



Ready to Rumble

A Torquere Press Single Shot By Lorne Rodman

It wasn't exactly Monday Night Raw. This was not huge arena, there were only a couple hundred screaming rednecks instead of thousands. There was no professional announcer singing out, "Are you ready to rumble?"

There was, however, a former WWF, or WWE or whatever, superstar in the ring, smashing down off the top rope on some poor slob who looked like he wasn't even old enough to shave, so new that every time the Dark Dragon hit him he squeaked like a bad vinyl car seat.

Alex had seen the guy called the Dragon once before in person, when he was doing a feature for World Wrestling Magazine, covering a big-assed event. He wasn't writing about the guy then, was writing instead about his smiling, gold lame opponent, who was the good guy to Dragon's bad. Alex liked the bad guys better.

Which was why when he was offered a 'where are they now?' assignment on this particular bad guy, Alex said sure. Why not? Which was also why he was in east Texas, in a tiny wrestling arena with a bunch of sweaty guys who stank of beer and cigarette smoke and bloodlust.

When the match ended with a pin by the Dragon and a lot of flexing and growling as the victor pranced around the ring, Alex was relieved. Time to head backstage and wait for the big guy to head for the showers, pop out at him unexpected like. That usually kept them off balance enough to agree to an interview.

Alex flashed his press pass at the guy guarding the back arena area and slipped into the recessed doorway of the dressing rooms, figuring that was the best place to lay in wait. He had about five minutes if the sound of the crowd was any indication and he pulled out his PDA, making a few notes, listening with half his attention for footsteps.

"You've got to stop wincing before I even hit you, Fly. You make us both look bad out there." The voice was low, rough, growly like the man had smoked too hard too long.

"Sorry, man. You're just so fucking big." The kid sounded like what he was. A kid, with a high pitched voice and an apologetic tone.

Alex snorted and stepped out of the shadows. "I bet he says that to all the guys."

"Who the hell are you?" He didn't miss the way Dragon stepped in front of the kid.

That glower was hella effective, but Alex was used to that kind of shit, and he smiled, but only a little, not wanting to look smarmy. The yellow eyes the guy sported made it worse, but he'd get over it.

"I'm Alex Vilnov. I'm a writer. I'm doing a piece for Legends of Wrestling. I was wondering if I could buy you a beer or something?"

The strange eyes looked him up and down and then the big guy snorted. "Legends of Wrestling. You're a little lost, aren't you?"

Hey, a sense of humor. That was a plus. "Nah. They asked me to track you down and do a "what is he doing now" angle. Apparently some up and coming guy was trying to use a Dragon nickname and your lawyers stopped him."

"I remember that. Little piss-ant thought just because I taught him some moves he could assume the mantle. Nobody's the fucking Dragon but me until someone shows up and lays the smackdown on me, you hear?" The kid slipped away as Dragon went into his King of the Universe routine.

It was all Alex could do not to roll his eyes. It was part of their job to do that shit, just like it was part of his to cut through it and really get the dirt. He'd listen for a bit if he had to. "Yeah. I hear he was going for a good guy routine, anyway. Not your thing, right?"

"That's right. I'm bad to the bone. Good's only skin-deep -- bad goes all the way."

"Uh huh. Look, I could really use your help on this article. Why don't you get less sweaty and I can take you out and talk about it?" He was fighting a grin now, because that kind of bluster always made him laugh. God, he loved wrestling.

"If there's a steak to go with that beer I might find a few minutes for you, punk."

Punk. Now Alex did roll his eyes. That was just too Dirty Harry. "You bet. I'm on an expense account. There's a Cattleman's right on the edge of town."

"I can be there in a half an hour and if you roll those eyes of yours one more time, I'm gonna make them roll up the back of your head -- you got me?" The growl had a definite edge to it now, less for show.

"Yeah." Alex injected a note of respect into his voice and took a half step back. He wasn't spoiling for a fight tonight and he was too small for this guy to take a notion of pummeling him. "I'll meet you there. Thanks, man."

Dragon grunted and pushed passed him, heading straight for the locker room without looking back.

Well.

That had gone well.

He could only hope the interview would go better, or he was shit out of luck.

* * *

Dragon pulled up into the parking lot at the Cattleman's with a sigh.

He was fucking tired, but the lure of a good steak and a beer, on someone else's dime? A man couldn't pass something like that up.

He just hoped the kid from Legends didn't ask about Valasquez trying to steal his name before they'd ordered because the fact he wasn't allowed to talk about the ungrateful little piss-ant was going to put a damper on the proceedings.

He went in, looking around for the writer dude -- Andrew... Albert... Alex? Fuck if he knew.

The guy was waiting for him right inside the door, piddling with some little electronic thing, looking up as he came over. "Oh, hey, you came."

"I thought that was the idea." And if the kid was going to bilk him on his steak, he was going to introduce that pretty face to his fist.

The kid grinned, making the prominent nose recede and the hazel eyes twinkle. "Yeah, but it's always a crap shoot. Thanks for coming. Look, what do you want me to call you?"

"Dragon works fine. And I'll talk to anyone for ten minutes for a good steak."

"Cool. Two, please." A little hostess wearing shorts and a Cattleman's t-shirt led them to a table back out of the way, where the music wasn't so loud and there weren't too many people. Made him wonder how long the kid had been waiting for him and who he'd talked to.

They sat, ordered a couple of beers and he got maybe two minutes to look at the menu before the talking started. "So I know you're not allowed to talk about the lawsuit, but I was hoping you could give me a little background about how you chose the Dark Dragon nick."

If the kid wasn't here for the lawsuit, then why the fuck was he? Dragon frowned. "Why?"

"Because I'm doing a little retrospective of your career. Then I'm comparing you to the new guy, sort of a he'd never replace the Dragon sort of thing. I try to do my research." Those bright eyes peeked at him over the top of the menu, glinting away.

He snorted. "You mean I finally get to be the hero?"

"Something like that."

Their beers showed and they ordered and the kid didn't even blink when he ordered the most expensive steak on the menu. That? was a good sign. Well, 'something like that' didn't exactly sound promising, but he didn't figure he had anything to lose.

"You want to know where Dark Dragon came from?"

"Yeah. I don't think you've ever mentioned it." Now that the menu was gone he could see the kid's whole face again and there were worse things to look at. The beer was good, too, nice and cold and yeasty.

"All right." He started undoing his shirt buttons, eyes on the kid, keeping his grin to himself.

"Uh." For the first time that bland as butter look started to slide, and the kid, Alex, that was it, looked nervous, glancing from side to side. "I'm pretty sure they have a dress code."

He stopped unbuttoning and put on a growl, starting to enjoy himself here. "You want the answer to your questions or not?"

"Well, yeah. But as hot as you are I'm not sure you should get naked right here."

Oh. That? Was even more fun. Kid was blushing.

"You're not worried about me making a scene are you?"

"No! You bad guy wrestlers *never* do that." Looked like Alex had gotten his composure back, grinning over at him. "Lay it on me."

He did grin now and kept undoing his shirt, tugging it out of his jeans so he could pull it open and expose his chest and the large, dark blood red dragon that came to life on his chest.

"Wow." The look was gratifying, Alex checking him out carefully. "Nice tat."

"Got it done when I was seventeen. Designed it myself." He was fucking proud of it, too. Despite the jokes whenever anyone caught sight of it. Which was one of the reasons it stayed covered up.

"So why don't you show it off more, man?" Alex leaned on his elbow, gave him the patented reporter interested look.

He shrugged. Like he was going to tell this guy his life story.

"Right."

They both kinda stared at each other until their salads came and he hoped the kid had better skills than he was showing or the interview was going nowhere. Of course, that might be okay, too. Good food, a cute kid, a couple of beers. And he'd noticed the interest while his shirt was open and he was all exposed. Of course maybe that was the real story the kid was after.

"Anyway, so did you know you wanted to be a wrestler when you got that?"

"Hell no. I was going to be a cop. Slay the dragons of evil kind of thing."

