



TIMELESS

HUNGER

BA TORTUGA

Timeless Hunger
By BA Tortuga

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PREFACE

He spent days and days thinking about time, about the weight of an hour, a minute. One second falling onto another and another. It exhausted him, wore upon him like a shirt of lead.

Over and over he hibernated, his hunger quiet, his world tightened down to one simple space, dark and silent, the bothers of wars and life and building and destruction beneath his notice, his attention. During those times he stared at his hands, watched the dust settle on his skin. Time. In time, all things faded. All things.

Most things.

Most things faded.

He sighed and began to pack a satchel with the items he had gathered over the last few weeks – clothing, shoes, money, papers. A few books. Things a man might need.

Things that changed with time.

CHAPTER ONE

The charges were in place. Everything looked good, and Knox was ready to clear the building and head across the street to his little box of fuses and watch it go.

The house had some serious-ass character, and it was a damned shame, but it had been allowed to deteriorate to the point where the city had foreclosed, and wanted it torn down to make way for a sleek new grouping of condos. They would fit into the neighborhood on the outside, looking semi-arts-and-crafts, but on the inside, damn. They were gonna have the shit.

"You got everyone out, Freddy?"

His crew boss grunted. "Had to kick Lopez out. He fiddled and fiddled. But yeah."

"Excellent. Let's get going then. We're on a schedule." Grabbing his hat, Knox headed for the door, checking the worst danger areas automatically one last time.

What the fuck?

There was...

There couldn't be.

There was a crazy bastard lounging -- lounging -- on the porch, fiddling with some of his charges.

"What the fucking Hell are you doing, asshole?" He advanced, putting his boot heels down hard. Knox knew he was a big, intimidating guy and right now he was gonna use that to his best advantage.

"This is my house and I don't want it blown up." The lounge never tensed, the long, lean body stretched out. Dark eyes looked up over a ski-slope nose. "I just returned to town. This is a most unpleasant surprise."

"You shoulda taken that up with the city. They waited six months. Freddy? Call the cops."

"I'll take it up with them, tomorrow. This building's been in my family's care forever. It can wait one more day."

"No, it can't. I'm on a schedule. I have to be in Atlanta tomorrow." His teeth made a

funny noise as he ground them. Freddy slipped away to make the call, and he moved in to slap those long fingers away from the wires. "That thing *can* go off, you know."

"So go to Atlanta. Or wait. Last time I checked the newspaper, it stopped burning decades ago." The long fingers slapped back.

Knox narrowed his eyes. "You're some piece of work. Brass cojones, I'll give you that. But ain't no way you own this place."

"I assure you, my familial name is on the deed."

"Then why is it rotting back into the ground? You like the organic look?" Hand on hips, Knox braced his legs, glaring down at the way too damned casual looking guy. Shouldn't he be even a little intimidated? Just a tiny bit? Knox wondered if he was losing his touch.

"I told you, I've been away. I haven't been in town in much too long. I only just arrived today." He got a long look, eyes traveling up his body slow as molasses.

Something went ping, but Knox ignored it. "Well this place has been rotting for maybe fifteen years. So if you gave a damn about it, the time is long past."

"And the history here? The words? The stories? They mean nothing?" He got a dismissive sniff.

"Who's here to hear them?" Why the fuck was he arguing? Just about the time he decided to assault the guy, though, the cops showed, having been nearby anyway.

Dark eyes just rolled. "Of course, default to the police. Coward."

"Coward! Man, I got a job to do. What the fuck did you think..."

"What seems to be the problem, Mr. Knoxville?"

"Knoxville? Named for a town, hmm?" One eyebrow rose. "There seems to be a misunderstanding, officer. This man is bent upon destroying my house."

The poor cop looked confused as hell. Knox couldn't blame him. "He says he owns the place, Dewey. But he hasn't shown me any papers, and hasn't talked to the city. He's just fiddled with my charges."

"Go look at the deed. Saur. S. A. U. R. This is my family home."

"Uh. Well, sir, if you have a claim." Dewey gave him an apologetic, and nervous, glance. "We have to hold off, sir. Until we can see if it's true."

"Jesus fucking Christ."

"I assure you he wasn't involved. Just history." Saur's eyes just danced.

Knox's eyes were probably dancing too, but from the steam building up. "You fucker. If you louse up my fucking blow..."

"Are you threatening me, Mr. Knoxville? Here, in front of these nice police officers?"

Baring his teeth, he backed off, hands clenching and unclenching. "No. Of course not. Dewey, take this man to whoever needs to look at his paperwork. Now. I want an answer in no less than an hour. Go or not."

"Thank you, sir." Those eyes pinned him. "I can trust you not to blow my house up while I'm gone, can't I?"

The "pup" was almost whispered, almost lost.

Knox glowered. "I won't do it until I get the word." His "asshole" was not whispered at all.

"Temper, temper. Whatever would your mother say? Speaking that way to your elders?" The man moved slowly, not intimidated, not worried in the least. Fuck.

Growling, he glared at Freddy. "Elder my ass. Tell the crew to get lunch. I'll have my phone. I'm going for a drive."

"Sure, boss. You want me to just stay here? Watch the..."

They moved away from the site, towards the trucks when the charge on the porch fired. The one that motherfucker had touched.

He and Freddy went flat, knocked right off their feet, and damned if the place didn't start going off like the fourth of July. His ears rang, his face stinging and his back getting pelted with debris. Luckily everything else went in like it was supposed to, the house folding in on itself.

Only the porch landed half out in the street.

God fucking damn it.

The cops, the crowd, the sorry motherfucker, Dewey -- they were all just watching, silent.

Dusty.

Knox sat up, shaking his head to get the pine chips out of his hair.

Well," he told Freddy, "at least we're gonna be on schedule."

He hadn't had such fun in years, honestly.

Isaac had fallen apart at the city offices, even made the sweet little secretary ladies cry. He'd stormed and stomped, ranted and raved and threatened. It wasn't really the end of the world, honestly, but it was damned inconvenient, coming in from Seville to nothing.

Besides, the dust all over his clothes made him look *very* waifish.

That took skill, damn it. Skill and years of practice.

It was one of the dear, dear ladies that managed to find his Anthony -- Anthony Beauregard Knoxville -- wasn't that just perfect for the pup? Not only that, she was kind enough to hand over the man's home address, phone number, birth date. Luscious. Isaac shifted the knapsack on his back and hit the doorbell, making sure the light hit him perfectly.

Answer the door, pup. It's time to play. I've waited so long.

The big oak door opened, the man himself standing on the other side, wearing a t-shirt and a pair of loose lounge pants, dark eyebrows snapping together over the bridge of his nose. A very nice nose it was too, strong and long enough, but managing to turn up just the tiniest bit at the end. Lovely. "What the Hell?"

"Good evening, Anthony. You look none the worse for wear." Adorable. Just edible.

"Anth...my name is Knox. And I don't know you, so I'll thank you not to act like I do. What the Hell do you want?"

The lush southern drawl got deeper when he shouted. Fascinating.

"Well, you don't know me, but you did just destroy my home, which makes us almost close in an esoteric way, don't you think?" Oh, he'd been so bored.

"I. You. Oh, you sonofabitch. You're the one who fucked up my demo job. What. Are. You. Doing here." Knoxville bit every word out like it was bitter and huge.

"I've got nowhere to go, Anthony. You assured that. It's only polite to offer me a place to recuperate from the shock." He slid past Knoxville, stepping into the house, just like that.

A roar answered his bold move, a strong hand closing on his shoulder to twirl him around as neatly as if he were a dancer. "Oh, I don't think so."

"No?" Oh, come now. Isaac knew the man had more in him than that. They always did. "You were the one who destroyed my home. You left a demolition scene unsafe and unattended. All I'm asking is common decency, Anthony."

"Common..." An ominous rumble started, low in that nice wide chest. "Common decency would have been keeping up with your fucking ancestral home, not wheedling my name and address out of someone and showing up at my house. And thank God I left the fucking thing unattended. If someone had been in the house they would have gone right up in flames thanks to you."

"Moi? I admit, I hadn't seen the place in decades, but to destroy it? After the nice policemen said not to? That was rude." Pretty wide chest trailing down into a flat belly and what promised to be a gloriously tight ass.

A deep flush rose under the skin of Knox's throat and cheeks. "I didn't." The words could have been two boulders grinding together. "You fucked with the wiring."

"Me? I'm a historian, not an electrician. Is that what you are, Anthony? An electrician?" One day, he'd have that man stretched out underneath him and the flush would be pure need.

"God damn it. Get out of my house." One big hand touched him again, closing around his upper arm like a steel band, working to haul him back toward the door.

"You're not even going to offer a homeless man a bone, a place to wash his hands?"

He got a look that would have felled a lesser man. "Fine. Use the bathroom. Then go."

"Thank you, Anthony. You're too kind." He tilted his head, taking the house in while he waited for direction or that amazing hand to show more of what it could do.

The place was a late nineteenth century two-story, but it had been updated with an intriguing mix of chrome and glass juxtaposed with old-fashioned southern antiques. The hallway flashed by rather hurriedly, though, as he was dragged down it to the powder room.

He was rather unceremoniously shoved into a nicely outfitted little guest bath, the door slamming behind him. Oh, look. Shaped soaps. Little blue swans. Someone's mother was involved. Or maiden aunt. Or flaming queen bottom fuckbuddy – he did so like that term, he'd learned it from a charming young man in a cruise ship bathroom. "Your wife has quite the eye for decorating."

"I'm not married. Don't you touch the swans. My Aunt Emma would never forgive me."

"I wouldn't dream." He stripped off his sweater, finding a wash cloth and filling the basin with hot water. "Divorced then?"

"No." The short, bald answer hung in the air. "Hurry up, will you?"

"I have little bits of my only home covering me. Try to have a little compassion." He smiled at himself in the mirror. Honestly, he needed to find a regular barber.

"Bullshit. You're the kind who finds a home anywhere." The thud of a heavy fist on the door surprised him.

Intuitive. Clever. He approved. Making sure his face and chest were damp, he opened the door and faced the pup head-on. "You really need to watch your blood pressure. You're young to get so flushed."

"It's all from restraining my urge to rip your head off and shit down your neck. You done?" Those eyes were so dark they were almost black, but, oh, they flashed fire.

"Not quite. Honestly, you're acting as if I actually did something to the wiring at the house. It was *my* home. Now it's rubble."

"I think I might kill you." Meditative, if still growly. He thought Knox might mean it, the way the gravel went to silk, the way the light changed in those eyes, Knox's upper lip curling up in an evil, evil smile.

Isaac laughed, amused clear through. "Oh, pup. I'd love to see you try."

CHAPTER TWO

There was a guy on his couch. Lounging. Long, long legs stretched out along the civil war style sofa, pillows piled up on it stolen from all of the chairs in the room.

Knox had not invited this guy to stay on his couch, had in fact tried to kick him out, but Saur was completely immovable when he wanted to be. Not like a mountain, which Knox had occasionally been compared to. No, this guy was like a cat that didn't want to be picked up, going all boneless and impossible.

And arrogant as hell.

And Knox didn't even know his first name.

"No, I am not making you breakfast, asshole."

"No? You don't like mornings? Shame. It's so pleasant, watching the day come to life."

"I love mornings. When I can drink my coffee and watch the sun come up and be *alone* in my own house? I adore it. Why are you here?" He just didn't get it. Knox scratched his bare belly, thinking about pancakes. IHOP. Somewhere not here.

"A nice cup of tea works too, but there is something so unequivocally male about coffee." Saur stretched, back popping. "And I'm here because I don't have anywhere else to be, Anthony."

"Knox." He was trying not to stare. He really was. But there was something about that long body that drew his eyes. Something about that stupid nose and twinkling grin. "What's your name?"

"Isaac. It means laughter. Are you an Anthony or a Tony?"

"I just told you I go by Knox." His older brother had been Anthony, the one he'd never known, the one who died a year before he was born. He'd never measured up in his momma's eyes to the first one.

"Knox works, possibly even suits. Have you been blowing people's houses up long?"

"Houses, sheds, skyscrapers. My company does the clean-up work, too." He was damned good at demolition. And he liked it. So what? "You gonna get off my couch any time today?"

The sharp chin tilted. "Possibly. It's quite comfortable. What do you do with the rubble?"

"Depends. Some of it gets recycled. Like if your old place hadn't had rot and termites? People woulda paid well for the floors and some of the moldings."

Okay. He could call the cops, but that had worked so spectacularly last time. He could blow up his own couch, but he doubted the insurance peeps would buy his excuse. He could beat the guy to death...

Knox wandered over, looking right down at...Isaac. That was it. "Well, I think it's time for you to move on now, mister. Fun as it's been."

"Has it been? Fun, that is? You've hardly cracked a smile." Isaac didn't seem the slightest bit disturbed by his looming. "Weren't you going to Atlanta?"

"They cancelled." His gut twisted up when he thought about it and he actually reached for Isaac before he thought about it, hauling him up off the couch easily. "Because of you. Out."

"Me? I didn't do a thing." The man was hot, relaxed, easy in his hands. It was unreal.

Knox wondered for a minute if Isaac would flop right down into the same posture if he was dropped. "They heard what happened. You cost me a job."

And a chance to get laid. Surely Jason would have let an old friend spend the night.

"I assure you, I didn't blow my house up. That would have been most pointless."

Speechless, he just shook his head and let go, just to see what would happen. Isaac slid down his body, shoulder to knee, just boneless and heated and liquid, before settling on the sofa. Knox tingled, skin on fire, the heat fucking surprising him. His cock twitched, threatening to raise in his thin sleep pants, so he turned his back. "Eggs or waffles?"

"Waffles, please. Shall I make coffee?" He swore he could feel heat on the small of his back, breath.

"Yeah. Yeah, sure. Just don't mess with the wires or the plugs, yeah?" Kitchen. Now. Or maybe bathroom.

"You have my word, pup."

"Right. We'll see how good that is. I'll be. Uh. Back. In a minute." Knox fled, seeking cold water. Once he splashed a whole bunch on his crotch, he was ready to go to the kitchen, where Isaac already had everything going, cabinets open, waffle maker out and coffee on. Nosy bastard.

"Better?" Isaac whistled tunelessly, moving about like he belonged there. Asshole.

"Sure. I'm having the most surreal day of my life, but sure. Stop that. I use half and half." Knox took over the waffle batter making.

"Oh, a man of decadent tastes. I approve." Two mugs were pulled out of the cabinet. "How do you take your coffee? Black? Whiskey? Creamy? Sweet?"

"Black is fine." He bought good coffee for a reason. Some little devil made him add, "I keep some fancy-assed tea for my maiden aunt, if you'd rather."

"Perhaps later. This will do for now." Isaac took it sweet. No. Not sweet. Any concoction that was half sugar was obscene.

"That's not coffee. That's sludge." He added a little vanilla to the waffle mix. Aunt Emma said vanilla was for waffles, cinnamon for French toast.

"I have a sweet tooth." Isaac hummed happily, eyes dragging over him again, making him feel naked. "Quite a sweet tooth."

"I would never have noticed." He had real maple syrup, that oughta make the man happy. Though why the hell he was worried about that. He ought to feed Isaac rat poison.

Isaac chuckled, the sound deep and happy and husky. "I'll get the butter."

Sternly reminding his body that cold water awaited should he need it, Knox poured the first batch of waffles before reaching for the coffee. Oh. Good.

Isaac managed, after much bending and wiggling and searching, to find the butter, unwrap it, and get it on a little plate, licking his fingers after like a huge cat. Lord, lord. That finger licking. Knox practically burned his fingers getting the first batch of waffles out, trying not to think about it. "Syrup's in the cabinet above the microwave."

Which let him see the stretch the other way. Oh. That was... Damn.

He thumped himself. Damn it.

There.

They finally had everything arranged and he sat down for the weirdest meal of his life. Isaac, barring the fact that the man wasn't invited and wasn't welcome, was interesting to watch, moaning and humming over each bite, licking the fork clean, then washing the waffle down with coffee. Those dark eyes focused on him periodically, almost including him in the meal.

Knox just didn't know what to make of him. So in the end, he just didn't. He ate. He had coffee. He looked back because he couldn't not.

"Thank you for the waffles. It's been years since I had any."

"What, have you been living in a cave?" Shaking his head, Knox started gathering up dishes, just so he'd stop staring.

"Basement, actually, of a beautiful library overseas. Doing research." Isaac split the remaining coffee between them.

"They have waffles over there." He'd been to Belgium once. Yum.

"I was caught in my work. I didn't get out."

He gave Isaac a curious look. "What, did they lock you in? What kind of research?"

"Rare diseases in royal lines of eastern European families, actually. The records are fragile; their keepers don't appreciate too much in-and-out, so to speak."

"I bet. They're too old and crusty for in and out." Let the man think what he would of that. "So are you done with that job, or are you going back?"

"I got called away. Thought I'd come here and have a bit of a sabbatical." Isaac chuckled, ambling along with him.

"Here. Rinse. Make yourself useful as well as ornamental." The plates practically stuck to his hands they'd used so much syrup. That they had in common. Knox sucked maple off his thumb.

"I do useful almost as well as I do ornamental." Isaac's voice did that husky thing again, eyes watching his mouth.

"Oh, you do pretty well enough." He snapped his lips shut, convinced the sugar had affected his brain. That or the blast the day before.

"Pretty?" He got another head tilt, a look at that long throat, collarbones exposed over the loose neckline of the sweater. "With this nose?"

Okay, was there scopolamine in the butter? Because he couldn't seem to stop himself.

"It's the way you're put together. And you have the most amazing eyes. Probably the only reason I didn't kick your ass five ways to Sunday."

"Exactly what happens to an ass when it's kicked like that?" Isaac's hand slid over his hip, reaching for a dishrag.

He jumped nearly a foot. "It gets nice and bruised. Here, let me move."

"You're fine." The back of Isaac's hand brushed him on the way back.

"No I'm not," he muttered, backing away. "I should go get some clothes on."

He was saved by the bell, the phone ringing like to scare him to death. Crossing the kitchen, Knox picked it up. "'Lo?"

"Hey, it's Freddy. The Atlanta job is off permanently. But the Savannah deal came through. Can you be down there tomorrow morning?"

Glancing at his houseguest, Knox grinned. "Can I? Oh, hell yes. I'll see you there."

"Cool. Oh, and Margie needs you to sign checks sometime today."

Margie was Freddy's wife and Knox's office manager. A hell of a lady. "I'll stop by."

"Cool. Later."

"Later." He hung up, grinning to beat the band.

"Good news?" One dark eyebrow arched.

"Yeah. A job." A way to get Isaac-sexy-Saur out of his house. "Out of Athens. Looks like you're gonna have to go."

"With you? What a sweet offer, I appreciate it."

His jaw dropped. "What?"

Isaac smiled, washed another plate. "I was thanking you, pup."

"But I... No way. You're not." Had he said that? Knox re-ran the conversation in his mind and his shoulders slumped. Damn. "Be ready by noon."

Someday he was gonna learn to watch his mouth.

And maybe then he'd get rid of his new best friend.

CHAPTER THREE

Cursed snow.

He could feel it -- every infernal flake landing upon his skin with a sizzle. The fevers raged inside him, near to driving him mad, but not near enough.

Not enough to silence the fury inside him, the hunger that wouldn't be fed, that squatted at the base of his skull like a bloated toad.

A corpse lay beyond the trees, mangled and bloody, the scent calling out the wolves to hide his fury, his need.

"You there." The voice came seemingly from nowhere, the clatter of hooves just as sudden, just as surprising. The man and mount loomed over him in the dark, the horse's breath steaming just like his skin. "Is all well?"

He snarled over, tugged his cloak closer still. "This is no night to be riding alone, stranger."

Go, before I decide to be less than kind.

The man snorted. "Better to be riding than walking, you damned fool. Come, let me at least give you transport out of these woods. There's wolves about." One large, square hand, gauntleted in rough leather, poked down at him, offering a boost up.

The horse bucked as he moved, the terrified whinny echoing through the air. Isaac stepped back, stumbling over a root as he did, the mount's hooves rising up off the snow as if the thing would fly.

A vicious curse rang through the woods, but the man reined in his mount, boots thudding as they landed on the ground. That same big hand that had reached to help him now grabbed him roughly, pulling him out of harm's way.

"You're covered in blood. Good God, man. Were you set on by wolves?"

"I..." He shook his head, eyes caught by the moon, light just visible through the clouds. Simplicity was the way. "I was traveling and my companion was overcome by a beast. He is lost."

"And you are still wandering about? Are you mad?" The world spun as his feet left the ground, the casual strength of the man surprising him as he landed on the saddle, sending the horse into another round of snorts and stamping. The damned beast quieted when his rescuer vaulted up behind him, however.

He would have laughed, quite hysterically should he be honest, at the thought of being rescued from himself, but the arms around him were not altogether unattractive, the heat against his back more than welcome.

"Hold tight." They lurched off into the night, the horse seeming as eager as the man to get out of the woods. Really, the motion was soothing.

The snow continued, drifting down through the trees, landing on his bare head, on the slope of his nose. Catching on the blood splashed on his cloak.

He had no idea how long they rode, but eventually he saw lights, the lights of a small village. They turned uphill, though, away from the town, stopping only when they reached an imposing stone keep.

"Where is this place?" A noble? Surely not. His luck had not been that good for entirely too long. Not since that charming monastery with the delicious illuminator.

Nudging the lathered horse, the man behind him chuckled. "My home. Does this distress you? I assure you, it is a crumbling ruin."

"Crumbling ruins oft hold the most delicious promise, sir." Tapestries, tomes, hidden chambers.

"So they tell me." They clattered into a courtyard, a groom coming out to grab the reins as his rescuer hopped down and pulled him from the saddle. "Come, the least I can do is get you warm and clean."

"A fire would be most welcome." A fire and a goblet of something heady and heated.

"For me as well." Once inside, the huge wood-paneled door shut behind them, the stranger took off cloak and hat, giving him a good look at a strong, broad body and an equally strong face with keen dark eyes that took in every detail of him.

He left his own cloak on, hiding the state of his clothing. There were moments that his particular lifestyle wore most drastically on his wardrobe.

Not only that, but sating one hunger oft led to the advent of another.

The man stared at him another moment, lips curling in a grin. "Have you a name?"

"I do, in truth. A fine, simple one." He offered a half-bow, eyes never leaving the dark, warm gaze. "Isaac, sir."

"Antony. Welcome. There should be a fire in the hall. I will find you...something other than that to wear."

That came with a look that he could only class as ironic. Oh, this one had teeth.

"You are most kind." His skin itched, the urge to step forward and take that which he wanted incredible and sharp.

Antony laughed aloud. "You do not know me at all if you think that, sir. Follow me."

How easy it was to follow that wide back, watching the movement of muscle and bone under rough hose and high boots.

It was a pleasant fantasy, to watch the hint of buttock sway, the promise of musk and pleasure and need all wrapped together. To imagine the man on his knees before him, lips swollen and wet with his seed.

One shoulder twitched, Antony looking back over it with his brows drawn together. "Did you speak?"

"I did not." No, he simply needed, simply ached to see the man's frame, the man's need rampant and eager.

"I would swear I heard..." Shrugging, Antony took him into a greatroom, where a fire did indeed blaze merrily away. Which caused even more of a tumult in him, for Antony stripped off wet layers, leaving him looking at a body in nothing but hose and thin blouse.

It took an act of will beyond the norm to swallow back his moan, to hold where he stood and simply admire the lines the firelight hinted at.

"Find yourself a bench. I shall return with clothing." Oh, thank goodness. The man took himself out of reach, disappearing up a set of spiral stairs. Really, that was far too tempting to stay that close.

Isaac moved toward the fire, fingers outstretched, soaking up the heat. It had been too long since he had stopped for a moment, rested.

He jumped when a heavy bundle of cloth landed at his feet. "There's water in the kettle."

"Thank you." He started cleaning, stripping down to skin. His tunic looked as if it would dissolve with another washing. Or another feeding.

He didn't realize that Antony was still there, watching, until he was dressed again, and a goblet of mulled wine appeared near his hand. "You must have had a difficult time with the...beast."

"All beasts are dangerous when starved. This one was no different. I fared better than my companion." Sweet and spiced, the wine rinsed the bright copper flavor from his tongue.

"I'm sure you did." That look was back, the slightly raise brow, the half smile. "Are you hungry?"

"Not as much as one might think." He drank again, heat flooding him, tempting him.

"Oh, I'm sure I wouldn't know what to think about you, sir."

Was he being flirted with?

How charming.

How entertaining.

Isaac lifted his chin, his long hair tickling his throat. "You must have some thought, as you came to my aid in the forest."

"I thought you much more helpless than I have found you, perhaps even stupid. Now I wonder if you are not dangerous." Antony toasted him, raising his goblet before taking a long drink, that fine, corded throat working.

"I could be quite dangerous, but only to the unwary." Oh, he could drink deep there, fill himself to the top.

"What about the reckless? I vow, you make me want to be." What a smile Antony had, his almost black eyes simply sparkling.

"Oh, the reckless are quite doomed, quite lost." He stepped forward, drawn, the scent of the man heady.

Antony took a step toward him as well, hands opening and closing. "Are you not lost anyway? I fear I am."

Delicious. "You have the air of hunger about you."

"I imagine I do," Antony murmured, hands coming up to grasp Isaac's arms, pull him close. Oh, the heat. It doubled suddenly. Tripled.

This groan escaped him, raw and needy as any he'd made before, his entire self pushing toward the fire that blazed within Antony.

Antony met him halfway, bending to take his mouth. Flirting had gone; this was possession.

So simple, to open, to allow the young one to take that which he wanted to offer. His fingers found a trim waist, curled around and held on tight.

Antony lifted him, turned them, bearing him back until they smacked against a wall, sinking down on the bench against it. Touching him, kissing him, Antony simply seemed bent on devouring him.

His own hunger rose up in answer, tongue pushing and sliding against the one taking his lips. His buttocks settled on strong thighs, his legs spread like a whore's.

Antony touched him, hands sliding up his back to lift the simple blouse off over his head, then slipping back down, callused and hard on his bare skin. Soft noises came from Antony's throat, needy little moans.

"Wanton." 'Twas like a flood, pouring over him, causing his shaft to fill, to make demands against the flat muscles of Antony's belly.

"Yes. I. You. You make me want things." He could feel the demands of Antony's body as well, strong and hard against his thigh.

"Slake your needs, then. The moon is hidden and will keep our secrets."

"Yes. Oh, yes." As if he *knew*, Antony bit down on Isaac's flesh, right into the skin of his throat, hard enough to bruise, to sting.

His gasp was sharp, sweet, torn from him and offered up. He arched with the sensation, fingers digging into impossibly hard muscles, smooth, tanned skin.

One strong arm wrapped about him, lifting him up so Antony could pull off his so recently assumed hose, leaving him bare. The rough fabric of Antony's clothes abraded him, his cock pressing against the linen of Antony's blouse.

"Such strength." His fingers found the tight flesh of Antony's nipples, tugging and pulling, using the cloth to make the sensitive skin there burn.

"Oh. Oh, God." Antony arched against him, humming, practically growling. The sounds spurred him on.

Not a god. Not quite. He pinched harder, squeezing, rolling Antony's flesh in the cloth.

Gasping, grunting, Antony pushed his hand away just long enough to remove the barrier, the shirt going flying.

Oh, lovely. He bent to taste, teeth worrying one dark peak, the hint of blood enough to make him purr.

"Yes. Please." Oh, the young one had no idea what he was asking, what he wanted. Still, those strong fingers curled in his hair, pushing him against Antony's chest.

A brief bite, the smallest taste could hurt no one, surely.

He pushed in, teeth pricking, the warm rush of male delectable.

A deep groan answered him, the strong body under his bucking. He thought Antony might squeeze him breathless the way those arms went around him.

He fastened his lips around the flesh, sucking furiously, drawing as much as he could without biting down again.

Reaching between them with one hand, Antony grabbed Isaac's bare prick and began to stroke, moaning as their flesh met. It made him crazed, the feel of that rough hand on him.

Isaac lifted his head, heart pounding, tongue lapping the blood from his lips. "More, Anothy. You have hands of a demon."

"And you have the mouth of a sinner." Antony bent to kiss him again, their lips meeting, Antony's tongue pushing into his mouth. All the while that hand never stopped, never slowed, giving him pleasure he could hardly bear.

The heat between them flared, his buttocks sliding, pushing into Antony's touch.

Antony spread his legs, spreading Isaac even wider, and that sweet hand let him go for a scant moment. Before he could even protest it was back, wrapping his cock against Antony's, now bare, pulling at them both together.

His cry was sharp, pushing into Antony's lips. Yes. Yes, just there. In truth, he burned for it.

Antony burned for him too, their skin seeming almost to steam, the heat beneath their skin rising to the top. "I... Oh, Isaac!"

He growled in response, seed pushing through him, sacs drawing up taut.

"Yes. Yes." Antony shot against him, hot and wet on his cock, on his belly, jerking so hard that he was near unseated.

What serendipity it was, this man having found him. Touched him.

Antony rested against him, chin on his shoulder, breathing in deep gasps. "What enchantment are you?"

"Just a traveler, I vow it."

Antony chuckled, warm and damp on his neck. "Should I be grateful you traveled my way?"

"As grateful as I should be that you took pity on me." And that said pity came after his feeding.

"Then we will be grateful for each other." The kiss transported him, sweet and easy, slow and good.

Oh. What magic he found, traveling through the winter's night.

Isaac nodded. He could be gracious, most gracious indeed, for time spent with one such as this.

CHAPTER FOUR

Oh, this was true bliss.

Sunshine. Freedom. Entertainment. A puppy to play tug of war with.

Isaac was almost glad his house was blown up.

Almost.

Eventually he would have liked a place to go to ground, to recover from the chaos Anthony would surely visit on him. Fortunately he wasn't required to think of that.

Not yet.

He stretched out in the passenger seat of Knox's very cushy truck, stealing long looks from over his sunglasses. Knox looked a touch stunned, a little flummoxed. It was a look he was immensely familiar with seeing.

They were halfway through the drive from Athens to Savannah, with another two hours to go. They'd stopped at a Hardees for lunch, Knox consuming two chicken sandwiches, an enormous pile of fries, and a chocolate shake. The man must work out like a fiend. Or maybe he just worked. Muscles like that didn't come from a Bowflex.

He got a look every so often, those heavy brows drawing down. Finally Knox just exploded. "How do you do it?"

"Do what, pup?" He finished the last of his vanilla shake. It was more than enough after the breakfast they'd shared.

"Invite yourself along and not have me trying to pulverize you?" That accent was too cute when Knox said words like pulverize. It had about twelve syllables.

