him jerk, eyes rolling.

"This is going to be rough, isn't it?" Trip muttered. "I know it's one of the ones we've got the anti-venom for. But this one's a fucking picnic of hurt, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh..." He clenched his teeth, eyes rolling. "Gonna bleed. Gonna swell and get ugly. Hurt."

"We got morphine? And bug-killer, right? You going to be able to get an IV in? Or walk me through it?"

They went into the cabin, the sudden shade dark after the bright. He was placed on the bed like he was a bag of eggs. He tore his shirt off, tying it around his calf and fumbling for his bag. He found his scalpel, the precious vial of antivenom, the antihistamine and a syringe. "Can't entubate myself. Fucking hands are shaking."

He drew up a dose of antivenom and, after a try or two, hit a vein, moaning as he pushed it in. Then he grabbed the scalpel and opened the wound, blood and pus pouring out onto his ruined shirt. "Fuck!"

"Shit that fucker works fast."

Trip had rope and retied his calf off above his shirt, tighter than his tourniquet, before cutting the shirt off, leaving it by the wound as it drained. "It's okay to get on my hands, yeah?"

"Yeah. Yeah. The needle here? Antihistamine. The antivenom causes anaphylaxis. If I start swelling, can't breathe? Put it in the muscle." He was shaking, pain making him writhe.

"You want a line in, Bones?" Trip was talking loudly, hands on his face, staring down into his eyes. "A line in or just injections of bug-killer and morphine? How much, how often. Help me out, lover. I need to know."

He could feel the tears, making his face wet, making his eyes burn. "I... fifteen mg of the morphine. Got... got pills for... Oh. Oh, fuck. Fuck. I gotta get up. It hurts."

"Shit. Are you supposed to be up and moving around? That isn't going to spread it?" Trip went through his bag and came up with a needle and a little bottle of morphine. "Just lie still a moment and let me get this in and then I'll help you up if that's not going to make things worse."

The needle pushed into him. It took a second of twisting and making promises to God and everyone and then the morphine hit and he sagged, eyes rolling, room shifting. He was aware of Trip's hands on him, warm and gentle, pulling his clothes off, sliding a cool cloth over his skin.

He sang a little, rocking, Trip fading in and out. He thought he heard Trip's voice joining his, guiding his song in a deep baritone.

Oh, he did love that man. Really. Better than beer. Or strawberries. He grinned, nodding. "Yeah, better than berries."

"I don't think food's a good idea, Bones. I've got a field guide here, I'll check."

"No. No food. I'll puke. Morphine makes me puke." He blinked, shivered a little. "If I die? You should turn me in for the millions."

Trip growled. "You aren't dying on my watch, Bones."

"No. Not ready to die, babe. Still need you."

"You better fucking believe you're not going to die. You don't want me on your ass if you try it -- I will hunt you until the end of time."

"Pushy old merc." He rolled until his cheek was on Trip's thigh.

"You know it." Trip's fingers slid over his skin. "Is there anything else I can do for you, Bones? You want me to read to you or something?"

"Nah. Just talk to me, babe. Stay with me." His eyes were falling closed, the world unbearably heavy.

"I'm not going anywhere, Bones. You know that. You're stuck with this pushy old merc."

"My pushy old merc." He wrapped one hand around Trip's legs. "Watch for infection and allergies, babe. Fever, bad smell, blue lips. Don't let me go."

Trip's lips were dry on his forehead. "How many times have you tried to ditch me in the last six months, Bones? And how many times have I let you? Trust me, you're not going anywhere this time either."

"Yeah. Gonna stay and play..." He faded off, sinking under the pain and the morphine.

For three days Trip played Doctor to Bones' patient.

He didn't fucking like it at all. Bones was the doctor, not him and it terrified him that he might do something wrong or that Bones might not make it. He was not going to lose Bones though. Not to some motherfucking snake.

He should have known better than to push Bones up against the rocks without checking the area. Hell, he should have brought the man home before they started making love. He knew what creatures in the jungle could do -- he *knew* -- and he'd ignored the dangers in favor of instant gratification.

Stupid. Stupid. Stupid.

And his stupidity had come close to costing Bones his life.

Trip didn't leave the man's side except to go get more water and bring in fresh fruit. He spent his time sitting and talking, lying next to Bones to keep him warm, and administering morphine.

Every time he gave Bones another dose he'd open the dressings and drain the wound. There was enough fucking blood to keep him good and worried, but on the second day, it started to run clear instead of mixed with pus and infection.

He wasn't a praying man, but he'd done his fair share over the last three days.

He'd also whittled the pieces for another rocking chair and a table -- all they needed was something for the top, though he supposed he could put together branches to make a flatish surface top. He wasn't sure Bones would appreciate the extra amenities though -- almost like he was admitting they were staying here.

"Hey babe." Bones stretched, raised up on one elbow, swaying. "How's it going?"

"Hey." He sat down on the bed and gently pushed Bones back down. "It's going. How are you feeling? You're looking better."

"Feeling sore, my throat hurts a little, but okay. How's the leg look?" Bones went down easy, not fighting him at all.

"It's running clean and there's not nearly as much blood as there was the first day -- shit Bones, I thought you were going to bleed to death there for a bit." He brought a cup of clean water up to Bones' lips, hand behind the thin shoulders to hold Bones at an angle.

Bones drank deep, thirsty, chest heaving. "Venom makes you bleed. I smell bad. You think I can walk yet?"

"Nope. I've just fetched a couple new pails of water though and I'll give you a bit of a bath. Soap you up and everything," he offered, wagging his eyebrows.

"Oh. Oh, that sounds delicious. Yes. Yes, please." Bones gave him a happy nod, then closed his eyes, moaned. "Whoa. Made the room spin."

He stroked Bones' chest and laid a hand on the man's forehead, checking to make sure Bones wasn't getting hot. "Careful."

He got another nod, "Yeah. Yeah. Been a tough couple days."

He snorted. "There's an understatement."

"Yeah." Bones twined their fingers together. "Thank you, babe."

"For what? Saving my own life?"

"Huh?" He got a confused, sweet look, Bones blinking.

"Just need you, yeah?" He cleared his throat and gave Bones a quick kiss before going to get one of the buckets of water he'd hauled in.

Bones watched him, eyes warm and shining, admiring him. He felt like he could do anything when Bones looked at him like that, just anything.

He brought the water over along with a cloth and sat back down next to Bones. Then he got the smile -- the 'fuck, I love you, need you, want you, so happy to see you, you're mine' smile. He beamed back and started washing Bones, wetting and then slicking all that beautiful skin.

"Oh. Oh, T. That feels just right." Bones looked blissful, the man hated being dirty.

Once he had the soap washed away, he bent and kissed Bones' skin. So warm, so good, tasting not quite right at the moment, but close enough to normal, he felt his fear ease back.

"Mmm... Babe..." Bones' hands tangled in his hair, petting, steady and sure.

Fuck, he wanted. He settled for nuzzling his cheeks against Bones' belly and neck. Bones fucking purred for him, cock twitching, trying to fill for him. He moaned softly, hand moving to cup Bones' cock. Sexy bastard.

"Yeah. Yours." Bones shifted, legs moving just a little.

"You up to a little bit of a hand job?" he asked, fingers sliding over Bones' heat, feeling his lover's cock throb and slowly harden. He wanted to make Bones feel good, wanted to feel like things were going back to normal and Bones was well on the mend.

"Oh, yeah. Yeah, babe. Touch me." He got another of those grins, those green eyes fastened on him.

"I can do that." He kept stroking Bones' cock, rubbing his cheek along Bones' belly, his chest, turning to lick at the tiny little nipples. Bones purred for him, rocking a little, nipples tightening, drawing up. He purred, hand moving with Bones' motions, tongue chasing those little points of flesh as Bones rocked.

"Love your hands."

"Not much I like better than touching you, Bones."

"Yeah? Good. So good, babe."

"Good." He kept on stroking Bones' prick, thumb sliding across the tip as he watched the pleasure in those green eyes.

"Love you. Feels good. Need you." Bones moaned, lips open, panting.

"Yeah, I love you, too. Nothing energetic today, lover, just enjoy this."

"Not going to fuck me?" He almost laughed, just the hand job was making Bones sweat, breath coming hard.

"One step at a time, lover." He pressed a kiss on Bones, hand moving faster.

Bones cried out, heat spraying over his fingers. He purred, hand slowing but still moving, drawing out the pleasure.

"Love you. Oh, shit, T. I love you."

He nodded, hand leaving Bones' cock to slide along the ridged belly. "I know."

Bones nodded, shifted closer to him, cuddled. "You... you needing?"

"Don't you worry about me, lover." He grinned, pressing close against Bones' side and rubbing his cock against warm skin.

"'s my job." Bones tilted that pointed chin, offering him a kiss.

He took that kiss and chuckled. "I know it's your job -- so next time you let me get bitten so you can worry about me, okay?"

"It's a deal." His cheek was cupped in a warm hand.

He purred, nuzzling into Bones' hand as he moved, sliding his cock against Bones' side. Bones licked his lips, purring softly. He groaned, moving harder, feeling his balls tighten up in anticipation.

"So fucking hot."

Moaning, he let Bones' voice push him over, coming against his lover's skin.

"Oh. Oh, yeah. " Bones took one more kiss before easing back on the pillow.

He stroked Bones' belly. "Okay, you're clean now and got to come. You sleep for me, yeah? And we'll see about some food when you wake up, 'k?"

"Yeah. Yeah, 'm sleepy, T." Bones cuddled close, eyes already closed.

"Yeah, sleep, lover. I'll watch over you." He stroked Bones' belly until his lover's breath slowed, evened out into sleep.

Then he got up and went to fetch water and see if he couldn't find something to be the top for that table.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Tony woke up in the middle of the night, heart pounding, eyes wide. It was dark, his leg was throbbing, and he'd been dreaming. "Trip!"

He reached out, hands searching for his lover, his partner, his Trip.

Trip's hand landed on his belly, solid and warm, and a sleepy grunt sounded. "Bones?"

"Oh. Okay. Hey. Bad dream, yeah? Stupid morphine. Leg's aching." He pushed close, rubbing.

Trip's hands slid over him, pulled him closer still. "You need something more for the pain?"

"No. No, it's just aching, you know? I just got unnerved." He inhaled, breathing Trip in.

Trip kept touching him, keeping him warm, letting him know his lover was there. He purred, cuddling close, hands running over Trip's belly, Trip's chest. Trip moaned softly, he could feel that hot cock sliding on his skin.

"Oh... Is that for me?" It was warm and close, intimate, dark. Sensual.

Trip chuckled and rubbed against him. "All for you."

He wrapped his hand around Trip's cock, pumping nice and steady, cheek on Trip's shoulder. Trip purred, hands going to his hips and holding on, letting him work the thick prick.

"Beautiful bastard." He felt awake, aroused, safe.

"Yours," murmured Trip, face burying in his hair.

"Yes. Mine." He hummed, rocking against Trip, holding his lover, knowing how scared, how stressed T must have been.

Trip moaned, breathing into his hair. "Feels good, lover."

"Good. Love touching you. Love feeling you." He was whispering, moving them a little faster.

Trip's hands got tighter on his hips, the soft moans got louder. "Bones..."

"Right here, babe."

"Love you, Bones." Trip rocked faster against him, breath hard and rough in his hair.

"Come for me, let me feel..."

Trip cried out and heat splashed against him.