"Yeah?" The fork paused halfway to Alex's mouth, a piece of lettuce dangling, dripping blue cheese dressing. "No shit?"

"No shit." He shrugged again. It was silly. A kid's dream and he sure as hell wasn't a kid anymore.

"Wow. That's actually kind of cool."

Yeah, and that and fifty cents would get him a cup of coffee. Their steaks finally showed and oh, yeah. That was the ticket. Cooked perfectly. He dug in, more than happy to halt the conversation in its tracks. The kid didn't need to know personal shit to write his fucking article.

They ate in silence for a good long while and that steak was as good as it looked, putting him in a little better mood. At least until the kid asked the next question.

"So, why did you retire? You were kinda at the top of your game, weren't you?"

He gave the standard answer. "I blew out my knee and they had to write me off."

"So how is it you can still wrestle? I mean, it didn't look like you were having any knee problems today. I didn't see a brace."

"It got better," he answered with his best leave it alone growl.

"Uh huh." The kid tilted his head, looked him right in the eye, not batting a lash at the growl.

"That another thing you can't talk about?"

"Next question, kid or this 'interview' is over." He wasn't fucking going there.

Of course, he should remember that the kid was a fucking reporter, too. That look was pure speculation, even if the questions changed. He had a feeling the kid would dig.

"You want some dessert?"

Did he want dessert? Fuck yeah, he wanted dessert. The question was, was he willing to give the kid a chance to keep picking at him while he ate it. Still, the fucking alimony had swallowed most of his last paycheck, this was his only chance at a meal this nice for another two weeks.

"Yeah. And another beer."

"Sure." Alex waved the waitress over, ordered him a beer and got a coffee. "And the dessert menu, please."

The kid winked at the waitress, who giggled and flounced off. "So do you just do the Texas circuit or do you travel a lot?"

"I go wherever the work is. When one circuit's on off season, another's just gearing up. They like to have at least one real veteran around -- keeps the kids from killing each other out of ignorance."

"I never thought of that." That got him that grin again, the one that made the kid's eyes light up. "Always be work for you then, because those young ones are kinda scary."

The waitress made it back and handed over the menus, flirting shamelessly with the kid. If she had a tail, she'd wag.

He watched the kid read his menu -- he already knew he wanted the biggest slice of chocolate whatever they had. He'd already pegged Alex as decent looking, if you went for the slender kid type, which he had to admit, he did. Big guys like himself? Did nothing for him.

"I think the pecan bourbon pie." The kid looked at him expectantly.

"Chocolate thunder explosion. And you can bring me two pieces." He flexed a little. He had a lot of mass to feed.

Wide eyed, the waitress nodded and hustled off, and Alex? He just laughed. "That sounds almost painful. So how does somebody go from wanting to be a cop to wanting to be a professional wrestler? I mean, most guys in the business are failed NFL players or something."

He shrugged. He failed the entrance exam to be a cop. Hell, he'd barely made it out of fucking high school. He wasn't an idiot or anything, but book learning wasn't his thing. "Right time, right place, right body-type."

"You? Have got to be the most frustrating interview I've ever done. I don't think I've ever met someone in this industry less anxious to talk about himself."

Well, at least he knew he wasn't giving much away. "Look, kid -- Alex -- the federation's got my bio. You can get what you need from my article in that. There's tapes of my bouts... You want to hear about how most of my salary goes to my ex-wife? Hell, even that's a matter of public record -- the divorce settlement records aren't sealed." If the kid thought he was going to sit here and spill his guts about how he'd been screwed over by the federation, the courts, his ex... well he wasn't the sit in his own shit and weep kind of guy.

"I know. Okay? I know all of that crap. I just, well, it would be nice to hear your side of it." Yeah, right. That innocent look? So not working for him.

He snorted. "Why don't you tell me what you're really here for, kid?"

"Okay. I'll give it to you straight." Leaning over his pie, Alex looked at him, expression serious and dead on honest. "I am doing a bit for Legends of Wrestling. And it *is* a where are they now kinda thing. But it's more of a retrospective of the guys who got screwed over in a bad way

by the big brass, yeah? I know you didn't just have knee problems. There was something else going on there."

"And you think my co-operating with you to screw the big bosses is going to help me keep my job?" He had to give it to the kid -- he had big ones.

"No. I'm not going to put your job in jeopardy, I swear. I'm not going to portray you as a bitter old has been. Really. If it all works out right, they'll never fire you." Alex grinned, looking so happy with himself that it was hard to burst his bubble, it really was.

"Don't you get it, kid? It doesn't matter how you portray me -- I'll still come off as a whistle blower and that's going to lose me my job and any goodwill I still have at head office."

"Well, I'm not going to push it." The kid shrugged, pushing a piece of pecan around on the plate. "I can always do the story I told you about originally. Just a short catch up piece. I get paid one way or the other."

"They're going to pay you money to write about an old has been." He shook his head. Fame and limelight meant money, but did he want them as a used to be? Hell no. Maybe he wanted that even less than to be seen as a fucking rat.

"Look, kid, you're going to write what you want to write regardless of what I say. So go ahead and find your angle and make your shit up. Hell, I'll even give you a quote. 'There never was a villain like the Dark Dragon and there never will be again. I was the fucking best and the day I left the big time was the day it got a lot more boring.'" He pushed his cake away and downed the rest of his beer. He was done.

"Hey, don't worry. I won't make up any wild stories. If you want, I'll even let you read it over before I send it in."

Oh, now that was too much. "What the hell kind of reporter are you?"

"Usually the most unscrupulous little gold-digger you've ever seen." The kid looked honestly baffled. "You're just... not what I expected, is all."

"And what were you expecting?" The kid was used to the circuit, knew his shit, there was no way he was **that** intimidating. Hell, he wasn't even trying.

"More bluster. More bragging. I thought you'd be happy to talk about the old days. Hell, most of you guys are, and no offense, but I thought you were a living stereotype." Alex grinned, chugging his coffee. "You? I like."

"Yeah? Well I haven't had the urge to tear your head off yet, so I guess for a reporter, you're not so bad yourself."

"Gee, thanks. So, look, do you want to see the piece when I'm done? I'll be back through Texas on my way, I could stop and show it to you."

The kid was going to search him out with the article to show him before it went to print. Weirdest fucking reporter ever.

"Sure." Some little devil prompted him to add. "I have your word on that?"

"You do." The kid held out his hand to shake, and that was that. A deal.

Time would tell whether or not the kid would keep the deal and if that happened? Maybe he'd see about figuring out why he gave a fuck.

* * *

Two weeks.

Alex had been on the road two weeks, from Texas to Kansas to Colorado and Wyoming and back down.

God he was tired. And he was fucking tired of blustering, big mouthed assholes. He was actually looking forward to seeing the Dark Dragon guy again, just to talk to someone who didn't speak fifty decibels higher than the average human being, and how fucked up was that?

Of course, it didn't hurt that out of all of the muscle bound blockheads he'd dealt with, the Dragon was the best looking, and the least thick in the head.

In fact, the only thing the guy had in common with his down on their luck brethren was a former big time career, and the fact that none of them would say a word about their former bosses, WWF, WWE, or WCW, et. al. It was frustrating as Hell.

He was somewhere in central Texas and the map was a blur, but Alex knew he was in the right place when he saw the billboard at the local arena advertising a double feature wrestling match starring Crusher somebody and the Dark Dragon. Maybe he'd wait outside. He didn't think he could hack another night spent watching people get off on other people getting hit with chairs.

Alex patted his pockets, remembering only after a thorough search that he'd quit smoking three months before, when he broke up with Eamon. Figured he might as well have all the stress at one time and it worked. Mostly.

He sat in his car and watched the steady stream of people going in and out and he was almost asleep and the flow of people had almost stopped when he saw the unmistakable form of the Dragon come out of the side door. Alex hopped out of his car and hustled to catch him, making sure he stayed far enough way that if he surprised the guy he wouldn't get whomped.

"Hey. Got your story to read."

Dragon turned and blinked at him, looking tired and beat up. A frown creased the man's forehead and then cleared. "You came back."