"You invited, Knox, and I'm an exceptional traveling companion." Even better in bed, but they would have to explore that somewhere he had Knox's undivided attention.

"No, I didn't. Let's get that straight. I meant you'd have to leave my house, but you get things all twisted up. That's not what amazes me. What amazes me is that I haven't just tried to snap your neck."

"Twisted up -- what a charming way of looking at it. I do enjoy things that are twisted." He chuckled at himself; it was good to be self-amusing. "And up."

The truck swerved a little. "Uh huh. Sure. Where are you from?"

"Originally? Who knows?" He did enjoy Athens, though, both of them.

He got an incredulous glance. "What do you mean you don't know?"

"I mean, unless someone tells you, how does anyone know where they came from? Could be Athens, could be Seville, could be Moscow."

"You were born in Europe then, huh? What did your folks do?" This wasn't just idle conversation. Knox sounded genuinely curious. That was a good sign indeed.

"My mother died in childbirth. My father was..." How to put this exactly. "In real estate. Quite successful, in his youth."

"Oh. Sorry about your mom." Eyes back on the road, Knox sighed, lips pressing together.

"What about you? I know about your aunt..." The temptation to reach out, touch those lips. Intriguing.

"My momma's in a home in Macon. She's a little nuts. Daddy left for parts unknown a while back. I've got Aunt Emma, though. She's a real lady." That brought a smile, a relaxing of those wide shoulders.

"It seems like family is either a blessing or a curse." Or a long-dim memory. "How did you come to learn demolition?"

"Where every good little juvenile delinquent does. In the Army." The hat dipped, Knox looking at him from under the brim. "College wasn't an option."

"University isn't always the answer, pup. You enjoy what you do?"

"I love it. Sometimes it's sad, like with your house, seeing shit go that's part of the history of a town. But I love it." Yes, Knox loved what he did. It showed through.

"Like the ransacking of Alexandria? Tell me someone takes all the books out first."

"Of course. Most everything is donated to charity, to the town library or claimed by family or something. Big apartments, most of it's crap, and it goes to the dump or haz-mat. I'm not a fucking barbarian."

"No. No, barbarians tend toward longer hair and worse taste in coffee." He reached over, patted the pup's thigh. He'd been teasing.

"People think I must be, since I like blowing things up." The muscles bunched and pulled under his touch, the denim covering Knox's skin warm.

"Destruction is a vital part of progress. There's only so much history that we can support." His fingers moved, slow and easy.

"Yeah." Knox chuckled, the sound rough and unused. "I'll have to remember that one next time I get a historical society on my ass."

"You could take notes. I'm full of little gems." Oh, that thigh was luscious. Hard. Warm. Every time Knox shifted he felt muscle move, felt the heat and slide of it. Intimate.

"I'm sure you are. I'll pass on the notes, though. I'm not much good with the fancy words."

"Oh, you've been doing well so far. Tell me about where we're going?" His fingers slipped down, just a little, finding the seam of Knox's jeans.

"Savannah? Or the job?" The leg started to vibrate a little, jumping with nervous energy. Thank goodness for cruise control, so they weren't jittering along at a hundred different speeds.

"Yes." Just talk, pup. Talk. His fingers were terribly busy.

"I love Savannah. It's got the water, and the historic district and the food...but it's not as big as say, New Orleans. And there's the islands. Tybee and all. It's good to sit and drink beer and just watch the sun go down over the beach."

"We'll have to do that. I haven't seen that in too long." His fingers walked up the seam, stroking on one side and another.

That Knox let him rather amazed him. "You'll get your chance. I have a condo at the beach. After I set up the job I plan to take a few days there."

"How lovely. You have glorious thighs."

That leg jerked under his hand, the truck stuttering as Knox hit the gas a little too hard. "Uh, thanks?"

"You're more than welcome." He supposed offering a blow job on the road would give Knox palpitations, which, while amusing, would make the whole beach-condo-beer thing a touch risky.

"You're gonna have me driving off the road. Anyways, how do you even know I swing that way?" More growly than petulant, that voice gave him a tiny, delicious shiver.

"There's no way someone who looks at me like you do isn't interested." Not to mention the fact that the pup would have taken that swing two days ago.

"It's hard not to look." He got another one of those hat shaded glances, those eyes so dark they almost disappeared right in.

"Is it hard not to touch?" How far could he push? He'd love to see what this beautiful pup could do.

A low sound slid across the console, half growl, half groan. "You don't stop pushing I'll do a lot more than just touch. I'm on a job until day after tomorrow."

Knox wanted, though. Isaac could smell it.

"Oooh... Promise?" Oh, he must have been very, very good to deserve this fun.

"You. Lord. I swear." The body language just didn't match the voice as Knox's fingers covered his, stroking the back of his hand.

"Mmmhmm." His pinkie just managed to brush the denim cupping Knox's balls, testing the man's sensitivity.

The iron clamp of Knox's hand removing his told him all he needed to know. Excellent. Before he could push it any more, though, Knox was pulling off I-20, the rest stop this exit sign flashing by. Oh, excellent. Maybe it was time to play. Either that or Knox was going to bash his brains in with a tire iron. Of course, that required getting out of the truck so he would at least see it coming.

The springs had hardly rocked back when Knox turned, pulling him across the gear shift, the bones in his wrist grinding together where Knox held him. "You can't be doing that while I'm driving."

"No. You don't want me to do it while you're driving. I'm perfectly capable." Capable and feeling the sharp edge of excitement.

Knox shook him, like a dog with a small animal, baring his teeth. "I swear to god, you're gonna make me crazy. But it's a hell of a way to go."

Just as he was thinking he might have to tune in next week to see if it was kiss him or kill him, Knox pushed his hand back down, closing it over the zipper, where the most intriguing hardness awaited him. "I'm not driving. Go for it."

He purred, fingers forming themselves to that prize that awaited, measuring Knox from tip to balls. Oh. Nice. Very nice. Yes, thank you. He'd take one. It was easy to lean over, teeth sharp on Knox's earlobe. "Very pretty, pup."

Hard whiskers burned his cheek, Knox turning to nip at him just as hard, bruising his lower lip. "Less talk. More touching."

His groan surprised him, but his fingers worked that shiny buckle open, managed to get the man's fly down. "These buckles can be seen as compensation, you know..."

"Well, see for yourself, why don't you?" Pushing up into this hand, Knox was hard, hot, the big vein underneath throbbing in time with his heartbeat. And not overcompensating with the buckle at all.

He leaned back, steering wheel digging into his back, and took his look. Cut, head swollen and shiny, a bead just gathering at the tip. "Very nice. Very very nice."

His fingers started moving, stroking Knox, looking for reaction. He got it, and then some. Knox moaned, hips pushing up, eyes heavy-lidded as he stared. Then Knox licked his lips and leaned forward, sealing his lips in a kiss that burned, that caused bruises to pop up all over. Delicious. He didn't back off an inch, made Knox give and push, take every single second of pleasure.

It worked. Knox wasn't shy, not the least bit. One big hand came up to cup the back of his head, the other closed over his again, showing him how Knox liked it, giving him the rhythm, the pressure. He found it, then pushed it a little farther, pushed Knox a little harder.

Grunting, Knox licked at his lips, pushing in with his tongue, tasting him deep. Pure, alpha male, all heat and want and demand, that was the kiss and the touch. Knox just held him there and humped his hand, fucked his mouth with that hot tongue.

This one? Was a keeper. Just like the rest.

Isaac watched every second, refused to miss one smell, one single sensation. You only got to make a man climax for the first time once.

Knox's head tipped back, breath coming in short, sharp bursts. That throat, oh it was tanned and strong, cords of muscle standing out as Knox strained against him. The cock in his hand throbbed, the balls beneath drawing up against his hand on every down stroke of his fingers.

"That's it, pup. Show me." He bared his teeth, leaned to touch, just touch the dark throat with his tongue as his thumb pressed hard into the slit of Knox's prick.

Those eyes flew wide, little gold rings showing around the edges of the almost black pupils, spunk covering his fist as Knox came hard, whole body shivering and shaking for him. The scent made his mouth water. "Fuck. Oh, Jesus fuck."

He nodded, panting, tongue sliding over salty skin. "Indeed, Anthony. That was luscious."

"Luscious..." A low rumble was his only warning before Knox lifted him, one forearm between his back and the steering wheel, the other hand ripping at his pants, working inside to touch him as he dangled half over his seat, half over the driver's side.

Oh, yes. His thighs went tight, stomach rippling. Hungry. "I appreciate someone to knows how... oh. Oh."

Those fingers wrapped around him just so and he groaned. Yes.

Callused, rough, and very, very firm, Knox's fingers closed around his cock and stroked, a low groan coming when Knox found the extra fold of skin at his head, one finger slipping up under it, moving it back and forth. Most men were afraid to do just that; it made him jerk, made him gasp.

"Fuck, that's sexy."

"Yes. More." His hands scrabbled, looking for a safe purchase, a way to balance so he could push up into the touch.

He got no help from Knox, who seemed to have unlimited upper body strength, damn him, leaving him hanging there. He wasn't left hanging for pleasure, though, as Knox explored every inch of him, every tiny bit of skin. The pad of Knox's thumb rubbed his slit as the other fingers pushed his foreskin back and forth, pressing hard enough to just burn. Barely hurt.

His sweater rode up along his belly and the sounds he made, deep and raw and almost unfamiliar to him now, filled the cab. Thorough. He liked thorough. And strong. And hungry.

"Damn. Your skin." Bending him, turning him, Knox pushed him back into the passenger seat and swarmed over him, pushing his sweater up with his newly free hand to pet his belly, his chest. Then his jeans slid down under the pressure of those hard hands, Knox exploring his thighs, cupping his balls.

"Don't stop." He arched, ass leaving the seat, balls tight as stones. If Knox's hands were this good, he'd live a thousand years in thanks for the man's mouth.

"Won't. Wanna see you come for me. Want to watch that." That voice. God, it was like a landslide, all gravel and grind. Gathering up his balls at the base of his cock, Knox rubbed back and forth, the friction nearly agonizing.

He growled, jerking, a wave of obscenities pouring from him in a handful of most-forgotten languages. The orgasm hit him with the force of a hurricane, pleasure just pouring out of him.

"Oh, hell yes. That's it. That's it." Knox kissed him again, licking at him.

He nodded, tongue sliding against Knox's, heart pounding wildly. Yes. Yes, indeed.

The kiss ended with Knox sucking on his lip, fingers stroking him gently still, more petting aimlessly now. "That was a hell of a rest stop."

"Yes. I... I should learn to appreciate them more." He smiled, moaned a little.

"Uh huh. Yeah." Luckily Knox sounded just as lost as he did.

Isaac took a deep breath, learning the scent of them and sex. "Luscious."

"Yeah." Knox grinned. "I think I finally figured out what you're good for."

"Entertainment value?" Licking those lips was going to become a fascination.

"Stress relief. From the stress you cause." Easing away, Knox left one last kiss on his mouth before sitting back and doing up his jeans. "It's bound to be a vicious cycle."

"Most wonderful things usually are, pup." He got settled before rubbing the scent of them into his skin. "Most things usually are."

CHAPTER FIVE

The job had gone well. Knox had left Isaac at the hotel, and lo and behold the man had stayed there, leaving him alone to do his work. The old outbuildings behind the gracious antebellum that would soon become a B&B were gone, not even a trace of foundations left to mar the new garden spots.

Freddy and Margie had gone back to Athens, and the crew had a bonus for getting the job done in three days.

Time to play.

Knox took his filthy self up the back way to the hotel room, not wanting to insult the prissy concierge with his dirt- and plaster-laden clothes.

"Hey, Mr. Permanent Houseguest. You ready to head for the beach?"

Isaac was stretched out on the sofa reading, long and lean, wearing nothing but a baggy pair of low-slung pants. The man looked like he belonged there, for fuck's sake. It made him insane. "Of course. You should probably bathe first; you're raising little clouds of dust."

"Yeah, thanks for noticing." The little fake wood table bore the evidence of a fruit and cheese platter. "Did you order room service?"

"I did. The grapes were perfect. The strawberries were not quite ripe."

"Well get on the horn and get me something with a little more body. I'm gonna take a shower." Good thing he made decent money, if he was gonna have to pay for both of them. And how did that happen anyway? Knox headed into the bathroom, stripping off his shirt.

He heard Isaac's voice, too low to understand, but enough to settle in the small of his back, in his balls. The man was an irritation, an itch he couldn't quite scratch.

His jeans hit the floor like the ton of bricks he'd taken out of the yard of his latest project, making him grin as he got the water running hot enough to strip his skin off.

The curtain shifted, long fingers sliding over his thigh, up toward his hip, the air from the room cool on his skin.

"You'd best have food on the way if you're wanting to get busy in here with me." He grinned, grabbing Isaac's wrist and hauling him into the shower.

"Impatient beast." The thin pants went immediately see-through, the fabric plastered on the long thighs. "I ordered you quiche."

"You did not." Quiche, for fuck's sake. He swatted at the nice, tight ass wonderfully outlined by the pants. "If I'm getting anything less than steak or eggs and bacon, you're in a world of hurt."

"Oooh." Isaac scooted away, just out of good swatting range. "Quiche and watercress soup and a little bonbon for dessert. To help you keep your girlish figure."

"You bitch." Grabbing the soap, Knox lathered up, moaning as the crust of sweat and dirt and plaster fell away.

Isaac's hands joined in the washing, pinching his nipples, nails scraping over his ribs.

Fuck, that man had good hands. They hadn't gotten to play in the last three days, but that jack off session in the truck on the way there hadn't receded a bit in his mind. Growling low, Knox braced and pulled Isaac to him, pushing at the wet, clinging pants.

Isaac groaned, pants falling down once they cleared the pointed hips. "Finally time to play, then, pup?"

"Yeah. Yeah, it's time to play." That long, lean body with its pale skin just made him drool. Knox touched, starting at the pointed chin and working down, fingers tracing collarbones and ribs.

He got a smile, wicked and playful, Isaac stretching up and up under his touch, muscles sliding and rippling for him. "Excellent. I've been very patient."

"You think?" It was true, though. Isaac had been quiet and unassuming, sitting and reading, occasionally making fun of the TV. Now, though, there was no unassuming. Those hands were hell bent on touching all of him.

"I know." Long fingers circled his balls, tugging them down in their sacs, just enough to assure his attention.

His legs tensed, his belly going tight as he rose up on his tiptoes. "Shit. Like that. Yeah."

"The things we're going to teach each other." Isaac's teeth were sharp, nipping at his ear, his jaw, his collarbone, his nipple.

"Are we?" He wasn't quite following the conversation, his hands finding that amazing ass, just as tight and muscular as he knew it would be, squeezing and yanking Isaac up against him.

"I believe so, yes." Isaac slapped against him, somehow demanding and pushing even as the man gave it up for him.

Their cocks rubbed together, the hot water lending a slick friction, and Knox moaned. God, that felt fucking amazing. "Okay. I'm always willing to learn."

"I can appreciate willing." Their mouths slammed together, Isaac's tongue just fucking his lips. Knox didn't fight it, letting the man in. Normally he would have fought for control, but he used Isaac's distraction to explore that ass, slipping below to weigh Isaac's balls then back up to press the skin between them and Isaac's butt.

Isaac jerked, moan pushing into his lips, the kiss actually stuttering for a minute. Oh, yeah. Isaac was feeling that. He stroked up between those hard cheeks, finding Isaac's hole and circling it, even as he sucked on the man's tongue. Yeah, he was willing to learn every secret that fine body would give up. The wrinkled ring of muscle shifted under his touch, damn near begged him to push in, to take more.

"Hot. Damn, you're hot." One finger slid right inside, only the slightest resistance meeting him. His cock jerked as he felt how amazing and tight Isaac was.

"Mmm. Pup, you've got a good touch." That hot tongue slid over his jaw, teeth grazing his chin, stinging.

"Not a pup." He wasn't some tail wagging idiot, damn it. He let Isaac feel it, just for that one.

Isaac chuckled, the sound deep and raw. "Prove it."

They smacked against the back wall of the shower, the force of it jolting his hand so his finger pushed deep. Knox went with it, crooking his finger, searching there...yeah. He bit down on Isaac's long throat.

"Yes! Anthony!" Nails scraped along his back as the cry rang out, Isaac's whole body rippling. "Again."

"Demanding sonofabitch." Knox could relate though, could like a man who knew what he wanted. He did it again, his finger searching, finding that sweet spot and rubbing and rubbing. Isaac's eyes went wide, staring at him, entire body moving in rhythm with his touch. His other hand flattened between Isaac's shoulder blades, holding him in place as Knox pulled back and pushed another finger in. Yeah, oh yeah. That was so much better, so much easier to get rough noises out of the man, rubbing that tiny gland unmercifully.

The pale flesh pinked, nipples hard and tight, lips parted and wet. Isaac groaned, reaching down for his own long, curving prick with one shaking hand.

"Oh, that's pretty. Yeah. Come on." He had the best view a man could ask for, looking right down on it as he drove Isaac crazy.

Isaac's hand moved, thumb working the loose foreskin, fingers wrapped tight around the shaft. The black curls were plastered against the flat belly, milky skin showing through. Sooner or later he'd feel those curls on his cheek, taste that long cock with his tongue. Right now he'd settle for seeing Isaac come for him, and he worked it, really pushing Isaac faster and faster, rocking that long body as he fucked it with his fingers.

"I, I..." Isaac's eyes rolled, body going stiff and still, ass squeezing his fingers as come shot up, spraying Isaac's belly.

"Oh, Jesus." He groaned, bending to suck at Isaac's throat, just beside the Adam's apple, feeling it bob as Isaac swallowed hard. "Fucking hot."

He got a groan, maybe a whimper. Hot and sweet as hell.

All he could do was wrap one arm around Isaac's waist to hold him up and pull his other hand free to jack his own cock, thanking the forces of hotel nature for the unending supply of hot water. Fuck, it wouldn't take long. Not like this.

Long, shaky fingers joined his, helping, touching as they twined with his own. It took all of two strokes to have him coming, his muscles so tight they felt like they'd snap, his breath coming hard and fast.

"Good. Good shower." Isaac's laugh sounded, breathless, husky. "Earned your steak."

"I knew you wouldn't make me eat quiche." They wheezed, both leaning against the wall, the knock on the outside door making them both laugh.

"You truly don't read like the quiche type, Anthony. Not at all."

"Knox. I didn't think so." His knees didn't want to hold him, but he muscled them out of the shower and got the water off, dripping all the way to his robe so he could go pay and tip the delivery kid. "Let me eat and I'll show you what else I can do."

"Mmm... You make the most delicious promises." Isaac collapsed onto the sofa, plucking some grapes off the leftover tray and nibbling.

He grinned, tossing the robe aside as he sat down to a perfectly cooked t-bone. "I always keep them, too. Always."

How he'd gone from wanting to get rid of the guy to wanting to keep him Knox had no idea. But while he had Isaac he was going to take advantage of it.

And **that** was a promise he'd keep to himself.

Oh. Sand. Sea. Sun.

Isaac leaned out over the balcony, the wind catching his clothes, the edges of his hair. Oh. He'd been in the dark too long. His bag was dumped in the floor of a closet, his shoes deserted by the front door. He could hear Knox in there rummaging, playing around.

"You want a beer? Freddy made sure I was stocked. We've got no food, though..."

"You mean you're not going to go out and hunt a shark with your teeth, pup?" He turned, hopped up onto the rail and nodded. "A beer would be perfect, thank you."

"Why in hell do you call me pup?" The beer was the good stuff, too. Excellent.

"Would you believe me if I tell you I've forgotten already? It's hell being old."

Knox snorted, that lip curling right up as the dark eyes squinted. "You can't be that old, Isaac."

"Ancient." He chuckled, licking the beer off his lip. "Perfectly ancient."

"Uh huh. So don't tell me." Wandering over, Knox leaned next to him, heavy and warm as he sort of...oozed. "Hey there."

"Mmm. Hello." He leaned over, tongue sliding over Knox's lip. "Is this a safe thing to do, here on the balcony?"

He wasn't interested in being beaten.

Well, not that sort of beating.

He'd explored all the limitations he desired of torture.

"It is. Well, least this time of year. We're empty on either side." Knox kissed him hard enough that he decided they must be quite safe. It was an easy thing, to wrap his arms around Knox's shoulders, the beer bottle sliding along the strong neck. Knox jumped, chuckling into his mouth, pressing a cold bottle of his own to the small of Isaac's back, slipping right up under his shirt. Insolent pup.

He nipped Knox's bottom lip, nipples rasping against the weave of his sweater. Oh, perhaps it was time to play again.

"Mmmm. Inside? We're okay out here to play around, but for getting naked..." Knox squeezed his ass, grinning.

"Sunburn on sensitive areas is not conducive to a good, hard plugging, pup." He smiled right back, upping the ante.

"Too true." Bending at the knees, Knox stuck a shoulder against his midriff before straightening, neatly lifting him across one shoulder and heading inside.

He reached down, filling his hands with denim-covered buttocks and squeezing hard. So strong. It might stun a lesser man. Isaac bounced on the bed as he was tossed down, and oh, that was a fine spot to lounge, to stretch out and watch Knox strip down, watch that body as it was revealed to him.

Mmm... shoulders, chest, stomach, and then that luscious dark path to heaven... Isaac licked his lips, just rippling.

The last piece of clothing fell and Knox stood and stretched, giving him a show, hands sliding back down that solid torso to fist on Knox's hips. "You're not naked yet."

"You are incredibly observant, Anthony. It's an excellent quality." A rare one, indeed.

"I like to think so. You gonna stay that way forever?" Knox scratched his belly, the muscles there tight and hard, that sweet cock rising below.

"Appreciative? Probably. It's one of the charming bits about me." He sat up, hands reaching for that stomach, pants just hanging on his hips.

"Mmm." Humming, Knox met him halfway, hands sliding against his back, pulling at him. "I like you liking, but you gotta get down to skin."

It was easy to slip out of his sweater, leave it in Knox's hands. The white thing was tossed away as he stretched, fingers working open the draw-string on his pants. "Half way there, pup."

"The rest." The pants slipped off, Knox helping them go with a good shove. "Oh, yeah. Just like that."

"Observant, not patient." He leaned forward, lips on the wide chest, curls tickling his tongue.

"Fuck no. No one has ever accused me of that." They tumbled to the bed, laughing as his nose clunked against Knox's sternum.

He bit one dark nipple hard, in retaliation. "What have you been accused of?"

"Arrogance." Knox bit his throat, his shoulder. "Grumpiness. Thoroughness."

"Mmm... Thoroughness. Another trait I can appreciate." He arched, skin singing.
"Toothy, as well."

"That. Yeah. And folks say I know what I want." Lifting and rolling, Knox took them to their sides, pulling his leg over one hip, spreading him wide.

"What do you want?" He hummed, fingers finding Knox's nipple and pinching hard enough to sting. "Mm. Add responsive."

So responsive indeed. Muscles flexed and skin shivered as Knox moaned and nibbled at him. "All sorts of things."

They should make a list. A nice, long list. He tugged those nipples again before reaching down, fingers circling the tip of Knox's prick.

Grunting, Knox pushed against him, the pain this time bright and hard as Knox left a bruise on his collarbone. The roughness of Knox's tongue followed, abrading, scraping.

A sharp curse left him, pure fire starting in the pit of his belly. "You're making an excellent impression."

"Am I? I surely do want to impress myself on you." Strong legs twined with his, Knox's hands slipping down his back, one of them cupping his balls.

Their chuckles sounded well-matched, joined in the air, his a touch breathy, Knox's more of a growl.

"God, you're pretty, Here." That hand squeezed, curling his toes. "And here." Knox licked down to one nipple.

"Pretty?" That was a new moniker. His nipple didn't seem to mind at all though, drawing up to a point to get attention.

Lips closing around him again, Knox nodded, teeth scraping back and forth, back and forth. "Delicious."

The burn was enough to drive him mad and Isaac adored it, the twinge of pain just perfect. He answered with his own touch, working Knox's prick, focusing on the slick slit, fingertips worrying it.

He already knew how Knox liked that, how it made him shudder and cry out. They were learning one another so quickly. Like now, as Knox pushed back behind his balls, pressed that little strip of skin just there.

Everything in him went tight, muscles burning. Yes. Yes, just there. His nail scraped, pushing just a little. They seemed determined to see how hard they could push, how far they could go. Arching against him, Knox moved into his touch, begging more, answering with another hard touch of his own. He thought the mattress might give way before either of them called for quarter. Isaac could feel the bruises popping up on him, his skin alive and tingling.

A low growl sounded, long and deep, before Knox rolled again, this time pushing him to his back and pressing down hard against him. Yes. Lovely. He so enjoyed a man who would take what he needed. His nails scraped all the way along Knox's spine, body arching up, demanding more.

He got more, in the form of a kiss that pressed his lips back against his teeth, Knox practically purring, the growls came so constant. That sound was addictive and he searched for reasons to make it louder, longer, deeper. He found a sweet spot at the small of Knox's back, another beneath the man's left ear. The rough hair on Knox's thigh rubbed his cock as it pushed between his legs, giving him friction. One hand settled on his hip, squeezing, gripping him so hard he felt his skin pucker.

"More." He tried to push them over, shuddering as Knox's strength held him fast. "More." That long, strong body blocked the light, Knox's shoulders so broad that he couldn't see past them. His chest, his throat, his upper arms, all felt battered, black and blue from Knox's teeth. He licked his lips, shivers starting, rocking him head to foot. "Pup. You make a man hungry."

"What do you want?" The muscles in Knox's neck strained, his arms bulging as he held himself up.

Oh, there were good times to ask that question and incredibly dangerous times. "Fuck me, pup. You've been making some amazing promises."

"Fuck, yes. Yeah." Surging up, Knox knelt between his legs, stroking down over his cock and balls.

He spread, legs cradling those lean, muscled hips. "I can smell you."

"And I can feel you. Wanna taste you sometime soon. But for now I'll do this." He got a wink a grin, Knox licking his fingers and pushing down to circle his hole.

He pulled his knees up, ass pressing up against the touch. "We have time. Plenty of time."

At least plenty of times. Over and over. More.

"Uh huh. Somehow I believe it when you say it." Two fingers slid inside him, stretching, burning a little as the rough calluses caught on his thinnest skin.

"Good." His thighs shook, shoulders rolling at the ache. He meant every word.

"Tight. Fucking hot. Oh, God, Isaac. I can't...I don't wanna hurt you but I don't think I can wait."

He laughed, head tossing. "I won't break. Pup. Now. I won't break."

"I believe you." Those eyes, so dark as they bore into his, proved it true. Knox believed everything in that moment. The head of Knox's cock rubbed at him, pushed at him, slick and good.

He moaned, arched to take more. "Yes. Yes, Anthony. In me."

The sound he got as Knox pushed in sounded almost inhuman, low and rough, raw. Knox slid in, all the way in with one rough thrust of those lean hips. The breath rushed out of him, a deep cry just forced out of him as he grabbed at Knox's shoulders and held him close. Knox rested their foreheads together, starting up a rhythm that had them both gasping, had them both straining.

Oh. Oh, damn. He'd been needing this for too long. "Keeping you, pup."

"Mmmhmm. 'Kay." Thick. So thick, stretching him so wide, so deep and hard. Knox gave and gave, took and took.

He tilted his head, bringing their lips together, tongue pushing in, fucking Knox's mouth.

His cock rubbed Knox's belly as the kiss went deep, breathless, their teeth clacking together. Knox groaned, shuddered, and Isaac could feel him, right on the edge of exploding. He squeezed, reached down to pull himself off, make himself come while Knox was hard and hot inside him.

"Mine." The word came out, firm and true, ringing through the room as Knox reached down between them and grabbed his cock, pulling even as the kiss grew teeth again.

He caught aflame, seed just pouring out, burning against his skin. Yes. Yes. Mine.

"Fuck!" Knox arched, shaking, coming inside him hard and deep, throbbing as he collapsed on Isaac. His hand curled around Knox's nape, stroking, petting. He'd been looking for this. So interesting to find it again.

"Mhn." Coherency didn't appear to be Knox's strong suit after orgasm. He'd have to remember that.

"Yes, pup. My sentiments exactly."

There was just something about the beach that calmed Knox down. He didn't know what, but something about waves and sand eased his soul. Eased it enough that he could stop being grumpy and look at this whole Isaac thing objectively. How did a man just waltz in, blow up a house, and then move in? How?

He'd pondered that most of the night. The problem with finding any kind of conclusion was that the object of the objectivity, so to speak, lay curled up against him, long limbs tangled with his.

Made it hard to think with anything but his cock.

He stroked Isaac's back, his fingers walking up the bumpy spine.

Isaac purred, stretched, pale body moving against him like they were swimming, moving in the water. Knox grinned, his own growl rumbling in his chest. "You're a conundrum, you know that?"

"Wrapped in a paradox, pup." Isaac arched, licking his lips, tongue pushing in.

Opening to the kiss, Knox rolled to his back, letting Isaac slide on top of him, legs straddling his. He cupped that amazing butt, usually hidden by loose pants. Damn that was fine. Isaac rubbed down against him, that ass just rocking in his hands, sliding and hot.

The kiss left him breathless for long minutes, but he finally found his voice, talking as he nibbled. "So why haven't I kicked you out?"

"Because you like me. Because I'm different. Because I won't break."

"That's true, for damned sure." No one had ever bent but not broken like Isaac. Not ever. Knox proved it again, sitting up, carrying Isaac with him to bend him back impossibly, mouth moving down over his chest.

"Yes... Don't overthink, pup. Just play with me." Those tiny nipples went tight and dark, hard for his teeth.

"Play. Mmmhmm. I love to play." Not that he was shallow. Really.

"Yes. We'll play and I'll tire you out. Stroke you. Make you want."

"You do that real well. By, like, breathing." He grinned. He couldn't help it. Isaac was just something else.

"Just think what I can do when I try."

"Explosive." Yeah. Boom. Knox let his thumbs slide down, pushing Isaac's ass cheeks apart, pressing lightly against the sensitive hole between.

Isaac shuddered, ass clenching, hole shifting for him. "Almost destructive."

"We can take it." He thought. Maybe houses couldn't, but they could. God, he fucking loved how responsive Isaac was. He let the tip of one thumb slip inside. He got a moan, Isaac's teeth sinking into his shoulder, just enough to mark, to sting, to make his balls tight. Fuck. He pushed right back, his thumb sliding hard inside Isaac, twisting just a bit.

"Yes." Another bite, this one above his nipple, deep and burning his chest.