"Yeah..." He moaned, rubbing, hips shifting nice and slow.

Trip licked his lips, hands tugging his hips to slide his cock against that muscled belly.

"Oh. Oh, I wasn't going to, but... Oh. Babe. Feels so good..." He was burning, the dark letting him focus on feeling.

Trip purred, lips moving over his face. He moaned out his love, his need, all sorts of things that were easy to say in the dark. Trip kept purring, kept them moving, solid and warm and his. When he came, it was sweet, easy, just sort of pouring from him. Trip's arms slid around him, holding him against the warm body.

"Oh. Better." He cuddled in, purring, yawning.

"Yeah? Good." Trip's fingers slid up to his hair, stroking through it.

Tony melted, sinking into Trip's care.

Trip pulled him close. "Go back to sleep, Bones. We've got a trip to the river to rest up for."

"Ooh... a real bath? Clean hair?" He grinned, propped his sore leg where it was comfortable. "Sounds perfect."

Trip chuckled. "Only if you go back to sleep. Get yourself well."

"Yes, sir." He kissed Trip's chest, then settled, the dark no longer unnerving because he was home.

Trip followed close behind Bones, eyes on the ground, on the vegetation, looking for any sign that something was waiting to strike.

He wore the yoke with their pails and Bones was carrying his ditty bag with soap, razors and shampoo in it. They were going to clean. And he was going to try not to be paranoid about what snake or spider or other biting beastie might be around, just waiting.

Their safe haven didn't feel quite as safe as it used to.

He had to swallow his tongue as Bones limped straight into the water and he gave himself a good talking to, putting the possibility of something else biting Bones out of his mind. Mostly.

Bones just sank into the water, panting, breathing hard, sweating. "Oh, fuck. Feels so good."

"You okay?" he asked. He knew it was going to take time before Bones could make the walk to the river easily again, but it still worried him how much it had taken out of the man.

"Tired. We'll have to stay a little while, yeah? Up's gonna be tougher than down."

"I can always play caveman and drag you back by your hair." Oh, man. That laugh? Was worth the price of admission.

Grinning he stripped and joined Bones in the water, pulling the man's clothes off. Bones worked the ditty bag open, pulling out soap and razor and shampoo. "Water feels fucking amazing."

"Yeah, I'll bet it does. It's gonna feel even better when I wash you. Especially all this." He picked up handfuls of Bones' hair.

"Oh, yeah. I'm all sticky and need a good soaping." Bones winked at him, hair floating in the water.

He chuckled and took the soap from Bones. "You need help standing? I just need you up so I can get all your skin."

"Let me see." Bones struggled to his feet, wincing and reaching for him, letting him help. "Just a little, yeah."

He held the man up, hands stroking soothingly over Bones' skin. "I hope we didn't do this too early."

"No. I needed to get clean, cool. Needed to feel you touch me."

"You're going to nap extra when we get back though." He grouched a little, unhappy at Bones pushing himself. He slicked up his hands with the soap and started to run them over Bones.

"Okay. We can curl up together." Bones purred, sliding in his hands.

"Yeah, we can do that." He grinned, fingers skimming along Bones' spine, down into his crease.

Bones spread, hips arching. "Uh-huh..."

He slid one finger inside. "You're not up to a good hard fucking, Bones."

"You sure? I feel up..."

He chuckled and slid his hand around to stroke Bones' cock. "I can tell."

"Mmm... Feels good, babe. Don't stop." Bones relaxed against him, lips raised for a kiss. He gave it, hand pumping Bones' cock a couple of times before sliding down to wash the tight balls and the skin beyond them. Bones moaned, thighs parting, belly rippling a little.

"Let me get you all soaped up before we go there." He bent, hands sliding over Bones' legs. The left one was still raw, swollen, wrong under his fingers, but Bones didn't flinch away. Once he'd gotten Bones all soaped up, he stood again, pulling Bones against him, supporting his lover as he wrapped his hand around that sweet prick and started tugging.

"Love..." Those green eyes fastened on him. "Fuck me. You haven't since."

He shook his head. "Not 'til we get back and you've had a nap."

He wasn't going to risk Bones slipping back, no matter how much he wanted to fuck the man. He got a whimper, Bones sliding against him, body begging.

He groaned. "Bones... please, you're not up to it."

"You'll hold me, I won't put any weight on it."

"Bones..." God, he wanted to. "Come on, dunk."

Bones leaned back, stretching, rubbing into him. He sank down into the water, bringing Bones down with him, hand sliding over Bones' skin to make sure the soap was washed away.

Bones purred, undulating. "Love..." Stubborn, sexy fucking asshole. He pulled Bones into his lap, groaning as his prick nudged that hot little hole. "Oh... Oh, right there, T. Deep. Hard."

"You get worse and this'll be the last time," he warned, starting to rock, pushing in bit by bit.

"Won't. Need this. Need you."

He kept pushing, kept moving, committed now as his body took over.

"Oh. Oh, T. Yeah." Bones rode him, the look blissful. He licked at Bones' shoulder, teeth grazing as he took hold of Bones' hips and pulled his lover back onto his prick again and again. Bones rippled, belly going pink, lips parting. "Oh... Babe..."

He groaned and nodded. "You just let me... do all the work. Fuck." He pushed faster, pulling Bones down hard onto him.

"Trip!" Bones arched, eyes wide and happy, ass milking him as his lover came, shuddering and crying out his name. He moaned, his own balls giving it up as Bones' body rippled around his cock. He held onto Bones tight, panting as he caught his breath.

Bones cuddled right in, cheek on his shoulder, breath slowing. "Needed that."

He growled just a little, heart not really in it. "You're not going to be able to walk back."

"I can and if I can't, you'll help me." So sure, sleepy, relaxed.

He chuckled. Not only would he, he was going to. No way he was letting Bones overdo it -- the man was getting carried home. "We should get out of the water -- gonna turn into prunes."

"Kay, Babe." Bones was easy, malleable, more than half sleeping.

Chuckling, he managed to find his feet without losing his grip on Bones and he carried the man to shore, checking the area out carefully before lying down on a rock, Bones cradled on his chest.

He got a purr and then Bones started snoring, fingers petting his belly. He chuckled, hands sliding along Bones' skin, just touching, soothing. He let his own eyes close, let himself relax a little and enjoy the sunshine and his lover.

The birds were flying, flocks moving across the sky. Tony lounged outside, letting the sun bake him, bake his wound. He was about done with being still and good, but the heat made him lazy, made it easy to relax. He dozed, dreaming a little, listening to Trip moving inside, building something.

After awhile Trip came out and settled next to him, their bodies touching along one side.

"Hey, babe. How's it going?" He gave Trip a grin, stretched.

"Good. It's another fucking nice day." Trip's hand slid along his side, caressing him.

"Mmm... yeah. Rains are going to start soon, though. We got cards and checkers and lube, right?" He scooted closer.

"Yep. Lots of lube." Trip gave him a grin and rolled to his side, hand on his belly.

"Excellent. We'll have to spend hours exploring the interesting uses for it..." God, he loved that man.

"Sounds like a plan, Bones." Trip bent toward him, lips sliding over his.

He met the kiss with a smile, tongue sliding out to taste. Trip purred, hands wandering. Tony slid his hands around Trip's waist, fingers stroking that fine ass.

"Oh, lover, you gonna make love to me? It's been forever since I've felt your cock."

He moaned as the electric shock rocked through him. Then he purred, nodding. "Been too long, babe. Want to make you scream."

"Yeah. I want to hear me scream." Trip gave him a grin and then moaned, ass pressing into his hands. He rolled over Trip's body, mouth fastening on that long spine and moving down. "Bones!" Trip arched, pushing up against his mouth and then settling, body rippling.

"Yes. Love making you need." He kept licking and sucking, working his way to that fine ass.

Trip moaned and groaned, letting him hear how good it was. Spreading those cheeks, Tony lapped his way down Trip's crease, searching for that tiny hole.

"Oh, fuck, Bones..." Trip whimpered, legs spreading.

"Hey. Babe." He licked the ring of muscles, moaning, drowning in Trip's flavor. Trip made an incoherent sound, a shudder moving through the muscled body. Yeah. He started fucking the tight hole, tongue pushing in and in, the taste of male and musk strong, arousing.

"Bones!" Trip started rocking, pushing back onto his tongue. He pushed harder, aching, needing to hear that sound again. Bucking, Trip keened, whispered his name and then shouted it again.

He lifted his head, panting. "Now, babe? Please. I need it."

"Fuck yes." Trip nodded, ass pushing back toward him.

Leaning over Trip's back, he lined up, slid in with a cry. "Trip!"

Trip whimpered, body pulling him in eagerly. "Oh fuck, Bones. 's good."

"Yes. Yes, good. Fuck, babe." He grabbed Trip's hips, pushing in deep and hard. Trip met his thrusts, moaning, whimpering. He kept moving, sinking in deep and deeper, moaning low. Trip wrapped his hand around his own prick, tugging, body rippling.

He wasn't going to last -- hell, like he ever lasted -- bucking into Trip's heat, Trip's body.

"Bones!" Trip shouted out his name and came, ass squeezing him tight.

"Fuck! Babe! So fucking hot." He jerked, spilled, pleasure filling him.

Trip lay beneath him, breathing heavily. "Fuck, Bones. Love you."

He nodded, grinned. "I know. I count on it."

"Yeah, Bones. You can."

He kissed Trip's shoulder, moaning low. "Good."

Trip moaned softly, hand reaching back to pet him.

"Mine." He fastened his lips around Trip's skin, sucking.

"You know it, lover." Trip hummed happily. He sucked up a mark, biting, nipping. Trip shuddered beneath him, ass rippling around his cock.

Oh, yeah. He was still hard, still wanting, so he bit harder, bruising.

Trip shuddered again. "Bones. Fuck. Fuck."

"Mine." He started thrusting again, pushing hard. "Yours."

Trip grunted, moving back to meet his thrusts. "Yeah, Bones. Yours. Mine. Yeah."

"Uh-huh." He reached around, pumping Trip's prick, encouraging it to fill. Trip keened, bucking into his hand and then pushing back onto his cock again, rocking. God, his lover was fine. Strong. Wanton. His. Trip.

He arched, the sun sparkling in his eyes as he moved. Trip flowed like water beneath him, sweet noises sounding.

"Love..." He kissed the mark on Trip's shoulder, whimpering. "T."

Trip just made a harsh sound, body rippling around him. Oh, sweet fuck. Yes. Yes. He bucked, eyes rolling, heart pounding. "More, Bones. Need you."

"Yes." He pumped faster, pushed deeper, trying to hit Trip's gland.

Trip suddenly bucked and shouted, just going nuts. Yes. He almost crowed, hitting the same angle over and over. Trip rocked furiously between his cock and his hand, shouting and keening, calling his name. He shook, losing his rhythm.

Trip roared, the sound loud, echoing as heat poured over his hand, his cock gripped hard. His eyes rolled, balls aching as he came and came, filling his lover. Trip collapsed beneath him with a groan. "Fuck, Bones."

"Uh-huh." He cuddled against Trip's spine, moaning low.

Trip purred. "Mmm... don't move -- gonna nap, lover."

"Yeah. Bask in the sun." He closed his eyes, happy.

"Sun? There's sun? I thought that heat was you."

He chuckled, fingers stroking the mark on Trip's shoulder. "Maybe a little..."

Trip just purred, body rippling beneath him. Yeah. Good. Easy. Relaxed.