"I said I would. I'd offer to buy you another steak, but you look beat. How about a pizza back at your place?" That way the guy could sit down and get comfy. He looked like crap.

He got a half-way suspicious look. "The article's done, this is strictly an off the record meeting?"

"Cross my heart." He'd given up on the angle he'd wanted, just done the damned boring look what they're doing piece. Some days it just didn't pay to beat your head against a brick wall. "I think you'll like it."

Dragon quirked a grin. "We'll see. I'm at the Motel 6 on the edge of town. Room 12. I'll meet you there."

"You got it. What do you like on your pizza?" He would just pick it up on the way. Give the guy time to wash up and change.

"Lots of meat, kid." He got a wink and then Dragon headed for his car, one labored step following the other.

Damn. Alex frowned. Maybe the guy really did have knee problems. Shaking off his sudden and totally uncharacteristic concern, Alex headed out, stopping at the Pizza Hut for some Meat Lovers and some cheese sticks, extra sauce, before heading to the Motel 6. He hoped they had a vacancy. Sounded as good as any place.

He hit number 12 about a half hour later, hoping Dragon wasn't asleep, knocking lightly.

The door opened, Dragon looking a little more lively, changed into a pair of jeans and a t-shirt, both of which hugged the man in all right places.

Dragon took the pizza from him and put it on the second bed with his suitcase. "You bring beer, too?"

"You bet." Good thing he'd stopped at the liquor store. The jeans and tee covered a lot more than the wrestling outfit the guy wore for work, but somehow, he looked better this way. Hotter. Alex shook his head at himself, setting the six-pack he held on the bed, too, and hauling out his portfolio. "Eat first. Then you can have a look."

Dragon nodded and grabbed himself two slices and a beer, sitting on the second bed which left Alex the chair. A chair that didn't look like it would hold Dragon for more than a moment or two. So Alex planted his ass on in, listening to it creak. Hell, it might not hold him. He got a few slices himself and opened the bread sticks, tucking in hearty. Damn, he was tired and hungry and just out and out grumpy.

Dragon ate two thirds of the pizza and easily half of the breadsticks, downing a couple of beers while he was at it, all without a word. Once he was done, he burped and sat back against the headboard with a sigh. "Thanks, Alex. That hit the spot."

"No problem." He handed over a napkin, letting Dragon clean up before he handed over his article. It was going to be a full middle, glossy spread, with retro pictures and the here and now articles and he thought he'd done a nice job, making Dragon out to be the tough guy he was, working at getting the new kids ready to go take their licks in the big time.

Dragon read slowly, but he read the whole thing from start to finish. "Not bad." The man sounded surprised, though Alex imagined that had more to do with the content than a questioning of his writing skills. "You almost make me sound like a hero."

"Well, you're miles above your peers." He didn't mean to sound nasty, hoped he didn't, but after two weeks of chasing has beens it was painfully clear that Dragon was a cut above the rest. Alex couldn't really explain why that was, except maybe it was the air of cynicism the guy had about him, or the fact that when he gave those scripted lines about how he was the "Dragon", they were just that. Scripted.

Or maybe it was because Dragon was so damned hot. Who knew? All Alex knew was that the man had been married, to a woman, so the kind of looking he was indulging in? Probably not bright.

Dragon gave him a grin. "Miles above, eh? Why are you greasing my gears, kid? What do you want from me?"

"Not a goddamned thing, okay?" Alex blew out a frustrated breath. What did he want? A story that would never happen? To sit and stare at the guy? He didn't even know why he came back. He could have sent a fucking fax. He got up out of the creaky little chair, holding his hand out for his draft. "I ought to go. See if I can get a room for the night."

"Okay, okay, relax, kid." Dragon handed over the papers. "It's been a long time since anyone did anything for me without expecting something in return. You can't blame a man for being suspicious."

"Sorry. It's been a long couple of weeks." No sense in pissing the guy off. Wasn't Dragon's fault that Alex was out of sorts. "And yeah, I hear ya. I just thought you might want to see the article is all."

Dragon nodded. "I do appreciate it, Alex. Nice to know you haven't done a hatchet job. And I can see you know your stuff. You been following the circuits long?"

"Long enough." Too fucking long. As a kid, he'd thought Hulk Hogan was the coolest guy on earth. He'd known the name and stats of every pro wrestler there was. So when he got into freelance writing, it had seemed natural to get into the wrestling magazines. These days? He was thinking of Home and Garden.

"Yeah? So you know what it's like, moving from place to place, living out of motel rooms -- hotels when you're making it big -- little craptacular places like this when you aren't?" Dragon gave him a wry grin. "Sorry, kid, I'm just feeling my age tonight."

Grinning right back, because that grin was contagious, Alex sat back down. He didn't really mean to, his butt just sorta parked itself. "Yeah. I do know. The shelf life on a job like mine is only about as long as the one on yours."

"You're not nearly as past your due date as I am." Dragon gave him a wink with that and stretched, all those muscles moving under the man's t-shirt.

God. He was more tired than he thought, because he was having trouble keeping his eyes to himself. Damn. Or hey, maybe it had just been too long since he'd gotten laid.

He was staring. A lot.

"I'm feeling like it."

"Well you don't look it." Dragon gave him a once over and then flexed for him. "You're looking pretty hard... you like what you see?"

Oh, fuck. That could end two ways, the worst case scenario being his ass getting kicked. "Uh. Sorry, I don't mean to. But yeah."

"You apologizing for looking or apologizing for liking?" Was Dragon laughing at him?

"For whatever is going to keep my butt intact." Maybe that was a bad way to put it. But hey, whatever worked.

"You can apologize for apologizing." Dragon gave him a wink. "If you're looking and you're liking, maybe you should be sitting a little closer."

Okay, now it was his turn for suspicion. "If you're fucking with me..."

"Kid -- I just admitted to a reporter I'm into *him* -- you think I'd do that if all I was doing was fucking with you?"

Oh. Well, that had a certain ring of truth to it. He thought about it for all of oh, five seconds, some sort of death wish making him get up and move over on the bed. "Close enough?"

One big hand reached around to his back and tugged him in so he was leaning against Dragon's chest. "If you're going to change your mind, you'd better do it now, kid."

"Not unless you're a terrible lay." He grinned, playing with fire. Damn, it felt good.

"Not unless... why you!" Dragon sputtered a moment and then started to laugh, chest rising and falling against him.

Alex rode it out, chuckling a bit himself, feeling better. A lot of the horrible two weeks he'd had fell away with that laugh. That the big guy had a sense of humor came as a surprise, even though he'd seen it last time. Yeah. It was good.

Dragon was still grinning as their mouths pressed together for a hard kiss.

Damn. Okay, if Dragon fucked like he kissed he wasn't gonna have to worry about it. It would be fantastic. Alex decided he wanted to blow Dragon's mind right back, though, and put his all into the kiss, hands coming up to hold the guy close.

One of Dragon's hands cupped his head and damn, the man had big hands. That was good. That was really good. Hands like that would feel good in other places, he was sure. Alex realized about then that he had hands and that maybe he should put them to work getting Dragon's shirt off so he could play with all those muscles.

Dragon grunted. "Eager. I like that."

"Oh, good." What else could he say? Alex leaned back, pushing the t-shirt up and out of the way so he could get to the smooth, warm expanse of skin on Dragon's belly.

Dragon's muscles jumped as he stroked the ridged belly, the tattoo dragon's tail wrapping around the man's navel.

How had he forgotten about that? Pushing the shirt all the way off, Alex pressed Dragon back against the headboard so he could look at the tat, tracing the edges of it with his fingertips.

Dragon purred. "You've got a sweet touch, kid."

"Yeah? You've got... well. You know how good you look." Alex grinned up, and he could see why the guy wore those yellow contacts. Dragon's green eyes were just too pretty to be bad guy eyes. Really.

"Still nice to hear from the guy you're about to fuck." He got another one of those winks.

"Not unless you have some rubbers." God, this guy was just nothing like what he expected. Maybe that's why he was there, feeling him up.