"Yeah." Who in hell knew what he was agreeing to, but he was, his cock throbbing every time Isaac's mouth moved. He rubbed against the flat belly pressed against him, the little hairs there catching against him, making him shiver.

His nipple, his collarbone, his jaw -- they were all explored and tasted, licked and bitten. All the while he touched too, sliding his thumb out of Isaac's body and pushing two fingers in. He used his other hand to push down on the small of Isaac's back, forcing him down to meet his upward strokes.

Isaac sat up, pushed down on his fingers, eyes dragging over his body. Those long fingers touched each bite mark, each bruise. "Marked you."

"Mmmhm." He reached up, ran his fingers over the lurid mark he'd made on Isaac's collarbone earlier. "Both of us look to be marked."

"You appear to be right." Isaac grabbed his hand, bit the heel of his thumb before scraping sharp teeth over the web of veins on his wrist.

His head fell back, the fingers still inside Isaac twisting, stabbing up to find the tiny gland, pressing it. The sound that got him was addictive, desperate, Isaac's head snapping back, nails sliding on his chest.

"So damned responsive. So hot. That, oh, man. You make me crazy." He pulled the man forward with those buried fingers, up and over him. Then he slipped free, pushing the head of his cock into place instead. Isaac pushed back and down, entire body rippling as they slammed together, Isaac settling down on his hips. His eyes went wide, his mouth dropping open as he jerked up, his whole body going tight, his muscles screaming. Fuck. Oh, fuck. Hot.

His hands were taken, put on those lean hips, dark eyes flashing down at him. "That's right. Fuck me like you mean it, pup."

A grimace stretched his face as he started really going at it hammer and tongs, his hips

pumping up and up, his grip bruising. Bruising. Knox took a bite out of Isaac's throat, the white skin such a damned draw. Isaac whispered perversions in his ear, just hissing the things they could do, the things Isaac would let him do. Fuck. And all the while their bodies just slapped together.

He was just losing it, his body moving without any conscious thought on his part, his muscles jumping under his skin. His balls felt like they were gonna explode.

"Isaac."

"Yes. Yes, now. Now, Knox." One more bite and heat was spraying over his belly.

"Oh. Damn." That was it. His eyes rolled back and he shook all over as he shot, his breath leaving him. All he could see or feel was Isaac.

Isaac leaned down, cuddling against him, heavy and boneless. "Keeping you."

"You said." Hell, he figured he was going to be the one doing the keeping, seeing as how he worked. But that suited him to the ground.

He's worry about why that didn't worry him later.

When he could think.

Isaac woke up smelling like a Russian whore on the docks. Knox was still sleeping the sleep of the well-fucked and well-deserved when he crawled out of the bed and into the glassed-in shower. Blessedly hot, the water massaged muscles that hadn't been used in ages, the bruises dark, obvious on his pale skin.

He could smell the ocean, the breeze through the window like heaven. He soaped up, fingers rubbing his cock, scrubbing through the black curls above it. Knox left marks everywhere. It was heady.

"Starting without me?" Knox sounded like a man who'd been on a three day binge, his voice raw and harsh. The sound ran right up his spine as Knox slipped into the shower with him.

"Mmmm... good morning." Afternoon. Evening. Whatever. "I was offending myself."

"You weren't offending me. 'Course, I wasn't really awake." Wet, soapy hands slid up and down his back.

"Mmm..." Isaac stretched himself out, bones creaking and popping as he encouraged the touches. "I worked you hard, pup."

"Mmmhmm. I'd still be asleep, but I got cold." Oh, the pup had teeth, and wasn't afraid to use them.

"Did you? I should have covered you up before I got up." He smiled, almost purring, imagining the strong body stretched out on the sheets, hips shifting, working a plug...

"Nah, it was probably just the breeze drying me out where we stuck together." He could hear the laughter, feel the shape of it on his neck. "Oh, I like the way you jumped just now. What were you thinking about?"

Knox cupped his cock, leaving no doubt what he meant.

"Your ass all filled." He pushed into the touch. "Watching you need. Normal thoughts."

Knox jerked too, cock rubbing his ass. "My ass filled with you? Or something else?"

"Do you like to play with toys, pup? Plugs? Dildos?" Such pleasant thoughts.

"I've been known to. Sometimes. Often." Oh, growly. Yes, Knox liked the thought of that a great deal.

"Oh? Do tell." He started rocking, rubbing all along that hard prick. Come now, pup. Share.

"I've done my share of playing, is all. Though I have to admit, I'm usually the one doing the doing." Pushing between his cheeks, Knox rubbed and rubbed, breath hot against his neck.

"I'm not opposed to taking turns. Seeing who comes out on top, so to speak." In fact, he imagined Knox could remind him of things he'd forgotten long ago.

"With you? I can see it." Hot against him, so hard, that flesh just rubbed and rubbed. Knox's fingers clenched on his hips.

"Have you ever fucked someone with a plug in, stretching you, distracting you just enough that you can go on and on?" Those bruises were going to be permanent.

A long, indrawn breath was his reward, those lean hips popping against his. "No. Can't say as I have."

"Mmm. We should try it. Even better, I could ride you, make you rock it inside you." He did enjoy Knox, most thoroughly.

"Yes. Yeah, we could do that. I swear, you're gonna make me forget my own name." His

feet slid as Knox spun him neatly around, pressing him back against the shower wall to take a searing kiss.

Isaac opened up, letting Knox in deep. Their cocks slid together, balls slick and heavy as they bumped together. Anthony. Isaac wouldn't forget. Ever.

Knox bent him, lifted his hips, left him completely off balance. Those hands, so strong, pulled him up and dug deep into his muscles. He gasped, reaching for those shoulders, blinking over. "Don't drop me."

"Not gonna. Got you." Those eyes glittered as Knox stared into his, licking his lips. "Feel so damned good."

"Better than anyone has in eons. You're addictive."

"Yeah? Even though I blew up your house?" Lips traveling down his throat, hips bumping his over and over, Knox simply took his breath.

"Mmmhmm. Even though. You're making it up to me." He chuckled so that the tease wasn't misunderstood, the sound drowned by a moan.

"I am. Over, and over." Each word came with a thrust of Knox's cock against his, a swing of tight balls on his. Holding him one handed, Knox started to touch him, the grip not even slipping a bit in the water.

"So strong." He arched, reached up for the shower head to give Knox more skin.

Knox grinned, nipping his collarbone, licking down his sternum and over to one underarm to nuzzle and press the bundle of nerve endings there. That found his toes curling, his arms going tight and hard as a deep groan escaped him, hunger and need surprising him.

"God. A man could live on that sound." His nipples felt the sting next, Knox licking and biting as the water rushed over them.

"Make me hungry, pup. Make me ache." Unlike anyone before. Even unlike the others.

"Yeah. Damn. Isaac." He thought perhaps Knox understood, at least it certainly seemed like it the way he rocked and bit and licked, hands pulling at him. His skin would show every mark, every bite, and the more that popped up, the faster Knox moved, the sharper those teeth felt.

"Fucking addictive." That sweet cock rubbed under him, pushing up against his balls. So hot. Knox's skin just burned.

"Take all you want, pup. Every inch." He threw his head back, letting the angle move him, drive them together.

"Oh God. Uh huh." Knox just went crazy, hips snapping, loving on him so hard they'd both have rub marks. His muscles went taut, cock bobbing, balls drawn up tight.

"Come on, damn it. Isaac. Wanna see." He wondered if Knox could see anything, those dark eyes were so cloudy, so incredibly dazed. But it wasn't until Knox throbbed under him, come spattering his skin that he lost himself, entire body shuddering.

He whimpered -- actually whimpered -- as he shot, body bucking, hips rolling violently. His fingers slipped on the showerhead and they staggered a little, but Knox held him fast, grunting as they smacked the wall hard. "Sorry. Damn."

"Hush. I'm... I'm fine. Good. I'm good." He just blinked, body shuddering.

"Uh huh. Good." Slack and a little swollen, Knox's mouth hovered over his, finally sealing his lips.

Oh, yes. Yes. He hummed, tongue slipping into Knox's mouth to taste. Yes.

"Mmm. Now that's a fine good morning."

"Not bad at all, pup. Add pancakes and it will be perfect."

"Pancakes. Hell yes. Pecan ones." His feet finally touched down on the tile just about the time the water went cold. His bones creaked.

"Out! Out!" He despised the cold.

Hated it.

Almost passionately.

"Okay, hold on." The stream of water stopped, Knox grabbing a big fluffy towel to wrap him in. "Want your robe?"

He pressed into Knox's warmth, the man's heat melting him perfectly fine, thank you. "Hrm?"

"Nothing." That grin made all things right with the world. "Pancakes. We might even have sausage. And coffee. Damn, I need coffee."

"Yes. Coffee. Hot and creamy." He hummed, purred.

"I'll even heat your syrup." The pup was becoming more and more useful all the time.

"Such a good man." He nodded, nuzzled Knox's throat. "So handy."

"I'll show you handy after breakfast." Goodness, the images that supplied.

"Hopefully that isn't the only thing you'll show me."

"Hell no. I'll show you I can be mouthy, too." Smacking his ass, Knox led him out of the bathroom, both of them still dripping a little.

He settled in the big armchair, grinning as Knox draped the robe over him. "So are you cooking or do I have to get dressed?"

"I'll cook. I can do pancakes. And I think I have some pecans to toast." They should. They'd bought enough groceries. Seeming completely comfy in a towel, Knox wandered around the little bungalow kitchenette getting ingredients together.

Isaac watched, admiring the way Anthony was put together. Quite classic, really. He was always surprised at the minute changes in men, the fascinating little differences. "You could have posed for a statue in Rome, you know?"

Cheeks heating, Knox shook his head, turning to dig in the fridge. "Too well-hung. Too hairy."

"Well, there's waxing, I suppose, but the fuzzy look quite suits you." Lovely ass on that man.

"The only people who get to drip hot wax on me are the ones I'm fucking." There, that was the cocky attitude back, the wink a bold one.

"I take that to mean you've never slept with a cosmetologist." Mmm... hot wax on that amazing belly...

"Nope. And you said you were a researcher, so I guess I'm not now."

"Historian. Although I suppose I could research waxing for my next interest." He'd been blessed with precious little body hair. "In ancient Egypt they used a mixture of sugar, honey and lime syrup."

"How do you make a living as a historian? Or is that why you crash in other people's houses?" Muscles moved under Knox's skin as he stirred batter. Really, with a little apron tied into a bow, the man could be a pinup.

"You have... patrons." Parasitic relationships really – people who wanted to research,

who wanted to see if the rumors were true. Besides, he had no need for work. He had help deposited about. "People who provide for you to eat and survive while you research what they need."

"Do they get pissed if you don't give them the slant they want? They always say history was written by the winners."

"They can, yes. Or if you find information they prefer to be kept secret." That happened so rarely though and a long night of feeding often cured it.

"Oh, man, that would suck. Do you want sausage? I'm thinking we need protein." Skillets clattered, Knox bending so the towel rode up and up.

"I love sausage." He slid out of the chair, crawling silently across the tile.

"Okay." Whatever it was Knox was looking for must be elusive. He didn't mind. It gave him plenty of time. He managed to get right behind Knox, tongue slip-sliding up along the man's thigh under the towel.

"Fuck!" Cast iron clanged as Knox dropped the griddle he'd pulled out, jumping a foot in the air. "Jesus, Isaac."

"Hmm?" Warm and clean, male and soapy and right. Oh, he was keeping this one.

"I didn't hear...oh. There." The towel slipped away as Knox spread for him. So responsive.

"You're making breakfast." He slid his tongue along the line of buttock and thigh, moaning low.

"I... I am. Where... Did I get the sausage out?" Knox swayed, muscles clenching and releasing, the hot male scent of him intensifying.

"Focus, pup." He bit a little, fingers reaching to stroke Knox's balls.

"I am. Just not on food." That growl worked right down his spine. Knox didn't push him away, though, just arched back against him, offering.

"You'll make me hungry." He let his teeth scrape along Knox's skin, hands spreading that fine ass. "Pancakes. I want pancakes."

"O-okay." The hitch almost slipped by without him noticing. Almost. Still, Knox straightened, the pan clomping on the stove. Such a good boy. He rewarded that with a long lick, tongue sliding over Knox's hole. The muscles under his hands and mouth quivered, but he could smell the flame as the stove came on, the sizzle of sausage as it hit the warmed pan.

Exceptional game. He licked again, purring loud enough that Knox would feel it all through.

"If I burn my dick I'm gonna be pissed." Sexy laughter mixed with a deep moan, those heavy thighs bracing so Knox could rock a little.

"So be very, very careful. No burning." He dropped playful kisses over Knox's ass, letting the anticipation build. The long spine rippled as Knox bent and moved, the wonderful smells of pancakes and sausage filling the room.

"You are a most delectable man, pup." Isaac settled back down to his task, licking and laving Knox's hole, trying to see which of them would win this little battle of wills.

"You're driving me crazy." One lick had Knox rising on his toes, a soft, torn sound meeting it. Good. He spread those muscled cheeks a little further, tongue pushing into tight heat.

Something clanged on the stove, Knox cursing roundly, but it must not be that bad the way the man just pushed back and back, begging for it. Isaac took his time, fucking that tight hole over and over, not speeding, not slowing, just focusing on driving Knox crazy.

Finally the stove clicked off, Knox just standing there, shaking, muscles jumping. "Breakfast."

"You are something special, pup." He spun Knox around, mouth dropping down over the dripping cock, sucking fiercely in reward for that focus. Knox growled, the sound low and grating, and started fucking his face with short, sharp thrusts. In and out, giving him everything.

Yes, pup. That's it. You can't break me. He relaxed, letting Anthony in deep.

Those heavy balls swung, Knox's cock sliding in, riding down the back of his throat, across his tongue. He was getting the hottest noises, groans, curses, the amazing body tight and straining above him. His hands reached up, stroking his way up to the tight nipples. Come now, give in, our breakfast will get cold.

"Isaac!" Oh, the pup sounded almost lost, crying out as he shot, hips pumping, cock jerking in his mouth.

Hot and rich, salty and all-male and just what he wanted, Isaac didn't lose a drop, just sucked and swallowed.

Shivering, Knox stroked his cheeks, panting for breath. "Fuck, Isaac. Jesus."

He kissed the base of Knox's belly, tongue sliding.

"You don't want your pancakes getting cold..." There was a hitch in that voice, though, satisfying as hell.

"Not after all your work, no." He stood, sliding up along Knox's body.

One big hand cupped his head, pulling him in for a kiss that took his breath. Knox's teeth pressed against his lips. He whimpered, lips parting, just shaking with it, heat flooding him. Knox cupped his cock, stroking him hard and fast, biting at him. Loving on him. It was easy to arch, to buck into Knox's hand and spend, heat spraying over Knox's belly.

"Mmmm. Hell of an appetizer." One finger dragged along his belly and over his cock before Knox brought it up to lick it clean.

He moaned, blinking for a moment. "Not bad at all."

"Uh huh. I heated syrup." The pup sounded so pleased.

"You're brilliant." He grinned, stomach growling.

"I know." He got another kiss, just a peck really, tasting of him. "Let's eat."

CHAPTER SIX

When Knox got back into the office for the first time in...a few weeks, Freddy pounced on him. Not like Isaac did, admittedly, but Fred was all over Knox like white on rice.

"Bout time you showed up, bossman. We've been feeling neglected."

"I told you to call me if you needed me," Knox said, scratching his chin. Man, he needed a trim.

"Yeah, yeah." Freddy followed him into his office. "What do you want to do about the Belcher job? The old lady is screaming, but her son is the one with the signing powers."

A whole mess of schematics sat on his desk, and Freddy started stabbing at them, jabbering, "If we lay out the charges here..."

His mind wandered. Knox hated to admit it, but there it was. He kept thinking about Isaac, about that long body and that fine, fine skin. He snapped out of it when Freddy punched his shoulder, making his cheeks heat.

"Sorry."

"Are you possessed or something, boss?"

"What? No," he answered. "Just been on semi-vacation too long. I'll be fine once I get back in the swing."

He would, too. If his employees were starting to talk, it was time to stop playing and get back to business.

No matter how much he daydreamed about Isaac's mouth.

They went to Charleston after a quick trip back to Athens to visit the office. Maybe it wasn't so bad, having to give up one beach for another. And Isaac went with him all the way. It still boggled his mind.

"Promise me you won't touch anything when we get there."

Those dark eyes danced over the top of one of a perpetual list of books the man came up with. "Me? Touch anything? Would I do that?"

"Yes. Yes you would. Behave. There's a reward in it for you." He wouldn't have time to get them a hotel before the first meeting with the client.

"I promise to sit and read and admire your tight, well-fucked little ass." Last night had been memorable, Isaac bending him over the back of the sofa and making him scream for it, making him shoot twice before filling him.

His cheeks heated and he shifted in the driver's seat, still feeling that for sure. "I assume you've been to Charleston?"

"A long time ago, yes. I'm sure it's changed."

"Well, then, we'll have to explore." If Isaac liked Savannah he'd like Charleston for sure.

"I like exploring." One long hand stroked over his thigh, teasing the seam.

"I know." God, did he know. And like. "We'll have to get a place with a private room, no thin walls."

Isaac chuckled, the sound deep and pure sex. "Either thick walls or a gag."

"Nah. I like hearing your noises." No way was he gonna admit he was the loud one. No way.

"Last night's aria wasn't mine, pup. Those screams were all you."

"Oh, shut up." He grinned, whapping Isaac's hand away.

Isaac's laugh just filled the cab. "Snippy little pup. You might ruin my manicure."

"Oh, right. You're so delicate. When I was fucking your face the other day you didn't bitch about your crowns."

"Delicate and genteel, you brute bastard." His nipple was tweaked good and hard, the zing making him jump.

"Asshole." Isaac would pay for that, for sure. God, he felt good. Knox gunned it, the big truck leaping down the interstate, the radio blaring Aaron Tippen. "We need to go get grits and gravy. Oh! Or frogmore stew."

"Frogmore stew? Dare I ask?"

"It's just a shrimp boil. Shrimp, corn, and hot sausages. Some of that red seafood seasoning. It'll leave your lips on fire." Damn. Yeah. Or cheese grits... Yum.

"Mmm... fiery lips. I can think of one or two interesting uses for those."

"I bet you can." God. That might be. Knox shivered, pulling off the highway at his exit. "You're evil."

"Me? Evil? I'm sure you don't mean that. Still, it's a pleasant thought, spiced lips wrapped around your prick."

"Pleasant. Could be painful." Old Bay and his most sensitive skin? Huh. "Maybe I should stick to popcorn shrimp."

"Tsk ts." Isaac was laughing at him, grinning like a fool. "Someone might question your sense of adventure."

"Oh, I think you know I have a healthy one of those. How many guys would take you on?" Let him just move in, stay, start fucking like bunnies.

"There've been a few over the ages, but less than you might imagine."

"The ages." Snorting, he turned off again, searching for the landmarks Freddie had given him on the cell. "Yeah, you're just ancient. You keep trying that line and I keep not buying."

"I've noticed that. I forgive you your doubt, pup." Teasing bastard.

"Oh, I can't tell you how I appreciate it." The 1960s hotel was certainly an eyesore. Knox pulled into the parking lot, actually excited about taking down the six-story mess so they could build a gracious Spanish-style replacement. "This is it."

"Oh, it's quite interesting, isn't it? I might go poke around, look at it."

"Okay, but no messing with anything. Do you have a cell phone?" Hell, it was weird that he didn't even know that.

"Hmm? A telephone? No. No, I don't need one." The book was set aside, Isaac's eyes on the building.

He grabbed Isaac's arm. "Then you'll have to decide when you're going to meet me out here. My meeting might take an hour or more." He didn't want Isaac wandering off. Or attaching himself to someone else.

"An hour, then? I can do that." Isaac looked at him, just looked for a second and it damn near made him hard, the heat pouring off the man. "Here?"

He had to clear his throat. "Yeah. An hour. Here. We'll find that room. No gag."

"I'll be here," He got a wink, a smile. "You can get me back for last night. I hope your client has hard chairs, pup."

"Bastard." He'd get the man back all right. Hard and fast, on his hands and knees.

"Indeed, but you'd be lonely without me."

"Yeah. Yeah, I would." Grabbing his laptop bag, Knox headed inside, trying not to let that thought get to him.

He was very afraid he wouldn't just be lonely.

He'd be lost.

He had three horrible porno books, a gold chain with a bizarre little garnet pendant and the world's ugliest vase. Living with Knox was like living around the world's greatest bazaar market. He piled the stuff in the back of the truck, whistling happily as Knox's men roamed and wired and set explosives.

"What are you up to, huh?" Knox grinned at him, grabbing a water bottle out of the bed and taking a huge gulp.

"Finding treasures. I do enjoy your job." He waved over the porn, amused beyond all belief. "Are you having fun yet?"

It was the vase that had Knox looking with wide eyes, shaking his head. "That's god-awful, babe."

"Isn't it? It's the most perfectly obscene thing I've seen in years."

"You are one odd duck." He got a glinting grin. Oh yes, he was far stranger than someone who blew things up for a living.

"Quack quack, pup. Did you find us a room?"

"I did. I've diagramed the blow, the guys are doing great, and I'm going to let Freeman manage it. He needs the experience." Knox bumped hips with him. "You done pillaging?"

"I have pillaged and foraged, like a good man." He stole a quick grope, loving the way Knox's cheeks flared. "Very nice."

"You're dangerous, you know that? I'm glad you occupied yourself while I was setting up

or we'd probably have crossed wires all over." Oh. He jumped a little himself as Knox felt him up, hand sliding between his legs from behind. "Come on."

"Coming." He chuckled, cock filling. "Without gags."

He hadn't had so much fun in forever.

"No gags. I like the shape of your mouth just like it is." The look he got as Knox opened the door for him just burned.

His prick got that much harder and he licked his lips without even thinking. Knox swayed close before blinking and moving around to get in, sitting with his hands on the wheel. Those ears were deliciously red. "Come on, pup, before I suck you here in the truck. Your men don't want to watch."

"You... I... Okay." The truck gunned to life, Knox throwing it in gear and burning rubber out of the lot. "It's only about twenty minutes away."

He could get used to this. The heat. The fucking. The moans. Possibly even the country music.

Possibly.

"I could make you quite mad in twenty whole minutes."

"You could make me dead if I ran off the road. That would suck." The word suck got a little sideways glance with it, Knox licking his lips. No. No, not yet. He was not ready.

"Well, there's precious little fun in that, pup. Eyes on the road. I'll just amuse myself over here." He started rubbing his cock through his slacks, shifting on the seat.

"Oh, so not fair, Isaac. I need..." He could smell what Knox needed, could practically feel it vibrating through the cab of the truck.

"And I'll give it to you, once you get us to that room you promised." The scent of Knox set him on edge, caused the slightest growl to rumble in his chest.

Knox shifted in his seat, the truck picking up speed. "Uh huh. Okay."

"I can smell you, you know. Smell how you want." He spread a little, licking his lips. "Can you still feel me, still feel how I took you last night?"

Oh, he did so love playing.

"Oh, God." Knox wiggled, the scent intensifying as Knox's cock shifted under his jeans. "We gotta get there soon. I can. I can still feel it, baby."

"I bet you'll be hot under my tongue, sweet and stretched and swollen." Beautiful pup. The games they could play.

"I... Oh. God, Isaac. I'm starting to hurt." They took a turn on two wheels, the brakes squealing.

"How far is it?" He squeezed his cock through his slacks, relishing the ache.

"Another ten miles. I swear. No time." Knox shifted gears before giving his own cock a rub, giving Isaac a show. And the sweetest moan he'd ever heard.

"Mmm... pretty pup." He leaned over, just watching, breathing, knowing Knox could feel him, his hunger.

They were both panting by the time they squealed into the parking lot, both so hot. Knox reached over and pulled him close for a searing kiss before the springs stopped rocking. He grabbed Knox's ass, fingers pushing into that crease, teasing the sensitive hole.

"Gonna get caught." Knox didn't really seem worried though, just arched into his hands, chewing his lips. It had been so long since he'd met someone so hot, so needy for him.

"You want to stop long enough to go in?" He squeezed again, fingers tapping right through Knox's jeans.

"Yeah. I... This isn't gonna be enough, Isaac. Please." Oh, the pup was wild eyed, cheeks red, chest heaving.

"Yes." He licked Knox's lips, backing off. "In. Naked. Hard and hot."

"Yes. I need. Do I need to get a room?" Oh, that was too good, that heavy eyed look. Too sweet.

"With thick walls." It was his turn to scream.

"I can do that." With his lips bruised like that and his cock bulging against his zipper it would be pretty obvious why Knox wanted a room. "Gimme five minutes."

"Five." He watched Knox move, watched that fine ass and those tight jeans.

Knox came back in four and a half, opening the truck door and holding out a hand.

"Come on, baby. Now."

Baby. Interesting choice for an endearment. He nodded, reached out for that hand. "Now, pup."

Towing him like a fisherman trolling for sharks, Knox hauled him around to their room, barely making it inside before attacking him. Knox kissed him so hard their teeth clacked.

Yes. Isaac reached up, stretching all along Knox's body, rubbing them together. Yes.

"Mmm. Yeah. Oh, you feel good." Those big hands cupped his butt, squeezing and pulling. The bulge of Knox's trapped cock rubbed against him, hard and hot through the cloth.

"Too many clothes." He bit Knox's bottom lip, then the square chin. Hungry. Oh, he wanted.

"Uh huh. I know. But I don't want to let go." He got a grin, wide and feral. "We have a quandary."

"Oooh. Quandaries can be quite entertaining." That smile sent jolts through his balls.

"Sure they can." Knox reached down between them, cupping his balls. "Like front or back."

"Mmm..." His thighs went tight, eyes rolling a little. "Hard and fast or deep and slow."

"Standing up or on the bed. Or half of both." Dark eyes, lighting up, Knox nodded firmly. "That's it. You, bent over the bed, ass up. But I want you to suck me first, you tease."

He laughed, licked Knox's lips. "You want, do you?"

"I do. I do indeed." Knox started dragging him again, hauling him right to the bed to plop him down before reaching down to open those too-tight jeans.

He licked his lips, fingers sliding along Knox's thighs. "You sure you can get it up again?"

"For you? I can get it up all night." The jeans slid down and Knox's cock slipped out, wet and damp, hard as anything. Salt exploded over his tongue as he leaned in to taste, to lick, the soft skin like silk.

"Uhn." Groaning, Knox cupped the back of his head, thigh muscles straining as he pushed right into Isaac's mouth. It was tempting to pull away, tease, but he had the urge to suck hard, head bobbing as he swallowed around that thick flesh. And Knox didn't really give him a choice, just thrusting into his mouth, begging, demanding. The salty drops came fast on his tongue, letting him know how close Knox was. His fingers slid around, tapping that hot little hole, knowing the sensations it would send through his pup.

"Isaac! Fuck." So fast, so good, Knox just thrust two or three more times before shooting

right down his throat, giving him everything. He sucked, drinking Knox down, hand rubbing and working his own prick.

"Mmm. Fuck yeah." The last tremor faded away and just as he pulled off Knox yanked him up for a kiss, hand coming down to cup him, squeeze him.

"More." He arched, hips demanding, cock just throbbing, needing to come.

"Off." Tugging at his jeans, Knox waited for him to get going on them before practically tearing his shirt. Once he got naked, Knox got ahold of him again, stroking his cock, fist swinging. He dug his heels in, a deep groan pushing out of him. Those hands. Those amazing hands.

"So pretty. Do you have any idea what your skin does to me?" He could probably guess. Knox's prick rose like it had never gone down, flushed deep. The calluses on Knox's fingers rubbed him, slid over his head, pulling back the skin there, probing his slit.

He gasped, toes curling at the burn, the near electric ache. "Pup. Pup, your hands. Please."

"It's okay, baby. I promise I'll still do you. Come on. Come for me." The other hand cupped his ass, giving him something solid to lean on. All the while Knox stroked, pulled, coaxed it right out of him.

He arched, balls tight and aching as he came, Knox's name ringing out in the room.

"Yeah. Oh, yeah. Fuck, that's... Damn." Knox kissed him again, deep and hard, stealing what breath he had left.

It made him shudder, shake, the pleasure from his orgasm just continuing to roll through him. Knox shifted him like a rag doll, pushing him around, facedown over the bed. Knox used his own come, still warm, rubbing it against his hole, pushing inside to stretch him.

He whimpered, going up on his toes, wanton as a whore for that touch. The growl he got sent shivers up his spine, just as Knox's touch had him shaking from the inside out. Three fingers slid inside him, letting him feel it. So easy, to push back, demand more, feel the need and pressure ratchet that much higher and higher still.

Slipping those fingers out of him, Knox set the head of his thick cock to Isaac's hole, pushing, testing his readiness. Isaac just pushed back, fucking himself on Knox's prick with a low cry. Yes. Yes, just what he needed.

"God, Isaac." Hands on his hips, Knox gave him bruises as they rutted, lean hips slapping against his ass.

"Anthony. Pup. Yes." He lifted up on his hands, the angle change making him cry out, jerk.

"Uhn." There it was, that stunned, happy sound, Knox jerking inside him. "Fuck. Yeah." Knox started moving faster, harder, really giving it to him.

"I... Knox." His mouth dropped open, sounds pouring out of him as they moved faster and faster, the room blurring as sweat dripped into his eyes.

"You're...I... Damn." Knox panted, pushing him higher, faster, making him fly.

"Yes." His head went back, throat working as his body tightened impossibly. Reaching beneath him, Knox hoisted him up with a hand on his belly, getting him in the perfect position to grab his cock and start stroking. The angle inside him...oh, fuck.

"Yes!" He screamed, head tossing, seed spraying from him, Knox's cock huge inside him, filling him.

"Oh." Long, drawn out, the moan sounded behind him, Knox filling him, shooting deep into him. Making him wet.

He melted, leaning back into Knox's arms, heart just pounding. "Mmhmm."

"Yeah. Can't move, Isaac." He felt Knox's thigh muscles shaking.

"Oh. Bed. Soft." Oh, goodness. Incoherence. Impressive.

"Uh. Yeah." They just sort of... toppled.

Lucky he wasn't fragile.

Or particularly picky about being landed on, assuming Knox was doing the landing.

"Feel good." Knox felt solid, heavy, and sweaty. Luscious. And those lips finding his neck made it all the better, the rough fringe of stubble around Knox's mouth abrading him.

"Mmhmm." He purred quietly, utterly sated and boneless.

They shifted, Knox slipping to one side to wrap around him. "That was a great start."