Home.

Tony closed his eyes and napped.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Every day that Bones' leg got a little bit better, Trip could see his lover growing a touch more restless. As it was, the snake bite was the only reason they were still here -- Bones' had been raring to get the hell out of dodge try to find out what the fuck was going on before he'd been bit. Every day he managed to distract Bones with hair washing or fucking or a swim or something.

Sooner or later his charms were going to wear out and he was going to have to protect his lover from every man out there who wanted to take Bones down for the reward.

He walked in to the cabin to find Bones packing two bags, mouth stubborn, cigarette held tight between his teeth.

He sighed and leaned against the door. "We going somewhere?"

"Yep. I'm almost out of smokes, we're out of antibiotics and antivenom and morphine. What if it happens again? We need to find out what's up. We need supplies."

He might have argued except that Bones was right. It had fucking scared him how close Bones had come to being dead. Without the medical stuff? Bones would have been. They needed supplies at least. And if they were headed out again, it wouldn't hurt to fish around.

"All right. Lets go to where we can contact Cap, see with what he could find out about what's going on. Depending on what we find there, we'll decide whether to resupply and come back here or try to find out what's going on. Deal?"

Bones nodded, the quick agreement easing him. His lover was stubborn, but not unreasonable. "That works for me, babe."

"All right. You need help or are you doing good on your own there?" Frankly, it looked like Bones was pretty much packed for both of them.

"I'm good. I figured I'd get the work done and then we could relax tonight..."

He smile grew slowly. "Relax, huh?"

He got the patented innocent-Bones look. "Yep. Rest up."

"Oh, I can give you 'up'." He straightened and moved slowly toward Bones.

Those green eyes lit up. "I like up..."

"I know you do." He wrapped his hands around Bones' waist.

Bones grinned wide, stepping closer. "Hey."

"Hey." He brought their mouths together, moaning at the taste of Bones. Bones opened right up for him,

tongue sliding in to taste him, play with him. Oh, that was what he liked. He tugged Bones' hips right against his, rubbing.

"Mmm..." Bones purred, stretching.

"Sexy motherfucker." And hard. And his. All his.

"For you." Bones grinned, taking short, hard kisses, building their need.

"Oh, for me. I like the sound of that." He continued to rub their groins together.

Bones nodded, nipping his bottom lip. "Feels good. Don't stop."

"Don't plan to, Bones. Not for a hell of a long time."

"Thank the Lord." Bones dove into a kiss, tongue pressing deep, hands cupping his head.

He moaned, opening up to Bones, legs spreading a little to brace himself as he pulled Bones hard against him. Bones straddled his thigh, humping against him, groaning. He moaned, hands moving down to Bones' ass, helping him.

"Yeah..." Bones thrust faster, eyes rolling. He slipped one hand around and put it down Bones' pants, tugging on that sweet, hot prick.

"Fuck!" Bones bucked up into his hand, hips pumping furiously, heat spraying.

He loved that, loved making Bones lose it. He kissed the man hard, so fucking turned on.

"Love..." Bones pushed into their kisses, eyes hot, burning.

"Yeah, love. Gonna fuck you." He started walking them back to their bed.

"Please. Want it. Deep and hard." Bones moaned, moving with him.

"You got it, lover." He found the lube. Their last tube. Almost gone. Maybe it was time to go. "Back or front, Bones?"

"Wanna watch."

He purred and pushed Bones onto the bed. "Good choice."

Bones bounced, spreading wide, moaning low. "Yeah. Fuck me."

"Deep and hard, right?" He grinned, climbing on the bed between Bones' knees and sliding his fingers along Bones' crease.

Bones drew his knees up, exposing himself. "Yeah, babe."

"Oh fuck, Bones." He groaned, two fingers slipping into that sweet hole.

Bones whimpered, bucking up into his touch. "'s good."

"Uh-huh." He watched Bones' face as he fingerfucked his lover.

Such a sexy bastard. His sexy bastard. Bones rippled, shoulders leaving the bed. "Fuck..."

"You've got a good grasp of the situation, Bones." His voice was rough with want and need.

"Are you... are you trying to confuse the issue with logic?"

He laughed and replaced his fingers with his prick, groaning as he slid home.

"Oh, that's it..." Bones shifted, legs wrapping around his waist, almost pushing into his lap.

He nodded. "Fuck, yeah."

He started thrusting, a nice, solid rhythm. It felt so fucking good, being inside Bones. The bed creaked and shifted, the sound familiar now, homey. Right. He moaned, moving a little harder, a little faster, eyes on Bones' bright green, watching the pleasure in his lover's face.

"Trip. Babe. I... Sweet fuck, I love you." Bones arched, hips working faster.

"Uh-huh." He leaned forward, bracing his hands on either side of Bones' head and giving his lover everything he had. Bones pushed up, smashing their lips together, tongue pressing deep. He moaned into the kiss, fucking swimming in pleasure, in Bones' body. He felt Bones' fingers squeezing, pulling him in close, heat spraying between them as Bones gasped.

"Oh fuck!" He moaned and thrust a few more times, coming deep inside Bones.

He was held in long arms, fingers sliding over his skin. He purred against Bones' neck, just enjoying the heat and goodness of them wrapped together. A very strong part of him didn't want to let Bones go, didn't want them to venture out into the world again, but even he was starting to get a little stir crazy, used as he was to long periods of waiting in one place as they guarded this compound or that person.

He knew it was time.

"Gonna miss this," he said quietly.

Bones stilled, took a deep breath, then nodded. "Yeah. I got real used to having you, full-time."

"Well it's not like we're going our separate ways. I'm not going back to the job until you're safe, Bones."

"You're not tired of me, yet?"

He snorted. "Like that could happen."

Bones relaxed, nuzzled him. "Good. I'm damned fond of sleeping in your arms."

"They were made for you, Bones." Truth was, his dream job had always been to have Bones be a traveling

doc, with him as full-time bodyguard. He got restless in one place too long, whereas Bones didn't care, as long as he was working.

Bones nodded. "Yeah, buddy."

He was cuddled close, Bones almost purring. "So we leave at first light, or just before?"

"What do you think is best, babe? You're the expert. I'm just the doc."

"Just before. And you aren't 'just' anything." He gave Bones a kiss with a good amount of heat in it. "And if we're leaving pre-dawn, we'd better get busy, because I've got a lot of loving to do before we go."

"Yeah." Bones gave him that grin -- warm and sweet and just right, the one that meant love and all the good things in his life. "We'd best not waste time."

He nodded, taking Bones' mouth, hips starting to move slowly again.

He'd love Bones all night and then keep the man safe in the jungle tomorrow.

They took their sweet time, moving slow in deference to his leg, to the fact that they were both a little twitchy, a little worried, a little unnerved. He told himself that, once they were close enough to contact Cap, things would feel easier, feel more normal. Not make him feel utterly bug nuts crazy.

They found a place to stop before the afternoon rain started, a comfortable, quiet hollow under a series of fallen trees. "We close enough, T?"

Trip shook his head, eyes scanning the jungle, weapon ready. "We'll keep moving after the rains. We should be able to try when we settle for the night."

He nodded, drawing his knees up, resting a little before they kept on keeping on.

Trip crouched next to him, one hand on his shoulder, rubbing. "How're you doing?"

"Sort of wishing we were back h... back in the cave. This is making me itchy."

"We can go back if you want. Be home by dark."

"Don't tempt me, babe." They had to figure this out. Had to.

"Don't tempt you? You sure?" Trip's hand slid down his front, tweaking a nipple through his shirt.

He chuckled, shivered a little. "Oh, now, that's a whole 'nother type of temptation."

"Oh, this kind of temptation you're looking for, are you?"

"T, your type of temptation is my bread and butter."

"Yeah? You hungry for a little bread and butter, Bones?" That hand kept moving.

"Oh. Oh, yeah." He turned, pushing toward that touch.

Trip put aside his weapon, but not too far, and tugged him down between the solid legs.

"Mmm... hey, T." He rubbed a little, moaning low.

"Hey." Trip's hand slid around his braid, tugging him in for a kiss. That melted him, deep down, and he opened wide, purring for it. Trip's tongue pushed eagerly into his mouth, free hand sliding down to his ass.

It felt good, hot and rich and soothing, easing his nerves. "More, babe."

Purring, Trip tugged on his braid, tilting his head back so hot lips could close over this throat. He let his head rest in Trip's hand, throat working, little cries escaping him. "Fuck, Bones... you taste good." Trip's fingers pushed into his pants, sliding on his ass.

"Want you. Need it, yeah?" He nodded, hips rocking back into the touch.

"Yeah. You could ride me." Trip's voice was rough, wanton.

"Yes. Fuck. Please." He nodded, nipping at Trip's lips.

"Just need to open our cammos..." Trip's fingers slid along his buttons, pulling them open, one after the other.

"Uh-huh..." He started working to free Trip's cock, the heavy prick pushing toward his fingers.

Trip bucked, eyes rolling. "Fuck, Bones."

"Yes. Yes. Fuck Bones. Now." He nodded, not even really playing.

"Come and get it, Bones." Trip let go of his braid, tugged his hips.

He slid one leg out of his pants, then straddled Trip's waist. "Hey."

"Oh yeah. Yeah. Ride me, Bones." The burn was sweet, deep, filling him right up and making him arch. Trip's hands found his waist, holding on as his lover's feet planted and then they were fucking, Trip pushing up into him, hands tugging him down and bringing them together eagerly.

"Oh..." He threw his head back, braid heavy, tugging, helping. "So fucking good..."

"Yeah. Bones. Fuck." Trip was gasping, eyes wide and hot, watching him.

Trip cured all his ills, made him hot and whole and he needed this, deep and hard and... "Gonna..."

He jerked, coming with a cry, milking Trip's cock.

"Bones!" Trip's shout was loud, ringing through the jungle as that cock pushed up into him, heat spurting deep inside him.

He leaned down, resting against Trip's chest. "Good."

Trip's hands slid along his back, petted his head.

He brushed his lips against Trip's shoulder. "It's going to be okay, right?"

"Of course it is. I'm not letting anything happen to you." There wasn't a moment's hesitation in Trip's answer, that voice solid, sure.

He nodded, eyes closing, relaxing into those strong arms. He felt Trip shift a little, knew the man was giving himself better access to his weapon and no doubt a better view of the jungle.

Still, with his eyes closed, he could just go with it, rest. Let Trip ease him. Let Trip's heartbeat bring him home.

Trip had them move faster once the rains stopped. He wanted to make as good time as they could before they stopped again and tried to get Cap on the short wave. He didn't push them so hard they were exhausted though and he checked carefully for signs of others as they made their way. The last thing they wanted was to run into anyone who might have seen the pictures of Bones and know the bounty on his head.

A part of him -- a big part of him -- wanted to wrap Bones up and drag him back to their rock-cabin and just keep him safe and sound. And as long as that bounty remained on Bones' head? There was always the chance someone could find them and he knew damned well they'd been getting lax in their defenses the longer they stayed in that one place.

Still, he wanted to get in touch with Cap as quickly as possible, find out if something else had come along to ease the pressure off Bones. It was a huge pay out though and he figured until they dealt with the source, it was going to be an issue.

He called a halt on a hillside, finding a cave abandoned by a big cat. It was a good defensible spot, which they needed, given they were going to contact the outside world and that could possibly get a whole bunch of people on their tail. "I don't think we should risk a fire tonight, Bones."