"You telling me a smart boy like you doesn't carry?"

"I'm all out. Trust me, the guys I'm around most of the time, it's a good excuse not to have any."
He sighed. There were other things they could do.

"Lucky for you I don't get lucky all that often." Dragon nodded toward the other bed where his bag was. "There should be a tube of lube in there as well."

"Oh, Cool!" Better to get prepared before they got going and forgot. Alex hopped off the bed and dug around in the bag, coming out lucky with a couple of condoms and some lube. Woo. He tossed them at Dragon, pausing to take off his own shirt and belt before crawling back on the bed. He was no muscle boy, but Alex knew he looked good.

Dragon obviously thought he did, too. There was heat in those green eyes and Dragon's hands slid over his skin, fingers finding his nipples and tugging them into hardness.

"Shit." Gasping, Alex arched into the touches, straddling Dragon's thighs and resting his hands on the muscles of Dragon's arms. He'd heard guys who said the nipple thing did nothing for him, but he liked it. A lot.

Dragon made a satisfied little noise and brought their mouths together again for another full on kiss. So good. Alex opened up and let Dragon in, pushing his tongue against Dragon's, tasting. Dragon's hands slid down the back of his pants, cupping his ass and squeezing.

Yeah. They were going fast, but he couldn't seem to care, not with those huge hands on his skin, and all that muscle under his hands. He petted Dragon's chest, that tat still fascinating him.

Dragon flexed his pecs, making the dragon's wings seem to flutter. Of course the movements also made those big hands open and close on his ass.

A nice bonus. Alex just rolled, his cock pressing hard against his jeans, rubbing it against Dragon's belly. "I want to see the rest."

"There aren't any more tats, kid." Dragon's eyes twinkled, teasing him.

"So? I'm hoping for something just as good, if not better." He teased right back, finding out that his declaration about how he liked this guy was more truth than flattery.

Dragon chuckled and those big hands left his ass, the man undoing his own jeans and pulling them open.

Oh.

Dragon was going commando and a thick, hard cock pushed out. Behold the dragon. Alex chuckled at his own thoughts, reaching for that beautiful cock, testing its weight and girth with his fingers. "Nice."

"Just nice?" That prick jumped in his hand, the muscles of Dragon's belly twitching.

"Well, I am a master of understatement." Yeah, because he was drooling for that thing. Damn, it was big. He couldn't decide. Suck? Or ride?

Dragon chuckled. "Wanna suck it, Alex? Do you think your mouth is big enough?"

"Heck yeah." Alex backed off Dragon's legs and knelt between them instead, pushing those heavy thighs wide so he could grab one of the condoms and roll it on. He wanted to taste it without, but who knew where the guy had been. And to be fair, the guy had no idea where Alex had been either. He leaned down, mouth closing around the head, measuring. It was gonna be a tight fit, but he'd take it if it choked him.

Dragon purred for him, hand landing on his head, fingers stroking through his hair. That tickled, his hair short enough to make it bend back and forth when Dragon touched it, and he chuckled around the flesh in his mouth, moving down and opening his throat. His fingers tested Dragon's balls, seeing if they could take some touching. Dragon moaned, legs spreading wider, hips moving just a little, not shoving that thick prick down his throat, but nudging it a bit further. The movements also pushed those balls right into his palm.

God, he couldn't ask for better. Alex went to work, head bobbing, hand working those big balls, his other hand petting Dragon's thighs. Dragon purred and moaned for him, letting him know just how good it was. He worked it, knowing the licking wouldn't do much but make his mouth taste bad, concentrating on the suction, on twisting his head from side to side as he moved up, giving Dragon tons of sensation.

"Fuck. Yes." Dragon's hands cupped his head, didn't quite hold him in place, but the need was there.

Too bad the big guy couldn't hold him in down and just go to town, but honestly, that might just kill him. Alex opened his eyes, looked up over that writhing tattoo and met Dragon's eyes, letting the man see how happy he was.

Dragon purred. "Fucking good, kid. Fucking good."

"Mmm." Well, his mouth was full. What did he expect from trying to talk? Alex redoubled his efforts, deciding breathing was unnecessary alongside feeling this man come.

Dragon roared for him, cock pushing deep as the man's hips jerked. He could feel Dragon's cock throb, the condom filling.

Damn, he wished he could taste. Still, that was a good feeling, knowing he'd done that, and he pulled off carefully, hand still wrapped around Dragon's sacs. "I hope you're not a fall asleep after you come kinda guy. I still want that fucking."

"I can't promise you I won't do it after -- but I'll give you that fucking now."

"Oh, good." Snorting, Alex hopped up and wiggled out of his jeans. He was becoming a broken record with that oh, good shit. Lube, lube, where was the lube? Oh, and he ought to replace that condom, too. Okay, he couldn't remember the last time he was in that much of a hurry.

Dragon took care of the condom, pulling off the old one and wiping himself off before opening a new package and sliding the clean condom on. Soft chuckles filled the air. "I'm not going anywhere, kid."

"Yeah, well I might be going off too soon if we don't get on with it." Oh, nice. Dragon was still good and hard. Alex blinked. The man was a machine. How did he get so lucky?

"You want to ride or you want to get fucked?" Dragon asked, sliding up a hand and stroking his prick, nice and slow.

"I want you to fuck me." He'd done the doing. It was time to see what Dragon could do. Alex stood naked by the bed, watching that big hand work. Hell, yes.

"Hands and knees or back, kid -- your choice. Either way I'm fucking you hard."

Cock jumping, Alex crawled on the bed, giving Dragon his back, settling in on all fours. He hated to not be able to see it, but no way could he take that big cock any other way, at least this time.

He was hoping for once more, maybe two or three. Dragon purred and climbed up behind him, hands sliding over his ass. Then one thick, slick finger pushed at his hole, pressing in.

"Unh." That felt, well, amazing. Opening him right up. Alex wiggled, getting comfy, cock bobbing between his spread legs.

"Nice and tight, Alex. Gonna make you fucking fly."

One finger became two, pushing into him, stretching him open and slicking him up.

"Yeah. Damn." He pushed back, opening up.

Dragon's fingers split and curled, finding his gland and pegging it. Alex cried out, hips swinging, just begging for it. He could feel the flush rising up in his skin, feel the throb in his cock.

"Can't wait any longer, kid." Those fingers slid away, the blunt heat of Dragon's cock replacing them.

"Oh. Oh, god." Okay, yeah it was a cliché, but that cock was thick, spreading him until he moaned from the pressure.

"Oh, fuck you're tight. Sweet." Dragon kept pushing in.

"You're gonna kill me." He was going to split wide open he was so full. Of course, his cock wasn't going down, was it? So that was a good sign.

"Yeah? It's a good way to go, kid." Dragon chuckled and then moaned, started to fuck him, nice and easy to start.

"Yeah. Yeah. It's... good." It was better than good, sending sparks up his spine, and soon the overfull feeling gave way, moving into hot. Hotter than hot. He got one hand free, reaching for his cock.

Dragon's hand knocked his away. "I've got you, kid." And Dragon did, big hand engulfing his prick and tugging hard.

His eyes rolled, and Alex went non-verbal, grunting, grinding back on Dragon's cock, squeezing down. Over and over again, that fat cock pushed into him, the big hand squeezed him. Alex was riding it, trying not to go off too fast, knowing the big guy would last longer this time, but it was tough. His belly was clenching.

"Soon."

Dragon grunted and moved faster, harder, just humping for all he was worth.

"Fuck!" Dragon pegged him, hitting just the right spot, and Alex lost it, surprising the heck out of himself. He shot hard, little fireworks going off behind his eyelids. Dragon just kept pounding him, making it last just forever. Then that roar came again and Dragon's cock throbbed inside him.

God, he was the one who felt like collapsing now. Alex just sort of tumbled, not caring where he landed. Dragon came out as he collapsed and then settled down next to him. One big hand came out and patted his back. "Nice, kid. Real nice."