"Perfect. I'm looking forward to an extended second act." And the third act. Perversions during intermission.

"Sounds like a plan, Isaac. Sounds like the perfect plan to me."

CHAPTER SEVEN

Knox woke up, hands sliding across the sheets looking for Isaac. They were in...God. Where were they? Charlotte? Mobile? Asheville! North Carolina mountains. Right.

Where in Hell was Isaac? The sheets were cold, and so was he, a little. He rolled to his back, scratching his belly, waiting for his eyes to start picking shapes out of the dark. There were no lights on in the suite. So where was the guy?

He finally rolled out of bed, padding to the en suite, then out to the little living room kitchenette. The Asheville job was a three week deal, so he wanted to be able to cook.

Isaac was curled up in the window seat, face lifted to the sky, sound asleep. The man's arms were covered in long, red scratches, nails still moving, scraping.

Knox stared, the light coming through the window just strong enough to see. Jesus. That was gonna hurt when Isaac woke up. He hesitated. Should he go wake the man up? One more scratch to that long forearm had his body answering for his mind, moving his feet right over.

"Isaac? Baby? Wake up."

Isaac's eyes flew open, bloodshot and black as pitch. "Pup."

The pet name was a growl, damn near vibrating in him.

He almost took a step back. Instead he moved forward, grabbing Isaac's hands as he would've scratched more. "What's wrong?"

"I..." Isaac rippled, pushed closer to him. "Nothing. Dreams. Terrible dreams. I couldn't sleep."

"You're all hurt." Wrapping an arm around Isaac's waist, Knox pulled him up and pulled him close, letting that long, lean body rest against his. Solid. Warm. Real. "You shoulda woke me."

Isaac nodded, the chuckle warm, more awake. More normal. "You looked cozy and I was hungry. Needed a bite."

"And you didn't make me anything?" Lord, the man oughta know by know Knox was always hungry. They swayed, his own body moving in time with Isaac's restless movement.

"I didn't cook. Just nibbled." Isaac leaned in, nuzzling his throat. "You smell good."

"Mmm. You're hot." Really hot. As in making Knox sweat by pressing against him.
"Want you."

"Mmhmm." Isaac starting tasting him, licking and lapping, teeth teasing his skin.

The thrill shot through him, the one that always did when they touched, his cock rising hard and high. Knox rubbed against Isaac, trying to get more sensation.

Isaac's hand slid down, cupped his ass, dragged him closer, nails scraping his skin.

"Uhn." He loved that, loved the bite of the sharp on his skin. He rose up on tiptoe, his hands opening and closing on Isaac's arms, his back.

It felt like Isaac was vibrating against him, almost purring, the sounds sliding down his spine.

Humming, he bent, biting at Isaac's neck, the taste just salty and hot and enough to make his cock throb. Fuck. He couldn't get enough. "Isaac. Bed."

Isaac nodded, teeth sharp on his shoulder before the man pulled away, licking his lips, leading him toward the bedroom.

He followed, unable to look away from that muscled, swinging ass. God, the man got to him like nothing else had. To the point where he was ignoring everything else but work.

As soon as they got to the bedroom he pounced, pushing Isaac down on the bed and rubbing up on him from behind.

Isaac growled, stretching long and lean, hips bucking back toward him. Demanding. There were more scratches on Isaac's shoulders, sides, wherever the man could reach.

Somehow the sight just fueled the fire, making him pant, making him lean down and bite the skin of Isaac's shoulder until a lurid bruise rose up, his own mark, darker and deeper than the others. His cock rubbed between Isaac's cheeks, the hard muscles pushing against him. Fuck. Good.

The bite set Isaac to bucking, rocking against him, skin just burning. "I swear, Pup. You don't fuck me into oblivion and I'll have to hurt you."

"Oh. Yeah." His voice broke, but he figured his growl told Isaac all he needed to know. He couldn't wait, not one bit, and he put his cock to Isaac's hole, testing, pushing.

Those lean, sharp-boned hips just pushed back against him, hole too tight for a second, then yielding, letting him in, tight muscles surrounding him.

His teeth clenched, the muscles in his belly hard as a rock as he grabbed Isaac's hips, his thumbs digging into Isaac's ass. "God. Hot."

Like a fucking furnace.

"More. Won't break. Need it." Isaac pulled his knees up under him, hips tilting just so, letting Knox in even deeper.

Knox just swarmed over him, letting his hips find a hard, fast rhythm, giving Isaac everything he was asking for. His breath came fast, his chest heaving as he thrust and thrust, reaching beneath to fist Isaac's cock. Hard as Chinese algebra, Isaac's prick was wet-tipped, dripping, sliding easily in his palm. "Yes!"

"Yeah. Yeah, baby." He just. He was gonna explode. Jesus, what this man did to him. Knox stroked, using his other hand to haul Isaac up, changing the angle of his thrusts, searching for the sweet spot.

"Knox!" Isaac screamed, head falling back as heat sprayed over his fingers, muscles squeezing his prick tighter than a fist.

Every nerve in his body fired, his nipples tight and hard, his belly quivering, and Knox shot so hard he honestly saw stars, shaking like a fucking leaf.

Soft, random little sounds filled the air, Isaac just lax and melted beneath him, ass squeezing and releasing him rhythmically. He shuddered, his cock twitching one last time before he toppled, both of them stretching out on the bed. "Fuck. Isaac...Better now?"

"Uh-huh." Isaac nodded, dark hair plastered to the long neck, heat seeming to dissipate. "Better."

"Me too." His hands slid over Isaac's skin, searching out random patterns, just needing to touch. Like a compulsion he wasn't willing to look at too close.

Isaac hummed, rocking under his touch, easing, relaxing, resting.

Random shivers ran through him as he relaxed too, curling close. The frantic feel was gone, just them sweaty and happy and snuggling now.

"Thank you." Isaac licked the inside of his wrist, the base of his thumb.

"You're welcome, baby. I woke up missing you." He grinned, pressed close.

"Mmm... Keeping you, pup. Nice to be noticed."

"Mmm." Whatever the heck that meant. He'd go along with it. Knox grinned, nuzzling in closer. "Back to sleep, Isaac."

Isaac chuckled, nodded, breath already slowing. "Mmhmm."

He'd ask about the scratching, but not until tomorrow. Right now it looked like Isaac was gonna be able to sleep again.

Knox grinned. Of course, any man who didn't drop off to sleep after a fucking like that, well, just wasn't human.

Hungry.

God help him.

He could feel it in his bones, gnawing and scraping, itching. Aching.

Isaac walked along the sidewalk, streetlights sparkling in his eyes, fascinating him, leading him. He'd left Knox working on something, bent over the dark desk, nape exposed.

Bared.

Pale.

He stopped, hands clenched into fists as his stomach clenched, almost doubling him over. No. No. He would not.

"Hey, man. Are you okay?" It was a college student, one of the hundreds that seemed to abound in Athens, even in Knox's fairly exclusive old neighborhood. "You look sick."

"Fine." Go away. Go away. Run, child. Run. "I'm fine. Stomach ache."

"Can I help you get home? Call you a cab?" The silly boy had no sense of self-preservation.

"No." He rippled, teeth bared, breath panting from him. "I live right here."

Hunt. He needed to hunt. Feed. Bite deep.

The kid took a step back, face going blank. It was the footsteps behind him that gave the youngster a chance to run, Knox's hand falling on his shoulder. "Isaac?"

He shuddered, closed his eyes and fought himself with everything he had. "Pup."

"What? What's wrong? I swear, baby, I could..." Knox trailed off, just rubbing his back with one big hand. "Come on, Isaac. Come back to the house."

"Anthony. I..." His voice was all sandpaper and raw desperation and he arched into the touch.

"What?" Knox's hand slid down his arm, closed around his wrist, pulling him off the sidewalk, under the darkened umbrella of a big oak. "What, baby?"

He whimpered, the scent of Knox like a drug. "I ache. I have to..."

Have to what?

Hunt?

Leave?

Run?

What, Isaac?

"Have to what?" Knox finally turned him around, searching his face in the tiny beam of streetlight that broke through the tree. "You're shaking."

"I..." Oh. Those eyes. He was suddenly caught, trapped, held in that gaze. Oh. Better.

"You gonna make it home?" Knox just looked right at him, right into him.

He nodded, pain fading, tongue wetting his lips. Home. He could do home.

"Come on, baby. Come home with me." Backing down to the sidewalk again, Knox led him, hands holding his, never looking away. So easy, to move, to follow, air scented with Knox and mist and heat. They got to the house without him even knowing it, Knox leading him up the steps and inside. Those big hands just held him, thumbs moving over his fingers. "Tell me what's wrong?"

"I'm starving. It's eating me alive."

Knox cupped his cheeks, holding him still when he would have moved restlessly. "Starving? What? How?"

"I can't." Those eyes. So earnest. "It's complicated. Impossible. Insane."

A rough laugh tore out of Knox's chest. "This is all insane. You moved in. I let you. I can't get enough of you. You're like a drug, Isaac." Knox kissed his forehead, his mouth. "Tell me."

"I can't remember when I was born." His own mouth chased Knox's, knowing he wasn't making sense, but completely unsure where to start, how to begin. "I can't remember when it started. All I remember is the hunger. The hunting. Feeding."

"Hunting what?" That accent came out so strong when Knox was disbelieving, pure Georgia drawl. He had a wild thought that Knox was picturing him shooting ducks. "Baby, what do you mean, feeding?"

Isaac closed his eyes, breathing slowly, fingers sliding over Knox's belly, the wide chest. He wasn't ready to lose this. "It doesn't matter."

"You're so hot." Lips moving over his cheek, Knox stroked his neck, his shoulders. "Burning up. Are you sick, Isaac?"

He nodded, stretching up toward the touch. "It will ease. I swear."

If he had to sneak out tonight and find someone, it would ease.

"How can I help?" Oh, good, right there. Knox bit him, like the pup instinctively knew what he needed, what would make his pulse leap, his skin shiver.

"Don't stop." The zing and ache distracted him, eased him, drove him beyond his own need. "Don't stop."

"Not gonna." So rough, so hot that voice, scraping his nerves. Knox reached down, grabbed his ass and lifted, pulling him up closer to bite down again, tongue rubbing along the teeth marks. Knox's shirt made a snarling sound when it tore, Isaac's cry echoing alongside. A deep rumble sounded, Knox lifting him right up off the floor, his legs dangling in midair.

He bared his teeth, almost growling, hips moving, trying to rub them together. "Need."

"Yeah. Isaac." They turned, his back smacking against the wall, Knox pushing between his spread legs.

He wrapped around Knox's waist, demanding. To his surprise, Knox didn't back away, met each feral need head-on.

Holding him tight, Knox thrust against him, cock hard and hot through his loose sweats. Hands, teeth, beard stubble, all of them bruised him, made him crazy with sensation.

His nails scrabbled against Knox's back, cock aching as everything inside him went tight.

"I want. Fuck, baby. Inside you." Knox ripped at his clothes, letting his feet touch down for a minute as he worked to get them both naked, letting him ease off a moment.

He helped, tugging and pulling, teeth breaking the skin at Knox's hip as he bent to push the sweatpants off Knox's feet.

Those lean hips bucked, Knox moaning for him, hands cupping his head. "Isaac. Yeah. Oh, God."

He licked the little drops of blood away, moaning, purring, hips fucking the air as the rich flavor of Knox filled him. Knox's legs gave, and both of them were on the floor, Knox pushing him down and crawling on top of him, hands and mouth frantic, skin hot, damp with sweat. Knox was moaning, practically babbling. The world went bright white, nothing but Knox and heat and sex and blood in the universe. Their cries battled with the slapping of their skin, the scrabbling of their nails on the floor. They rocked, Knox's prick sliding under his balls, rubbing against his hole as hot lips wrapped around one of his nipples, Knox closing sharp teeth around it and biting down. He screamed, pushing down, desperate to be filled, to be taken. Grunting, Knox pushed up into him, the burn just what he wanted, needed, the stretch so tight and deep it ached. So good.

"Isaac..."

"Yes. Yours. I burn." His head tossed, teeth tearing at his own lips. "For you."

Pupils dilated so wide those eyes seemed black, Knox stared down at him before bending to lick at his lips, hips pounding that cock into him. Yes. Yes. His lips parted, sobbing, the burn perfect, sweet. Necessary.

Knox moved faster and faster, cock spreading him wide, tongue pushing into his mouth to taste, to search out every drop of blood from his split lips. Then Knox pushed deep, tongue sliding against his teeth, their blood mingling together. Fire poured through him, his scream pushing into Knox's lips as he shot.

Following right behind, Knox filled him, shouting into his mouth, hands leaving deep impressions on his hips. Knox fell against him, suddenly utterly lax, only his heaving chest moving at all. He kissed Knox's temple, licking the sweat from the stubbled cheek.

"This is such... This thing between us. I... What is this?"

"I don't know." Hushed, sounding a little awed, Knox nuzzled against his neck. "I don't know, Isaac. You...you get to me. Fuck. You're mine."

He was nodding before he could even begin to think. "Yours."

Knox nodded back, propping up to kiss his mouth, so gentle on his torn lips. "I know it. Deep down. And damned if I'm not yours."

"And I'm keeping you." Oh. Oh, God. He was in trouble. Real trouble. Again.

"Okay." No questions, just agreement, Knox settling heavy and damp on him, curling around him.

He hummed, eyes closing for a minute. Soon. Soon he would understand this, research. Study. Feed.

Soon.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"What? No, Freddy. You need to take the job in Spartanburg. No. Look, I'm not avoiding work. I did the Asheville job just fine. I just need to...right. Okay. Yeah, tell the little woman I'll be in to sign checks tomorrow."

Knox hung up with Freddy and wandered. He opened the fridge, looked in, leaning on the door. Man, was it empty. Great fucking yawning emptiness. They needed beer. And Ho Hos. Knox scratched his belly, his skin jumping, nerves firing. Isaac slept in the other room, and Knox wanted to go in there and lie down, but he fought it. Freddy had accused him again of being...kind of obsessed. He wasn't.

He really wasn't.

Really.

His hands clenched into fists, and Knox stopped the drift of his body toward the bedroom. Isaac finally looked peaceful. Resting. Whatever it was riding the man, it was hard, making him look as old as he always claimed to be. Damn it, he was gonna let the man sleep.

In his bed.

In his house.

Which should give him more of a problem than it did. When had it become okay? When had he stopped finding it all too damned surreal and just gone with it?

Flopping on the couch, Knox looked up at the ceiling, just letting his mind race.

He didn't know if it was minutes or hours before Isaac came wandering in, still mostly asleep, not saying a word but cuddling into his touch, curling on his chest.

The tightness in his chest eased. He stroked Isaac's back. "Hey."

"Hey." Isaac purred, cheek rubbing against him. "Smell good."

"Mmmhmmm." Isaac smelled like bed, all musky warmth and fabric softener. "Feel better?"

"Yes. Much. Better. I almost feel human."

Chuckling, he turned a little closer, let their skin rub. "You feel damned amazing from this angle."

Isaac cuddled closer, nodding. "Strong."

Isaac's tongue flicked out, tracing over his skin.

"Mmmm." Knox tilted his head, letting Isaac at his neck. "Freddy says I'm addicted."

"Oh..." Isaac moaned, tongue and lips and teeth on his skin almost immediately, lighting up his nerves. "Is that bad?"

"I'm not sure." His breath caught, his hips rising as his cock swelled. "Okay, no. Not bad at all."

"Could eat you up." Isaac humming low, entire body moving and pushing toward him.

"Mmkay." Whatever. Just don't stop. Fuck. Knox shifted, tugged, pulled Isaac up into his lap to straddle his thighs. Hoo yeah. Right there. Long licks were interspersed with sharp little bites, the contrast maddening, infuriating.

"Cock tease." He grinned, licking the bruise on Isaac's throat, kissing the split lips.

"I have not *begun* to tease your cock, pup. You'll know if I do." Oh. Someone was feeling better.

"Yeah?" Raising a brow, he put his hands behind his head, feeling how damned long his hair was getting. "Show me."

Isaac chuckled, mouth moving down along his body. His collarbone was tasted, one nipple sucked and licked and bit until the pressure made him gasp. His whole body tingled, his skin prickling, his cock throbbing. "Yeah, baby. Yeah."

It took hours, it had to, Isaac's mouth driving him absolutely fucking insane. The bite marks landed on his chest, his belly. Everywhere. Dotting him. Making him burn.

"God, Isaac." He thrust up, trying to push, but he never brought his hands into play, enjoying the tease, the fire. Even if it was gonna kill him.

"Spread your legs." One hip was bitten, hard enough to break the skin, Isaac lapping up the drops. "I want more."

He spread without even thinking, letting his knees fall open, his hips rising and falling as he fucked air. Knox watched Isaac's mouth, watched him lick those sweet lips. Fuck.

"Smell you." Isaac's eyes closed, lean body slithering down, lips finding the soft, hidden skin of his inner thighs. His ass was cupped in those long hands, squeezed, rubbed.

"Uhn." His muscles tensed up, his belly and thighs going tight as his cock bounced, begging for Isaac's mouth. "Come on, baby. Please."

"Mmm..." Isaac's tongue slid up over his nuts, dragging up over the base of his prick.

"Yeah. That's it." His balls drew up, his head falling back into his clasped hands. The only thing he was thinking about when he looked at the ceiling this time was heat, soft lips, and a rough tongue.

His prick was taken in and in and in, the tip bumping the back of Isaac's throat. Those long fingers rolled his balls, pressed back on the sensitive strip of skin behind. He groaned, slipping down on the couch to roll his hips up, his knees opening even more. That touch. He just couldn't get enough of it. Isaac's fingertips circled his hole, lips bobbing up and down the whole time, teeth threatening. Knox pushed, relaxing, taking Isaac's fingers in, the raw, scraping feeling making him cry out. His cock leaked in Isaac's mouth, his balls drawing up. Isaac wasn't doing anything to keep him from losing his mind, pulling at him like Isaac was trying to suck-start a leaf blower.

"Please. Please." Goddamn, but he was begging. Isaac was right. He was no kind of match for this man's teasing. Not one little bit. Isaac's fingers pushed deep, stroking across his gland as that long, pointed nose buried in his pubes, demanding he give it up.

He did just that, hollering his head off, shaking, everything in him just pouring out. Knox gasped for breath, thighs trembling, arms straining as he shot, finally relaxing as he finished. Isaac drank him down, humming around his prick, just sucking gently and bringing him down.

When he could unclench his hands he brought them down, petting Isaac's hair, his neck and shoulders. "Damn. Good."

"Mmhmm." Isaac nodded, returning to lick and lap his skin.

Almost too sensitive now, he grunted, tugging at Isaac's shoulders. "Come here, baby. Want to taste."

He chuckled as Isaac followed his urging, relaxed and languid against him, except for that hard, hot prick. Kissing that mouth, he pushed his tongue in, tasting himself as he reached for Isaac's cock, hand closing on it and pulling. Fuck. Hot, smooth skin, the vein underneath pulsing...he could just eat Isaac right up in return.

Hot breath pushed into his lips, Isaac's dark eyes rolling.

Yeah. Fuck, yeah. Not so languid now, was he? Knox curled one arm around Isaac's back to pull him closer, bending him back over it to take the kiss someplace hard and deep.

Isaac took everything he gave, demanding more. It was heady, the way Isaac responded, body begging for him.

He stroked harder, all the way down to the balls, then back up to the tip and the extra skin there that fascinated him. He licked Isaac's lips, nipped his chin, reveling in every movement.

"Mmm... more, pup. Need." Isaac's hips moved faster, humping his hand.

"More." He gave all he could, pumping that sweet cock, thumb working the vein, while his teeth worried the lurid bruise he'd left on Isaac's neck.

He got a soft cry as a reward, Isaac rippling and gasping, heat pouring over his fingers as the long body arched against him.

"Fuck, baby. Pretty." Stupid and too damned simple, but that was what he saw, how he felt. Hot. Good. His.

"Mmm." Isaac nodded, cuddled in. "Good. Should bathe, huh?"

Not that Isaac looked to be moving anytime soon.

"Yeah. We're gonna start, you know, chafing soon." He chuckled, barely able to get his noodle-like muscles to move so they could stretch out on the couch.

"Can't have that." Isaac settled in deeper. "Not at all."

"Nope." His voice slurred. "After we nap..."

"Mmhmm..." Isaac made the softest noises when he slept, little purrs and rumbles.

It was cute.

Fuck. Cute.

Okay. Maybe he was just a little obsessed. But he wouldn't tell Freddy that.

CHAPTER NINE

Isaac was hip deep in research or whatever the technical version of hip deep was, searching out information from every source he could imagine.

He hadn't fed.

Hadn't.

But somehow...

He looked over at Knox, snoring on the bed, hands sliding over the sheets, searching for him.

What had they done?

One eye opening, Knox squinted up at him, licking his lips. "Isaac? Not sick, are you?"

He shook his head, forcing himself to stay where he was. "No. No, you... I'm reading."

Knox smiled, stretching, tanned body sliding across the sheets, the comforter slipping. "Oh, good. Whatcha reading?"

"History. Myths. Boring research." Boring research about something that no one wrote about except in fiction. His fingers slid over the keyboard, eyes caught, captured. Isaac inhaled, trying to get the scent of his lover, his pup.

He could just catch it from where he sat, the scent beckoning him, making him lean that way before he even thought. Knox grinned at him, long legs falling open slightly, the heavy cock resting on his leg. "I thought you liked history."

"I do." Whimpered. He whimpered, just looking at that body, that prick, that amazing stomach.

Not moving.

Not.

He was not moving.

One hipbone jutted as Knox turned toward him a little, hands smoothing the sheets. "You look lonely all the way over there."

Isaac licked his lips, nodding as he watched the way that tanned skin stretched over the hip. "You're a temptation, pup."

An addiction.

"Am I? You're still a tease." One leg drew up, propped up, the other still stretched out flat. Everything just...oh. Knox just opened for him, so vulnerable and tender and yet utterly masculine.

Isaac's hands were on Knox's legs before his brain noticed he wasn't sitting anymore. "Not a tease."

"Mmmhmm." That purr slid right up his spine, Knox moving under his touch, rolling to his back and spreading, just giving it up for him.

"Mine." It was so easy to bend, nose nudging those velvet soft balls. Oh. Knox. His. Pup. Need.

"Yours." Rough, broken, Knox's voice washed over him along with his hot, musky scent, strong and good. The muscles of Knox's legs stood out on either side of his head, raising Knox up for his mouth.

"Yes." Heat. He pushed close, tongue sliding around the tight ring of muscles, thumbs spreading the strong muscles for his mouth.

"Yeah. Baby. Oh." Heels digging into the mattress, Knox tilted, giving him the perfect angle. That scent grew stronger, Knox's cock rising against him.

He shuddered, pushing in to taste, growling as Knox surrounded him, the heat and musk everywhere.

He could hear Knox's low groans like they were far away, but the feel of Knox's big hands cradling his head were unmistakable. Knox petted him, stroked his neck. They settled into a rhythm, both of them moving, rocking, Isaac lost in the action, the motions. In them. Soon Knox's hand moved along with his mouth, stroking that thick cock that lay along the side of his face, the movement carnal, almost animal. His fingers curled into claws, scraping along Knox's hips, thighs, the growl he received sharp and heady, vibrating through him.

"Come on, Isaac. Please. I need." Knox all but thrashed under his touches, his tastes, whole body heaving. The salt taste of sweat joined the musk as Knox fought him and helped him and begged him.

He lifted his head and focused, eyes rolling, teeth bared, chest like a bellows. "Want in."

"In. Please. Want to feel." Knox rolled back and put his hands on his knees, drawing them to his chest. He'd never seen anything like it.

He pushed forward, cock throbbing, aching to bury in that tight heat. "Pup. Ache for you. Hungry for you."

"Ready. Please. Need you so bad." Knox reached for him, guided him right in, the head of his cock pushing into Knox's body.

They groaned in unison, his eyes caught in Knox's, nothing hidden between them, the need raw and fierce, making him shudder violently.

Knox's hands slid up his belly and around his back, pulling him closer, pulling him in. Then they started rocking together, raw, deep sounds coming from Knox's throat.

His hands landed on the headboard, giving him leverage, his hips pistoning, rocking, slamming into his pup over and over, driving deep.

He felt Knox's prick against his belly, Knox's body closing tight around him, and finally Knox's teeth sinking into his skin, right where his shoulder met his neck.

"Pup!" He went stiff, muscles tight as the pleasure-pain flooded him.

"Isaac." Short nails dug into his skin, Knox licking at the bite, urging him on with hard words and harder kisses. He reached down, fingers wrapping around Knox's prick and pumping. Knox went so tight around him that his eyes rolled, hot jets of come shooting over his fingers as Knox yelled, the sound hoarse and loud. He didn't think Knox was ever going to stop.

"Yes. Yes." Isaac bent, bit at Knox's lips, breaking the skin before taking them in a fierce, desperate kiss.

Knox gave him everything, opening up, the taste of his blood sweet and sharp, the feel of Knox's body against him so hot it burned. Seed poured from him, filling Knox, his hunger easing as if he fed.

"Oh. Oh, damn." Practically sobbing, Knox held him, touched him, nuzzling at his cheek, licking his lips.

He hummed, rocking Knox, heart pounding. He didn't understand this; he couldn't even begin to. And when he was touching Knox, he didn't care.

Those dark eyes looked right into him as Knox stroked his cheek. "Yours."

"Yes. You are. I... Yes."

"We'll work out the rest later, 'kay? Right now I just want to be here, with you." God, that voice could convince him of anything.

"Yes, pup. This now. The rest, later."

Later. When he could think again.

CHAPTER TEN

Somehow Anton thought he might have jumped from the pot into the fire. He had fled Hungary, his family in ruin, his home burned to the ground. He'd arrived in France just in time to see it in riots, the entire populace seeming to have gone mad.

He sat in a tavern in some nameless village, avoiding the road until the worst of the rabble cleared away. Dangerous as night travel was, it was actually safer for a man such as he, highwaymen being much easier to defend against than crazed peasants.

He sipped the piss-poor ale, watching idly as a man with a wooden leg chased a barmaid about, deciding that she did not need his help when she clouted the fellow with a pot.

A deep chuckle caught his attention, the sound almost wicked, evil. Dark. "Excellent aim, Fauve, as usual."

"Always hit 'em," the wench replied. Anton, in turn, looked for the owner of that most intriguing voice. Dark eyes and hair set off the palest skin, the wine-red vest setting off the man's coloring. Not a peasant, this one. Not at all.

The expression was, to say the least, ironic. It put his back up, while pulling at him at the same time. Anton sat back on his rickety bench and stared, taking in the long, long legs, the lean hips, the almost delicate hands. Really, he was not usually so...obvious.

The man's eyes landed on him, going wide for a moment, skin paler than ever. Then he received a nod, cup lifted in salute. Tilting his head, he toasted in return, wondering what had brought about that look. Surely he was not that filthy.

The man ordered another flagon, drinking deep, eyes returning to him again and again. Anton gave up on the ale, ordering the mulled wine instead, ignoring the swaying ass of the barmaid in favor of staring right back at the fellow staring at him. They looked at one another, the gazes becoming less hidden as they fell further into their cups. The pale cheeks gained a glow, becoming almost rosy.

His own cheeks heated, his cock twitching beneath his traveling clothes. Lord in Heaven. Wine, dark and rich as blood, was lapped off the man's lips, dark eyelashes casting shadows in the firelight.

Anton wanted him, with a sudden, vicious need he could never remember having in his life. He wanted to lay the man down and kiss him, touch him, sink his cock inside. It was simply insanity. The man's eyes closed, the look almost pained, needy. Then he stood, tossed a few coins on the table, and made for the door.

Oh. Oh, no. Not that easily away. Anton stood himself, drawing his cloak around him to cover him where his cutaway coat did not, and followed.

The man moved quickly, the moonlight setting the pale skin aglow. The horses stamped and whinnied as he passed, backing away. What under earth and Heaven? Anton hurried, near to running, not sure why he needed to see the man, to be near him. Only knowing he must.

The fleeing figure stopped, turned, blade in hand. "I have little to offer you, *mon ami*. Nothing but death's kiss."

His impetus had him stumbling forward a few more steps before he stopped, his brows snapping together. "You don't wish to kill me. Or perhaps you do, but not right away."

"You speak as if you know me." Those dark eyes searched his face, the blade wavering.

"I..." Anton took one more step, then another, moving close enough to see the long eyelashes, the skin stretched over the high cheeks. "Do I?"

"What a fascinating question, young pup. Indeed, I do not believe you have made me an introduction."

"Anton, sir. Anton Kostoven. And you are?" God, he could never remember being so instantly fascinated, so eager. He usually did not need to pursue.

"Isaac de Saur. A strange name, I vow, but I am only recently come."

"Come from where?" There, they shared something in common, at least. Anton found that they circled one another, as if ready to engage in a fight.

"Catalan, most recently." The man moved like a master, if the sword did waver a bit too much for mastery.

He had not even thought to draw his own blade. Anton moved fast, closing in, knocking the sword down and to the side. His hand closed around Isaac's throat. "Stop trying to fight me."

"You are most sure of yourself." The long throat moved against his palm, the man warm and flushed with wine.

"I cannot afford not to be." That he had learned at his own peril. "I want you."

"What would you have of me?" Isaac's hand found his prick with a single, sure touch, kneading him through his placket. His eyes very nearly rolled back in his head. He made sure, though, that he kept his own hold. This one was not to get away.

"I would have everything. Naturally."

"Are you strong enough to take that which you desire?" Oh, this one had fire, passion held just in check.

"Yes." Yes, he was. Damn the whole sorry mess, he was. Anton leaned forward to take a kiss, needing to taste.

He received a sharp nip for his trouble, then the briefest cry before his mouth was plundered, Isaac near climbing him. Yes. Oh, God yes. He cupped Isaac's bottom, his hands forgetting to threaten, letting go of throat and blade. He just kissed and kissed, his tongue pushing in to taste.

His tongue was pulled in, sucked hard. The man's hands were buried in his hair, tugging him in close enough that not even the moonlight could seep between them.

Anton panted, pushing, moving them into the lee of a thatched roof, smacking them against the wall of a dark cot. He needed to be closer. He needed more.

It was as if a madness had taken him, a wildness that surged through him as deep as his bones. The deep cries filled his mouth, one leg curled around his hip. He hummed, pushing his cock against Isaac's lower belly, harsh, animal sounds coming from him. He could no more stop than he could hold back the men who had burned him out of his home.

Somehow this man eased that fury, replaced it with an altogether different passion, a need unlike any he'd ever known.