"Okay, T." Bones unrolled the bedrolls, smoothing the little stones away.

"I'm gonna do a quick recon." He left his pack with Bones and took twenty minutes to walk a wide perimeter, double-checking to make sure their own tracks were hidden and that there weren't any belonging to anyone other than birds, animals and insects. It seemed clean enough and he headed back into the cave, both eager and dreading talking to Cap. There was no telling what the man had found out.

Bones was sitting in the mouth of the cave, smoking, watching the sky. He crouched down next to his lover. "Hey. So far so good."

"Yeah? Cool." Bones leaned against him. "I was sitting here thinking about the hospital. You think someone else is there now?"

He shook his head. "I don't know. Depends on who was taking pot shots at you. Your man at Greenpeace cut you off, maybe they cut the whole thing loose for now. Cap might know."

Bones shook his head. "I was just wondering, I'm not sure I want to know, for sure."

"Yeah? Well I suppose we'd best call Cap up on the radio. You know what you do want to know?" If Bones changed his mind and wanted to go back to their hideout, he'd do it, but the further away from it they got, the more sense it made to deal with things and retreat only if they had to.

"I want to know why, T. I want to know who has the reason and the means to put that kind of money on my head."

He nodded. "Yeah, me, too, Bones. Me, too." He got the radio, set it up between them and took a deep breath. "You ready for this?"

"As ready as I'm going to be, yeah." Bones gave him a grin. "Come on, let's do it."

He fired the radio up, switched it to the band he'd preset with Cap and starting hailing the man.

It took hours and Bones was sound asleep when Cap's voice sounded. "Cap. Identify yourself."

He gave the name they'd long ago agreed on if he ever had to go to ground and was looking for help. "Tarantula here, Cap."

"Shit. How's it going? You hanging in there?" Cap's voice dropped down, mouth close to the mic.

"Yeah, so far." Damn it was good to hear another voice and to hear it friendly. "You got any news for me?" No need in letting it go out over the airwaves that he wasn't alone.

"Some. Is there a place we can reconnoiter? There's been some shake up in the team, some shit you should know." Cap's voice dropped. "Me and Tin Can could bring supplies."

"Just you and Tin Can?" He wasn't going to risk Bones with anyone he couldn't implicitly trust with not only his life, but Bones' as well. Both Cap and Tin Can owed him their lives, just as he owed his to them, but more than that, they'd both been patched up by Bones, liked him. And they both had more integrity than most of the men he knew put together.

"Just me and T.C. In fact, you see anyone else, you don't stop, you keep going."

"Okay. The north flats in two days?" He knew Cap would translate that as the foot of the southern mountains in one day.

"That works. You'll see me and TC in the normal spot."

"Over and out, Cap." He turned off the radio and rubbed his eyes. Shake up in the team. Shit they needed to know. Cap thought they were going to need more supplies. Damn.

Bones was looking at him. "A shake up means some of them started looking for me?"

He jumped, caught lost in his thoughts. "I don't know. Probably." He sighed and looked over at his lover, Bones' hair shining in the moonlight. "Loyalty only goes so far when that kind of money is getting tossed around. It says more about me than you, too -- you're just some random doctor they run into now and then, who's patched them up. I've worked with them for years and they still turned on me."

"You could go, you know. I wouldn't blame you. You have a life."

He snorted. "Right. I have a life that doesn't include coming back to you as often as I fucking can."

"I had to offer, babe." Those bright eyes caught his. "I love you. I had to offer."

"Don't offer again," he growled, reaching for Bones, tugging his lover close.

Bones pushed into his arms, mouth crashing down on his, the kiss sudden and sharp and wild. He opened wide, arms going tight around the long body. He wasn't letting go, not now, not fucking ever, so Bones could just take that offer and stuff it up his...

Bones started rocking against him, rubbing, moaning low, tongue fucking his mouth. He could feel Bones' cock, hot and hard and insistent against his belly and it made him moan, his own hard prick just throbbing in his pants.

Bones tugged away, pulling the row of buttons open. "Want you."

"All yours, Bones. That's never gonna change." He pushed Bones' own clothes away, fingers sliding on warm skin, making him moan.

"Yeah." Bones' mouth slid over his neck, his shoulder. "Need."

He nodded. "In me, Bones?"

"Uh-huh. Please." Bones nipped his neck, moaning and rocking against him. "Please."

He shifted and reached for his pack, their last tube of lube in a side-pocket. Bones started stripping him down, fingers dragging along his skin. He pushed into the touches, eager and needing to feel Bones inside him, to know they were both alive and together, to know this thing hadn't gotten them yet.

That tongue slid over his cock, his balls, spreading him wide, thumbs pressing his hole. He groaned and pushed the tube into Bones' hand, body trembling with need.

"Fuck, yes." In no time those fingers were slick, pressing deep, stretching him. He spread his legs wide, pushing into the invasion, moaning for Bones.

"Yeah, yeah, babe. So hot." Bones moaned, breath panting against his balls.

"Need you." He rolled his head from side to side, restless and wanting.

"Yes." His lover surged up, cock pressing against his hole, hot and sure, pushing hard. He spread wider, hips pushing, taking Bones' cock in. Bones' hands grabbed his hips, pulling him onto that hard prick, motions sharp and needy. He grunted, wrapped his legs around Bones' waist, using the leverage to get Bones into him harder, faster.

"Fuck. Fuck. Gonna make me come, T." The thrusts were fierce, wild, so deep.

"That's... That's the idea."

Bones leaned down, the heavy braid falling on his belly. He shuddered, hands reaching for it, pulling the braid apart so the silky hair stroked his skin as Bones fucked him.

"Fuck. T." Bones sank deep, cock pegging his gland.

He cried out, jerking. "More!"

"Oh. Oh, yes. Yes, T." Fuck. Bones fucked him, over and over and over, driving into him like a madman. Lightning shot up his spine with every thrust and he wrapped his hand around his prick, panting as he got close. Bones bucked, a cry splitting the air, hair brushing his cock. He cried out Bones' name, shuddering as he came, ass clamping down tight around his lover's cock. Heat filled him, Bones deep inside him.

He tugged Bones down, taking his lover's weight, hands soft on warm skin. Bones snuggled in, cuddling, fingers on his belly. He pushed his own fingers through Bones' hair, grateful he could, grateful they were both still alive, this insanity not having killed either of them yet.

It could.

But not if he had anything to say about it.

He held onto Bones tight, living in the moment and enjoying having his lover in his arms.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

They sat at the foot of the mountains, watching, listening. If he didn't get a cigarette soon? He was going to die.

Tony tried to be still and steady and quiet and shit, but he wasn't a merc, damn it. He was a doctor. Well, he used to be a doctor. Now he was a...

A...

"When'll they show, T?"

Trip shook his head. "When they can. But we're out of here at sundown."

"Where'll we go? Back home?"

Trip shook his head, frowning. "We'll circle out and try Cap on the shortwave again. We need his intel. But yeah, then we'll go home."

He nodded, blood rushing to his cheeks as he realized what he'd said, what he'd thought. Home. The little cave with their bed and chairs and pond.

Trip stiffened suddenly, hands tightening on his weapon. Tony searched the jungle, tense, worried, trusting Trip's instincts without question. Trip nodded toward the south end of the clearing they were watching.

Two men dressed in cammos appeared, walking carefully. Cap and Tin Can. It had been... months. At least months.

Trip suddenly relaxed, grinned. "They're on their own. Let's go."

He nodded. "Okay. Cool. Yeah."

They headed out, Tin Can whooping at the sight of them. "T!"

Trip grinned and went over, hugging Tin Can and then Cap, slapping them enthusiastically on the back. "Man, are we happy to see you."

Tin Can grabbed him, swung him around. "Man, it's good to see you, Bones! T been good to you?"

"Hell, yes. Always."

Cap was grinning. "You've got nine lives, Bones, surviving this long with that kind of price on your head."

"Trip takes care of me. Always." He chuckled, nodded. "Y'all doing good?"

"Going a little stir crazy, Cap. The company's good, the setting... well it doesn't change." Trip stood at parade rest. "We're hoping for some good news."

Cap shook his head. "I don't have much. Our Doc? Turned on us. We caught him searching out info on you, trying to rat you out."

"Bastard." Trip spat on the ground. "Man better watch his back."

"Price is going up on your man. Dead or alive." Cap shook his head. "The drop off point's in the states -- Virginia."

"Virginia? What the fuck's in Virginia?" He shook his head, not able to fucking believe this.

"This is fucked," muttered Trip.

Tin Can nodded. "You've pissed somebody off, man."

"He's a fucking doctor. In the middle of the goddamned jungle. He doesn't turn anyone away. How the fuck does he piss someone in Virginia off?" Trip was starting to growl, looking pissed.

Tony stopped, blinked. Oh. Oh. Oh, fuck. He looked at Trip, blinking.

"What? You got an idea?"

"I." He stumbled backward and sat, hard. Shit. "Y'all ever heard of Daniel Rumer?"

Tin Can nodded. "The senator? Yeah. They're saying he might be president."

He met Trip's eyes. "My name's Anthony Rumer."

Trip's eyes narrowed. "You're related?"

"I'm his son." Tree-hugging, left-wing son of the biggest fucking conservative in the states. The biggest fucking conservative presidential hopeful...

"Fuck me," muttered Trip.

"Dead or alive with that price on your kid's head? That's fucking harsh, Bones." Cap was shaking his head. "You think he's good for it?"

"My daddy's got more money than a man can spend in one lifetime." He never thought about it; it had been years since he'd been out of pocket in the jungle.

"Why?" asked Trip. "Why go to all this trouble?"

"I don't know. I don't know. I'm no threat. I haven't spoken to him in years."

Trip came over and crouched next to him, hands on his shoulders. "You know how to get it touch with him? Ask him if this shit is his doing and tell him to fucking stop it?" Trip grinned suddenly, little humor in the look. "Or we can arrange to get rid of him."

Bones nodded. "I'll go home. Talk to him. Find out what the fuck."

Surely if he did it publicly, Daddy would be scared enough of the bad press...

"Woah. Go home? To Virginia?" Trip shook his head. "It's a fucking long way from here to Virginia -- you could get taken out anywhere along the way. No. I'm not risking you."

"Well, home is Texas, but the good senator has a house in Virginia." He took off his glasses, rubbed the bridge of his nose. Daddy wouldn't want to get rid of him that bad... "Surely he wouldn't do anything in public. I'm his son, for fuck's sake."

Cap was staring at him. "Does he have any self-preservation instinct, Trip?"

"Obviously not," growled Trip, shaking his head.

"Bones -- your father ain't gonna have to lay a finger on you. You remember that price on your head? That's out there, man. You can't just click your heels and wish yourself home." Tin Can's words were soft, the look on his face sympathetic.

He didn't get this. He didn't. He was a doctor. A fucking harmless doctor.

"TC's right, Bones. It's not your father himself who's dangerous to you at this point but all the mercs and bounty hunters and private eyes between here and him." Trip looked up at Cap. "Could we set up a call?"

"Let's get in the Hummer and travel a bit first, just in case. We got enough supplies for a good while, an extra Jeep, too."

Trip nodded. "All right." He gave a wry grin. "Gotta admit, it's freaking me out a bit, having extra folks along."

Cap sort of leaned toward Trip, head turned. "Me and TC were thinking, if you were going stir-crazy, we could switch off. Let you work again..."

Trip shook his head, answered without hesitating. "No."