Laboriously, Alex turned over to face that tattooed chest, making a clumsy effort to pat some, too. "Yeah."

He cracked a huge yawn. Damn, he was tired. "I should go get a room."

Dragon chuckled sleepily. "Now that you're naked, you might as well stay here the night."

"Oh, good." He laughed. There it was again. "You can do me face up in the morning." He curled close to that wide chest, so drowsy he didn't even bother with the bathroom or tooth brushing.

"Sounds like a plan, kid."

Moments later soft snores sounded.

Alex grinned, figuring that after all his examining his motives on the way there, he'd figured out why he came back. Sometimes he was a little slow. Now, though, he was just too sleepy to care.

He'd think about that in the morning, too.

* * *

Mornings weren't Dragon's strong suit.

He cracked open one eye, grunting at the light pouring in the crack where the curtains didn't quite meet. There was a dead weight on his right arm and something solid and warm all along his right side.

Oh yeah. The kid. Sweet.

His morning wood throbbed -- he hadn't woken up this hard in a lot of years. Of course it had been awhile since he'd woken up with someone else in the bed, too. He purred a little, hand sliding along Alex's back. He might be able to work in another lay before the guy packed up and headed back to covering the big times.

"Mmmmm. Hey." Alex shifted, an answering morning hard-on poking him.

"Hey kid." He cleared his throat and tried again. "Morning."

That got him a chuckle. "You sound worse than I do in the morning. Feel good, though."

"You sound pretty good, kid." He squeezed Alex. "Feel good, too."

Alex snuggled even closer, like he was trying to crawl into him. "Yeah? Trying to decide whether I need to piss, or if I need to fuck first and do that later."

He chuckled. He liked the way Alex didn't beat around the bush. "Fuck first, kid."

"Kay." Alex moved, pushing up and straddling him in a pretty smooth motion for a guy who'd just gotten awake. "I think I promised you face to face, yeah?"

He purred, hips pushing up into the kid. "That you did."

"Yeah. Did I get any extras last night?" The kid looked at the cheap night table, grinning when he found the lube and yeah, an extra rubber or two. "Cool."

"Musta been a Boy Scout." He liked a guy who was prepared.

"Nah, just horny and hopeful." Grinning down, Alex handed him the lube and leaned down for a kiss. Nice.

He hummed. Horny and hopeful. Yeah, he could handle that.

He opened the tube and slicked up his fingers, sliding them down to Alex's ass. A nice, no frills fuck was just the thing to wake a man up. Alex seemed to think the same way, because he knelt

up, tilting that sweet ass back so he had better access. He slid a finger into Alex, finding him fairly loose from the night before, so he slipped a second finger in with the first. Sweet heat.

"Mmm. Yeah." Alex wiggled. "Not gonna take much, man."

He grinned. "You quick off the mark first thing in the morning, kid?"

"Usually, yeah. But I meant to get me ready. Want you to fuck me." Grinning right back, Alex stroked the dragon tat on his chest, all the way to his navel, fingers scratching.

"Oh fuck, that's sweet." He bucked up, fingers going deep inside Alex.

"Yeah?" One of Alex's fingers slid up to flick a nipple. "You're hot, man. Solid. Sex walking."

He groaned. Shit the kid was good for his ego. He pushed another finger in.

"Oh, fuck." His morning voice was getting a rival with that groan, deep and harsh. Alex's head dropped forward and the kid braced on Dragon's chest, fucking back on his fingers.

Fucking sweet.

He wanted that tight heat around his cock again, wanted Alex riding his cock instead of his fingers. He pulled them out. "Come on, kid. Time to ride the Dragon."

"Yeah. Yeah." Alex reached back and grabbed him, rising up again to get him in position, which showed Dragon a hard cock and flushed face.

Nice. Really fucking nice. Old guys like him didn't get sweet kids like this one and he was enjoying it to the max. He slid the condom onto his cock and then pushed up into the kid.

"Oh." Those wide eyes looked down at him, Alex's mouth wet and open, body swallowing him whole.

"Fuck, kid!" Tight. Hot. Fucking sweet.

Alex moved, up and down, just lifting up and body slamming him on the way back down, hard and urgent. He hadn't had this much fun slapping flesh together in too fucking long. He wrapped his hands around Alex's waist and helped him come down.

"God! I need. Damn." One of Alex's hands left his skin, grabbed Alex's cock instead and started pumping. Oh, yeah, that made that sweet ass go even tighter around his prick. He reached out with one hand and tweaked the kid's nipple.

"You're killing me." Yeah, and Alex did a killer move of his own right then, that ass squeezing him like crazy. He could see the kid's muscles ripple, see the concentration on that face. Fucker was doing it on purpose. He started putting a little twist into his own hips, going deep as he thrust into Alex. They were pretty well matched, because that made the kid go crazy, humping and pumping, begging him with words and sounds.

"That's it. That's it. Come on my cock, Alex. Let me fucking feel it."

Like his words were all Alex needed, the kid shot, all over his belly and chest, warm and wet. That ass went so tight around him he thought it might just squeeze his cock right off. It certainly squeezed the come right out of him and he filled the condom with a couple of long jerks. Fucking sweet.

"Oh. Damn." The kid just sort of folded down on him, warm and sweaty. "Now? I need to piss."

He chuckled. "I can't help you with that, kid."

"Nope." Alex hoisted up and he slid out, the kid crawling off the bed and giving him quite a show. "Breakfast?"

"Huh?" He was stuck on that fine ass wiggling away from him.

Alex stuck his head back around the door he'd just disappeared into. "Do you do breakfast? I'm starved. And I have room for IHOP on my expense account."

"You're on, kid. If you'll come back here and let me give you one for the road."

"Hell, yes. You can give me two or three." Alex disappeared again and he could hear the kid moving around in the bathroom.

He chuckled, thinking maybe the kid had an exaggerated sense of his recovery ability. On the other hand, there was something about Alex that made him want to prove the kid right.

And wasn't that something?

* * *

The big party wasn't bad, mainly because the press got free booze. Frankly, Alex usually found most of these events a crushing bore and would skip out as quick as he could, but he'd heard the guys from his Legends of Wrestling article a few months back were all supposed to be flown in to New York for the deal, so he'd come.

The article had gone over pretty well, making those folks who got nostalgic for their favorite good or bad guy clamor to see them again, and there had been public appearances and a few TV shows for the guys.

Alex was pleased.

Somehow he was even more pleased to hear Dragon would be at the party and Alex had stuck around hoping for just that.

Not that he had ever been that much of a star fucker, but honestly? He liked the guy. Liked his dick, too, but that was neither here nor there. He was just wanting to see Dragon to see how things were going for him.

Really.

Alex stood, drink in hand, and scanned the crowd, hoping to blend mostly into the woodwork until he saw Dragon and could hit the road.

He finally spotted the big guy in the center of a bunch of suits, listening and nodding, adding the occasional comment. Two of the guys handed over cards and clapped him on the back, earning them what was obviously a patented growl because they all laughed and then shook hands. Once the suits dissipated, Dragon went to the bar and snagged himself a brew. The man was looking fine in a dark grey suit that fit the broad shoulders well. He had a soft yellow shirt on underneath the suit jacket with a bright orange tie that Dragon kept tugging on.

Perfect. Seeing a familiar face might just make the guy more comfortable. Or some shit like that. Alex wandered over, casually ordering another Scotch on the rocks. "Never figured to see you in a suit, man."

Dragon turned, startled look breaking into a happy smile. "Alex! Hey kid, good to see you."

Dragon tugged on his tie again and held out a hand for him to shake. "I don't mind the damned monkey suit, it's the fucking tie -- I never could get the tie right. June always tied them for me."

He grinned right back, shaking hands firmly. "It is a little crooked." Still, the guy looked good. Edible.

Dragon nodded. "It's trying to choke the life out of me. Doing a better job than a lot of my usual opponents, too." He was given a wink and then Dragon nodded toward a corner with some tables. "You want to sit, talk a bit?"

"Sure." Better to get them out of the open, where someone might come along and snatch Dragon away, just when the party was getting interesting. "So it looks like the article did well."