"Please," he whispered against that sweet mouth. "Please."

"Yes, pup. Yes, anything." Those eyes met his, burning, a hint of fear in them. "Do you have a room?"

"I... No. I had planned to leave." Damn it. "Do you?" He stroked the dark fall of hair, the sharp cheek, praying the answer was yes.

"Indeed. It is simple -- a bed, a basic, but there is a stout door."

"Then that is all we need." He nodded, straightened, pulling Isaac with him. "Show me."

He was led through the to a place much like any one of a dozen he'd stayed in. Quiet, simple, anonymous as the coins that guaranteed them.

They made not a sound until the heavy door closed behind them and Anton latched it with the rough piece of hide around a nail. Then he reached for Isaac again, hauling him

close, bending to kiss swollen lips. Those clever hands found his skin, worming through the cloth to stroke and caress. His nipples were tugged, the curls upon his chest combed through and smoothed. Groaning, he struggled with Isaac's clothes too, the smooth chest a fine contrast to his own, the curls below thick and wiry.

"You have a fine touch. Finer than any I have felt in ages." The words were moaned against his throat, tongue hot as it dragged against his skin.

"I have never felt a touch such as yours." At least...no. He had not. Even if it seemed familiar. Right. He bent to lick at Isaac's collarbone, the taste of man and salt sending him soaring.

"Good." They stumbled back toward the sagging bed, Isaac stumbling over his own fallen trousers, laughter filling the air.

They tumbled to the bed, the ropes creaking, the straw-filled mattress crinkling. The scent was fresh enough, and it seemed free of bedbugs. A fine enough thing. Anton licked and bit at Isaac's skin, greedy as could be.

Isaac's shirt tore with a snarl, the sleeve ending in his fingers, the lace cuff ruined. "You owe me a shirt, pup."

"I'll give you a hundred shirts." He didn't, couldn't care about the fine feathers. He wanted what lay beneath.

"I expect you'll give me more than that." His hand was pushed down, palm filled with a fine, hard shaft, the skin there fine as silk. Finer. So hot. The heat they created stunned him. Anton closed his hand about the hard cock, stroking hard and fast, beyond delicacy.

"Need!" This was no shrinking violet, no simpering courtier.

"Yes." He nearly growled it, his own voice shocking him, the feel of Isaac sinking into his bones. "Yes."

Oh, there was a pure desire in those deep moans, the near raw cries. Heated drops slid down, slicking his fingers, smoothing the way down the long shaft. His hand slid more easily, faster, his thumb rubbing the skin pulled back around the head. The sound Isaac gave him for that drove him higher, made him gasp.

"I've longed..." The words were bitten off, head snapping back as if lightning struck.

"Longed for what? Tell me?" He wanted, no needed, to hear. Desperately. Anton leaned into Isaac's body, face in the hollow of his neck and shoulder. "Tell me."

"You. You. Please, love." The desperation and longing in that voice poured through him, woke something deep within him.

His cock jerked, his heart pounded, and Anton bit into the flesh beneath his lips, groaning, bucking. All the while he stroked Isaac's prick, learning the feel of him, the heat and hardness, what made him jump.

"More. Anton. I..." He was pushed backward, the sudden strength surprising him. Isaac straddled him, looking down with those black-black eyes. "Careful. You make me need."

"Perhaps I wish you to." He pushed his thumb against the slit at the head of Isaac's cock. "Perhaps you should take what is yours."

The reckless words made him blink.

Those eyes went wide, staring at him, still as a deep pond. "Mine. Mine. You. Do you know me?"

They stared at each other, the world narrowing to a single moment. "Yes. I don't know how. But yes."

Isaac nodded, the soft purr filled with a sweet satisfaction. One long hand cupped his jaw, stroking his skin. "Yes."

He smiled then, arching into Isaac, begging with his whole body, his cock like a brand between them. His arms came up to hold the man to him, to pull him in for a kiss.

The kiss was soft, gentle at first, even as their bodies rocked, thrust, slid together in an increasing fury.

It was not long, though, before it grew teeth, both his and Isaac's. His lips swelled, broke open, blood trickling against Isaac's thrusting tongue. Isaac sucked, pulling at his tongue, at his lips, near feeding upon him. The sounds they made were more animal than man, nearer to demon than angel.

That suited Anton perfectly well. He'd never been particularly angelic.

"Love. I...more. Yes? More."

"Yes. More." The last barriers between them were pushed away, Isaac's skin a brand against his, a sheet of pure fire.

All he could do was spread, his greedy hands pulling at Isaac's flesh, trying to get the man to all but crawl inside him. Oh. Inside.

Isaac's hands pushed behind his sac, fingers stroking the hidden, sensitive skin there. Lightning bolts flared, shot through him, setting his hair on end.

"Oh." He felt like he was falling, the wind rushing by. "I. Isaac. I want you in me." He had never asked that of another. Never.

That mouth slid down his chest, fingers tracing lazy circles around his hole. Soft words brushed against his skin, promises and prayers, secrets and hymn and wicked wishes.

The teasing drove him mad. Anton lifted his hips and pushed back down, trying to get more pressure, more of the touch. He urged Isaac on with curses of his own, rough and uneven.

"Patience. Patience." That tongue mapped his stomach, drawing wicked patterns on his skin. "We have the night, pup."

"I'm burning for you." His skin felt tight, hot, his whole being focused on that mouth, those hands. He could not fantasize it. "Damn it, man."

That earned him a laugh, teeth scraping along his hip. "Too late, Anton. That happened long ago."

"Yes. So long. It's been so long." Driven by an impulse he had no control over, Anton lifted up, offered everything, his muscles tight as the ropes on the bed.

A soft sob sounded against his inner thigh. "So long."

Then teeth sank into his skin, fingers pressing deep into his body. A shout left him, his body convulsing, closing tight around Isaac's fingers. God, he wanted. Yes. He rode Isaac's hand, his breath coming in pained gasps.

Given no quarter, Isaac pushed him, drove his body beyond anything he had felt, had imagined.

His nipples had drawn up into tight peaks, his cock bobbed before him, and he reached for anything solid, grasping at nothing as Isaac bit into his hip. All he could do was writhe, pinned to the small bed by pleasure.

Higher and higher, the pleasure and pressure drove him toward madness, toward mindless desire with Isaac's unrelenting hunger at the forefront.

Snarling, he finally broke, surging up and rolling Isaac onto his back, climbing up on top of the man as those fingers pulled free of his body. Enough preparation, enough teasing. Anton spat into his hand, rubbing Isaac's cock to wet it before rocking forward to help seat it at his opening.

"Impatient." Surprisingly sharp teeth flashed, Isaac arching, prick pushing up and up into him, spreading him ruthlessly.

"Need. Damn it, need too bad to let you tease and tease." He pushed down, gritting his teeth, feeling his body stretch and burn.

"I simply spend time luxuriating in sensa..." The words trailed off, Isaac's hands landing on his waist. "Yes."

His own hands he braced on Isaac's chest, feeling the nipples rise hard under his palms, but too far gone to play, to tease them. All Anton could do was rise and fall, feel Isaac inside him. Where he belonged.

Isaac's eyes never left his face, dark and somehow devastated. "Mine. I vow it."

His eyes widened, his head snapping back as he shot without so much as a touch. Like he'd never come before in this life.

"Yes. Yes, Anton. My own." Isaac bucked beneath him, rocking and fighting, head tossing.

"Yours." He knew it, with a bone deep certainty. He held his breath, bearing down on Isaac's shaft, baring his throat.

Strong hands dug into his shoulders, dragging him down, Isaac pushing up to sink strong teeth into him. Anton all but screamed, feeling Isaac take him inside, drink him down. It was all he could ask.

It was all he knew.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Man, he'd been pissed when Freddy showed up at his door, literally dragging his ass out so he could drive up to this job in Charlotte. Seriously pissed. He'd been wrapped up in Isaac. Literally.

Day two on the road had his head clearing a little. He felt like he'd been dreaming, and was finally waking up. Reluctantly, at first, but as he got farther away, he got a little more awake.

"You snapping out of it?" Freddy had asked when Knox showed up that morning, bright eyed and bushy tailed, ready to look at plans and shit.

"You haven't seen me snap," he'd returned, giving Freddy a level stare. "You will if you keep it up, though. Can we get to work?"

"Sure, boss, sure."

Two days later he was feeling like he might have just imagined the whole time with Isaac. His skin didn't itch anymore, his bruises were gone, and he...well, he worried that he'd get home and Isaac would be gone. That he didn't want. He wanted to talk. Wanted to ask Isaac what the fuck was going on between them.

There was no doubt in his mind that he *knew* Isaac. Bone deep, right to the ground. What he didn't understand was how, or why. And he sure as hell didn't understand the feverish heat they generated, the frantic energy. Surprisingly enough, it didn't scare him. He just wanted to get it.

Knox was a man who liked to know how things worked.

Speaking of, Freddy was explaining a crucial charge. He'd best pay attention.

But when he got home, Isaac had better be there. And he was going to explain a few things... before they ever touched each other.

Hours.

He'd spent hours going through every piece of paper in Knox's office. Cards, letters, medical things. Anything. Everything.

There had to be a reason this one called so strongly. He'd avoided two calls, stayed hidden and writhing in the catacombs of a damned monastery and suddenly he was here

and up to his very armpits in Anthony, almost wallowing in the man. It was obscene. Insane.

Utterly luscious.

It wasn't until the third day that he found what he was looking – three days and a quick, quiet meeting with an unfortunate girl selling magazines. Shame, really, she might have tasted better with a bath and a good dose of whiskey.

At any rate, he found it: a little piece of newsprint. An obituary. Anthony Beauregard Knox. A child dead of blood poisoning a full ten years older than his Anthony. They had the same facial features, the same dark eyes, the same lips.

Fascinating. Just looking at the child's picture made his chest tight, his heart beat. How could this be? Could his Anthony have died? Could this Anthony be someone else?

If so, how did he hear Anthony's call? His Anthony.

Isaac sat, drinking his pup's whiskey from the bottle, years of shot records and scribbled letters and faded photographs surrounding him, some just marred with the hint of his bloody fingerprints. So many years he'd done this – loved and needed, fed and lost.

Insanity. Pure insanity.

Still, there was something, wasn't there? Something about this he could no more avoid than he could lay down his head and die.

Some strength about his pup that refused to take what he gave and fade away into nothingness.

Something.

He stroked one finger along his pup's smile, those dark eyes dancing.

Something.

The highway finally ended about 2 AM. Knox sat behind the wheel of his truck for a minute, just staring at his house. It looked odd. Quiet. Homey. He wondered if his houseguest would still be inside.

Knox hadn't called to see. If Isaac was thinking about hitting the road he didn't want to push one way or the other. And if the man was thinking about staying, well, Knox didn't want to change his mind.

They had some hard talking to do, though. Some very hard talking. Knox needed to know what the hell was going on.

He climbed out of the truck and grabbed his duffel, his boots clicking on the paving stones of his walk. He hit the front door and took a deep breath, digging out the keys he'd not used in nearly two weeks. Inside the lights were all off, and his footsteps echoed as he crossed the hall and went looking. Hoping.

He found Isaac curled in his favorite chair, dozing, a look of peace on the lean face, paperback dangling from long fingers.

Something hard and sharp eased in his belly. Knox dropped the duffel and went to kneel before Isaac, his hands clenching with the urge to touch. But that had to wait. "Hey you. Wake up."

Isaac's eyes blinked open, the smile he got warm and welcoming, relaxed. "Pup. You're back. Did you enjoy your business?"

"I did. It was a huge complex. We recycled a lot too, which always makes me happy." Cautiously, Knox smiled back, feeling awkward as hell. "You enjoy having the house to yourself?"

"I explored the city. Read. Did more research. Normal things." Isaac's fingers stroked his jaw, petting him.

"Mmm. Good." He leaned right into the touch, his eyes closing at the feel of it. Then his eyes snapped open and he sat back. "I figure we need to talk, baby."

One dark eyebrow rose. "I can talk. In fact, I excel at it."

"You do. Most of the time. Except when I start asking questions. I got a shitload of questions, Isaac." And he wasn't gonna be...well, kissed out of them this time.

Isaac sighed, nodded once. "I'll try to answer them. That's the best I can offer."

Knox tilted his head, studying that resigned expression. "Okay. Wanna come to the kitchen? I'm starved."

"Sure. There should still be coffee." There was, along with all the little bits of food and meals he'd left behind. Only the sugar and milk was used.

"Been eating out, huh?" That had him chuckling at himself as he pulled out the eggs and checked the date. That'd work. "So what the heck is going on, Isaac?"

"I only ate out once, pup." Two cups of coffee were fixed. "And what part, Anthony, because honestly, some of it I don't understand myself."

"Why not start with you. You really are as old as you say you are, aren't you?" He'd come to that conclusion almost as soon as he could think again. It should have surprised him more, maybe, but there it was. Something about Isaac just had him accepting it.

"Yes. I've never lied to you, beyond letting you believe I was. I have no memory of being a child at all." One cup was handed to him.

Nodding, he sipped, gathering his thoughts. "So who...what are you? I mean, I know you're Isaac, and that works for me. But I need to know the other."

"The closest I can figure is that I came into contact with something as a young man that activated a genetic predisposition to extreme long life, a near non-existent metabolism, barring cycles where I have to feed." Isaac shrugs. "I mostly spent the last century in Seville, studying, playing with priests who were convinced I was a demon, wandering aimlessly. Reading. Before that I was here, in my house."

He just stared into this coffee for a minute, pondering a century. Then pondering a last century. "Never been to Spain."

"I found it quite fascinating, I always have. The music is pure magic. I enjoyed it here more. The plane ride back was much faster than the boat ride away."

"No wonder your house was a mess." It had been abandoned for a hundred years. He could wrap his mind around that. Maybe. "So what do you mean? Feed?"

"I have to hunt. Which is exactly what it sounds like -- large game, deer, horses, peasants. Archaic, I know, but the chase and blood seem to be a necessity. I rarely eat humans, unless I'm in an urban setting or bored or really hungry. It's very low-key. Except with you. You changed things. You always have."

"Did I?" Rubbing the back of his neck, he nodded. "You sure threw me for a loop, baby. Only seems fair. And what the fuck do you mean, always?"

"I... You do have a position on reincarnation?"

"What?"

"You know, past lives. Rebirth. Coming back again and again and..."

That son of a bitch was just fucking with him now. "Don't you laugh at me."

Isaac looked at him, suddenly quiet, not a bit of laughter in the dark eyes. "I'm not. I don't understand it. I have known men like you over and over."

"Nothing like being special. Shit."

"Special?" Isaac stood, poured another cup. "You make-- I mean. Something happened. Something different than anything I understand, different than *anything* I've known in centuries and I don't know what it is." Isaac added more sugar to his coffee. "I fed after you left and it eased."

Well, maybe that explained the relatively clear head he'd gotten suddenly, the first night away. And the rising tension now as he went long minutes without touching. Knox drifted over. "So it's never been that way?"

"Never. I've researched, read, tried to remember. Everything. All I know for sure is you." Isaac reached out for him.

His fingers twined with Isaac's. Knox watched his tanned hand cover Isaac's pale one, feeling the tightness ease. It was fucking bizarre. "What did you find out?"

"I don't suppose you know if you were descended from Eastern European nobility?"

That surprised a laugh out of him, from deep in his belly. "Baby, I'm pure mutt. God knows what all is in my background." His fingers rubbed back and forth, back and forth, tracing the veins and muscles under Isaac's skin.

Isaac smiled, leaned in and nuzzled. "I just need to remember to feed before we both get caught up in each other."

"Huh." He wasn't sure about that whole hunt-kill dynamic, but hell, he'd grown up bow hunting, so who was he to talk?

"Any other questions?" Isaac's lips brushed his jaw, tickling and tasting.

"About a million. They can wait." He turned his head a half inch, hips lips meeting and opening under Isaac's, need flaring in his belly.

"Mmhm." Isaac just glomped onto him, purring and boneless, needy.

He wrapped his arms around the man and groaned, kissing hard, his hips already rocking. Oh, yeah. That was what he needed. Isaac's fingers were clever, sure, tearing at his clothes, hands wrapping around his cock and tugging as soon as Isaac found skin.

Knox gasped, arching into the touches, his cock throbbing. Good. Oh, good. "Isaac. Baby."

He got a nod, a smile, Isaac slowly dropping down to his knees, cheek brushing his shaft. "Days."

"Uh huh. Weeks." Well, almost. Still. He rubbed the head of his prick over Isaac's lips. "In."

Those pretty lips parted, tongue flicking out over the tip of his cock, pushing against the slit. His hips rolled, his breath whooshing out. God, that felt-- Yeah. He needed so bad. His ass clenched and he pushed and pushed, trying to get Isaac to suck.

Isaac made him wait for it, made him push, and then as he started growling, those lips fastened on his shaft, the suction furious. His cry burst from him, loud and hard, his hands cupping Isaac's head. Yeah. Just like that. Knox's balls drew up nice and tight, shivering right on the edge. One long fingers slid up, nail scratching, pushing behind his balls.

That was it. Boom. Knox came hard, his cock jerking, his knees threatening to buckle as he gave it all up, so fast and hard that he didn't even have time to holler.

He got a series of soft, low purrs, Isaac drinking him down, tongue sliding over him. When his knees finally did let go he just crumpled, sliding to the floor to wrap his arms around Isaac and holding on. "Missed you."

"Mmm. You smell right. Fine." Isaac pushed close, cuddling into him.

"So do you." It just...well, even when he could think clearly about it, Knox wasn't interested in denial. He kissed Isaac's throat. "Good."

"Bed or food, pup? Or bathing?"

"I should eat a little something." He should. Really. "And then bathe. I probably stink to high heaven." He'd hopped right in the truck from the job and driven for eight hours.

"No. You smell just right."

He grinned, kissing Isaac's mouth. "You really are besotted, baby. Okay, feed me and I'll fuck you in the shower."

"Besotted? Moi? Surely you jest, pup." He got a wink, a chuckle. "Eggs and toast."

"Uh huh." One more kiss before he climbed to his feet again, wobbling a little, his jeans caught on one foot. "I need my strength, yeah?"

Isaac frowned a little, but nodded. "Yes. I think so."

"You think so?" He turned and pulled Isaac up, putting one arm around that lean waist, needing the contact. "What does that mean?"

"Hmm? I mean, you obviously were helping me somehow, weren't you?"

He nodded. And he hadn't exactly been...as torn up as he should have with the things they'd done. Hell, he'd let Isaac fuck him dry. He just wasn't gonna think on that too hard now. He'd had nothing but thinking for weeks. Isaac's willingness to spill the beans helped, relaxed him. They could answer the questions as they came.

"Yeah. Well. I still want eggs."

CHAPTER TWELVE

The air smelled of rain, thick and heavy and Knox was growling and snapping because another job was being delayed again. Isaac listened to the pacing, the snarling. It quite amused him, the way his pup loved blowing things up, tearing them down, destruction.

Of course, that dark temper amused him even more.

Along with the curve of Knox's lips.

And the way Knox's hips begged for him.

And the scent of Knox's...

Well, perhaps that wasn't quite amusement.

"You. Are. Annoying." Knox stopped in front of him, hands fisted on his hips. "Stop grinning at me like I'm five."

His smile went wider. He couldn't resist. "Oh, I never look at five-year-olds like I look at you, pup."

A low growl sounded. Knox did that so well. Almost lupine. That expressive upper lip curled. "Don't make me beat you."

"I'd like to see you try, pup." In fact, he'd enjoy that thoroughly.

"Oh would you?" Knox stepped forward into his space, hands clenching and unclenching. "It's fucking tempting."

He hummed, stretched, made a show of his lack of concern or worry. Knox pounced, looking like an American football player going in for the tackle, muscles surging as they went down together. His back thudded hard on the floor and he rolled with it, letting Knox's momentum roll them, landing him on top.

"Mmm. Pup. Is all this for me?"

Another growl, and Knox pinched his ass, hard. "You know it. What're you gonna do?"

He actually jumped, nails scratching down along Knox's belly, the t-shirt material enough to keep the skin from breaking.

"Oh. You like that, huh, baby?" Knox yanked at his loose sweats, baring his ass before scoring it with his own nails. "Like the way that feels?"

"I do. Take care, I can be toothy." He leaned down, teeth grazing one nipple, snapping right above it.

Knox moaned, whole body arching under his, the arc of it pure sex. He felt Knox's cock against him, hard through the thin cloth. His ass got a hard, stinging slap. "I like you toothy."

"Good." His hips rocked back, begging another touch, even as his teeth dragged over Knox's chest, pushing hard enough to sting, to burn.

Knox surged up to sit, one hand sliding up his back to hold him in place, the other giving him what he wanted, the sting making his muscles jump. Knox bit him, right on his collarbone, hard enough to break the skin.

That made him cry out, jerk and throw his head back. "Pup."

His fingers dug into Knox's shoulders, nails scrabbling, scratching.

"Uh huh. God, you're hot like this. Fuck, Isaac. Make me crazy." Back moving under his hands, Knox thrust up, biting him again, leaving bruises all over.

He tore at the buttons on Knox's jeans, freeing the thick cock, giving him the entire line of belly to scratch, see.

"Uhn." Knox tore at Isaac's sweats in turn, pushing them down around his thighs, reaching from behind to grasp his balls and squeeze a little.

Isaac shuddered, teeth sinking into the soft flesh in Knox's upper arm, the sudden flavor of blood making him pull back, gasp. Stop. Stop it. Not going to hurt his pup.

Knox didn't show any sign of pain, though; he just moaned, growled, that big hand falling on his ass again before one finger pushed into his hole. He rippled, pushing back against that touch, squeezing Knox's finger, fighting for it.

"Fuck. Tight. Isaac." Knox just rocked against him, the violence of his touch intoxicating. They kissed, lips splitting, teeth breaking skin.

He growled, moving faster, lapping the blood from his lover's mouth. Giving him two fingers, Knox opened him, stretched him, crooking in to find his gland, pegging it.

"Yes. Yes. More." His shoulders rolled, a deep cry escaping him, clawing its way out of him.

"Always." He got more, those fingers shoving in and out, Knox scratching him with his

free hand, leaving scores in the skin of his back. So easy, to lean down and push his mouth against that thick, hot throat, whimpering as his tongue dragged over the skin.

Head falling back, baring his long throat, Knox grunted, pulling his fingers free and lifting him, the head of that thick cock pushing at him. Gravity did the rest, pushing him down on Knox, filling his ass. Isaac bit down as Knox filled him, joining them, connecting them. Holding them together.

Knox cried out, pulse surging, cock throbbing inside him. They started rocking, moving, the age old rhythm soothing and inciting. Love. Yes. His. Everything inside him thrummed, caught within Knox's heartbeat. Lifting and lowering him, Knox fucked him hard and fast, showing no signs of slowing down. Just heat and need. He lifted his face, crying out, almost screaming with the pleasure as the angle changed and Knox slammed deeper inside him.

"Isaac! God..." Knox grunted, pushing up and up, holding Isaac's mouth to his throat.

Everything went white-hot and feral, Isaac lost, cock shooting heat between them as an answering heat covered his tongue. Knox shot deep inside him, coming like mad, hips almost bucking him off. He clung, though, tasting Knox, deep and hot and metallic.

He whimpered, holding tight, lapping and licking, sated down deep.

"Mmmmmnnnh." That rumble told him Knox was pretty damned happy with the state of affairs too.

"Sweet." He blinked, hummed, cleaning the tanned skin.

"Uh huh. Much better. Don't even mind the rain." Now that was a high compliment indeed. Knox sprawled under him, arms flung out, blood staining his throat and upper right arm.

Isaac winced, fingers tracing the muscles, the skin. Oh. Oh, what was he...

"I... I didn't intend to hurt you."

Bite you.

Feed.

"Huh?" Turning his head, Knox looked where his fingers traced the marks. "Oh. No big. S'good, baby."

"Good." Good. He could have taken too much. Lost control.

Knox stretched, looking like all was right with his world. "Wanna watch bad kung fu movies?"

Isaac blinked, stared a moment, then nodded. "Will there be popcorn?"

He'd worry later.

Tomorrow.

When the rain stopped.

"Popcorn, beer..." Oh, luring him with beer. The pup was learning. "Me naked."

"I believe I can agree with that."

He nodded, stroking the bite on Knox's neck. "I believe I can."

Knox remembered about the third day into the rain delay that he had a dog. Good Lord. He called Freddy at nearly midnight, reaching out to stroke the small of Isaac's back.

"Lo?"

"Fred. Did I wake you? I'm sorry. Hey, you know how you've been keeping the mutt?"

"You called at this hour to ask that?" Fred asked in return.

"Uh." Oh man. How did he say, keep the dog, my boyfriend might eat him? "Look, he's more your dog than mine. Has been since you and Alice got him for me."

"Are you giving me back my dog?"

"Yeah. I think I am, Fred. I never have time to spend with him." Which was true even before Isaac. He had guilt. Major dog guilt. "Is that okay?"

Freddy sighed, but there didn't really seem to be rancor in it. "Yeah, yeah. It's okay."

"Cool. I'll let you go back to sleep."

"Good. Don't call me. I'll call you."

Freddy hung up, and Knox looked at the ceiling for a bit, petting Isaac absently. He'd never been good at the whole domestic, house-and-dog-and-normal-life thing anyway. Why not just admit it?

Isaac hummed, moving on the sheets, shifting and rocking toward him.

Grinning, he rolled closer, propping up on his elbow to look down at Isaac. All that pale, smooth skin stretched out for him, practically glowing in the dark.

There were no scars, no marks. No ink, just the black eyelashes, the black hairs above the man's cock and on the pale thighs. In fact, Isaac didn't have any jewelry. Not a watch, even. Just one baggy shirt after another, soft, loose pants and book after book after book.

It was crazy. All that time, centuries, and nothing had changed him or stayed with him.

He moved his hand down to cover the red mark on Isaac's ass, grinning a little. Well, nothing but him.

Isaac arched, toes curling. So long and lean, Isaac just rippled, the soft sigh wanton, deep. The spot where thigh met ass fascinated him, the tiny hairs there soft, catching on his fingers. He was really trying to feel guilty about the dog, but God knew as much as he loved pups he just...oh. He bent, kissing Isaac's skin.

"Mmm. Pup." One hand reached back, stroked his arm.

"Uh huh. You smell good." He licked, pushing back and forth with his tongue. "Taste good too."

"Mmm. Thought you were asleep." Isaac's thighs parted, a deep groan sounding.

"Not any more." He had been. He was pretty sure. God, he didn't know up from down nowadays. Nuzzling in, Knox went for Isaac's balls, lips moving over them, tongue tasting. Those lean, sharp hips went up, Isaac on hands and knees, letting him in, tempting him like nothing else.

Knox got up on his knees as well, turning, muscling in behind Isaac, hands spreading those long thighs. He licked and kissed, pressing his tongue against the sweet strip of skin between balls and ass.

"Pup. Hot." Hot and pale and male and all his, spread and moving for him.

"You are." Burning up, in fact. Knox tilted his head. Hungry. He pushed his tongue into Isaac's hole, thumbs holding the man open for him. Oh, he could so get off on that low cry, the way Isaac jerked and pulled away before pushing back.

So fucking good. The taste came dark and musky, the heat of Isaac's skin tingling against his palms. Knox started fucking that little hole with his tongue, just jonesing on the feel and smell and sight of Isaac writhing for him.

Isaac groaned, the muscles tight and hard, shuddering for him. Deep little cries filled the air, all shaped like his name. He wanted more, wanted inside that heat. Needed it. Knox surged up, biting hard into the flesh of Isaac's shoulder, hands on those lean hips as he pushed his cock hard against Isaac's hole. His shaft was taken in, Isaac opening for him, tight ring scraping along the shaft of his prick.

"Good. Oh, Isaac, good." Knox reached beneath, groping for Isaac's cock, wanting to know his lover was right there with him.

Hard and wet-tipped, his lover was right there, pushing into his touch, fucking his palm. He grinned, feeling it spread wide and feral across his face. He stroked and stroked, thrusting inside, his cock just ready to explode.

"More." Isaac climbed up the headboard, hips tilting, taking him in deeper. Bracing himself behind, Knox wrapped his other arm around Isaac's chest, hand splayed over the sternum. They rocked, his hips smacking against Isaac's ass. The low words became desperate cries, needy sounds. "Close. Pup. Pup."

"Uh huh. Yeah. God." That was it. Knox bit again, knowing now what it took to push Isaac over, knowing it would pull his own orgasm out of him.

Sure as shit, Isaac jerked and shot, headboard slamming against the wall as they both grunted.

Knox came hard, cheek rubbing against Isaac's back. "Damn. Oh, damn."

Isaac nodded. "Indeed. Oh. Damn."

"Freddy is keeping the dog." He thought maybe Isaac ought to know that. Really, he didn't know why. It just seemed important.

"Yeah? I never thought about eating him, you know."

"I know, it just popped into my head and..." And how did Isaac know that anyway? Knox shook his head, his stubble leaving a mark on Isaac's skin.

Isaac chuckled. "I rarely eat pets. It causes trouble."

"I bet. All those pesky explanations." Chuckling, he rolled them down so they faced each other, kissing lightly.

"Yes. And you know, one lie begets another and another."

"I know." He sobered a little. How many lies was he going to have to tell? "Is it worth it?"

"Did I have a choice?"

"I mean..." Hell, he didn't know what he meant. "I don't mean you chose it. I just mean you keep on keeping on. Is it worth it?"

Those eyes met his, dark and quiet and so fucking sure. "The alternative is definitely lacking, pup."

"I know." He rested his forehead on Isaac's. "This is good, though."

"Better than. Worth waiting for." Isaac smiled, nose brushing against his.

"Good." He could live with that. For now.

Even if he did have to live without his dog.

He curled up in his chair, typing on the laptop. Stunning, honestly, how much pornography one could find without really looking.

Isaac shook his head, looking at some man with his shaft pierced with a nail. In his day, they'd called that torture, not sex. Well, at least the nailee had called it torture. The nailer could call it whatever he wanted.

Fascinating.

"What the hell are you looking at?" A beer appeared in front of his face, Knox leaning down next to him. "Ow."

"No shit. I don't understand." Ooh. Beer. He took the bottle with a smile. "Maybe I spent too much time in Spain."

"They don't pierce in Spain?" Knox was laughing at him. He could hear it. Another cold beer bottle rolled over his neck.

"Mmm..." He shivered, head bent down. "The Inquisition did."

"Ah." A soft chuckle ghosted over his ear. "You really did spend too much time in Spain."