Tony took a deep breath, relaxing. Oh. Good. He couldn't do this without T.

"If you're sure..."

"I'm sure," growled Trip.

"Can't say I blame you," said Tin Can, giving him a once over and winking at Trip.

Cap swatted TC's ass. "Be good, boy, before I take it out on your hide."

TC laughed. "Promises, promises."

Cap's eyes were warm, surprisingly direct, and Tony gave Trip a look, eyebrows raised.

Trip grinned. "Well it's about fucking time."

He chuckled, shook his head. "Christ, you two just needed some time to quit mooning over T or what?"

Cap shook his head. "Just needed some time."

TC grinned, looking like that cat that got the cream. "Just needed Doc fucking out of the way. Man was a creep and I'm glad he finally showed his true face."

Trip nodded. "I'm just glad he didn't show it until we were well out of the way."

Cap sighed. "That boy was trouble looking for a spot to land in."

"Well it'll turn around and bite him in the ass." Trip looked pretty positive on that front. "If you prove yourself untrustworthy, the jungle's a pretty fucking lonely place."

He nodded, moving over to nudge Cap. "Gotta smoke, man? I'm dyin' for one."

Trip laughed. "Oh, man, you lasted longer than I expected you would."

Cap on the other hand, gave him an apologetic look. "I quit, man. Can doesn't like the taste."

"You're not fucking serious." He looked at Cap, incredulous. "You don't have a spare pack for emergencies?"

Cap looked glum. "I smoked it up and Can wouldn't let me trade for another one."

Trip's lips twitched, white teeth coming out to sink into his lower lip. He turned and looked at Trip, finger poking one of those amazing fucking pecs. "Don't you dare laugh."

"I'm doing my best not to, Bones, I swear."

"I'm not quitting. I'm just waiting to find some, you hear me?"

"Yes, sir." Trip nodded, blue eyes just dancing with the laughter that Trip was holding in.

"Argh. Tell me you brought something cool in your supplies, Cap?" He couldn't believe it. Cap *knew* him. Fucking quitter.

Cap grinned and gave him a wink. "I've got lube."

They all looked at each other a minute and then the laughter started, long and happy and loud.

"I've got chocolate, too," TC noted, digging in his pack and handing over a Hershey bar. "And there's more where that came from."

"Any dark chocolate?" Trip asked hopefully.

"Not in my pack. There's some in your supplies though."

"Awesome."

He unwrapped the chocolate bar, moaning happily at the taste, smiling up at TC. "Almost better than sex."

TC laughed. "Almost."

Trip was watching him, licking his lips. "You gonna share, Bones?"

He stepped close, leaning down a little to offer his mouth. "Uh-huh."

Trip moaned softly, mouth opening, pressing against his. Trip's tongue swept through his mouth, licking at the sweetness, at him.

"Woooo!" Tin Can whistled. "Haven't you two had enough on your enforced vacation?"

"Not even close." He grinned, sharing another bite with Trip. Trip's hand slid around to grab his braid, tilting his mouth just a little to slide that tongue deeper. Oh. Yeah. He moaned, melting into Trip's strength.

Cap's hand hit his ass. "We don't have time. We need to bug out."

Trip let him go reluctantly. "Cap's right. We're not safe here."

"Okay. Okay." Tony nodded. "Let's go."

He grabbed Trip's hand, squeezed it. At least he knew they were going together.

They drove through the night and put a good hundred clicks between them and where they met up. It was nice to talk to someone else, but they wouldn't be able to stay with Cap and Tin Can too long. Four would be easier to track than two. They finally stopped driving a couple hours after dawn, finding a lagoon that was unapproachable from the south and the west. They covered the vehicles with camouflage blankets and foliage and set up camp with a rock cliff at their backs.

Tin Can offered to take watch and Trip nodded his thanks, all but dragging Bones into their tent. He'd gotten used to being able to touch Bones whenever he wanted and now on top of the travel, they had company. Not that he wished Cap and Tin Can away, he just needed. Bones came along easily, body pressing against him, already hard, already wanting.

He sat, tugging Bones down in between his legs, mouth searching for his lover's.

"Fuck yes. Babe." Bone's fingers slid around his head.

"Uh-huh." His tongue tangled with Bones', hands sliding over the skinny body. That heavy braid slid along his arm, ending on his shoulder, thick and smooth like a silk rope. Moaning, he tugged at Bones' clothes, fingers skittering along the smooth skin beneath Bones' shirt.

Bones pushed him down, straddling his waist, hips just rocking. "T. Babe. Need."

"Right here, lover. Take me." He loved it when Bones got like this, when Bones took what he needed.

Those hands tore open his pants, yanked them down. "So fucking fine. My T."

"Yours." He grabbed hold of Bones' braid, tugging off the leather tie at the bottom. Bones nodded, working his own faded pants open and down, cock dark and full. He moaned, licking his lips as he undid Bones' braid, eyes on that hard cock.

Bones sucked and wet those long fingers, circling his hole, one pressing in. He shuddered, the pressure at his hole coming at the same time as the long fall of hair slid over his chest, his cheeks.

Bones moaned, lips sliding over one of his nipples. "I want you."

"Fuck, yes. Please." His hands slid through Bones' hair, fingers tangling in it. Those fingers pressed deep, pushing harder, faster. He whimpered. "Bones. Fuck. Love."

His hips started moving with Bones' fingers, need building, his prick a fucking stone.

Bones settled between his legs, fingers replaced with that cock driving deep. "T! Babe!"

He cried out, bucking up onto Bones' cock, hands fisting in that beautiful hair. Bones fucked him hard, not holding back, working out that worry and frustration and need on his ass. He got his legs around Bones' waist, encouraging his lover to make it harder, faster, feeling fucking alive.

That hair was everywhere, touching him, stroking him. He shuddered and shook, crying out Bones' name as he came hard.

"Fuck, yes. My T. Mine. Love." Bones arched, pressing deep, filling him with heat. Moaning, he held Bones against him, hands sliding through that hair, over the warm skin. He rolled, curling around Bones, stroking the long hair back off his lover's face. Bones nodded, licking his lips, tasting him lazily.

"You okay, lover?"

"A little deeply fucked up."

"I'll bet. Does he really hate you enough to put that kind of price on your head?" Bones had never really talked about his family. Hell, neither of them ever had.

"He's as right-winged as they come -- big business, big money, fuck the little guy. I was supposed to get married and give him grandchildren for photo ops. Instead, I went to college and started going to protests and gay pride rallies."

"So there's no love lost, but that kind of price? I mean that's some serious hate." It was crazy. Especially if Bones hadn't seen the man in years.

"I don't think so." Bones shook his head. "It's insurance. He doesn't hate me, he loves his politics."

"Insurance?" Trip wasn't a dummy, but he wasn't getting it.

"You know how many millions of dollars in campaign funds he'll have to raise? How many millions he'll lose if his right-wing buddies find out he has a gay son who worked against the big business, worked for Greenpeace? Hell, he was telling people I was dead fifteen years ago."

"Oh, fuck." The penny was dropping. "If he wants you dead, why the bigger offer to deliver you alive?"

"I don't know. That's the fucked part. He doesn't want me alive, so somebody's willing to pay." Bones shivered, pressed closer.

"You have any other rich relatives? Old moneyed boyfriends?" If they were going to call the States? They had one shot.

"No. No, I've been out here for years. Years, T."

"I know, Bones. I'm just trying to figure out who'd be best to call. We'll only get one chance at this. We can't risk a second call into the States."

"What... what if you call and say you've got me?"

He froze. "Damn, Bones, that's brilliant."

He felt Bones grin. "I've been hanging with mercs too long."

He chuckled. "No such thing, lover."

"So, when this is over, you going to keep me around to patch my man up?"

"I'm not letting you go, Bones. No more coming in to see you between jobs."

"Oh. Yeah. We... we had a long-assed courtship, you and me."

He nodded and knew it was true, knew that whatever happened, he wouldn't leave Bones again. Whether Bones found a new way to practice or just followed him from job to job. They'd work it out. After they dealt with this fucking shit. "I'm not leaving, Bones."

"Yeah, T. You're it."

"I like the sound of that."

He got another sweet, slow kiss. "Me, too, T. Me, too."

"Good." He settled, hand stroking Bones' back. They'd broach the plan later with Cap and Tin Can, for now he was going to hold his lover.

Bones woke early, checked the lagoon for the normal baddies and then stripped off and waded in, using the real soap and shampoo, purring at the feeling. He loved being clean, having the heaviness of sweat and grime off his hair, his skin. He rinsed off, using the soap to wash his cock, stroking slow and easy as the sun rose.

A low whistle came from behind him. "You should be more careful, Bones. There's snakes in these here parts."

"Mmm... snakes? You think?" He hummed, let his head fall back, hair loose.

"Yeah, big ones. Three of them. And the biggest one's hunting you." Trip's voice was husky, needy.

He kept his eyes closed. "Come get me, then."

Trip splashed through the water, hands warm and dry as they slid around his belly, face burying in his hair. "Got you."

Tony purred, stretching. "Yeah. I'm all clean."

Trip's mouth pushed through his hair, lips sliding on his neck, tongue coming out to taste. "Yep. There's my favorite flavor."

"Oh. Oh, T..." He shivered, moaned. "Good."

Trip purred, the sound vibrating against his skin. One hand slid up, found one of his nipples and teased it hard. The other headed south and wrapped around his prick.

"Oh. More. Babe." His legs spread, balls drawing up.

"More of this?" Trip pinched his nipple. "Or more of this?" His cock was squeezed, stroked.

"Uh-huh." He nodded, groaning low.

Trip's chuckle shivered along his shoulder. "Greedy bastard."

"For you? Hell, yes." He almost crowed, happy as hell.

Trip growled and turned him around, mouth descending on his, hands sliding to grab his ass. Oh, fuck yes. He groaned, tongue fucking T's lips. Trip opened his mouth wide, rubbed against him, hands holding him close. He wrapped his legs around T's hips, trusting that strength implicitly, moaning low. Trip's answering moan filled his mouth, hands shifting him so their cocks slid together as he was moved against the solid body.

He arched, hips moving steadily, Trip's cock hot as a brand. One hand left his ass to tangle in his hair, Trip's mouth leaving his so it could slide along his neck, stopping to suck up a mark at his pulse point.

"Oh. Oh, yeah, T." The sun sparkled in his eyes. Trip moaned around his throat and kept sucking, kept working his skin. Those hands were still working, too, encouraging his hips, rubbing them together over and over. It was fucking sweet -- sunshine and skin, water cool against their legs.

"Bones." Trip whispered his name against his skin and shuddered, heat spraying between them.

"Fuck, yeah. Yeah." He tumbled right on after, still quick off the mark and ready.

Trip squeezed his ass. "Damn, that's still a fine way to wake up in the morning."

"Mm-hmm. My favorite way." He grinned, gave Trip a long kiss.

Trip rubbed their noses when the kiss ended. "I don't know, I think waking up already buried inside you might be my favorite."

Tony groaned, smiling into those warm blue eyes. "Oh, yeah..."

"I'm also fond of being kissed awake. Or fucked awake. Love it when I'm all tangled up in this hair." Trip's hands moved in his hair, soft moans sounding.

"Oh. Oh, fuck, yeah." He groaned, cock perking right back up.

Trip grinned. "You wanting again already, Bones?"

"Who me?" His chuckle was throaty, husky.

"No, I meant Cap." Trip winked.