Dragon nodded, pulling a chair out for him before sitting himself. "The article did real well for me. I was hoping to run into you here actually because I wanted to say thank you. It's been a long time since I've had people wanting to interview me. I even got a bit of national television coverage. Box office has picked up in the baby circuit, which is going to translate to a better paycheck when I negotiate for next season."

"Hey, that's great." Down boy. Thank you didn't translate into blow you. Jeez. Alex liked to think he had a wee bit more control over his hormones, but damn. Maybe he just needed to get out more.

Dragon nodded and took a long swig out of his beer, lips wrapping around the neck of the bottle. Then the big guy was pulling on his tie again.

"It is great. And it wasn't just that you didn't do a hatchet job, the writing was really good, compelling. Made us seem really... I don't know, shiny again."

"I was inspired. Here. Let me fix that for you." Okay, so it was totally girly, but the tie thing was bugging him. Alex reached up to fix it, straightening the knot.

Dragon turned his head this way and that, breaking into a wide grin. "Shit, that's better. Thanks. I really owe you now, kid." He got another one of those winks.

"Yeah? I'll keep that in mind." Sipping his drink kept him from asking for it right then and there. Where was his head? "So where are you off to next?"

"Three weeks on a bit of a retro-tour thanks to that article. I think the boys upstairs were thrilled to have something to rake in cash during the off season. Then there's two weeks break and I'm back on tour in the ring with the babies." Dragon finished his beer. "Unless you mean after here and then the answer is to get something to eat because those little cracker things they're calling food here? So aren't. You want to join me?"

"I meant both, actually. I'd love to." Alex grinned. "You buying this time?"

"Hell, yes. I've got a full wallet thanks to you." Dragon looked around. "You ready to go now? My stomach is saying it's far past meal time and all these suits? Make me nervous."

"Yeah. I was just waiting for you." Crap. As soon as that came out, Alex wished it back. True enough, but a dumbass thing to say.

Dragon looked surprised, but the expression turned into that grin again. "I'm honored, kid."

"I'm not much on these things." He could feel his face heat and Alex covered it by standing, sucking down the last of his drink. "Let's go."

Dragon got up and led the way out. "There's a steakhouse a few blocks down."

"Cool. Trust you to stake out the steak, yeah?" Alex watched carefully to make sure they weren't followed out by some photographer or something and breathed a sigh of relief when they got outside unmolested, pulling out a battered pack of cigarettes and lighting up. "Want one?"

"You smoke?" Dragon asked, obviously surprised.

"No. I quit two years ago."

Now wasn't the time to go into why he'd started again, so he just flicked it to the ground and stubbed it out. "So which way to the steaks?"

Dragon pointed to the left and started heading that way. "Quitting's good. Those things'll kill you. My ex smoked. Like a fucking chimney. I didn't taste it on you. When we. You know."

"I told you. I quit. Just took it up again. Can we talk about something else?" If Dragon could deflect the conversation like a pro, why couldn't he? "Like, how did your ex end up as your ex?"

Dragon snorted. "Juney? Depends who you talk to, I guess. The papers say irreconcilable differences. I think that says it well enough."

Alex shrugged. "She smoked too much?" He grinned, shaking off the bad mood that was threatening. "Oh, hey, this looks good." The steakhouse was an old fashioned New York type place, manly, with the smell of meat and beer prevalent. Dragon nodded and held the door for him.

"Long as they cook the meat right and serve plenty of it, I'm a happy man."

"No! You? Like meat?" He gave Dragon a sidelong glance. "I thought you just gave it to people."

Dragon laughed, a belly deep sound. "I'll give it to you later, kid."

His heart kicked up its beat. "Promise?" Man, that felt good. That little edge of danger, the flirt.

"Sure. *After* I've had my fill. All you get from the Dragon right now is a rumble in the tummy."

The hostess flirted with Dragon shamelessly as she led them to their table, but Dragon seemed mostly oblivious. That suited him just fine, not that he could blame the girl. The man was a stud, no doubt about it. Alex smiled to himself. And he was a skinny geek. Which made it all the more interesting.

They got settled, ordered drinks, and Alex leaned his elbows on the table. "So, how were you thinking about thanking me?"

Dragon laughed again. "Well I thought the steak would do it. And another go round at the Motel 6 if you were up for it. 'Course the place I'm staying is sight more classy than that this time around."

"Which means you'll have to sneak me in the back way if you don't want us in the papers. Maybe you should come back to my place. I've got a walk up over in Queens." Good Lord. He had the runs of the mouth.

Dragon gave him a slow, heated smile. "All right."

Oh. Oh that? Made him grateful he was sitting down. Because boing. "Cool."

The waitress came, he ordered something he was sure, but Alex had no idea what. He was just grinning like an idiot and staring at Dragon, thinking all sorts of naughty. Dragon was giving him a knowing grin, spreading the napkin on his lap.

Small talk. Usually he was great with the making of small talk. Alex cast about. "So you said negotiations would be better next year. When does the contract roll around again?"

"They've got five weeks before the season starts again. They promised me an offer while I'm on the road for this retro thing." Dragon leaned in. "I have to tell you they paid through the nose for these three weeks. I'm expecting a decent raise. Of course, it's not like I've got anywhere else to go. But they don't know that -- all they know is they want me."

Somehow to know he had even a small part in that made Alex feel pretty damned good. "Yeah, well. I've seen you. You're good at what you do."

"Thanks, kid. You don't hurt a man's ego one little bit."

Far cry from the first time they'd met and he'd insulted the guy probably a hundred times during one interview. The food came then and Alex concentrated on it and on watching Dragon eat, which was a truly sensual thing. Dragon dug right in eagerly, but didn't wolf it down without tasting it. He didn't bother to talk much during dinner, or during dessert, which was a really fine chocolate cake. Hell, he didn't even talk much after that, watching Dragon polish off the last of his beer before saying anything, and then it was just, "You read to go?"

Dragon gave him a smile and a nod, leaving a healthy tip on the table. "We need transportation to get to this place of yours?"

"We can take a cab. I usually take the subway, but a cab? Much quicker." Alex couldn't believe he was so ready for the main event, but there it was.

That earned him another chuckle and a big grin. "We need supplies, kid? I seem to remember last time you don't pack on purpose."

"Nah, I have some at home not past the freshness date." They got out of the restaurant, all paid and everything, and Alex hailed a cab a few minutes later. They crowded in the back together,

Dragon taking up a huge amount of space, and Alex briefly considered going down on him right then and there. Nah. He could wait.

Dragon stretched out, one arm along the back of the seat, legs spread. "Damn cabs keep getting smaller and smaller."

"Yeah." Rubbing one thigh along Dragon's, Alex nodded. "Not much leg room. No place to put the hands either."

"Got that right." Dragon winked at him and damn, it was a good thing this wasn't a very long trip.

He couldn't stand it. Checking to make sure the cabbie wasn't watching them in the rearview, Alex let one hand fall to his thigh, then slide over across Dragon's, fingers just touching the inside. Dragon gave him a low purr, eyes on the cabbie, and those wide legs stretched a little further.

Perfect. Alex let his fingers do the talking, pressing up against Dragon's fly, firm and searching. "Fuck, kid. How far to this place of yours?"

"Bout another fifteen or so." Alex was feeling it, too, not just Dragon's package, which was growing all over, but the urgency. Damn, this guy was something special.

"Minutes?" Shit, he wouldn't have believed Dragon could make a sound like that.

"This is New York, man. Everything is fast but the traffic." He liked that sound. Liked it a lot. Went looking for more, in fact, pressing at the base of Dragon's zipper with the heel of his hand.

"Kid..." Breathless, he was making Dragon breathless.

"Yeah?" Ten more minutes. Alex realized his free hand was in his own lap right about then, rubbing and pressing there, too, both hands working in rhythm, and he stifled a moan.

"Shit, kid, you are going to get us in so much trouble." He noticed Dragon wasn't telling him to stop though.