"Ages and then I scrambled out and went back..." Who cared about Spain; those lips were soft.

"Went back where? Besides Savannah?" Soft and moving across his cheek and down to the side of his mouth.

"Hmm?" He purred, chasing Knox's lips, tongue.

"Where did you go after Spain?" Coming around to sit on the arm of his chair, Knox nibbled his lower lip, hand sliding up to hold his head in place.

"Mmm... The first time? I went to Venezia, following the young man who decided sex was more fun than the priesthood. Then, I followed some men toward Greece, I think..." It was so long ago.

"And this time? Did you just come here?" Oh. Oh, how could he answer questions when Knox touched him that way, right down his sternum and down to stroke his belly.

"I did. I needed to get away and my things were here." You were here. His cock leapt, thighs parting.

"Then you blew them up." Fingers dipping tantalizingly low on his belly, nearer and nearer to his crotch.

"You did that. I was trying to save them." Isaac stretched, moaned low.

"Bullshit." That hand finally went where he wanted it, Knox slipping into his sweats to stroke while kissing him hard and deep. It wasn't, though. Of course, his things were still safe in a vault in the bank. Right where he needed them. He let those thoughts scatter away, lost to the passion of the kiss.

Knox moaned, slipping into the chair with him, half on top of him. The pressure hit just where he needed it, pushing Knox's hand down on him, palm first.

"Uhn." He bit at Knox's lips, panting and rocking up toward that hand. Yes. Yes, just there, pup.

"Uh huh. Isaac. Baby." Rubbing him, Knox rocked, humping against him, panting into his mouth.

"Hungry pup." Toothy. So good. So...

He lifted his chin, offering his throat, his jaw.

"Always hungry for you." Knox bit down, breaking the skin, licking at him, the growl deep and low against his skin.

Isaac groaned, arching, the sensation enough to make his heart pound furiously. "Pup!"

"Mmm." The feeling never let up, Knox rubbing harder, biting harder, moaning for him. The skin against his hands and chest seemed on fire. Twisting and turning, Isaac did nothing but beg for it, kept on the edge, trapped by Knox's hands and mouth. Knox had both hands on him now, stroking him up and down, thumb catching his foreskin, teeth sharp and hard on his throat, settling against the vein and teasing.

"Please." He reached out, fingers opening and closing in Knox's hair, something deep and raw aching inside him, drawing his balls tight as rocks. Rumbling, Knox bit down, teeth sinking into his skin like it was paper thin, their hearts starting to beat in time to the rhythm of Knox's fist sliding up and down his prick. Heat poured from him, offered to Knox with a roar, blood and seed given up as his fingers clenched into fists.

"Isaac!" Knox shot too, hips jerking as he came, licking and sucking at Isaac's neck as they both relaxed down into the chair.

He shuddered, shivered, blinking and dazed as they floated down.

Knox petted, stroked, soothing him. Purring for him. "Mmmm. Good."

"Good." Fed from him. No, surely not. But. Oh. Pup. But. Mmm.

Slithering off his lap, Knox got up, stretching hugely before reaching down and hauling him up with that casual strength he was becoming used to. "Bed. We need a bed."

"Bed." He couldn't find his tongue, his good sense. "No nails."

"Not that kind, no." He got a chuckle, Knox just hauling him to the bedroom. "We're not in Spain."

"Thank God, no. I'm back home."

Knox nodded. "Right here. Where you belong."

"Yes." Knox settled them in the big, wide soft bed, both of them curled together and humming. "Yes."

Knox itched.

His skin felt too tight, his belly rumble and his feet restless. Naked, he wandered around the house, scratching idly at his belly, his hip. He was...hungry.

Hungry and itchy.

He could smell Isaac, hot and male, solid, strong and close. Oh, fuck yeah.

Wandering a little more, Knox checked the dining room. No. The living room?

Isaac was lounging in the window box, dozing, book in hand.

Mmmm. That man just fed him, eased him. Knox went on over and squatted down in front of the window seat, his hands automatically reaching, sliding up Isaac's insanely long legs. Isaac stretched, whimpering low, the scent of musk and soap and linen heady.

Rumbling, Knox rubbed his cheek against Isaac's ankle, rubbing his lips over the thin skin there, tongue just touching.

"Mmm... Pup. Sweet." The book fell to the floor with a thump, Isaac blinking awake.

"Yeah? I like it, for sure." He moved up, lips tracing a path through the hair on Isaac's leg, stopping at the side of one knee.

"Hungry pup." Isaac pulled away, chuckling, teasing him. Tempting him.

"Uh huh." He followed, hands pushing Isaac's legs apart, lips searching. The scent had his cock stiffening, growing, his belly going tight. Isaac chuckled, moving, ass slipping away from him, leading him on a chase. Growling, Knox pounced, knocking Isaac back against the window, covering that lean body with his. Felt so good. Perfect. He rubbed and rubbed, mixing their scents.

Isaac arched, skin slapping against him, fingers squeezing his ass. "Pushy."

"Need you. Was so hungry." Now he was feeling right again. Not so itchy. He nuzzled in, licking at Isaac's neck. "Love."

"Hungry? Pup?" Isaac nuzzled, fingers stroking his hair, his neck, driving him mad with light touches.

"Mmmhmm. Rumbly. Itchy." Damn, that. Mmm. Talking was definitely overrated. Knox nibbled a little, doing some teasing of his own.

"But you can't... Mmm... right there. Right there, pup." Isaac went from warm to hot, skin sliding against him.

"I can too. Watch me." Isaac wasn't making any sense. Of course, maybe his brain had just shut down. They burned together, his hands cupping Isaac's head as he bit down on the vein pulsing in Isaac's throat.

Isaac cried out, humping up against him frantically, the deep, needy sounds enough to

drive him mad. Fuck, Knox loved how that made Isaac crazy. The taste of Isaac's blood made him pretty damned crazy too, and Knox went for more, letting his teeth really sink in, his hips snapping.

His hand was grabbed, wrist brought to Isaac's lips, the sting of those teeth sharp and right and insane. His eyes rolled back in his head, his cock jerking wildly as he shot, coating Isaac's chest and belly. It went on and on, not easing the least little bit as long as Isaac's teeth were on his skin.

Isaac whimpered, tongue lapping, lips pulling at him. Groaning, he pulled at Isaac's throat as well, licking, sucking. No way was he gonna give that up. They never even went soft, just moving and rocking, riding against each other, feeding off each other.

A deep growl rolled out of his throat as he tried to crawl into Isaac, just tried to get inside him. Inside. Oh. Yeah. He rolled his hips back, pulling Isaac's legs up to wrap around him, pushing his cock down toward Isaac's hole. It was easier than it should have been, Isaac bucking up and pulling him deep into those trembling muscles. Heat exploded between them, doubling, tripling as they rocked, neither one letting go of the skin between their teeth, both of them sucking hard and strong. Knox had never felt anything like it. Never wanted to let go.

Isaac moaned, the sound echoing inside him, balls to bones, sweet as anything. Knox thrust, pushed, grunting and sweating like an animal, his breath coming fast. He clutched Isaac to him, begging in his head for more, his voice just gone. The pleasure, the pressure, the heat just grew and grew between them, Isaac whimpering and growling, snarling against his throat.

Finally it all broke, the sensation huge, rushing through Knox as he drew his last mouthful of blood, his entire world shorting out as he came again, a scream rising in his throat that he never heard.

Isaac shuddered, whispering soft, lost words against his upper arm, holding him tight. When Knox could move again he stroked Isaac's hair, his cheeks, licking at the mark that rose up where his mouth had been. Goddamn if he wasn't half afraid to break the silence.

The broken whispers faded away, Isaac's eyes closed, everything just still. Knox took a kiss, his lips feeling bruised and swollen, the barest touch all he could handle without the shivers starting up.

"Shh. I... You're fine, pup. Just fine."

"Mmmhmm. Better. Better than fine..." He was fucking indescribable. He was in love. "Jesus."

"My pup." Isaac pulled back, eyes searching his face, so dark, so solemn.

"Yours, Isaac. All yours. Just like you're my old man." All the way down to his bones, he belonged right where he was.

Isaac nodded, pushing in close, cheek resting on his shoulder. "Yes. Yes. Just like."

That was fucking intense. Knox throbbed all over, his throat and wrist stinging, his cock almost too sensitive.

He couldn't wait to do it again.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

“You cannot be dead!” His voice rang out through the house, loud enough that the mirrors rattled, the roses in the garden bent. Not again, not now.

He watched the long dark hand, drooping from the chaise lounge. So strong, so tanned – that hand had touched him for almost ten years, made him scream, made him bend and beg like a wanton.

Made him careless.

A fortnight ago, Antonio had come to him. The war grew closer and closer still, able-bodied men returning in parts and pieces, should they return at all. *“Per favore, caro mio. I want to be like you.”*

He’d shaken his head, explained again and again that the myths were simply that. Myth. The hunger lived in the blood, but the life? The life he could not share.

Still. Still in the night Antonio had held him, teeth hot upon his skin and, as much as he wished he could say he fought, the pleasure was too much to deny, the sensation of being fed upon too perfect.

Isaac wandered the house, footsteps echoing on the wood, heart breaking. His perfect pup. His beloved. Come from Sicilia to the Americas? For what?

To love and feed. To feed and starve. To die, writhing upon upholstered chairs?

He went to his Antonio, gathered the heavy head in his hands. Deep scratches marred the tanned skin, the blood congealed and dark in the wounds. Antonio had screamed near the end and Isaac had taken pity, had taken the saber from the wall and sliced deep, opening his beautiful love from ear to ear, the fouled blood pouring out in a rush.

“Never again, *amato*. I have...” How many generations had he killed, destroyed, sent into madness for no better reason than passion? How many times had he used them to breathe life into a useless moment? “Never again. I will not come for you again. Find another, or better yet, find peace.”

The night began to fall, the darkness suiting his mood, his agony, as the body he held turned cold.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Knox was changing.

Isaac could see it in the way the dark eyes flared in the darkness. In the way Knox tossed. In the scratches marking the muscled arms. It burned him, deep inside, filled him with a pain deeper than guilt, worse than anything. Damn it. Damn it.

Everything he read – every minuscule thing – said that, so long as Knox did not feed, did not succumb, the need would dissipate, fade, ease. That Knox could be human again. That Knox could live.

It was easier than one would expect, really. Well, simpler, not easier. Nothing about this was easy. Self-sacrifice wasn't a character trait he had. Isaac simply waited until Knox was asleep and left, a note on the bedside table.

Pup,

~~I cannot condemn you to death.~~ I can't keep doing this. I won't. I can't. I love you.

You'll understand someday. I promise.

I...

He spent an hour just watching, praying that Anthony would wake up, stop him. His pup never even twitched.

Isaac met the cab at the corner, his duffle in hand.

Time to go.

His skin itched. Hot, tight, it drove him crazy, that itch, sending him pacing around his house, living room to hall to bedroom.

He'd gone on, hadn't he? Just gone back to work, snarling at Freddy every time the man tried to talk to him about Isaac. He didn't want to talk about Isaac. Didn't want to think about the dreams...

Knox looked down at his arms, scored from where he'd scratched and scratched, trying to dig the itch out of his skin. He remembered Isaac doing that one night, remembered how he shook and begged when Knox had fucked it out of him.

So what did a man do when there no one to make him come until he couldn't see anymore?

Maybe he should go for a drive. Head out into the woods with a six-pack and some good CDs, just sit on the hood and watch the stars. He just...he had to get out.

It wasn't until he was driving out of his neighborhood and through to the city limits that Knox realized how late it was, how dark. He lived in a college town, so it wasn't like they rolled up the streets, but the road was empty, quiet. Fuck, his whole internal clock was just fucked. He'd bet wherever Isaac was, it was daytime.

He pulled off on some farm road or other, the red dirt only a little soft from recent rain, not enough to get him stuck, thank God. Popping the top on his beer, Knox killed the engine and the lights, hopping out to go around and sit on the tailgate a bit. The night sounds gradually picked up, crickets and trees rustling and small night animals scurrying.

Normally it would've calmed him.

Tonight it was just making the restlessness worse.

He worked his way through four beers, not even catching a damned buzz. What the *fuck* was wrong with him?

Something crashed in the bushes off to his right, and Knox looked, his eyes narrowing. His belly rumbled like he hadn't just had a pizza and more than half a six pack. Goddamned if his mouth didn't water too, his teeth stinging his lower lip.

Before he even thought about it he was off, his boots pounding on the earth, his legs churning.

Twigs snapped and branches broke, tearing at his clothes, at his limbs, but Knox didn't even notice, focused on the heartbeat he could hear, on the smell of fear. Fear? God, he was so fucking hungry.

Impossible, that he could move that fast, that he could take down an animal that big, but Knox lost his entire sense of the possible, catching up to his prey in one last, desperate leap, arms closing around a heavy, warm body, crashing to the ground.

All he knew was heat and need and the taste of copper in his mouth, the flood of wet warmth down his throat. That was all he could hear or see or feel for...God. Who knew how long.

All Knox did know was that when he came to, the sun shone bright through the trees, hot on his face and his arms. His arms weren't just red with scratches. They were covered in blood.

When he looked around...

Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. Knox crawled away from the carcass of a white-tailed deer, so shredded he could only really recognize it from the rack. His stomach rebelled, emptying onto the ground, sickly-sweet and foul. Knox rolled away, arms around his belly, staring at the sky with dry, gritty eyes.

What the *fuck* was wrong with him, indeed.

When he finally found Isaac, he was gonna beat the man to death.

"What did you do to me, baby?" he asked aloud, listening to his voice crack and pop in the stillness of the clearing. "What the hell did you do?"

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

If he never dreamed again, it would be too soon.

Isaac paced along the floors in the little villa, icy wind seeping in through random cracks in the windows, floors. Tired. He was so tired.

He was hungry, too, but that could wait.

It could.

He stumbled on a crooked board, landing hard on one knee. A lesser man would have cursed, thrown things.

Screamed.

Isaac just crawled over to the bed to see whether he'd torn the skin.

"What the fuck are you doing, Isaac? You trying to beat yourself up? Trust me, I can do that for you..." Oh. No. Nonono. There was no way that was his pup. Was there?

"Anthony?" He blinked over, shook his head. "I left you in Georgia. Working."

Working and getting better.

"Since when do I let you call me Anthony? You know I hate that." Knox looked pale and hungry, the bones in his face standing out, the dark eyes hollow.

"I know." He reached out, touched Knox's cheek. "You're pale. Are you sick?"

Please don't be sick.

Don't be hungry.

Knox reached up, grabbing his wrist. "What do you think?" Knox asked, before sinking viciously sharp teeth into his skin.

"No..." Good. So good. Sharp. Love. Please. "No!" He pulled away, scrambling over the bed to get away, blood spreading over his palm. "You can't. You can't. My blood."

"Your blood. My blood. Doesn't matter anymore, baby." Crawling across the bed toward him, Knox looked like nothing so much as a big cat after a kill, blood staining his mouth and chin. "It's gonna be the death of me, baby. This need."

"No. No, pup. It'll fade. It will." He moaned, eyes huge, watching that strong body move. He wanted. Needed.

"How long has it been, Isaac? How long? Has it faded?" Hot. Knox's hand was so hot where it closed on his ankle. Burning up. He could see the deep scores in the skin of Knox's arm, could see where he'd hurt himself.

"I... I..." He shook his head, tugging at that strong hand. No. No, it hadn't. Especially not lately. Not since he left.

"I'm so hungry." That was whispered against his skin as Knox bent to kiss the inside of his knee.

"I know. I'm sorry." Isaac spread, naked skin turning to gooseflesh, cock filling.

"No you're not, baby. If you were sorry, you'd come back. I've been looking for you. So long." Licking the soft flesh on the back of his knee, Knox moaned, moving up between his legs. "Good."

"I can't come back. You know that. You have to stop feeding..." He reached down, fingers burying in Knox's hair. "You're hunting me."

Those dark eyes flashed at him, dark and bitter as chickory coffee. "Fuck you, Isaac. Of course I am. You're mine. Mine, damn it. And you ran."

"I had to!" He growled, snapping a little, baring his teeth. "You don't know anything about what I am!"

"No. And whose fault is that?" Hard nails scraped over his skin, harder teeth sinking in. "You left me to it, no telling secrets, no nothing... You know what a mess I made the first night I went out in public?"

"Everything I read said you would stop!" Oh. Oh, please. Again. Deeper. More.

"Everything you read didn't know us, Isaac. Didn't know how deep in me you are." Knox gave him more, a flush staining the gaunt cheeks.

"Oh. Oh, pup. Feel you. Deep." He grabbed one hand, pulled it up to his mouth and started sucking.

"Mmmhmm." Focused. His pup was always so focused. This was no exception. Those teeth broke him open, Knox sucking to bring his blood to the surface.

It was easy to drag his tongue along Knox's wrist, to draw the skin-salt into him, to let the flavor fill him, ease him.

"Fuck, baby." Knox drew back, looking at him, cheeks seeming to fill in right before his eyes. "Come home. I need you."

"Oh...." He whimpered, heart pounding. "Are you real? Are you real, Knox?"

"Missing you. Please." Knox wouldn't answer him, just nibbled, licked, drove him mad.

"Love." He arched, bit down, lights sparking behind his eyes as blood filled his mouth.

A harsh cry met his bite, Knox's voice hoarse, pained. Then Knox was on top of him, pressing him down into the bed, the sheets abrading his sensitive skin. He could hear Knox, growling and snapping, snarling in his head, near howling with fury, loss. He couldn't. He didn't want this to stop. Ever.

"Please. Isaac. Please, baby. Come home to me."

He woke with a scream, writhing, nails dragging bloody welts over his skin. Alone. "Pup. Pup, you have to stop. You have to."

He could swear he smelled Knox's scent, tasted Knox's blood in his mouth.

He could swear he heard Knox screaming for him, an echo of a dream in his head.

Never sleeping again.

Never.

His pup.

Isaac stumbled up, threw the windows open, howling into night.

He saw someone stop, look up toward him, then run. Yes. Run.

Run.

Run.

Knox lay on the ground, somewhere out in the woods. He could smell long needle pine, could feel the leaves and shit under his back and his spread arms. There was blood on his mouth. On his chest and neck. Everywhere.

He laughed, the sound loud and raucous in the silence, scattering birds and making the crickets stop singing. It would fade. Isaac kept telling him that in his dreams. He had to stop. If he stopped it would end.

He turned on his side, curling up, scratching his arms. God, he wished he could find that elusive bastard. Knox would tear him to shreds, from the inside out.

He'd start with that smart mouth, then move on to that sorry motherfucker's throat.

Bastard.

Asshole.

"You're a mess, pup. You've got to be more careful." The words were soft, whispered against the nape of his neck.

He sobbed out a little chuckle. "You should talk, baby. You should fucking talk."

"Shh... Shh. You don't want me to talk." He could feel the touch of that tongue, soft and hot, dragging over his skin.

"No, no I just want you to touch me..." Knox rolled, reaching for Isaac, hands closing on air.

"I can't stop needing you." He could just feel the soft touches, cleaning him, loving on him. Fucking idiot. Fucking guilt.

"Then come home." Goddamn it. He wanted to touch. Elusive Isaac, always running from him.

"I don't have a home." Down his stomach, toward his hip -- fuck, those little moans and purrs were maddening.

He roared, struggling to his knees, his head swinging back and forth as he searched the shadows. "You fucker. You do. Me. Mine. Goddamn you."

"He did. Centuries ago." The brush of fingers on his cheek was right there. Right fucking there. "And then I damned you."

"Stop it." He grabbed for those fingers, felt his own skin tear as he grasped nothing. "Stop the guilt. I need you."

"I... I..." There was something in that voice, a weakness, something.

"Yes. Yes, Isaac. You need me too. It's too late for me to stop." Knox raised his arms, turned his face to the sky. "Look at me."

"I see you. Every time I sleep. Every time I dream." He heard the softest moan. "You're stunning."

His cock lifted, filled, just throbbing with the force of his blood in his veins. "See what you do to me, baby? Do you see?" Reaching down, Knox started stroking himself, his thumb slipping over the head.

"Yes. Yes. Love." There was a faint warmth against his back, the promise of teeth on his shoulder. "I could feed on you for hours."

"I'd let you." After he beat Isaac bloody. And licked it all off. He moaned, jerked, trying to get more sensation. "Love you."

"Yes. Yes, more than life." He could feel Isaac's need, almost feel the man's cock on his thigh.

As if wishing would make Isaac solid, Knox wished with all his might for Isaac to be there with him. Right now. His arm moved faster and faster, his shoulder rocking. He snapped his hips, pushing his cock into his fist. "Isaac. Baby. Let me find you."

The silence was heart-breaking, infuriating, devastating, and made right with a single word.

"Yes."

Knox came, the whole world shorting out into white static, his whole body shaking as he screamed his triumph into the night. When he fell he landed on his side, trying to breathe, his chest hitching.

His shoulder burned, blood seeping from it, from a bite. Oh, fuck yes.

Eventually the night noises started up again, crickets and hooty owls and snapping twigs. Knox crawled to his feet, bloody, bruised, but far from broken. Isaac would come back to him. He could feel it.

He'd just have to make sure the bastard stayed this time.

One way or the other.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The street lights shimmered in the fog, made Isaac squint and chuckle as he wandered down the shore, looking at the Pacific, listening to the seal lions bark. Lord, he'd been away from the States too long.

He'd gone to pyramids and castles, catacombs and libraries. Still, over and over he found himself wandering beaches, thinking.

Remembering. Wanting. Dreaming. Dreaming over and over and over.

Old fools were the worst.

The breeze brought him something familiar, a scent, a sound, something that had him turning, had the hair standing up on the back of his neck. A tall figure wandered down the beach behind him, following him.

He stopped for a few heartbeats, squinting, trying to see, before instinct had him turning, moving toward the shadows, into the mist and away from the streetlights. He heard the footsteps behind him speed, almost felt the air move as the man closed in on him, something hard and hot settling in the pit of his belly as a hand closed over his arm.

"Now, you weren't thinking of running away from me again, were you, baby?"

"Pup." Oh. Every nerve in his body fired, the ache sudden and sharp and fresh. "You're on the wrong coast."

"No. No, Isaac, I'd say I'm on just the right one." Knox's hand, always so strong, clamped down so hard he swore bones ground together. "You wanna talk about this here or back at my bungalow?"

He met Knox's eyes, just drinking the man in, aches that had near driven him mad at first easing. "Not here."

Oh, so fine.

His pup.

"Then let's go." Knox looked back, those dark eyes black in the gloom, the face shaded by a ball cap. If anything Knox looked a little leaner, a little more wiry, but otherwise... Oh. Glorious.

Knox hauled him down the beach, veering off on a side street and toward a small row of houses.

"You live here?" He was caught, held tight enough he didn't think he could get free.

"I rented. I knew I was close. Could feel you, baby." The southern was still so strong in Knox's voice, seeming out of place here somehow. They'd never gone anywhere together, had they? Not outside of Knox's home range.

He shuddered, heart pounding. Oh. Oh, he... "I..."

What?

He was sorry?

Lonely?

Desperate?

Panicked?

What?

Knox didn't speak again until they were inside the little house with the door shut behind them, not until his back hit the front door so hard he saw stars. Only then did Knox start talking. Well, shouting really.

"You what? You come into my house, you turn my life upside down, you make me whatever the hell it is we are and you fucking run off on me?"

Isaac nodded, fighting the urge to scream back, to deny any intention to infect Knox, to hurt him.

One of Knox's legs muscled his apart, pinning him, those big hands on his upper arms. Knox leaned so close that Isaac could practically taste him, could feel the heat Knox threw off. "Don't you look at me like that. Like it hurts. You left me."

"I had to go. I didn't want to. I thought the hunger would fade. I hoped." He inhaled, toes curling.

"It was too fucking late. I've been missing you like...God, Isaac." Knox kissed him. That they'd always done well. Not so much with the talking, but the kissing? Oh, yes.

Everything stopped.

Everything.

Isaac cried out, lips opening, taking Knox in and drowning in the taste. His pup. His.

His feet left the floor as Knox lifted him, hips pressing against him, cock hard and heavy against his thigh. Teeth stinging his lip, Knox just tried to eat him up, hands and mouth and body hard and heavy. He forgot about breathing, about anything but those eyes, the sting and ache of those teeth, those huge hands.

They rocked together, Knox murmuring to him, nonsense words, the only one he could even make out was "mine." Just before Knox's teeth sank into his skin, breaking it, licking the blood as it welled up.

His whimper shocked him and he tugged away, panting for it. Needing. "Knox."

"Yeah. Yeah, Isaac." So raw, that voice, so full of unspoken emotion. Then the world spun as Knox lifted him, turning and hauling him away from the door, toward the back of the bungalow. To the bedroom.

Still so strong. Isaac reached out, fingers dragging, nails sliding over Knox's shoulder. "You weren't supposed to find me."

"Bullshit. You told me you were coming back. If you didn't want this, why did you stop hiding? As soon as you came back to the states, baby..." He bounced on the bed where Knox tossed him, his shirt ripping apart under Knox's touch.

"I needed." The dreams were driving him mad, night after night, only easing once he came back.

"So did I. I thought it was gonna burn me alive." Stripping off shirt, jeans, and those same old ostrich boots, Knox came down on top of him, covering him with that long body.

His eyes flew open, heart just pounding as years of dreams slammed to a stop. Stealing his breath. Oh. Oh, pup. His.

"Gonna tear you up, Isaac. Need too much." Oh, Knox bit him again, deep and hard, sending sensation zinging through him.

He pushed against Knox, trying to roll them, to get the upper hand, but he was stuck. Held. Touched, the new strength shocking him.

"No. It's my turn, baby. Mine." Tearing at his loose pants, Knox got him naked too, their skin rubbing all the way down.

He could live a century on the sound in Knox's voice. Two. Just drinking in the low growl, the fury and lust and connection there.

They rocked together, Knox spreading Isaac's legs and settling between them. Their

cocks met, the wetness already there, slipping and sliding. Knox rumbled deep and low at the contact, the sound echoing all the way to Isaac's balls. There was little reason to fight that sound, the heat they built. After, he'd stop. Think. Cope.

"Yes." Isaac arched, adding his strength to Knox's.

The world could fall around them now and neither of them would notice. All they had was their skin on each other's skin, their hands moving, learning each other again. Knox had always been firm, tough, muscled. Now he felt like velvet over steel.

Every inch of skin he could reach was touched, tasted, little nips and nibbles becoming sharper bites, bruising caresses.

"Want in you, Isaac. Don't want to wait. Need you to be mine again. Need it." That voice rasped his nerves like sandpaper.

His sob echoed, thighs parting as his knees drew up. "Never stopped being yours."

"No. But I need to prove it." The head of Knox's cock pushed at him, no stretching, no teasing. Just that big prick and Knox's sweat and the sound of their harsh breathing. Bearing down, he rode the deep burn, wrapped himself around it and demanded more.

Knox thrust up, seating himself deep, before grabbing Isaac's hip and holding him in place, fucking him hard and fast. Deep, raw sounds tore out of him, shoulders rolling up off the mattress, face hidden in Knox's shoulder.

"Yeah. Yeah, baby. Taste me." That was all the warning he got before Knox sank his teeth right into Isaac's throat, this time with intent. Fire blazed through him, the splash of Knox in his mouth immediate and fierce, the bite so fast he couldn't remember doing it. Knox's cry he'd remember forever, animal and harsh, triumphant. Knox took him, possessed him, reminded him where he belonged.

They might have come, might have growled, might have done any one of a thousand things, but all Isaac knew was blood and Knox and the tug at his throat. Endless.

Knox finally groaned, falling down on him, the circle they'd created breaking off gently, not suddenly, that rough tongue scraping across the wound in his neck. There was no way he could let go, his fingers wouldn't listen to his brain, just held on tight. "Pup."

"Mine. Oh, fuck, Isaac. If I knew how to kill you..." Knox chuckled. "I wouldn't, because I'd miss you. But I swear I can see why people lock you up."

He just nodded, the hysterical laughter bubbling up. Of course, he was... dangerous on his own.

"Don't you laugh at me."

"Not..." He couldn't catch his breath, couldn't breathe, laughter ratcheting higher into something less funny.

His cheek stung as Knox hauled off and smacked him, shocking him to silence. "It's all right, baby. I swear."

He took one breath, then another, settling himself. He'd managed to keep his head so far, losing it now would be inopportune. "Sorry. It's been an incredibly complicated day."

"Has it? I don't think so, baby. I found you. You're staying with me. That's that." Knox looked so sure, so steady.

"I..." He swallowed, frowned, the thousands of reasons why this was a terribly impossible idea right within reach.

"What? It's too late to worry about corrupting me, baby." So easy. Knox made it sound so easy.

"I didn't intend to. I would never have." He stroked Knox's lips, heart slowing, his hunger sated.

"I know." Rolling to one side, Knox pulled him up to lay on that wide chest. "I know that. Don't you think I knew that before?"

"I hoped so. I thought it would fade. All my research said you would be safe."

"Well, whatever we did, we did it up right." Those hands kept touching, sliding on his skin, Knox's fingers tracing his spine. "The worst of it was the missing you."

"I dreamed. No matter how much I hunted, fed. I couldn't get enough." Couldn't get far enough.

"I know. I felt every one." Maybe if Knox had talked to him like this before...well, maybe they had both learned something. "Not letting you go again."

"Never's a very long time."

"So it is." Was there ever a more satisfied sound? "I can see us losing years just fucking. But I promise you a whole house for your books."

So young, to believe, to hope. "I've missed having my books."

"I bet." Nuzzling his throat, Knox moaned. "God, you make me crazy."

He arched, purring instinctively. "Pup. Careful."

"Why? I've had years of careful. Of looking. Now I want. That's that." Knox bit down again, throwing careful right to the wind, just as he always did.

Isaac's cry echoed, lips parting as the rush of pleasure-pain devastated him, derailed him.

"Mmmmm." Deep and rough, that growl vibrated through him, Knox's fingers slipping down between his legs to press his balls. His hips rocked and he closed his eyes, focusing on the feel of those fingers. The calluses. The heat.

"So sweet. God, I've dreamed of touching you here. And here." Knox pressed the skin between ass and balls, just sending him into orbit.

"You hunted me. I could see you everywhere, your eyes, looking for me." Don't stop. Don't stop yet.

"Of course I did." They hardly made any sense now, that incredible heat building between them, their skin tight, on fire. Knox rumbled against him, pulled him up to straddle those long thighs. "Want you."

"You just had me." He devoured Knox, looking his fill. He traced a lazy circle around one nipple, licking his lips as it drew up. "Beautiful. You're beautiful."