"Bastard." Tony pushed in for another kiss, slow and sweet. Trip's hands tightened in his hair, tugging his head back, the kiss turning deep and hard. His belly went tight, he fucking got off on that hand in his hair. Whimpering, Trip pulled his hair over his shoulders and wrapped it around both their pricks, sliding it along their hot flesh. It made Trip shudder, made him moan.

"Perv..." He arched, hips shifting.

"Yeah, yeah. Fucking gets you off, too," muttered Trip, wrapping his hand around cocks and hair, sliding it up and down.

"Yeah..." He whimpered, toes curling.

"Yeah." Trip's voice was husky, fucking loving it. "Fuck, you're sexy."

"Just fucking want you." Trip nodded, hand working faster, sliding his hair over their cocks. His teeth found Trip's shoulder, sliding along the smooth skin.

Trip shuddered, hand squeezing harder. "Bones!"

"Yeah." He bit in, leaving a mark.

"Oh, fuck. Marking me." His hair caught around their pricks, tugging and Trip roared, coming hard.

Oh, that sound echoed deep inside him, vibrating him. "Babe. Oh, sweet fuck."

Trip's hand kept working, thumb pressing hair against his slit. He grunted, thighs shaking as he came, pleasure filling him. Trip splashed water on their cocks and bellies, his hair, sluicing away the come. "Good, Bones. Fucking good."

"Always, babe. Fucking always."

Trip nodded and kissed him hard. "Okay, lover. I think we need to go over the plan with Cap and TC, make sure we're good to go, figure out what time it is in Virginia and make our fucking call."

He nodded. "Yeah. Okay. We call and then we move, right? So they don't find us."

"Hell, yes. We don't make that call before we're packed up and ready to go. We'll have to decide if we're going to take the jeep with us or stay on foot. And if we're just going to move around for awhile or head back to the mountainside -- I guess that's going to depend on how this call goes."

"Okay. Cap and TC, they don't know about it right? About the cave?"

"Nope. They don't even have an idea where it is. Cap knows about Carrero's drop off point, but that's a two day walk from the cave. And it's not a cave, it's a house!"

He chuckled, nodded. "Yeah, T. Our house." Fucked as it was, he missed it.

Trip looked mollified. "Just 'cause a place is built out of stone..." He got a wink and a hard kiss. Trip turned and led him back to shore, stopping to pick up his own clothes before heading back to the tent butt naked.

He took a nice, long look, purring. Luscious. Trip turned back at the flap. "Aren't you coming?"

"Uh-huh." Talk about built out of stone...

"I meant to the tent," Trip added dryly.

"Oh. Yeah. Right." He blushed, but grinned, hurrying in before TC and Cap decided to take notice of their games.

Trip was pacing. Fucking nerves making him restless.

Their gear was all packed up, their stores of lube, chocolate, soap and paperbacks replenished. They had enough for maybe another month. Then they'd either find Cap and TC again or arrange for Carrero to make a drop off.

They weren't taking either vehicle, leaving those with Cap and TC. It would be too easy to track them or their trail in the jeep. Cap and TC were going to take off in two different directions once their call was made, taking the landline with them. He and Bones would head back home in a circuitous route. None of that made him nervous.

What made him nervous was this phone call. He needed to get as much information as possible out of them and he wasn't any fucking good at that kind of thing. Of course, watching Bones bounce around and fret wasn't helping either.

Cap shook his head. "You're a fine pair."

"Fuck off." He'd suggested that Cap could make the call, be the one who had Bones, but the man had a rep to protect, he was the one who got the business, organized the teams. His word was gold and saying he had Bones and then not following through would hurt him.

"Let's get it done, T. I want to get a move on."

He nodded and they all sat around Tin Can and the radio. "Get us in, Can."

It seemed to take forever, TC patching them here and there, going through relay after relay. Finally a low voice answered, "Who the fuck is this?"

"That doesn't really matter just now. I've got your target. Alive. I want my money." It was easy enough to growl the words out -- he wanted this guy dead. He wanted to be the one to do it, too.

"You're the fifth asshole to call and tell us that today. I need proof."

"You want one of his fingers?"

Bones gave him a look, mouthing, "Not funny!"

"Hold on." There was a conversation, low and muffled, then the voice returned. "Look under his right arm, there's a scar, what's it shaped like?"

"Gimme a sec." He frowned, counting to sixty so they'd think he was looking. How the fuck did they know about the scar under Bones' arm? It was pretty fucking new. Maybe in the last two years, three on the outside and he bet Bones' could pinpoint when he got it. "A jagged half moon."

Bones started pacing, frowning, and there was the sound of the phone changing hands, a younger man with a distinct northeastern accent speaking. "Make him say something. I want to hear his fucking voice."

He cut back his growl, wanting more than ever to fucking beat this guy to death. He looked at Bones. "Just give your fucking name. No funny stuff."

Bones searched his eyes and Trip knew, knew Bones had figured something out. "Anthony Rumer. My name's Tony."

"All right, you've heard his voice. I told you about the fucking scar. How do I get my money?"

"There's a hospital in Mexico City -- La Castaneda. Deliver him there to Dr. Sanchez. They'll keep him and have your funds."

"If they don't, he won't live to steal the package and then I'll come and find you." He was planning to go find this asshole anyway.

"Your money will be there. Don't try anything funny, either. They're used to dealing with insane men at the asylum. It won't matter to them if they have one or two new patients."

"I just want my money." He shut off the power, tossing the receiver with a growl and turning on Bones. "Who the fuck is that asshole?"

"You remember the kid I told you about? The young one? Bud or Bill or Benny -- shit, something. He was the little shit looking for jaguars? Tried to slip shit into my drink. Me and Eduardo and Marco caught him going through papers in my tent, going through shit and we fought." Bones shook his head, pale as a ghost.

"Well fuck. Little shit's fucked in the head. Explains why he put a much bigger purse on you alive, too." Trip wrapped Bones in his arms. Holding on.

"Sounds like he's planning on having you shipped to the States sedated under the guise of you being loco, Bones. They get a hold of you, you're screwed."

Bones was shaking. "I... Should I just go public? Maybe if I'm visible they'll back off..."

"No." He and Cap and TC answered together.

Bones just didn't think like a Merc. Bones looked at all of them, then relaxed against him. One thing he could say, Bones trusted him, followed him without question.

"This guy's a whack job, nothing but your death is going to make him back off." Tin Can called it like he saw it and never minced his words.

Trip nodded and then said "fuck yes." He grinned. "That's just what we're going to do."

"What?" Bones looked over. "Necrophilia's nasty, T."

He swatted Bones' ass, enjoyed it so much he did it again. "No seriously. If we convince them you're dead they'll stop searching."

"How?" Bones rolled those green eyes.

TC reached over, tugged the long braid. "Hack this off and send it."

Trip froze. "His hair?"

"You got a better idea, Trip?"

Bones frowned, shook his head. "Babe... I don't. No."

"I know, Bones, but if we can't think of another way... better your hair than your life." He fucking loved that hair. Just being brushed by it could make him shiver and shudder.

Bones pulled away from him, sighing. "I need a walk. I'll be back."

"Bones. You don't want me along I'll send Cap or TC with you, but you can't go alone. I'm sorry."

"Don't. I'm going for a walk. By myself. I'll stay within hearing range." Bones stormed off and Trip could see the fury pouring off him.

"Shit, man. Life sure doesn't treat him easy, does it?" Cap sounded genuinely sorry.

"I'll trail him. He won't know I'm there." TC shouldered his weapon and headed off after Bones at a deceptively casual pace.

Trip ran his hand over his head, sighing. "I want to kill this son of a bitch, Cap. With my own fucking hands."

Cap nodded. "Which one? Shit. This is utterly fucked up."

"Both," he growled, pacing around. "And yeah, it is. Bones wasn't fucking hurting a soul and these assholes come along and make his life fucking forfeit."

"How about hanging him? We could take pictures. Give him a couple bruises, then we fake a hanging. Send the shots."

"They're going to want a body, aren't they? Or a body-part... I suppose we can find a body the right size and set it on fire so they couldn't identify it as not him, send it along with the pictures."

Fuck, this was a mess all right.

"Well, you're not wanting the money, right?"

"Nope. Just for the world to stop fucking gunning for him."

Cap grinned. "So? We do the pics and me and TC make sure that little prick Doc finds 'em, gets the word around to whoever. Doc knew the man, after all."

He grinned. "That, my friend, is fucking brilliant. He'll cash them in and then one of his so-called friends will stab him in the back for the money and it'll solve two birds with one stone."

Cap's smile was positively wicked. "You know it, Trip. Multi-tasking, baybee."

Laughing, he looked around for Bones. "We need to change our plans then. Find somewhere to pull this off and then Bones and I'll head back to ground until we get word the bait was taken."

Cap grinned. "Yeah, and don't forget, the team's looking for a doctor again..."

He nodded. "We'll have to see what he wants." His eyes narrowed as he continued to search for some sign of his lover. "Come on, Bones, we need to book out of here."

"I'm coming." Bones appeared from a copse of trees.

TC was still trailing him, speeding up to catch up with Bones and join them at the same time.

"We've figured it out, but it's going to change our plans a touch. We're going to fake your death, Bones. Paint you up to look beaten and then hang you. Take pictures and make sure they get into Doc's hands."

"Oh, too fun!" TC looked tickled as hell. "I love a good faked hanging."

Bones blinked, tilted his head and started laughing. "Fucked up mercs."

"Yeah, we try, Bones." Cap was all grins.

He gave Bones a smile of his own. "We're going to get that price off your head, lover."

"Yeah? Gonna make me a free man?" Bones squeezed his hand, held on.

"Yeah, that's the plan. We can figure out what we're going to do after while we're waiting on word to get out that the prize for your head has been claimed."

Bones' eyes met his, steady, sure. So long as it was them together, it was good.

"I know a village we could go to, work up the pictures. It's not that far." Cap looked eager to get moving and Trip had to admit he wanted to be on the road himself. Get this done and over with.

"Then let's get a fucking move on." Bones nodded, moved over to the Jeep.

The sound of the flash bang rocked him, knocked him to his knees, the world going bright white.

Fuck.

Shit.

He blinked, shaking his head, tears fucking pouring out of his eyes. When his vision cleared, Bones was nowhere to be fucking seen. Roaring, he ran to the jeep, circled it, the Hummer. "Bones!"

He found one boot, Bones' watch. Those fucking wire-rimmed glasses.

"Fuck! Fuck! Bones!" He screamed it to the sky, just fucking pissed. Scared.

"Shit." Cap swayed a little, turning to TC. "Come on, baby. Come on, we gotta move. Come on."

"Where are you going? We've got to find him!" They weren't going to fucking abandon him now. They weren't.

Cap looked up at him, eyes flashing. "Get hold of yourself, Trip. We aren't fucking going to find him *here*, are we? Get me some water. We gotta get TC awake."

"Shit." He shook himself and grabbed a water bottle out of the jeep. Take care of the ones that were here. He brought it over, handed it to Cap. "Shit, Cap. I'm sorry."

"'s'okay, Trip. Get in the Jeep and drive. They can't be too far ahead. There's a radio. We'll take the Hummer and follow."

He nodded and high tailed it back to the jeep, checking out the road in front of it first, finding tracks from another vehicle heading south.

He got in and started the jeep up, barreling down the road. "Hold on, Bones. I'm coming."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Oh, sweet fuck.

Fuck.

Hurt.