"Nah. He's not even looking." Well, Alex hoped the cab driver wasn't, anyway. He didn't think so. Alex looked over at Dragon and smiled. "Besides, don't you bad guys live on the edge?"

Dragon chuckled. "All right, kid. Show me your edge."

That got him laughing. Oh, he wanted to, wanted to crawl right into the guy's lap and do unspeakable things to him, but damn, now the cabby **was** watching. As stealthily as he could, Alex removed his hand from Dragon's crotch. "Home soon."

"Tease," growled the Dragon, giving him an arch look.

"Don't mean to be. Trust me, you'd have my mouth right now, if I wasn't. Oh, thank God." His building came into view and Alex had the door open before the cab even stopped, throwing money at the cabbie and digging for his keys. Must get inside. Dragon was right behind him, solid and warm, all but climbing right up his ass.

They got inside and Alex made sure the door was shut and no one was about before turning and grabbing Dragon's tie, pulling down so he could get to the guy's mouth. Big hands grabbed his ass, pulling him up into the kiss.

Oh. Oh Hell yes. That was exactly what he needed. Alex opened, let Dragon take his mouth, let that hot tongue push deep. Fucking A it was good. Dragon was growling low in the back of his throat, kissing him hard and deep, rubbing their crotches together like there was no tomorrow.

God, he was gonna pop off in the hallway before they even made it up the stairs. Of course, there were nine flights of stairs, so maybe that wasn't such a bad thing. Alex grabbed Dragon's shoulders and kinda shimmied up him like he would a tree, wrapping his legs around Dragon's hips. God, the guy was strong. "More."

Dragon turned them, pushing him against the wall and starting to hump against him. The friction was perfect and he could feel Dragon's hardness against his own, grinding. Alex dug in and started humping back, going in for another kiss, just not able to get close enough.

One of Dragon's hands pushed up under his shirt, stroking his skin. Those hands. He'd missed those huge hands without even knowing it. He was becoming an utter sap. Alex gave up on thinking and concentrated on feeling, especially on feeling Dragon, groping between them to get the jacket and shirt Dragon wore open.

Dragon grunted. "We should get into your apartment."

Damn. "We should. It's far." Yeah, he was coherent.

Dragon's answer was a groan and the humping got harder, faster. Oh fuck, he was gonna come, right there in the entryway. Alex humped back, biting down on Dragon's neck to stifle his sounds, hips jerking as he shot hard enough to roll his eyes back. Dragon kept pushing, kept humping and then shoved against him hard against the wall, grunting as he came.

They panted together, Alex feeling his come cooling in his pants and trying to remember when that had happened last. Jesus. Dragon eased up the lean and Alex slid to the floor, unsteady for a minute. "Come on up. We can clean up and have a beer or something before we try that again horizontally and without clothes."

"Yeah. Good. Naked is good. Horizontal is better. How far up, kid?"

"Ninth." Alex started up, stopped when he realized Dragon wasn't following. "You coming?"

"Ninth floor? After completing a round with you?" Dragon shook his head. "Jesus kid, I'm a lot older than you think."

"Well, the elevator in this place hasn't worked since maybe the thirties. And hey, coming down will be a lot easier than going up." Alex grinned. "I have faith in your abilities, man."

Dragon shook his head. "There had better be cold beer at the end of this."

After the first flight Dragon was grumbling. "How the fuck did you get help moving?"

"A lot of stuff came in on a pulley through the window. 'Sides, I don't have much." Alex would promise a cold beer and a blow job if it would do any good, but he figured Dragon just liked to bitch.

"If I'd realized it was nine flights, kid, I wouldn't have blown my load already. Would be easier if I was still desperate for it." Dragon wasn't even puffing. Or slowing down as they kept climbing.

"Hey, thanks. Good for the ego you are." He knew what Dragon meant, though. In the state he was in when they got there, he could have done the stairs in a standing leap.

"You get laid a lot, Alex? Or do they usually leave you at the bottom of the stairs." Dragon gave him a wink to take the sting out of it.

"I usually don't bring people home." He wasn't sure what that said, so he shut up and took the last couple of flights in silence, digging out his keys again and letting Dragon into his place. It wasn't much, just a one room efficiency with one corner curtained off for the bed, but he thought it was clean and modern and not bad, taste wise.

Dragon wandered around, which took all of a few seconds, and then turned and grinned. "You're not going to think me rude if I pull off my pants, are you?"

"Hell no. I'll even take off mine to make it a custom one something. I have one of those stackable washer dryer things. We can throw them in; they'll be clean in no time." He grinned, working his belt. His pants were a mess, too.

"Awesome, because I have to tell you, I was wondering how I was going to get back to my hotel, given that there's no way I'm fitting into a pair of yours."

"No kidding." He headed for the kitchenette and the washer dryer, tossing in his pants and then stripping off his shirt too. "Here, hand 'em over."

Dragon stripped out of the suit. "I hope it's not going to shrink."

"It shouldn't. I'll wash it in cold, and we can always dry it in the bathroom." Which meant Dragon would have to stay longer. Win-win. "You want that beer?"

"Maybe later." Dragon was doing a good job of checking out his ass.

"Yeah? You sure? Wouldn't want an old man like you to have too little recovery time." He gave his ass a little extra wiggle as he closed the washer, just for show.

"Let's just say I'm inspired." He hadn't heard Dragon come up but suddenly those big hands were on his ass, fondling him.

"Inspiration I get." Alex pushed back, bare ass sliding against Dragon's hands, making him moan with the feel of them. Had he mentioned he loved those hands? "Nice."

Dragon just purred, one hand sliding around his hip to wrap around his cock, tugging gently.

His cock swelled, rising to the occasion just fine, pushing eagerly into Dragon's fingers. Alex moved back and forth between the two sensations, rocking with it, loving the heat.

"Sweet, kid. Really sweet." Dragon's mouth closed over his shoulder.

"Mnuh." He was trying hard for suave but it wasn't working. Oh, well. Dragon knew better anyway after last time, so Alex just gave it up, humping Dragon's hand like a madman.

Dragon's hand on his ass suddenly disappeared and Dragon pushed up hard against him, cock hot, wet tipped as it rubbed along his crease.

"Oh. Yeah. Want you." He would bend and take it right there, arms crossed on the washing machine.

"Where's your fucking stuff, kid?"

"The. Uh. The coffee table. There's a little drawer."

Dragon groaned. "You're killing me here, kid." Then that magnificent heat was gone, Dragon fumbling with his coffee table.

Alex followed, figuring his couch was way more comfortable than the washer, though standing up could be good. He got to the couch and pushed Dragon around to sit on it, taking the condoms and lube away so he could open on up and put it on Dragon's cock. He was going to ride that cock again.

Dragon wasn't complaining. No, he was spreading his legs, practically purring.

Handing Dragon the lube, Alex crawled on board, letting his legs fall on either side of Dragon's. "Get me ready?"

"I can do that." Dragon made a show of slicking his fingers up and then reached around him and rubbed the slick along his crease.

"Good." Moaning, Alex leaned forward, opening himself and taking a kiss from Dragon's mouth.

Dragon's mouth opened, tongue sliding along his as one big finger pushed into him. Yeah. Yeah, he wanted that so bad. Alex kissed deep and hard, pushing back on that finger like he meant it, because he did. One finger became two became three, Dragon working fast, moaning into his mouth.

"Yeah. That's good." He nipped the guy's lower lip, hands skating over that huge chest, over the tattoo -- god, he'd forgotten how amazing that looked -- petting and scratching. "Now."

Dragon chuckled, the sound husky and strained. "You sure, kid?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm ready."

"Good." Dragon's fingers slid away, that hard cock pushing against him.

The stretch and burn was harsh, making him grunt, but it was good, too. So good. Alex took it, fingers digging into Dragon's skin, breathing deep to open himself up.

"Fuck. I've been fantasizing about this sweet ass for months." Dragon's hands were big, solid on his waist, tugging him down.

"Yeah?" That made him grin, made him preen a little. This guy was so fucking hot and he was fantasizing about Alex? Yeah. That made things even uh, firmer as he slid all the way down on Dragon's cock.