Smiling, stroking his chest and belly, Knox purred. "You are, baby. So hot. Want you to fuck me this time."

"Make you mine." Again.

It couldn't be this easy.

Nothing was this easy.

"Yeah." Arching, spreading, Knox offered himself up. "Just like that, Isaac. Please. Come on, baby."

It was the easiest thing ever, to slide down, tongue slipping along Knox's belly toward the tight little hole. Heels digging into the mattress, Knox lifted for him, leg muscles tight and hard. The scent there, oh, he'd missed it, his dreams never quite matching the real thing.

"Missed you." His tongue pressed flat against the wrinkled ring of muscles, moans vibrating Knox's ass.

"Oh. Isaac. Yeah." Knox's prick brushed against him, those thighs trembling on either side of his head. "Hurry."

No. No, he didn't think so. He traced a sweet slow circle around Knox's hole, touching. Teasing. Tasting.

"Isaac!" The warning growl came along with Knox pressing up, demanding with his body. Pushy pup. He resisted the pull of Knox's hands on his shoulders, though. All in good time. Besides, he hadn't found his pup's new limits yet. He pushed in, slowly fucking Knox with his tongue.

"Damn it." Knox squirmed, but he didn't fight it, so Isaac decided he must be enjoying it as well. He felt it when Knox touched his own prick, though, fist swinging near Isaac's temple.

He lifted his head, swatting at Knox's hand. "Mine."

"Then do something, damn it. Making me crazy." Oh, that was a picture, Knox stretched out above him, flushed dark red, his heartbeat visible in the vein in his throat.

"My call. Mine." He caught the skin of Knox's balls, tugging lightly with his teeth.

"Fuck!" Knox bucked, making him pull harder, low growls coming down. "Isaac. Oh, Jesus. You... I... That feels..."

He nodded, pulling and tugging, catching bits of skin, pushing Knox farther.

"Uhn. Baby. Gonna... Damn it, in me!" Scrabbling, Knox tried to get ahold of him, his hair, too short to grasp, making Knox grumble.

"Pushy." He laughed, pushing himself up and over Knox, hands reaching for the headboard. "Pup."

"Now." Knox's hips rolled up, thighs closing around him, insistent and tight. "In me."

It was incredibly easy to nod, moan, push inside, and give them both what they wanted. A couple of rocking thrusts and then he was buried, cock pressed deep into his pup. Hot. So hot inside, even more so than Knox's skin, which he didn't think was possible. They started up a rhythm, both of them rocking and gasping, both of them working it, flying higher and higher.

"Love." The word was bit out as he watched, staring at the pleasure in Knox's eyes, the desire.

"Yes. Fuck, yes, Isaac. Love you." That tight body clamped down in him, Knox's cock jerking without Isaac even touching it, Knox shooting hard, spattering his chest and belly. "Love you."

Something within him clenched, cracked, his head falling back as he cried out his need and sorrow and pleasure, unable to contain it any more than he could keep his orgasm away. The silence afterward was almost unbearable.

Knox finally broke it, stroking one hand down his back, his sweat easing the way. "You gonna let it work this time?"

"You make it sound easy." Talking after sex was some sort of special torture.

"It is." A warm chuckle brushed his cheek. "We'll worry about that later. Right now I just wanna make sure I don't have to chain you to me so I can sleep."

"You'd find me. I'm in your veins." He wouldn't be able to run for days.

Knox just nodded, pulling him close, pulling the covers up around them. "Always find you. You're mine."

So easy, to hum and relax, curl in and be warm and right for the first time in years. "My pup."

"Yours."

Who knew? Maybe it could be that easy. At least for right now.

Knox rolled to his back, feeling like he was home, deep in his bones, even though the Pacific coast was never gonna be his favorite place. Isaac was home, though. That was that. Even if he did alternate between wanting to beat the man to death and fuck him until neither of them could see.

God, what a merry damned chase. He'd had no luck finding Isaac in Europe, but Knox had known it the minute Isaac'd landed in the States. Everything in him had just stood up and shouted. His nightly feedings had slowed too, dropping to once a week, and by the time he'd caught up with Isaac, once every two.

That was a relief.

Somehow that whole "I only feed once in a while" thing just didn't ring true anymore.

Knox turned, hands reaching for Isaac, just like they had at the beginning. That lean belly was almost concave now, Isaac's ribs standing out a little. Exhausted. Isaac looked exhausted.

Isaac moaned, eyes moving beneath the heavy lids, still caught in dreams. "Knox... Pup. Don't go yet."

He snorted. He was not the one who went. Isaac was. Coward. Knox growled a little. Like their connection hadn't already been established, like everything would go back to normal when Isaac ran away. Knox bent and nipped Isaac's skin, just above one nipple.

Isaac growled, pushing away. That skinny ass would have hit the floor, too, had he not grabbed it. Isaac just stared at him, dark eyes wide and open. "Knox?"

"Who else would it be?" A growl rose in his chest. "You expecting someone else?"

Isaac was his. *His*.

"Not expecting anyone." Isaac blinked, shook his head a little. "I was dreaming."

"Good." He bit again, just to make his point. Pushing down the growl, Knox moved up to take a kiss, needing it.

Isaac blinked up at him, still for a minute before a harsh moan pushed into his lips, tongue fighting against his own. That's right. Wake up. No more dreaming, baby. I'm right here. Knox groaned too, his hands closing hard on Isaac's hips as he yanked the man on top of him, rubbing them together from mouths to toes.

The deep cries were fucking addictive, vibrating through him, settling in his balls. Those fingers tangled in his hair, tugging him closer, pulling him deeper into the kiss.

God, he loved that taste, that smell. Isaac made him crazy. Literally. Knox pushed up into the kiss, tongue tasting, loving on Isaac with all he had. Isaac caught hold of his tongue, started sucking, started working on driving him to distraction, those eyes fastened onto his and holding on.

Another moan left him, his hands clenching and unclenching, his hips starting to rock. Pure addiction. Isaac lifted his head, panting, teeth sharp and bared, eyes burning into him. "Make me need. Ache."

"Make me want things, baby. Things I never thought to have." What a pair they were. He slid his hands down to cup Isaac's ass, spreading it, pushing one finger toward Isaac's hole.

"I didn't want you to know it. The hunger." Isaac's head tossed, a flush crawling up along the man's belly. "More, pup."

"Too late. It was too late." He rubbed, stroked, pushed one finger inside Isaac's body. Fuck, so tight, so hot. Addiction, pure and simple.

Isaac sat up, riding his touch, hand reaching back to stroke his cock. Christ, what a look, stretched and lean and wanton. He let go of one hip, reaching up to pinch Isaac's nipple, scratch the pale skin of Isaac's chest. Fuck, yes. Good. Those thighs went tight, hard as stone under that pale skin. He loved how Isaac's body moved for him, tightened and squeezed his finger.

"Baby. Gonna fuck you now, 'kay?" He couldn't wait. Couldn't hold off anymore. His cock just demanded it.

"Hard. Deep. Please." The last word was a growl, a demand, enough to make his balls tight.

"Uh huh." Straining a little, he lifted Isaac up, got him into position. Then it was nothing at all to push up, his cock slipping right into Isaac's body. Isaac rode him like he was a prize pony, moving furiously, up and down, damn near fucking himself. Knox just watched, his whole body tight and hot, his cock like stone. He petted and stroked, from the collarbones that stuck out as Isaac arched, to the flat belly, all the way down to Isaac's straining prick.

"No one touches me like you do. Not in centuries. Whores. Kings. Priests. No one." Isaac's words trailed off, the long body working harder, faster.

"No one but me." That...oh, that gave him a savage kind of joy. Knox rocked harder, words coming from him, promises, threats, just spilling out. One of his hands was taken, brought up to Isaac's mouth, tongue sliding along the palm. Those teeth just threatened, scraping. He thought his spine might snap he arched up so hard. "Yeah, baby. Please. Yes."

Isaac nodded, teeth on his wrist, pressing in, breaking the skin so slowly, eyes staring into him. Isaac smiled, teeth sliding down to his wrist. The prick as they entered was slow, steady, Isaac's eyes holding his.

His heart raced, his hips pumping, the rhythm breaking down as Isaac drank him down. Fuck. Oh, fuck. Knox hollered, his eyes rolling in his head, everything just shaking. Isaac pulled, the rhythm of the pulls on his wrist matching the thrusts into Isaac's ass.

It didn't take long. All he could do was look into Isaac's eyes as he came, biting down so hard on his own lip that he drew blood. Isaac moaned around his wrist, tongue sliding over his skin, soothing and hot.

"Baby..." He shuddered, his head falling back. "Love..."

His wrist was released, another bite stinging further down his arm, then in the hollow of his elbow. Finally he couldn't take anymore, and Knox surged up, rolling Isaac down on his back, sinking his teeth into the join of Isaac's shoulder and neck.

"Pup!" Fuck, yes. That shocked, desperate sound was perfect, almost as good as the metallic splash in his mouth. Knox drank deep, tasting the hot, salty sweet blood that had eased his hunger immediately when he'd had it again and had fueled his hunger the whole time they'd been apart. He tried to touch Isaac, but he couldn't get his hands to work, all they would do was hold on.

Isaac poured into him, each pulse joined by a deep, raw, rough sound. Knox moaned and sucked harder, drawing more, harder, deeper, the two of them locked together as the endless circle formed again, taking him right up out of himself.

He still didn't understand how Isaac could have stepped away from this, from him. From them.

He was damn sure it wasn't going to fucking happen again though.

Damned sure. He found Isaac's cock with his hand, stroking and pulling. Good. Oh, that felt good.

Isaac's purr tickled his skin, deep and low. Heat leaked over his fingers, slicking the way as he exposed the tip of Isaac's prick, thumb pressing into the slit. Knox figured he'd never get enough of that feeling, of Isaac's skin. Their scent rose, heat and musk and copper, making him suck harder, work Isaac faster.

The press of a deeper bite made him hiss, Isaac backing away, head tossing. "Need. Sorry. Need."

"No. No sorries." He pulled Isaac in. "Just this, just us."

He'd give Isaac everything. Anything.

"Us. Knox." Isaac jerked, whimpering, fucking his hand furiously.

"Us. Now, baby." There. Knox found another spot just there, right at edge of Isaac's upper arm, biting down so hard that he felt the skin tear under his teeth. Heat sprayed over his hand, wet and hot as Isaac's blood, and fuck, it was better than feeding, than hunting.

And damned if he didn't like the hunt a lot.

They collapsed together, licking idly at each other's skin. "God, baby. Isaac. Perfect."

"I missed you." The words were soft, almost nonexistent.

"Good." The growl rose up again, and Knox let it come. "Don't ever do that again. Okay?"

Isaac shivered, moaned. "It was for your own good."

"Fuck that. My own good is kinda joined to yours." He rolled again so he could pop Isaac square on the ass. "So if you know what's good for me, you'll stay."

"Ow!" Mmm. Handprint.

Nice.

Isaac glared over, hips pushing up. Very nice.

He grinned. Now that had possibilities. "Uh huh. You deserve it." He smacked Isaac again, really enjoying the sting.

"Asshole!" Isaac snapped over, almost biting him. That skin showed his mark beautifully.

"What? I think I'm due a little payback." Knox wondered how much he could get away with. He slipped out from under Isaac, pushing him face down. "Maybe some more..."

Isaac's muscles rippled, the challenge between them fucking hot, intense. Oh, he could get off on that.

Bending, Knox bit the curve of Isaac's thigh, right where it met ass. Hard muscle and soft skin. Fuck that was good. "Don't you want more, baby?"

Isaac arched, growling low, shaking his head. That long cock, though? It was filling and hot against his thigh.

Such a serious sounding growl for one who wanted it so bad. Knox grinned, enjoying the hell out himself, and whacked Isaac right where he'd bitten, admiring the layers of color.

"Bastard." Mmm... look at that head toss, fingers fisting into the sheets.

His own cock throbbed with it. "No, just figuring out how to keep you in line." Fuck, yes. Knox started a rhythm, hitting that sweet, pale ass over and over, needing it more than Isaac did, maybe.

Isaac's head was down, ass up, meeting each blow, almost fucking the air. Deep cries sounded, almost barks of need and pain and pleasure all at once.

Knox gave. He took, too, letting the sting in his palm and the ache in his arm ease something in him. This was about connecting, pure and simple. He went on until Isaac's ass was cherry red, practically glowing.

"Please. Yours. Yours, Knox. Pup. Please." Yes. Fuck, yes.

Those were the magic words. He flipped Isaac right over again, pushing him right down on that hot ass on the bed and throwing his legs wide. "Gonna."

"Yes." That long body was begging, flushed and hot, cock dripping and dark against pale skin. He had to pause just a minute to taste that sweet cock, licking around the exposed head to get all of the fluid. Then he got up on his knees and lifted Isaac's ass, pushing into Isaac's hole in one smooth thrust.

Hot. Fuck. Hot and tight and rippling around him and, shit, Isaac was going to drive him insane. All he could do was pull in Isaac's long thighs, pull the man harder up on his prick, and start fucking him. Sweat dripped into his eyes, the very air seeming charged.

Isaac's eyes were wide open, staring at him like he was the center of the frigging universe, like he was the most important man ever. He'd see to it that he was. They thrust together so hard their skin smacked, his thighs abrading Isaac's ass. "Come on, baby. Come on."

"Pup. Oh..." Isaac shuddered, muscles going taut as a dull flush painted that fine belly. "Yes!"

"Uhn!" Knox cried out, his cock jerking again, impossibly. He'd never... except with Isaac. Hell, maybe it was a side effect of the whole feeding thing. Knox panted, reaching out to jerk Isaac's cock once, twice. He felt it, all around his cock as Isaac came, just pouring everything right on out for him. Knox rubbed the come into Isaac's skin, feeling it, silky and hot under his fingers. "Mine."

"Yours. Only." Isaac was panting, eyes just rolling.

"Remember that, baby. Just remember that." The next time you feel like running. Never leave me again, damn it.

He got a nod, Isaac melting, boneless and sweet under him. Oh. Oh, he knew that. That felt good, real. Like before. Knox let himself relax, flopping down on top of Isaac. They'd rest. Wake up and do it again. He'd worked through Isaac's defenses now.

They'd found home again.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Coffee.

Oh, God, it smelled good.

Isaac purred and turned off the water, the steam billowing out of the glass door. He'd left Knox sleeping hard, spent some time searching through Knox's bungalow. The man hadn't been here long at all.

Of course, neither had he.

Knox. Who was right there when he lowered his towel. Glaring. "Coffee?"

"No, pup. I'm Isaac. Coffee is darker, richer and usually warmer."

"No, doof." Knox held out a cup, full of steaming brew. "Have some."

"Oh. Beautiful. Thank you." He took it, drinking deep. "So good."

Man, he needed to go to his hotel room. Find clothes.

"Uh huh." Knox advanced a little, moving right into his space. Hot, large. Glowering.

"What's wrong?" The temptation to step back almost won over the need to hold his ground.

"Nothing." Uh huh, with that growl? "Except I woke up and you weren't there."

"I needed a bath. I need to go to my hotel room. My clothes are sandy."

"Mmmhmm. We can go later." Stepping right up against him, Knox reached down and cupped his sore ass. "Hungry."

His toes curled, the ache deep, surprisingly sweet. "Pancakes?"

"French toast? Eggs?" But Knox seemed far more intent on eating him up than getting food, lips sliding down the side of his neck.

"Something with syrup." He couldn't remember being so hungry, but he couldn't remember being as young as Knox either.

"Sweet. Isaac with butter and honey..." Knox pulled him up on his toes, teeth stinging a little.

"Mmm..." His fingers slid over Knox's shoulders. "Toothy pup. I'm not food."

Mostly.

As a rule.

"No, but you'd make a fine-assed platter." Pushing, pulling, Knox backed him up against the wall, trapping him there, leaning on him. "We might have to go out for food..."

"We can. My hotel room is by a grocery, a diner." He groaned, arching into Knox's heat. "The wall's cold."

"You're not." Still, Knox was nothing if not obliging, turning so Isaac's ass was out and Knox had his back to the wall. Then Knox braced and lifted him, his feet dangling.

"You... you're strong." Solid. Pure muscle. Pure heat.

A low growl was his only answer, Knox stopping the other words that tried to come out with a kiss that stung. Oh, pushy bastard. Isaac growled back, refusing to back down. He was the elder, here. Strong or not.

"Mmm. Hot." Knox might actually like that, his pup. The way that long prick jumped against him proved it.

He nipped Knox's bottom lip, teeth sinking in and tugging, making sure the pup felt it. "Mine."

"Yours. Isaac." Hips rolling against his, Knox groaned, hands clenching on his skin. "More."

He nodded, biting Knox's jaw, beneath one ear. None of the bites were deep, just enough to sting, to ache.

To burn.

Knox just grunted and took it, whole body asking him for more in the way Knox shook and shivered. Those hands held him, kept him close, but didn't demand. Just asked. He leaned in, eyes half closed, finding a spot on Knox's throat that called to him, begged for him. And it was like Knox knew it, knew just when to let go and tilt his head back and let Isaac have him. It was as addictive as his growly, pushy pup, this needy, humble Knox.

Isaac purred, wrapped himself around Knox and started sucking, hands sliding over the strong body and petting. His. Pretty pup. So strong.

"Yeah. Yeah...oh." Rocking them, Knox hummed as Isaac sucked, holding them up, just holding them there, hard cock leaking against Isaac's belly. "Love."

Yes. Love. His fingers found Knox's prick, stroked in time with the slow pulls of his lips. He knew how good this could be, the slow buildup, the flush of heat. They kept on heating up, just kept touching and stroking, one of Knox's arms like iron under his ass. Those moans he got...they were steady and constant, Knox just on fire for him.

He moaned and hummed, letting his sounds vibrate against Knox's skin, inside Knox. He didn't know how long Knox could hold them up, keep them off the floor, but how fascinating to find out.

"Isaac." Pressing back against the wall with his shoulders, Knox pushed out with his hips, giving them both more sensation, more friction. Delicious. So unusual for such youth. So intriguing.

It was the easiest thing ever, to pant, stop thinking, sink into his pup and simply ride. He lost track of how long it went on, of how long he sucked and rubbed and rocked, but he knew it when Knox finally faltered, when the arm under him trembled. That was when Knox turned his head and bit right into Isaac's skin.

His howl was lost in Knox's throat, teeth sinking deeper, tearing into the tanned skin as he drank deep. The cry he got in return was deep, feral. Animal. Knox shuddered against him, hot come spreading between their bellies.

He groaned, pulling away and slipping down Knox's body, licking and lapping the come on his pup's belly, hip. He stroked his cock, squeezing brutally, tugging himself off. Staring down at him, Knox reached out and rubbed his lips, fingers picking up the smears of blood and come and carrying them up to Knox's mouth. Where he very deliberately licked them off.

"Pup." Oh. Oh, that was... Oh. His teeth sank into his own lips, hips bucking as he came.

That big body slipped down the wall as Knox's knees buckled, and those long arms went around him, pulling him close as they sort of melted together.

"Now we can have pancakes."

"Lots of syrup." He nuzzled into Knox's shoulder, almost purring.

"Butter. Bacon." He could hear the laughter, feel how Knox's agitation had eased.

"Coffee. Oh, and those little fried potato things you're fond of. I liked those." Perhaps Knox could come with him, pack up the hotel room.

"Yeah. I think I might be able to face a diner." Knox grinned. "Then we can come back here..."

"I need my clothes." He traced that smile with his tongue.

"You do? I suppose you will eventually." Oh, pushy. That smile was pure evil, the devil shining from Knox's dark eyes. "We'll go. Eat. Get your shit. Knowing you there's a trunk of books."

"One or two." He could no more not answer that smile than he could not hunger.

"Maybe."

"Well, the sooner we go, the sooner we get syrup." Knox rose, hauling him up, right back into the shower. "Let's get clean."

"Didn't I just get out?"

He chuckled, the water heating quickly, the steam starting to form. He wouldn't complain, at least not as long as the hot water held.

Isaac was reading.

That was great. They were supposed to be doing normal things now that they'd found each other again and gotten the whole "mine, yours, and ours" thing out of the way. Really. Knox had read for a while too, studying up on a new explosive compound that made C4 look like child's play. Maybe he should hire himself out as a consultant. That would be good. That would be work that he didn't have to be tied down to.

Tied down. Hmm. Knox glanced at Isaac. Nah, the man was reading, and Lord knew Knox hadn't let him do that in more than a week. Isaac had to be in withdrawal.

Knox scratched his arm, wandering, looking out the windows. The scenery...well, it was pretty but it wasn't home. He wondered what Isaac thought of as home. Spain? Some underground bunker? Knox needed more green, more...something.

Someone was walking by. Knox turned away from the window, his nose twitching, scratching harder at his arm, down to his wrist where his pulse beat, aching.

"If you're going to feed, find someone with less perfume. It makes them bitter." Snarky bastard.

Knox rolled his shoulders. "Goddamn it, don't you laugh at me."

"It's good advice." Isaac gave him a long, slow look. "And I didn't laugh, pup."

Wandering back over, Knox flopped down at Isaac's feet, sprawling on the floor. "I don't wanna foul the nest, baby. Where are we going from here?"

"Wherever you want, pup." The book was set aside, hands landing on his shoulders and rubbing. "I'm easy."

"I like that about you." Isaac's hands eased his itch, but not enough. Knox scratched his other arm, just digging in. "I think someplace more... Uh. Well."

"Wet? South? East? Populated?" Those fingers dug in, making him ache.

"I think we need someplace populated enough for me to..." God, he felt like a whiny kid. "I'm hungry, baby."

"How often do you feed?" Warm lips traced along his nape, teasing.

"I, once a week? Maybe every other." How in the hell was he supposed to know with Isaac doing *that*?

"So often... I don't remember when I was that hungry." The kisses grew teeth, fire.

"You probably had it once." He had to. How could Knox be that hungry and Isaac never have been? Knox arched his neck, letting Isaac have more of him. "We don't have to go to Georgia again...Hell, I'd hate it if I ate someone I knew."

Isaac chuckled, licking him, smiling against his skin. "Enemies are vaguely palatable."

"I really don't...uhn. I really don't have any." Damn. Goosebumps rose on his arms and a shiver worked down his spine. Knox licked his lips, his skin just too tight for his body. "Tease."

"You'll gain them. I used to be given a monk a year as a sacrifice. Virginal. Quite delicious." Isaac's fingers found his nipples, tugging and pulling.

"Mmm." His cock rose like it was attached to them by an invisible string. Knox pushed up into the touch. "Just one? I'd explode before two weeks were up."

"I can go for months. Unless I'm around you. You do something to me." The pinches grew sharper, firmer, enough to make him shudder.

"I'm sorry." What else could he say? He didn't mean to. Reaching down, he fisted his cock, stroking it, moaning a little.

"No reason." Isaac's lips were behind his ear, the man's breath hot as August. "I have you."

"Got me. Uh huh." He rolled his head back, pressing against Isaac's thigh, and he gathered his legs under him so he could kneel up a little. "All yours..." He couldn't think. That used to scare him a little. These days he was used to it.

"Yes." There was a wealth of satisfaction in that purr. "Mine and I'll keep you."

"Okay, yeah." Keep him. Sure. A kept man. Isaac could bring him little meals on platters with apples in their mouths...Knox rocked, caught between the heat Isaac brought up in him and the need to feed.

"Stop thinking about it, you'll make it worse." Isaac nipped his jaw, teeth stinging. "You can feed on animals -- cattle, deer. The hunt is... different."

His arm swung as he stroked harder, turning his head to search for Isaac's mouth. Maybe he could just lose himself in Isaac again. Maybe Isaac was right. His shuddered. "Baby."

"I've never hunted with someone else." Those dark eyes bore into him, sharp, needy. "You make me curious."

Knox turned, arms slipping around Isaac's waist. Fuck, he couldn't think of anything better than the hunt *with* Isaac. He took a kiss, hard and deep, teeth cutting Isaac's lips. "Wanna?"

"Don't tempt me. You've never seen me feed." Those nostrils flared, need pouring off Isaac in waves.

"So? I want to. I need. Oh, baby, I need." His teeth scraped down Isaac's throat, his cock throbbing as he pressed against on long shin. Fuck yes.

"Yes." Isaac rippled against him, fingers pulling his face away, separating them so that Isaac could lap at his lips. "Yes, pup."

"Oh, good. So hungry, Isaac." Scrabbling, he crawled up, getting closer, more. Skin on skin.

"You need to hunt." Isaac slid from the chair, slid out from under him and started moving for the door. "You think you can catch me?"

"I should. I should put on clothes?" Shouldn't he? They? Knox shook his head, trying to get his brain to work. "I can catch you. Trust me."

Isaac laughed, eyes dancing. "Ten minutes. I get a ten-minute head start. It's only fair."

"Fine. Fine." Knox prowled back toward the bedroom. "I'll catch up. I promise." Clothes. He needed clothes.

He heard the door slam, felt the pull and tug as Isaac ran from him, escaped from him.

It was all he could do to not to just run out after Isaac, but he threw on pants and a soft shirt first. Goddamned if he couldn't see why Isaac always wore loose shit. Anything else made the itch unbearable. Then he took off. Fuck the head start.

He could feel Isaac. Could follow him without even thinking.

Isaac was moving fast, zigzagging, down to the ocean, back up toward the street. It didn't matter, Knox wouldn't lose him, not again.

Not now. Never again. He ran faster, the scenery blurring around him. The need thrummed in him, his heart pounding.

"Pup." The whisper was carried on the wind, hungry and wanton, needing him.

"Coming for you." He'd find Isaac and then they'd hunt. A low growl burst from him and he put on speed, needing so bad. So bad.

He passed a series of warehouses, then caught sight of Isaac, loping down toward the beach, sweater gone, bare feet slapping on the concrete. His own feet smacked just as hard; he hadn't even thought of shoes. Knox flat out ran, feeling the freedom in it. God, he'd needed this. He was only a few feet behind when they hit the sand.

Isaac stumbled, rolling, trying desperately to scramble back up.

Knox growled, the need rumbling through him, demanding a response. "Mine."

"Prove it." Isaac kept moving, the moonlight making the pale skin glow.

He grabbed Isaac by the back of the neck as he tried to scramble away, pulling him in for a kiss that rocked him all the way to the ground. "Hungry."

"Yes." Isaac's nails scraped down his spine, the sudden burn sweet enough to bare his teeth.

"Come on, baby. Come on." Now they weren't chasing each other. They were chasing something else. Something to feed on.

Isaac moved faster than he'd ever imagined, the long body feral and sure, keeping to the shadows. "On the beach."

"I see." Oh, God, yeah. Fuck. He just needed, and watching Isaac move was like poetry in motion, making his mouth water. He followed, moving fast and silent, hands flexing.

There were two men, sitting together, reeking of whiskey. Isaac purred, slipped out of the loose pants, bare beneath the moon. It almost stopped him in his tracks, the sight of Isaac stalking, naked and predatory. Only the hunger kept Knox going, and he took his cue from Isaac, stripping down, letting the clothes float away as he circled to the other side.

They worked together like they were meant for the kill, Isaac striking a half-second before he did, the blood splashing out on the sand. Knox lost himself. Completely lost himself in the taste and the feel of it, in the knowing that Isaac was there with him. Oh, yeah. Hell yeah. That was exactly what he wanted.

Long hands reached for him, slick and sticky all at once, Isaac's face smeared with blood as he was tugged closer. "Pup."

"Isaac. Baby." He pounced, taking Isaac down in the sand, kissing him hard and fast, hands moving on him.

His passion was met, head-on, Isaac growling and grabbing, cock like a brand against his hip. Knox rolled to his back, pulling Isaac on top of him, straddling him. He growled something, something that tried to be words, but Knox was way beyond that. Isaac just nodded, hips moving against him violently, fingers trailing down his belly, painting his skin.

Isaac looked like some pagan god above him, lips drawn back in a feral smile, skin dulled by blood and sand. Knox arched up against him, his cock aching, pressing. Needing. Long fingers wrapped around him, the sand rasping, just enough to feel, to put an edge on the touch. Isaac growled, hips jerking, rhythm stuttering. Pushing up, Knox braced himself on one hand so he could reach Isaac, so he could bite into the skin just above one nipple, so he could tear it with his teeth.

"Pup!" Heat sprayed over his cock just as Isaac's blood splashed against his lips, rich and alive and necessary.

"Fuck!" That was it. Knox lost it, the ocean roaring in his ears, his own scream muffled against Isaac's throat.

He could feel Isaac's heart, fluttering against him, almost like a bird's, it was so quick and light. "Better?"

"Uh huh." Better didn't even begin. Knox flopped back on the sand, arms out, grinning up at the sky. "Much, much better."

Isaac rested against him for a long while, then groaned, sighed as he sat up. Oh, man.

They'd sort of stuck together, blood and sand making a glue. "We have to clean up after ourselves. We're sticky."

"That's what the ocean is for. Cold here, though, so let's make it quick." Their clothes lay far enough out of the...wow. Carnage. Knox stared, eyes going wide.

"Yeah. Come on. Grab your leftovers before they start to stink." Isaac started hauling one mass towards the rocks near the edge of the water.

They cleaned up quickly, anchoring the bodies and scrubbing off with cold water and sand before grabbing their clothes and getting dressed. Before they left the beach, though, he grabbed Isaac for another kiss, unable to resist.

"That was much better than going it alone, baby."

Those dark eyes met his, almost too big for the lean face. "It's never been like that, pup. Never."

"We'll talk on it later?" Knox bounced on his toes. Right now he wanted to either go home and fuck or go get a plate of eggs and grits...only a man couldn't get decent grits on the west coast.

"Later." Isaac nodded, leading them away from the scent of blood, of the hunt.

"Cool." He slipped his arm around Isaac's waist, grinning a little. "Let's go get breakfast food."

He'd worry about Isaac worrying later. And about where to go next.

Tonight he just felt good. And nothing was gonna ruin that. Especially not that damned thinking thing.

Isaac put his clothes in his suitcase, watching Knox carry his books out toward the truck. This place wasn't big enough.

Not for two of them.

Of their kind.

Twice.

Twice, they'd fed twice. In two weeks. Like animals.

He'd never felt so alive, like the blood was rushing through him, flavored with Knox and need and...

Okay, stop it.

Stop. It.

He wasn't hungry, damn it.

"You stopped." Knox came back, grinning and patting his ass. "What's up?"

"Hmm? Nothing. Thinking." He answered that smile with one of his own. "Terrible habit I have."

"It *is*, baby." Knox had been in a disgustingly good mood all day. Really, the pup needed to stop bouncing.