He hurt.

Tony tried to open his eyes, but something was covering his head. Moving. They were moving. He moaned, rolling his shoulders, his wrists. There was something hurting in his leg, his back ached.

Fuck.

T.

Babe.

Please.

They hit another bump, and his head slammed against something -- a tire, maybe? Christ. If he puked now, he'd drown in it.

He faded in and out, not really waking up until they stopped, everything suddenly going quiet and still.

"So, so, so. How the fucking mighty have fallen." He couldn't see the kick coming, so he couldn't avoid it, the ache in his belly sudden and sharp.

Doc.

Fucker.

In a way, it was a relief. T knew this son of a bitch. T was smarter than him. T would come.

He was hoisted up over Doc's shoulder. "We're going to have a good time, you and me. And then you're going to make me a very large sum of money."

He made himself relax, brought his hands up to try and work the hood off. If he could see, he could run. He was dumped down onto the ground, or maybe a floor judging by the sound his body made, and another kick landed one his kidneys.

"Fucker." He tensed up, curling around himself, listening for a chance to kick.

"Oh yeah, I'm going to have me a piece of this ass, too." This time the kick landed square on his ass.

Tony swallowed his whimper, refusing to let anyone hear him cry out.

Oh, babe. Please. Please. You gotta find me.

Doc's hand was suddenly on his face, turning it up, squeezing to open his mouth. "Oh yeah. We're going to have a blast, Asshole. A real blast." Then Doc's mouth was on his, tongue pushing into his mouth.

He growled, bit down hard and held on, gagging at the taste of blood in his mouth. Fine, you motherfucker, but you'll hurt, too. Doc squealed like a fucking pig, hand slapping across his face hard enough to make him see stars.

It took five hard blows before he let go, slumping to the floor, world spinning. Come on, you prick. You might kill me, but I'll fight you the whole way.

The whole fucking way.

The trail had been surprisingly easy to follow and Trip figured whoever had Bones thought they'd managed to take him out as well as Cap and TC. They were about fifteen-twenty minutes behind him, TC having finally come out of it. Fifteen minutes was a lot of time though and if he caught up to whoever had his Bones he was gonna take them out on his own.

He followed the trail deeper into the jungle, stopping when his instincts told him he was getting close. He left everything in the jeep but his weapon, giving Cap and TC a call on the jeep's radio before continuing to follow the trail on foot.

He heard the dull sounds of flesh on flesh, swallowed growls of pain up ahead, then Bones voice, raw and desperate, "He'll come for me, you piece of shit."

You got that fucking right, Bones and I'm going to get to rip whatever piece of shit is doing this to you limb from fucking limb.

He found the ramshackle shack in a sudden clearing and he just barely kept from rushing it, going around the beat up jeep first, circling the place, making sure there wasn't more than one of them.

Every extra step not rushing into the cabin killed him; every hit he heard his Bones take was another blow he was going to land on this asshole's face.

Sure it was all clear, he rushed the door. It crumbled under his weight.

Doc.

Motherfucker.

Bones lifted his head from the floor, bloody and swollen.

With a roar he slammed the butt of his rifle across Doc's head, sending him slamming into the far wall. He pulled the magazine out of the weapon and tossed it on the ground, going after Doc with his fists, his right finding Doc's face, his left finding the man's gut.

Doc groaned, fighting him, blows glancing off his jaw, his chest. "No. No. I finally fucking got the shitty motherfucker!"

"I hope it was worth dying for, Asshole!" He was just whaling on Doc, landing blow after blow, grunting with satisfaction when he heard Doc's nose break, felt the man's pelvis shift beneath his fist. There was a dull click of a gun hammer, a wavering shadow covering them. He saw Bones, swaying, pointing a pistol at Doc.

"He's mine, Bones," he growled, landing another blow to Doc's head, sending the man to his knees.

"Uh-huh. J...just making sure. Making sure he doesn't get away."

"He's not gonna." He gave Bones a wild grin. "Good to see you standing."

Then he turned his attention back to Doc, beating the man into the floor. Bones watched, gun trained, not even flinching as TC and Cap pushed through the door.

He didn't stop even when Doc stopped fighting back, curling up to protect his belly, his head. He just switched to kicking, giving the man everything he'd given Bones and more, letting his shit kickers do their damage. He couldn't even hear Doc's whimpers anymore, couldn't hear anything but the rush of his blood in his ears.

It was Cap's hand that fell on his shoulder, strong and steady. "Trip. Tripwire. You need to take care of your man. It's over."

He nearly whipped around and hit the man, but managed not to, instinct telling him Cap was a friend. "He needs to be dead," he told Cap, pushing past him to get to Bones.

"He will be." Cap's voice was low, sure, but it didn't matter, not with TC standing over Bones who was on his knees, head on the floor.

"Bones." He bent and picked up his lover, cradling Bones against him. "Bones."

"I knew. I knew you would come." Bones shook, almost convulsing in his arms.

"Always," he growled, moving through the jungle with Bones, headed back to the jeep, to the first aid kit in his pack.

"T. T. I want to go home." Those green eyes were swelling shut. "I want my glasses."

"I've got them and your boot in the jeep, lover." They'd get home. Get home and lick their wounds and wait for Cap to send word things were safe again.

"Cool. I knew you would come." Bones groaned. "Almost bit his tongue off. Man, he was pissed."

He cheered. "Go Bones. That's my man." He got to the jeep and put Bones down, ignoring the battered face in favor of pulling open Bones' shirt. "Is anything hurting badly?"

"I took some heavy kidney blows, a couple to my tailbone." The thin belly was swollen, bruised.

He touched it carefully, pressing gently. "Bruised or worse?"

"Bruised. Hurts. Fuck, babe. I hurt."

"Yeah, you look like a meat grinder got you." He got the first aid kit out, pulling out the pain pills, their supply renewed by Cap and TC. "One or two, lover?"

"Two." Those long hands were shaking hard. "Oh, sweet fuck, I was scared."

"Yeah. Me, too." He hand over the pills and then helped Bones drink out of his canteen. "You're safe now though, Bones. Safe now."

"Uh-huh. I want to go home." Bones shook. "I want to get clean."

"I know. Once the pills kick in and I've talked with Cap and TC, I'll get you to a lagoon. You're not up to the walk home, Bones. Not yet."

"'kay." Bones leaned against him, sighing softly. "Are you okay? The blast? You're good?"

"I'm good, Bones. Real good." Of course he was still running on adrenaline, likely would be until he had Bones somewhere safe, a new temporary camp set up.

"I knew you'd come. You had to. He was going to double dip."

His stomach clenched. "He didn't dip though, did he?" He didn't know for sure how he was going to react if he found out Doc had raped Bones.

"No. No. He kicked me pretty good, but he didn't get the chance. You came."

"Thank God." He hugged Bones to him, heedless of the man's injuries, just needing to hold. Bones nodded, gasping, poor bruised face hidden in his chest.

He heard Cap and TC's signal, the two men coming down the path left by Doc's jeep a moment later. "He's dead?"

"Dog food." Cap nodded. "How's your guy?"

"He looks like dog food," growled Trip. "But I think he's going to make it. We need someplace safe for a few nights, organize and heal. There's no way Bones is up to a couple days hike with pack yet."

"We'll camp and take watch. You take care of him. Which way do you want to go, Trip?"

"Away from civilization." And away from the lagoon where Bones had been taken. "West."

"Cool. You able to drive now?" Cap was looking uncomfortable, ready to go.

"Bones?" He tilted Bones up to look at him, looking into those swollen green eyes. "We've got to move out, k?"

Bones looked dazed, stoned, head lolling. "Uh-huh."

He nodded. "We're good to go."

He strapped Bones in, fastening the seat belt tight and climbed in on the driver's side. Everything else could wait.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

He floated. Dreamed. They seemed to move forever, T's voice sounding when the dream sent him into dark corners.

When the motion stopped it was dark, beginning to rain. He flinched away when someone touched him, tried to move him, hurt him again.

"Sh. Bones. It's okay, it's me. Here." Pills were pressed against his lips. "I've got some water, too."

"You came." He'd believed. He had. But he'd been scared, too. And pissed.

"Of course I did. Okay, Bones. We've set up camp. I can carry you or you can try to walk, either way I'm pretty sure it's going to hurt like hell."

"I'll walk." He stood, made it three steps before crashing to his knees, the world shifting under his feet.

"Fuck." Two sets of hands slid beneath his arms, helping him over to the tent and down onto his sleeping bag.

He groaned and turned onto his side, kidneys burning and aching. Eventually he'd have to pee, see how bad he was bleeding.

Eventually.

Not yet.

"I'll give you a hand with stitches, anti-bacteria cream and bandages, Trip."

"Thanks, TC. Cap got first watch?"

"Yeah. Fuck, Bones. You look like shit."

"Fuck you. I'm fucking beautiful. Ask Trip."

"I've seen you look better, lover." Trip's fingers slid along his neck, one of the few places he didn't hurt.

"Can you tell if the pills kicked in yet? This is going to hurt and it'll be better if you're kind of floating."

"Yeah. Shit's sort of fuzzy." He tried not to tense, not to worry.

Trip cut off his clothes with a knife, the sound of the fabric tearing loud.

TC whistled low. "Shit."

"Is it bad?"

"You look like someone used you as a punching bag, Bones."

"Sorta what happened, T."

"Yeah, Bones, I know. Gonna clean your face now, put in a few stitches."

"Did I teach you how to do that?" He closed his eyes, trying to breathe, to chill the fuck out.

"We all know how, Bones. Sew, slap on a bandage, inject the anti-bug juice." Trip started sewing, up around his right eyebrow.

He curled his toes, breath speeding a little. "Well, Doc was a fucking useless butcher anyway."

Trip growled, the sound low and menacing.

"Easy, Trip," muttered TC. "Pay attention to what you're doing."

"Yeah, Babe. Don't make me so I scare you away. I'm too old to be hunting lovers."

"Gonna take more than another scar or two to scare me away." Eventually, Trip was finished sewing and washing, bandaging him up. "I don't like all this swelling around your belly, Bones."

He nodded. "I'm hoping he didn't tear anything loose. If he did, hell, you're better off heading out and leaving me a loaded pistol. Thinking it's the kidneys though. Those'll hurt like fuck, but so long as they keep working, it won't kill me."

Trip made a noise. "I wish I could get you to a hospital."

He shook his head. It was too risky and would endanger them all. "I'll heal or I won't."

"I know. It would be too easy for someone to pick you off for the reward. And you will heal, Bones. You hear me? Won't just isn't an option."

"You don't think?" God, he loved this man.

"No, I don't think it at all, I know it. You need food or water or are you better without, Bones? You've got to help me here."

"No food. Water. If I don't piss before morning..." Trip was right. No thinking.

"Here's the water," said TC. "I'm going to go do a walk around of camp. You guys get some sleep."

"Thanks, man," Trip said. Then his lover was pressing the canteen to his lips. "Drink up, Bones."

He drank deep, wincing. Fuck, he was sore.

Trip's hand slid over his head and once he was finished drinking, the solid body moved to spoon up behind him. He pressed back, soaking up the heat, the love. Trip's hand slid over his thigh, resting there. "This okay?"

"Yeah. You're warm." Tears slid down his cheeks, silent, full of rage.

Trip kissed the back of his neck and tugged the second sleeping bag up over them, hand returning to his hip. "I'm sorry, Bones. I'm so fucking sorry I let this happen to you."