"Yeah, fucking tight and hot." Dragon groaned, cock pulsing inside him. "Gotta move, Alex. Gotta." Shit, that growl was sexy.

"Yeah. Yeah, okay." Oh fuck, like he was gonna say no. Alex opened up, spread as wide as he could, head falling back as Dragon started really moving those hips. His cock was just bobbing, slapping his belly. Once they got a nice, hard rhythm going, Dragon slid one hand around his cock, squeezing and tugging on it.

Alex's eyes rolled in his head and he made a noise that was probably gonna embarrass him later, sort of a wail. Fuck, nothing had ever felt that good. Nothing but the last time he'd had Dragon. The man was just made for his ass. Alex held on to those wide shoulders and humped hard, rising and falling, pushing up into Dragon's hand, back down on Dragon's cock.

Dragon was growling pretty much non-stop, making hot noises that just shivered down his spine. Those green eyes were staring at him hard. He could see himself reflected in them, just a little. He looked sexed up in the best way. He looked down and caught a glimpse of Dragon's hand around his cock and that was even fucking sexier. It made him throb, made him go tight around Dragon, so close.

"Fuck. Yes. Do it. Come on my cock."

"Uhg." Yeah, that was coherent. Alex just shorted out, everything in him going like all static-y as he came hard enough to see stars. He could feel every muscle in his lower body clamp down, squeezing the fuck out of Dragon.

Dragon just roared -- literally roared -- hips shoving up hard, cock pulsing inside him, filling that condom.

Alex collapsed on those thick thighs, rubbing his come right into the tattoo on Dragon's chest idly, hands clumsy as could be.

"Oh, fuck, you're sexy," muttered Dragon, relaxed back against the couch, hand still wrapped around his prick.

His cock twitched a little in response, just kinda a happy echo. "You're sex on two legs." His ass twinged. "Or maybe three legs."

Dragon laughed, cock jerking inside him. "Oh, I do like you, kid."

"Yeah? Cool. A man could get used to this, you know." Did he just say that? Shit.

"I was thinking the same thing myself," murmured Dragon, one of the big hands patting his back.

His heart kicked into overdrive. Alex would bet Dragon could feel it through his ribs. "Yeah? Because I'm kinda looking at following the smaller circuits for a bit. My editor liked the piece I did so much he wants a series. So, I could maybe see you around a good bit."

"That would be ... nice. You'd have a reason to be following the circuit, to be in the same hotels." Dragon sounded a little bit cautious.

"Yeah." Alex paused, a little hesitant now himself. "Is that a problem?"

Dragon sighed. "Not to *me*, Alex. To *me* it sounds like a hell of a good deal."

He looked up, unconsciously stroking Dragon's skin. "So what's the problem?"

Those green eyes looked right into him and then Dragon nodded, like he'd decided something. "Off the record, yeah, kid? I mean, completely."

"Hell, yes." Dragon wasn't about the record anymore. He was about something a lot bigger. "You have my word."

Dragon nodded again. "Have you ever seen a gay wrestler, Alex?"

"Uh. I've seen some girly ones. You know, long flowing locks and gold lame. But no. Never an openly gay one."

Dragon gave him a chuckle, but it was cut short. "That's because that's how management likes it. And if you ever screw up and you're not married and therefore with plausible deniability? You get screwed over."

"Oh." Oh! Well... that kinda explained all sorts of things. "Is that why..."

He got another nod, Dragon's smile bitter. "Yeah, it is. Juney and I'd just divorced. It had been bad for awhile before then and... I was lonely. And not as careful as I should have been. I guess I thought I wasn't married anymore, it wouldn't matter so much. Seems the front office was more concerned with who I slept with on the road than my ex ever was."

"Oh, man. Well, in my profession it doesn't really matter, you know?" Alex paused again, really thinking. He didn't want to fuck up what was left of Dragon's wrestling career, but he wasn't willing to let the big guy go. "I can think of lots articles to write. Promise."

Dragon chuckled, this time the sound real, good. "Yeah? I'd like that. Like not to be alone. With you."

"I'd like that, too." Fuck, yes. He was just... well. It could get dangerous, how much he liked this guy. Maybe more than liked. Maybe more than maybe. "So yeah."

He got a smile from Dragon, one of those big hands cupping the back of his head, tilting it for Dragon's kiss. Full on, hard, solid, but with a sweet, soft taste sliding into his mouth with that tongue. Alex kissed back, hands moving to Dragon's shoulders, letting it go on and on. Maybe he wasn't the only one who was a little more than liking it. He could live with that.

Dragon's cock throbbed inside him, the man's free hand sliding along his back, warming him, cupping his ass. It felt a little possessive. It felt like it belonged.

Yeah. He could definitely live with that.

Dragon walked along the beach, feet in the water. It was getting colder and he wouldn't be doing it much longer he imagined.

It felt odd, still, being in one spot for more than a few weeks at a time, but here he was, little house on the beach, settled. He'd taken up painting. Him. Who'd have thought it? Between that and the kids at the rec center and his lover he kept pretty busy.

It wasn't even like he was officially at retirement age, but wrestlers didn't exactly last too long after the wrinkles started showing. And this way... well, him and Alex didn't have to sneak around anymore, they didn't have to hide.

Of course that was a moot point when Alex was in New York for nearly a week, closing the deal with his publishers for his book. Dragon was damned proud of Alex, but he missed him, too. This past week had been too reminiscent of the lonely days on the road.

"Your feet are gonna freeze off." Shit. He hadn't even heard Alex padding across the sand behind him, but when he turned around, there was Alex all right, floppy hair, too big nose, bright eyes and all.

He opened his arms, smiling wide. "Long as it's just my feet, yeah?"

"Yeah. We need the important shit to stay." Alex came right to him, practically crawling up him for a kiss. Looked like someone missed him, too.

He wrapped his arms around Alex, hands finding that sweet ass and just holding on as their mouths met in a long, hard kiss.

"Mmmnnnn." He never got tired of those noises. Never. Alex blinked up at him when they came up for air, looking dazed. "Wow."

He grinned and started walking slowly back toward the little beach house that was theirs. "Yeah. Wow."

He squeezed Alex's ass, not willing yet to put Alex down. "You meetings go good?"

"They loved it. I'm contracted for three more books. You? Make a great mystery hero." Alex wiggled a little, rubbing against him just right. "And I turned them down for the signing tour, told them I wouldn't go until spring, and then only weekenders so you can come with me."

"You didn't have to do that." But he was glad. This week had been hard. He was getting too used to having Alex around all the time to go back to lonely weeks. He walked a little faster -- their beach was fairly private and he wasn't hiding who he was anymore, but nobody needed to see his naked ass humping Alex in the sand. No, indeed.

"I wanted to. I'm not willing to be without you." The color on Alex's cheeks had nothing to do with the cold. He could tell that from the hard cock that rubbed him through Alex's khaki pants.

He nodded. It had been one of the reasons he'd retired completely from wrestling, even after they'd dangled a shot back in the big time in front of him. Alex had written just about every piece a man could possibly write about the small circuits and if they wanted to stay together they weren't going to be able to keep it hush hush.

Some things were more important than money and Alex was definitely at the top of that list.

Then Alex had hit on the idea of him teaching, or coaching, and Alex had started on that first novel and well... they got to put each other first finally. Alex was grinning at him, hazel eyes bright, lips a little swollen.

It was a good look on Alex. Almost as good as just fucked hard.

He climbed the stairs, crossed the porch and got them inside. "Let's go to bed."

"Yeah. Yeah, let's. Been missing that bed. Been missing you."

"I know." He laid another hot, hard kiss on Alex, hands tugging, rubbing them together. "I know."

Alex gasped, hips rolling, lips moving over his cheek. "It's good to be home. Love you."

"I know, Alex. Love you, too." He turned his head, bringing their mouths together again, eyes holding Alex's, seeing his own happiness reflected there.

The big time? It had nothing on this.

end

Ready to Rumble

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