"You've had too much coffee." He stroked Knox's belly, the purrs just building up in him. "Where are we going?"

It was painfully easy to follow those pretty eyes, the broad shoulders.

"Well, I figure we have two choices." Wiggling, Knox hummed for him, muscles flexing. "Sprawling huge metro area...or middle of nowhere someplace where there's a good bit of wildlife."

"Mmhmm." Packing was overrated. Boring. The way that pretty belly went tight? Not so much.

"Someplace that will support our, uh...habits." Voice gone all deep and husky, Knox bent to kiss his chin, nibble at his cheek.

"Why do I think you're not talking about thinking..." Oh. Oh, very sweet, pup.

"Nope. I did my part. I decided on either the country or the city, someplace green. And I want an old house. That's my thinking for the day." They swayed a little, Knox licking his lips.

"Old? Why old?" He hummed, eyes closing a little. So long as he had his books.

"I like them to have some creak to them." Well, Knox had owned that arts-and-crafts cottage in Athens. Who was he to complain about age, anyway. "Besides, that way we'll have lots of rooms for your books."

"I don't mind old, pup." He stepped a little closer, inhaling deep. Musk. Soap. Syrup. Coffee. Blood.

"Good. I like it myself." Oh, yes, the pup was getting serious, hands slipping around to cup Isaac's ass, squeezing.

"Handy for me." He pushed Knox's chin up with his thumb, tongue sliding along the vein in his pup's throat.

"Mmmhmm. Yeah." They sort of danced around, trying to find a flat surface that hadn't been moved. Knox finally settled them against the wall.

He leaned back, meeting Knox's eyes, watching himself reflected there. "You make me hungry, even when I know I'm not hungry, pup."

"I know. We should probably be worried, huh?" Peeling Isaac's soft sweatshirt up over his head, Knox went for more skin, loving on him.

"Probably, yes. I'm terribly busy being distracted." His nipples went tight and hard, every nerve begging for that touch.

"Oh, good." He got it, Knox bending to lick at his flushed skin, lips and tongue scraping at his nipple.

He closed his eyes, starting to rock, to move against Knox, cock filling, balls drawing up. "Addictive pup."

"Yes." Oh, his skin jumped when Knox bit down, teeth closing hard around his flesh. Hot, good, it sent sensation all the way down to his toes. One big hand stayed on his ass, holding him close. The other came back between them, Knox reaching up to pinch and pull his opposite nipple.

"Anthony..." The bite went deeper, curling his toes. Oh, he would tease his pup for decades, just to feel that growl.

"Baby. Want." It made him smile when Knox went non-verbal on him, rumbling, lifting him. "Love."

"Yeah. All yours." He tugged at Knox's shirt, fingertips dragging along Knox's spine, scratching as they moved.

"Mmmnnnh." He dangled in mid-air, a feeling that still shocked him every time. Knox latched on to his throat, sucking up a bruise that tingled and throbbed.

His legs found purchase on Knox's hips, thighs squeezing so that their cocks bumped

together. He could hear his heart beat, pulse throbbing against Knox's tongue, could feel Knox's blood pumping in time.

Those sharp, sharp teeth slid into his skin, opening him up so Knox could taste him, joining them even more. They rocked, Knox's legs spread wide, planted, supporting them.

So easy, to melt into Knox, into that strength. Isaac started moaning, started whispering promises and threats, every word vibrating the teeth inside his throat.

His sweats ripped as Knox tore at them, leaving him one step closer to skin on skin down below, his cock rubbing Knox's through the zipper of Knox's jeans. They both moaned, and Knox shifted him to the cradle of one arm just long enough to free that sweet prick from the denim. It still stunned him, the thoughtless strength, the way Knox moved him.

Of course, he was able to move a bit on his own. He reached down, fingers wrapping around Knox's prick, thumb teasing the tip.

"Fuck, baby. Good." Groaning, Knox sort of...folded, taking them to the floor, leaving him straddling Knox's lap.

Oh, excellent. He settled in, ass rocking on Knox's thigh while he jacked that fine prick off. Knox reached for Isaac's cock, hand closing around it and jerking in time. It made him arch and hiss, made his blood surge. And Knox knew, smiling at him, teeth sharp and deadly in the light of day, sweet blood rising in Knox's cheeks, flushing his skin.

His nostrils flared, a deep growl bubbling in the pit of his belly as he pushed closer, tongue lapping the points of those teeth. They bit right down on his tongue, blood seeping out to stain Knox's lips. Knox moaned, rocking up against him, cock filling his palm and fingers over and over.

Caught. He tossed his head, tugging against the bite, the burn bright, sharp, the flavor of his own blood strong. A deep growl came from Knox, those hands clenching on him, one on his cock, one on his ass. Biting harder, Knox sucked at his tongue, panting against him.

His nail caught the slit of Knox's prick, both of them groaning, jerking as they pressed together. A muffled shout was his reward for that, Knox just shuddering for him, begging with his whole body. Clever fingers worked the head of his cock, pushing the foreskin up and back.

He grunted, pushed closer, the bite turning into one fierce kiss after another. They moved together, the whole world and all of his worry and all of that thinking falling away. All he had was his pup, the taste and smell and feel of them together.

They shifted a little, cocks bumping together, fingers twining as they worked each other, themselves. "Pup. Keeping you."

"Yours." That was it, that was all it took for Knox to cry out, shooting hard into Isaac's hand, his seed as hot as blood.

That heat and a last nip to his bottom lip had him following behind, fingers painting his own shaft with Knox's seed in two hard strokes before he shot.

"Mmm. Nice, baby." It was more than nice, and he could feel that Knox knew it too, feel it in every too fast beat of that heart. "Wanna do that every day for a long, long time."

"I could possibly agree to that."

Possibly.

Maybe insist upon it.

"You think? I like it when we agree. It means no you running off." Knox always looked more relaxed naked than clothed, lounging on the floor like a big cat.

He settled close, fingers idly combing through the soft hair on Knox's lower belly. "I had to. I loved you."

"Uh huh. That's convoluted logic if I ever did hear. But you came back. Kinda. I'm willing to let it go." Purring, Knox rolled up into his touch, just rippling for him. "Have you decided where we're going?"

"No." He tended to wander, just moving idly from place to place. "I stayed with you longer than I'd been anywhere willing."

"Well, damn, baby. I packed the truck...It's your turn to do something useful. Where do you think? East coast? England? France? I've never been anywhere but Mexico..." Knox grinned at him, a teasing light in those dark brown eyes.

"You're built like a Greek god. It's your *job* to tote and haul." He was altogether too addicted to that look. "We like the ocean."

"We do. You don't much like the cold though. Spain. Georgia. Not cold." Knox reached out and did some stroking of his own, right down Isaac's left thigh.

"No. Cold is overrated." He hummed, enjoying the touch, the ease of it, the casual peace. "Do you miss your home?"

"Some." The answer was immediate, but Knox didn't look terribly distressed. "I miss the knowing it like back of my hand, and the way people talk. Krystal's hamburgers and UGA football. But I can't go back there like this, and having you?" Stopping to take a light kiss, Knox shook his head. "You make up for all of it, baby. And then some."

He stared, not sure if he should be terrified or pleased. "Pup."

"Hmm?" Oh, that grin just... Oh. Knox tackled him down on his back, kissing him until he saw stars. "I'm thinking maybe Wilmington. Or maybe even just off Myrtle Beach. I know Myrtle is tacky as hell, but it would be prime hunting, human or not, as you go inland a ways and get all sorts of animals. And if you get up the coast just enough you get some glorious beach. Close to the Outer Banks, just a short hop to Charleston..."

"Yes." Anywhere. So long as the kisses continued and they could feed. Feed. "I only feed once a year, so it should be easier."

Unless the hunger kept riding him, driving him, drawing him out with Knox.

"Uh huh..." He got a look, one eyebrow rising, but Knox didn't push it. "I can't promise anything, but I'll... I'll try to cut back."

"I can't remember being as young as you are. Being so hungry." He couldn't hide the amusement, his grin. "I imagine it was easier for me."

"You think so?" Head tilting, Knox stared at him. "Why?"

"Well, there were considerably fewer police officers and Eastern Europe had somewhat a reputation for violence."

"Oh." They rarely spoke of his origins. Sometimes he thought Knox was intimidated by them. Rolling, Knox flopped against him, head on his belly. "I thought you meant it was easier to control. I was gonna get loud about that."

He snorted, tugging the thick hair a little. "Well, we can't have that, can we? I'd hate to bruise your ego."

"Screw you, baby." Humming, Knox rubbed against him, tickling his stomach. "We can do it, though. I get too hungry you can just fuck me out of it."

"I'll just handcuff you to a bed and let you wait it out." Although, assuming he remembered correctly, that tended to exacerbate the issue.

Something dark and hot flashed in Knox's eyes as the pup looked up at him. "Yeah? Promise?"

"You'd hate it, pup. It's less fun than it sounds."

"Well maybe you could do it when I'm not hungry." Rolling again, Knox blew against the skin of his lower belly, laughing like a maniac.

Isaac chuckled, pulled away from the sensation. "You are truly insane, pup. No wonder I decided to keep you."

"You decided to keep me because I make good breakfasts and I let you blow up your house." The silliness went serious as Knox nipped at his hipbone.

"I decided to keep you because you made me stop thinking." If they were going to be serious, they might as well tell the truth.

"And I came after you because I couldn't not. You take me out of myself, baby." That was as serious as he'd ever seen Knox, flat, god-honest truth.

"I hope you never come to regret it." His fingers traced Knox's face, angles and planes.

"Regrets are for pussies." The happy grin was back, just like that, Knox's good mood irresistible. "What else do we have to pack?"

"I have a few sweaters left and you have an entire wardrobe of blue jeans and t-shirts. that you haven't touched."

"And my hats. Don't forget my hats." Goodness yes, Knox had baseball caps and cowboy hats and knit watch caps. Ridiculous man. "We should get moving, huh?"

"I suppose. How long will the drive take?" He stretched, closed his eyes, fingers fascinated by the texture of Knox's skin.

Knox hooted, wiggling under his touch. "Depends on how long we spend in hotels, fucking. We can do it in three days."

"Are you in a rush?" Teasing Knox in the truck was one of his favorite all-time occupations.

"No. I just think." Knox frowned a little, forehead creasing. "I just think we ought to get out of here. My neck's itchy, like someone's watching, you know? I just need to be gone."

The hairs on the backs of his arms stood up, his nostrils flaring, warning signals exploding all along his nerves. "Watching?"

Knox's head came up. "What? What's wrong? It's probably just me, baby."

"Probably."

"Well, let's make us both feel better then, and head out. We can stop somewhere tonight, get some serious greasy food, and roll around on a magic fingers bed." Smooth and easy, Knox got up, holding down a hand.

"A magic fingers bed? Those are real?" He let himself be hauled up so they could start moving, start going.

"Hell yes." He got a sideways look as Knox pulled on clothes. "I swear sometimes I think you've missed out on all of the best shit."

"I spent long periods in captivity; it's like a new world over and over."

"Uh huh. The monk a year diet." He got a stinging smack on his ass. "Sweaters, baby. Hats. Truck. Some KFC for the road."

"Careful, pup. I bite." He grabbed handfuls of sweaters and shoved them into his duffel.

"I know. I count on it." Knox moved around, gathering hats and random clothing and the last of Isaac's books. "Come on, baby. Let's head back where it's easier to hide."

"I'm right behind you, pup. There's another ocean waiting."

And someone here watching.

"We could go to the Cowboy Hall of Fame," Knox said, steering into the parking lot of yet another hotel. This one was an old Ho Jo maybe, but had been converted into a no-name neon kinda place. They'd found out after the first night that they were better off in a slightly seedy place.

No one called the cops when they started getting busy.

He and Isaac weren't making great time. They kept getting distracted, by both Knox's love for weird roadside attractions and Isaac's immediate need to stop at every independent bookstore on the way. Knox didn't mind. As long as they kept wandering the watched feeling went away.

"Famous cowboys." Isaac tilted his head, winked. "Men in tight jeans, chaps, spurs. Alone on the prairie with a wandering buffet. I like it."

"Me too. Tomorrow, then." Knox hopped out and tossed the keys to Isaac. "I'll get us a room. You figure out which boxes to put your new books in." Really, that man could buy more books. Getting a room took two shakes and he was back out, grabbing their duffel to take in with them.

"He says this one actually has magic fingers."

Isaac looked at him, fingers just brushing his ass. Teasing bastard. "You have an unnatural connection to magic fingers, pup."

"What? It amuses the heck out of me." The thought of watching Isaac's eyes go very wide as that silly thing started going? Oh, Lord yes. "Come on, you. I'm horny."

"No. You?" Those fingers slid again, pushing into his crease, bold as all hell. "I wouldn't believe it..."

Knox waited until they got inside. Barely. Then he dumped the duffel and grabbed Isaac, pushing him back against the door and kissing him silly. "Tease. Goddamn, baby."

"Teases don't follow through." Isaac chuckled, head bouncing off the door. The man needed a haircut, a shave.

A good, hard fuck.

"True. You? Are. Going to follow through." They usually spent a few minutes humping at the door. Today Isaac had been teasing too damned much. Halfway through the drive he'd started...touching. Knox bent his knees, put his shoulder to Isaac's belly, and hauled him to the bed.

His Isaac was never one to miss an advantage, and those long fingers grabbed his ass good and hard, squeezing and rubbing. Pinching.

"Mmm. I tell you what. You're cruising for a bruising, baby." The man just drove him bugnuts crazy. Knox tossed Isaac down, starting with the running shoes, stripping that long body bare.

"Promises, promises." Those legs went on and on and on, leading him up to those damn near deadly pointed hipbones, the long, heavy cock curving up.

Knox rubbed his stubbly cheek against Isaac's cock, loving the warmth of it, the scent of pure male animal. "Any time you want it, baby. I'll tan your hide but good." He'd never, ever done that to anyone but Isaac, but Jesus. Fucking hot.

Isaac whimpered, the sound just hotter than anything. Those hips started rolling, cock silken against his throat, his jaw. "Took two days before I stopped feeling you."

"You. My marks." Knox licked at Isaac's cock, right at the base where the curls surrounded it. Good. Hot and musky. His chin nudged Isaac's balls as he worked down. "I could see where my hand had been."

"Mmm..." Pitch black eyes stared down at him, serious as a heart attack. "Who's the tease now, pup?"

"No. No teasing." God, he was so hard just thinking about it. Knox reared up, tearing at his own clothes. He wanted to feel Isaac hard against his thigh as he turned the man over his lap. Fuck yes. Then he was grabbing Isaac, tossing him face down. "You sure you want this, baby?"

Isaac's answer was a bite, sharp and deep and quick as a snake, teeth sinking into his hip.

Oh. Oh, fuck. Knox started with the tops of Isaac's thighs, his hand coming down with stinging force. All of the pent up teasing, all of the stress from being on the road. Everything. He put everything in him into each blow.

Isaac just writhed on his thighs, hips rising and falling, cock moving, slicking his inner thighs. The noises that he got, the deep growls, the rough cries, those were pure animal, pure hunger. His.

When he had those thighs glowing, Knox started on Isaac's ass. He staggered the blows, watching handprints rise up on the skin, watching each jerk and shiver. His cock was so hard under Isaac's skin, so hot and ready. His heart pumped in time with the swing of his arm.

Isaac pulled his knees up beneath him, that ass coming up a little higher, cockhead a little brand on his legs.

"Fuck, baby." The man just begged for it, making him moan and move faster, hit harder, his hand starting to sting almost unbearably.

"Please. Please, pup." One hand pushed between Isaac's body and his thighs, jacking that needy prick. "In me. Hard."

Nodding even though Isaac couldn't see, Knox lifted, turned, putting Isaac on his knees in front of him, legs spread. He bent to nuzzle those heavy balls, lick at that tiny hole, feeling the incredible heat rising from Isaac's skin. Knox growled, just unable to wait anymore, and knelt up, pushing his cock against Isaac's ass. "Now."

"Now. Now." Isaac rocked back, demanding, feral sounds escaping as his cock spread that tiny ring, pushed inside.

"Yeah. Now." He pushed right in, his cock pressed tight by Isaac's body. Knox grunted. "Love. Hot. Tight."

Isaac arched, ass and back and shoulders pressed against him, burning and damp against his skin. "Yours. Knox."

They stayed like that, just like that for a long time, breathing together, Isaac's body wrapped around him.

The hottest skin rested against his hips and thighs, Isaac's ass just on fire. Knox stroked down Isaac's chest, pinching his nipples before petting that flat belly, working down to where Isaac still stroked himself, adding his own touch to the hard pulls.

"Need you." The words shouldn't thrill him so, but they did.

All he could do was feel, let his head fall forward so he could bite that smooth skin, let his hand move faster and faster on top of Isaac's. Goddamn, he loved this man.

"I..." He felt Isaac ripple, felt the tension squeeze his cock as Isaac's need crested, grew. Heat poured over his hand, hot as blood.

Hips snapping, Knox came right behind Isaac, his surprised shout echoing through the room. He caught them with one hand as they started to fall forward. Oh, yeah, definitely glad no one called the cops at seedy motels.

Isaac moaned, heart pounding against his hand. "You. Pup."

Oh, impressive. Incoherence.

"Mmmhmm." Okay, so he wasn't doing much better himself, but he wasn't the man of glib words. "Love."

"Yes." Isaac squeezed him, entire body touching him.

God. He leaned to lick the place he'd bitten, still bleeding sluggishly for him. "You...fuck, you're amazing."

"Yours. Taste like you now, in my veins." Isaac kept moving, lazy and boneless beneath him.

"Uhn." That surprised a groan out of him. "Yeah. You. I..." More of the speechless as they sort of toppled, hitting the mattress and rolling together.

One of his hands got pulled up to Isaac's mouth, that hot tongue cleaning it, sucking each finger, one by one.

Well, they did say it was one step away from blood. Knox chuckled, flexed his hand. "Look. Magic fingers."

Teeth nipped the base of his thumb, hard enough to sting. "Is that what you're calling them now, Pup?"

"You keep saying I'm obsessed." He grinned, stroking Isaac's cheek. "Why not use my very own instead of dumping quarters in a machine?"

"I am more than happy with that." Mmm... snugly Isaac, boneless and smiling.

It ranked right up there with middle-of-hot-sex Isaac and hunting Isaac. It really did. Knox reached down and laid his hand on Isaac's hot ass.

Isaac pulled away, just for a half-second, then pushed back into the touch. Yeah. Oh, hell yeah.

That had to sting like hell. His Isaac was something else. "You rock me to my toes, baby. You really do."

"Good." That was a self-satisfied damn sound if he ever heard one.

Chuckling, Knox settled in for a little nap. He'd seen a Denny's next to the hotel. They'd get pancakes after they woke up.

Then maybe they'd see if they could make the bed vibrate all on their own. No mechanical help needed.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The hotel looked like a million other hotels. Their wander across country was starting to wear on him. They'd hit Tennessee, then North Carolina. They weren't where they needed to be yet, but they were close. Knox could feel it.

Too damned bad he could feel something else, right up on the back of his neck. And he could see it in Isaac's eyes, like a shy pony. The whites kept showing. Isaac was about to bolt again.

Goddamn him, anyway.

Knox watched Isaac pace, flipping away the little paper container his popcorn shrimp had come in. Those long hands trailed over the slick fake oak of the dresser, picking up this and that: Knox's Saint Christopher medallion, the little lighter he'd won down at Myrtle Beach.

The pressure built in his chest as Knox watched. Fucker. He'd said it would be okay, hadn't he? He knew it would. But Isaac just seemed to have trouble believing.

Knox rolled to his feet, planting himself in Isaac's path. "Stop that, would you?"

"What? Stop what?" There went that roll again, that panicked thing.

"Thinking. You're thinking about running, baby." He tried real hard to keep his voice even. He did.

"You can't know that." Right. Sure he couldn't.

"Bullshit. You've been thinking about it for days, but today you decided to go. I can tell." His voice rose despite himself. "What're you gonna do? Wait until I go to sleep? Drug me? Send me out for cigarettes?"

"I don't smoke." Isaac turned away, fingers sliding over his watch. "You're paranoid, pup. What would I drug you with, a wino?"

"Who knows? Elephant tranquilizers in my beer? You look at me." He grabbed Isaac's shoulder, whirling him around.

"I never drugged you. Not once." Those dark eyes were blank, distant. Old bastard.

"I never said you did." He wanted to smack that look right out of Isaac's eyes. His hands clenched. "But you'd do it. For my own good, of course."

"Let it go, Anthony. I don't want to fight with you right now."

"Don't fucking call me Anthony." He fucking hated that. Knox stepped right up until his chest bumped Isaac's. "What if I don't give a flying fuck what you want? What if I'm sick of going with what you want?"

That got him a low growl, a flash of teeth. "You have always been so damnedably arrogant!"

"I have? Well, damn. Look at that. You must have been waiting for me to get worse, because this time I'm fighting back." He blinked, but held his ground, not letting the surprise at his own words show.

"I have waited for you, followed you, loved you." Isaac's hands flew up. "You can't even *begin* to understand what you've done to me!"

Oh. Oh, the fucker. "This is not my fault! It's just us. The way we are. Goddamn it, baby, I don't get it either, but I'm not dead! Okay? And I'm not gonna get cured if you leave. I think we've established that."

He grabbed Isaac's wrists, feeling bones grind.

"No. It's my fault. I swore when I left you before that I'd never listen again!" Isaac pulled at his hands, snarling low. "God damn you! I was trying to be good to you!"

"And leaving me didn't almost kill me?" He shook Isaac like a dog with a snake in its mouth, the roaring in his ears too damned loud to ignore. "I need you. Jesus *fuck*."

"You need me?" Isaac's voice was a scream, wild, feral, fingers scraping down the long face and leaving marks. "You always do and you always leave and I wait again! Decades! Centuries! Dead and raw and aching and waiting! You don't know what it's like to need."

"Oh, fuck that!" He slammed Isaac against the wall, getting right in his face, his own voice an animal roar. "Why do you think I keep coming back!"

"I don't know." Isaac snapped at the air, eyes alight, sparkling. "I never did. Not from the beginning. I can't *remember* the first time I lost you."

Oh, God. Oh, fuck. "You're not gonna lose me this time, you bastard. Even if you try. I swear to god I will hunt you to the ends of the earth."

Melodramatic? Hell yes. But with Isaac's skin under his hands, and that mouth less than an inch away, the heat of Isaac's body against his...he meant every word.

"Do you even have a passport?"

His mouth dropped open, and before he could even think about it he slammed Isaac back against the wall, just to watch his head bounce. "You old son-of-a-bitch. I do. I also had every last private detective in the fucking world looking for you while I dreamed about you every night with the taste of some poor shmuck's blood in my mouth."

"I wanted..." Isaac shook his head. "I went traveling. I needed to keep moving. You were haunting me."

"Yes, I was. You leave me again, you think it will be any better?" Fuck, he was tired. He let go, taking a step back. His voice dropped near to a whisper. "I love you too damned much."

"I know. You always have. More than your own life."

He reached up, touched Isaac's cheek where Isaac's nails had opened up a shallow furrow. "This time I figured out how to stay."

Isaac's eyes went wide, shocked, like the stupid asshole hadn't even thought of that. "I want to believe that. I want to."

"Then believe it." Knox leaned forward, licking at Isaac's lips, feeling like he might just be able to let go of the fear-induced rage. Maybe. "Believe me."

"If you leave me, I won't come looking for you again, so you have to stay."

"Yes. Yes, this time I have to. This is it." This time he just knew...well. This time he knew it all, even if it shocked his ass sometimes.

"I've waited." Isaac swallowed, reached for him, fingers digging in, holding on. He could smell Isaac, musk and worry and need and blood.

Knox pressed against him, pushing Isaac into the wall, kissing him hard. "I'm here."

"I am too." One leg wrapped around his thigh, Isaac's lips parting and begging for him. Yes. Hungry. Hungry for him.

Uhn. Knox humped, his fury turned into need in a heartbeat. He nipped at Isaac's skin. "Need you."

"Prove it. Keep me. Promise me." Isaac's blood stained his lips, teasing his hunger.

He licked at it, licked at Isaac, turning them, lifting Isaac to toss him on the bed and come down on top of him. He couldn't wait, couldn't make his hands work those stupid loose clothes. All he could do was bend down and set his teeth to the vein in Isaac's neck, breaking the skin to get beneath.

"Pup!" Isaac arched, body slapping against him. His shirt snarled as it tore, those nails scraping against his spine.

Grunting, arching, Knox drank deep, his jeans rasping against his knees as he knelt on the too-soft hotel bed, his hips snapping as he ground down on Isaac. Yes. Yes.

"Want." Isaac's head tossed, deep cries vibrating against his teeth. "Anthony. I can't..."

Knox rumbled, licking, sucking, his mouth full of their taste. They were mingled now. He tried to give Isaac more friction, more feeling, more something, but he was lost.

"Yours." Isaac sobbed, moving beneath him, rocking up, so hard, so hot. Needy.

"Mine." That was the difference this time. Isaac was his as much as he belonged to Isaac. Damn it. He bit deeper, feeling the blood spurt into his mouth, swallowing Isaac down.

He heard Isaac's cry from a distance, lost in the pulse and flow in his mouth, into him. It marked him, changed him, had from the first taste.

Knox wasn't even sure where he began and where Isaac ended anymore. He didn't even feel it when he came. When he collapsed, all he could feel and see and hear was Isaac.

He was held close, Isaac humming, rocking him. Oh, yeah. That was better. That was right.

No more thinking for his old man. None at all. Just them. Knox nuzzled in, trying to crawl into Isaac's skin.

"My pup." Those words rang with satisfaction, with something close to peace.

"Yours, baby. Ours."

Knox just curled in, the itch on the back of his neck gone.

Maybe Isaac was finally beginning to believe.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

The farmhouse was old.

Decrepit.

Drafty.

Vaguely tilted to the south.

Isaac was in love.

From the front porch that wrapped around to the tiny hidden room upstairs with a round window to the barn to the huge bed Knox had installed in one of the bedrooms, it was quiet and interesting and bizarre enough to keep him occupied for months.

Knox came in, sweaty and shirtless, tool belt hanging low on his hips. "All right, baby. The porch is safe for fucking now."

"You are incredibly handy, aren't you?" He did enjoy the scent of Knox, hot and sweaty.

"I try. 'Sides, I figure I spent enough time tearing places like this down. Fixing up is *almost* as good." He got a huge grin, Knox coming over to nibble at his mouth. "You 'bout done unpacking books?"

"In theory? There's an attic. Boxes. I found newspapers and books. Fascinating."

He'd unpacked those.

Mostly.

"Oh, Lord. More dusty shit to keep you busy, huh?" According to Knox it never ceased to amaze the man how Isaac could find things everywhere they went. Like a magpie.

"Boxes and boxes. You should be able to avoid taking me to antique shops for at least a week."

"I hear there's another abandoned place down the way. Supposed to be haunted." Long fingers stroked his belly through his loose sweater. "I bet there's fun shit there too."

"Haunted?" He was distracted by that for about ten seconds before those fingers caught his attention again. "Honestly?"

"That's what they say," Knox said, lifting his sweater to pet beneath. "Down at the Ace hardware store in town."

"Interesting. I'll have to go see." A breeze came through the open window, chilly and strong, the scent of the ocean different here, stronger.

"Mmmhmm. You will. Take a box or two..." Bending, Knox licked at his stomach, humming a little.

The contrast of the air and that tongue could drive a man quite mad. "I will. That... Pup, your mouth."

"Like it?" Oh, the asshole knew he did, licked across to the little line of hair running down his lower belly, following it.

He didn't bother answering, just leaned against the wall, legs parting, stomach muscles going taut. His cock filled, pushing against his pants, against Knox's chin.

Chuckling some more, Knox opened his pants, fingers sliding in to touch and pull him out, pull him right into Knox's waiting mouth.

The sensation of his shaft, sliding on the velvet heat of Knox's tongue, the threat of those teeth, the promise of pleasure as Knox sucked and pulled, drove his hips, his body. Isaac closed his eyes, entire focus on the connection between them, the heat.

His pants dropped as Knox pulled at them, leaving his lower body open to the breeze, open to Knox's hands as they moved over him. Those lips pulled at him, Knox bobbing up and down, taking him in deep, all the way to the back of Knox's throat.

He started babbling, random curses and prayers, threats, promises. Anything. Anything so long as the heat and suction continued.

Fingers slid between the cheek of his ass, spreading him, touching him. Knox kept moving on him, lips tight, tongue rubbing the underside of his cock. Knox growled, the sound vibrating him.

Never, he'd never expected their need, their desire to just build and build, fueled by their hunger. Isaac nipped his own thumb, let the blood drip over the base of his cock, onto Knox's lips.

Knox cried out around him, licking every bit of blood off, sucking him so strongly it was almost pain. One of Knox's hands left him going down to open those painted-on jeans and pull Knox's cock out.

"Yes. Yours. Inside and out." His head tossed, hands almost digging into the wall.

"Mmmhmm. Mnh." Knox was begging him, he could feel it in every pull. That sweet mouth. Oh, it was good.

He pushed deep, hips pumping in short little bursts as he shot, filled Knox's mouth. Oh. Just like that.

Licking him clean, Knox licked and sucked, finally pulling back to look up at him. Those dark eyes shone, he swollen lips glistened.

He slid down the wall, hand reaching for Knox's prick, lips crashing down to taste himself in Knox's mouth.

He thought Knox might eat him up, hands cupping his head to hold him close for the kiss. Their taste really was mingled, hard to tell where one stopped and the other began. That thick cock pushed into his hand, hot as sun-warmed silk.

Delicious. His free hand curled around Knox's hip, moving Knox faster, harder. All the while his tongue pushed into taste those lips.

He stroked, Knox rocked, and it seemed no time at all before Knox filled his palm with hot come, shooting in great, forceful jerks, teeth sinking into Isaac's lips.

"Mine." He nuzzled, his own blood sweet in his mouth. "My pup."

"Yours, old man. Always yours. I swear." They kissed again, sealing the promise.

"Mmm." The wind blew in again, colder now, rich with sea and salt. "Winter's coming."

"Uh huh. We'll get the house shored up just in time. Hibernate."

Oh, that sounded good.

"Exceptional plan, pup. You, me, books, daily pancakes." He chuckled. "If you're lucky, one of the out buildings will require destruction."

"Oh, I have plans for the old springhouse. It's purely termite-ed." That grin was an addiction. He could see it every day for...well, for as long as the universe would let him.

Perhaps even a century or two longer.

End