"Not even you are stronger than a popper like what hit us, babe."

"I shouldn't have let it happen. We got sloppy somewhere. Meeting up with Cap and TC, I guess. Thought we were safe, thought we were so smart." Trip kissed the back of his neck again. "I'll do better. It won't happen again." He could hear the promise in Trip's voice.

"No. It won't, babe." He patted Trip's hand. "It's gonna be okay."

"Long as you're okay, it's gonna be just dandy." Another kiss pressed against the back of his neck. "Love you, Bones."

He nodded, closing his eyes. "Love you, babe."

"Yeah. Try to get some sleep, Bones. Hopefully you'll feel better in the morning."

He nodded. Right. Tomorrow and the next day would be sheer hell. If he survived it? He'd feel better.

Trip was up at dawn, walking the perimeter of their camp, growling low in the back of his throat. Three fucking days. They had to move. He didn't know if they could. Bones was in so fucking much pain, even with the pain pills he was hurting badly. Trip wanted to beat Doc to a fucking pulp all over again.

He also had the need to get Bones somewhere safe, somewhere properly defensible, just crawling up his spine.

The only good thing he could see out of this whole mess was that Doc's people thought Bones was dead. The asshole had confessed to Cap and Tin Can, hoping to bribe them with the money he had coming in. It wouldn't happen overnight, but soon enough, word would get out that Tony Rumer was dead. And then Bones would be safe.

But he still didn't feel safe, wouldn't without that time and space.

He nodded to Cap and made his way back to their tent, hoping Bones was finally feeling some relief. He found the tent empty, the bedroll mussed and he fought the instinct to panic. He straightened up, looked around, caught the sight of long pale hair in the sunlight, Bones swaying, heading back.

He breathed a sigh of relief and smiled at Bones. The last thing his lover needed was him hovering too much. "Morning, Bones. How's things?"

"Bleeding's better. Think I might try some real food today." Bones smiled, bruised up face a little grotesque still.

A real smile though, and that after the trip to take a piss. "You're being awfully generous, calling those c-rations real food."

Oh. A laugh. A real laugh. "You mean you didn't go hunt me a hamburger?"

"Sorry, Bones. I got distracted by that hair." He reached out and ran his hand over the messy braid. "You think it would hurt to sit and let me brush it?"

"I think it would feel wonderful."

"Fucking A." He folded the sleeping bag up and laid it on the ground outside the tent so they could enjoy the early morning sunshine. Then he found Bones' brush and sat behind him on the folded sleeping bag. A soft moan left him as he undid what was left of the braid, carding his fingers through the long, soft hair.

Bones relaxed against him, moaning low. "Love your hands."

"They love you." He slid them along Bones' shoulders, down the long spine and then back through Bones' hair. Then he picked up the brush and started to run it through the long hair.

He moaned, cock going hard in his cammos. He could hear Bones' soft little sounds, sweet and low. Happy. He thanked God he was sitting here with the man, listening to them. It had been too fucking close. He shook that off, concentrating on the experience of playing with Bones' hair. Soft, silken, the strands shone in the sunlight, caressing his hand.

"Fuck, Bones..." He whimpered, free hand sliding through the blond hair along with the brush. It made him shiver and want.

"Mmm... I wish. Yeah."

"Soon, yeah?" Bones wouldn't be hurting forever.

"Hell, yes. Soon as the swelling eases, your prick is mine."

He moaned. "Good." Damn, he was getting tired of waiting for Bones to heal up. "No more injuries, lover."

"I'll make a note of it."

"See that you do, Bones." He leaned in and placed a kiss on Bones' neck. "I need you whole."

"I am. Whole. Just banged up. We going home soon?" He wasn't sure if Bones sounded longing or tired.

"Just as soon as you're up to four days of hard walking."

"Let's go, then. I'll muscle through."

Oh, fuck, he wanted to go. Badly. Every moment they stayed here increased their chance of being discovered, of someone finding Bones, not knowing he was supposed to be dead already.

"Are you sure?"

"If I get tired, we'll rest." Bones turned looked at him. "I'm feeling as good now as I will for a few days. The stuff that's hurting takes time."

He was going to ask if the walking would slow the healing, but Bones was the doctor and he wouldn't second guess his lover.

"All right. Let's get some food in you, repack our bags, see if we can't steal some extras off Cap and TC."

"Yeah. Okay. Next fucking supply run? I want smokes."

"Yeah, lover. Top of the list." He braided Bones' hair back up, running the thick rope of silk through his hand.

"I'll make it home, T. I'll keep up." Bones turned when he was done, took a kiss.

He kept it light, moaning into the sweet kiss, careful of Bones' bruises. "Yeah. I won't let you fall behind."

"Take me home."

"You got it." He squeezed Bones' shoulder and got to work on taking down their tent and repacking their bags.

Home. They couldn't get there soon enough.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

It took them a week to get home. The first day he'd passed out in the jungle. The second day he'd had the good sense to warn T that he was done. But the fourth day was better and the fifth day better still.

He was going to live.

Theoretically.

If he got a cigarette one day.

At the bottom of the last steep section to their cave-house, T took off their packs and wrapped a solid arm around his waist, manhandling him up.

He didn't fight, let T help him. "Home. Home. We made it."

"We sure did." T helped him over to the bed, lying him down.

Then Trip grinned. "What do you want more than anything right now?"

"A cold beer, a cigarette and you naked in a hot tub."

Trip chuckled. "And which one would you bet you could never have right at this moment."

He narrowed his eyes. "Are there cigarettes here?"

"Maybe."

"T. I have had a really long week. I would hate to have to beat you."

Trip laughed and bent to kiss him. "You've done good this week, Bones, I'm proud of you."

Trip went over to the back of their home and came back with a carton -- a fucking carton -- of cigarettes. "I hid them just in case."

"Oh, sweet fuck." He managed to get one out, fingers trembling as he lit up. Oh.

Oh, he'd thought maybe he'd never. Oh. Fuck. He stood up, shaking hard, panic riding him hard.

Trip's grin faded. "Bones?"

Everything just crashed down on him like a ton of bricks and he couldn't speak, couldn't move. Couldn't do. Trip pulled away the cigarette and those strong arms wrapped around him, eased him back to the bed. He struggled to catch his breath, Trip's arms strong, sure, anchoring him.

"It's okay, Bones. It's okay. We're safe. You're safe. I've got you."

He nodded, gasping. "Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Sorry. Sorry. I., T."

"It's okay. Don't talk, just breathe."

He listened, just holding on. Just breathing and watching, world finally slowing down. Trip kept holding, hand sliding along his back, murmuring quietly. His breath slowed, eyes blinking up to meet Trip's. "Sorry."

Those blue eyes were warm, concerned. "It's okay, Bones."

"I know. I know. I... I love you." He leaned close, heart beating steadily.

"I love you, Bones." Trip purred for him, pulling him in closer. His hands petted Trip, panic attack fading, his body responding to Trip's heat. Trip purred, pushed against him. "Oh, lover... you up to something like this?"

"Shh. I need this. I need to be alive. I need you."

"You don't have to tell me twice." Trip's mouth covered his, lips as gentle as the hands that slid over him.

He moaned, lips opening, letting Trip in. Yes. Love. Babe. Yes. Trip deepened the kiss, tongue sliding in to taste him fully. He relaxed, breathing Trip in, letting his heart be eased. Trip's fingers slid beneath his shirt, moving so carefully along his skin.

"Yes." This was what he needed.

"Don't want to hurt you," murmured Trip, pulling his shirt up over his head. Warm lips touched against his bruised skin, soft and careful, loving him.

"You won't." He let Trip love him, heal him. Trip moaned, fingers dropping to his pants, tugging them open and off as Trip's mouth slid over his skin like Trip was worshipping him. He nodded, hair caught beneath him. "Yes. Babe. Yes."

Each bruise was kissed and licked, stroked by tender fingers. His nipples were sucked, his navel toyed with. When Trip got to his cock, his lover looked up at him, blue eyes shining. "Bones."

"All yours, babe. Every bit of me."

Trip growled softly and turned back down to swallow his cock whole, as if an inescapable answer to his words. Oh, so soft, so hot. So good. He needed. Trip's head bobbed on his cock, lips sliding along his flesh in an unending kiss as one of Trip's hands cupped his balls, rolled them softly.

"T. Oh, gonna. Gonna, babe..." He shifted, came with a groan, pleasure just washing over him.

Trip kept sucking, pulling out one aftershock after another before slowly kissing his way back up, still so gentle and caring. Bones hummed, met those warm eyes. "Brought me home."

"I did." Trip kissed him. "And I'll do it again and again, as much as I need to."

"Thank you." He cupped Trip's face. This was all his fault, all of it, and Trip still stayed with him.

Trip nuzzled against his hand. "You might as well thank me for breathing, Bones."

"I've really screwed shit up for you, babe. I didn't mean to."

"Stop that, Bones. The ones who screwed shit up were your father and that lunatic. And it was your life they screwed up. My shit was screwed up long before I came down here and met you. This? Just another day except I get to spend it with my lover which makes it better than average."

He cupped that strong face. "My merc."

Trip nodded. "And you better not forget it."

"Not for a second."

Trip nodded again, turned to kiss his hand. "Good." Then he got a grin. "Now should I hide those cigarettes on you again?"

He chuckled, licked Trip's shoulder. "I don't need one right now. I got you."

EPILOGUE

Trip moved easily through the jungle, keeping an eye on Haika who was walking point ahead of him. They were nearly at Obutu, one of the local villages on their run, and weren't expecting any trouble, but the big oil and logging and development companies were getting more active and bolder and it never hurt to maintain a high level of caution.

He glanced over at Bones, admiring the tall, lean figure. Bones walked with confidence, not even bending beneath the heavy weight of his pack. They'd come a long way in five years. Bones was healthy, no longer on the most wanted list. Or at least, no longer most wanted by mercs and bounty hunters and lunatics. Now the villages they visited welcomed him with open arms, brought him their sick and dying for healing.

A traveling doctor. It was a crazy idea, but it was working and Bones had never been happier.

Cap and TC were behind them -- they always traveled as five, though their local guide and the mercs who came with them changed every few months -- just to be safe. He and Bones funded the supplies, the people Bones helped paying in food, shelter, whatever they could afford.

He could see Haika slowing and he gave Bones a grin. "You ready for them, Bones?"

"Always T." Those green eyes shone, bright and happy. "Hasta. Time to work!"

Chuckling, he nodded and strode ahead of Bones, catching up with Haika, who'd met up with a boy from the village. "Your village need the doctor?" he asked in the local language.

The kid's eyes went wide and he nodded, turned to run back home, shouting "Doctor, Doctor."

Bones chuckled. "We got goodies for the little ones, T? I'm going to want to check out as many as we can."

He nodded. "Chocolate and yo-yos. And Cap brought a whole box of vaccines with him, too."

They were suddenly at the edge of the village, their little messenger waiting there for them with a group of his friends, adults coming to see what all the shouting was about. Their faces broke into smiles as they recognized him and Bones. Trip had to admit, it was nice receiving welcomes like that.

The cries of 'esqueleto' and 'viaje' filled the air, the village medicine man greeting Bones with true warmth.

They were led to the center of the village, setting up shop right away. They'd stay a few days, there would be plenty of time to talk and visit, continue to forge the friendships they were making here.

Bones was in his element, happy and working at what he loved to do.

And that was all Trip needed for his own happiness.

It was good to be home.

end.

