



On the Road

A Torquere Press Single Shot by Sean Michael

Kyle was bored. He'd finished two books, checked his email on the laptop, played eighteen games of Tetris and watched "Trainspotting." He'd tried meditating, yoga, counting phone poles through the skylight and biofeedback. The space was huge considering it was in the cab of a truck – a six foot long bed, a little fridge, the TV - complete with DVD player, opening up to the two big seats in the front of the cab all a cheerful light beige, but it was still just a little box with only so much a man could do and he'd pretty much done it all.

Fact was, he needed an orgasm.

Kyle looked over at Mike's head, blond hair and a thick, muscled arm all he could see. Bastard was gorgeous, too, blue eyes to go with that blond hair and a body that belied the fact that they both sat on their asses all day as a job. Just thinking about Mike made him hornier. Too bad Mike was determined, driving to wherever they were headed with this load of whatever the fuck it was.

"Time for porn." He popped "Hot, Hard and Hung" into the DVD player and stretched out on their fold-out. Then he fast-forwarded to the good parts, pulled his cock out of his shorts and proceeded to try and find out how determined his lover was.

"We get a bonus if we get this load to Seattle early." It was thrown out, almost casually, Mike speaking just loud enough to be heard over the noise of the road.

"How big a bonus?" He stroked his cock with long, slow pulls, turning so he could catch a glimpse of blue eyes in the rear view mirror.

"Big enough, Kyle." There was a warning in Mike's tone; he was close to breaking and didn't like it. Didn't like being this close to out of control at all. It was usually worth it to push him all the way over though.

Kyle moaned, hips pushing his cock into one hand, the other hand sliding up into his t-shirt to pinch a nipple. "Big enough..."

"Kyle..." It was growled, low and rough and full of hard promises.

He chuckled, bending one knee, seam of his shorts rubbing his balls. Come on, baby, come here and play. "Yeah? You need me to take the wheel, lover?"

"You aren't going to be in a fit state to take anything." The rig started to gear down.

He relaxed into the blankets, not speeding his strokes. "No? I'm feeling pretty fucking fit, Mike."

"You won't be." It was a promise.

A glance over at the rear view mirror found blue eyes full of heat and want.

"Pretty big claim there, Blondie. Sure you're mouth's not writing checks your body can't cash?" His hand sped, hips rocking.

The truck was slowing fast, Mike pulling them over onto the shoulder. "You sure you wanna poke the bull like that, Kyle?"

Oh, yeah. He was sure. Really fucking sure. "Does that mean you're horny?"

The truck stopped just in time for him to hear Mike's snort and then his lover's hand was on the seat belt and he had a long body landing hard on his.

He searched for Mike's mouth, hands fighting to slide from between their bodies. Mike's lips covered his in a hard kiss, hips grinding against him. He pushed his hands up to circle Mike's neck, giving as good as he got. One of Mike's hands worked its way between them, sliding against his cock, and Mike undid his own jeans. Then his hands were grabbed and pushed up above him, Mike moving up his body, only stopping when the thick cock was pressed against his mouth.

Kyle pulled against Mike's grip, testing it, testing *him*. "You want something, Mike?"

"Suck me." Mike pushed the long cock hard against his lips, drops of pre-come coating his lips.

Kyle moaned, the tip of his tongue sliding out to taste the salt of his lover. "Say please."

"I think you should say please -- you're the one who wants it so bad." Mike's blue eyes glittered down at him.

His tongue flicked out again, sliding against the slit of the thick, heavy cock, pushing just inside before retreating. He wasn't the only one who wanted.

Mike moaned, eyes closing as he pushed harder, hands squeezing tight. "Suck me."

Kyle opened his mouth, lips wrapping around the wide, flared head, and began to suck. A long groan filled the cab and Mike pushed, slow but sure, deeper into his mouth. Kyle kept his lips tight, suction fierce and strong. Mike's cock tasted rich, hot and silky and hard as fuck.

Mike actually whimpered, hips pushing his cock deep. Kyle gave Mike what he was asking for, pulling on that fat prick, looking to make his lover scream.

"Oh, God!" Mike shuddered and started to fuck his mouth. "Kyle... Kyle..."

Yeah, lover. Yeah. Kyle hummed, swallowing hard, hands pulling instinctively against Mike's grip, trying to touch.

Mike was moaning and groaning now, moving fast and hard. Kyle lifted his head a little, taking Mike down to the root. His own hips were rocking up, cock bobbing against his stomach, leaving wet spots.

"Fuck! Kyle!" His name was shouted out and Mike came in long pulses down his throat.

Kyle moaned as he swallowed. Fuck, he was hard, balls full and aching. Mike pulled out and bent down, mouth covering his, kissing him hard. He pushed up into the kiss, hungry. His tongue slid against Mike's, sharing the bitter, musky, salty flavor of spunk. He needed those hands, that body to touch him, make him come.

"You want something, Kyle?" Mike asked.

Before he could answer, Mike flipped him, yanking his boxers down and pressing him into the bed.

He wiggled, hips pressing back as he tried to find a comfortable spot for his erection.

"Neanderthal." The tease was breathless and fond, warm.

Mike chuckled and teased his crack with a prick that was already hard again. "You complaining?"

"Just commenting." He rocked his hips along the sweet dick, squeezing his muscles as he moved.

"So how much did you want it?" Mike asked him, nibbling on his earlobe. "You ready for me?"

Fuck, he hoped that thick cock was still slick from his spit. He pressed up again, moaning. "I can take anything you're offering, Mike."

Mike lined his cock up and pushed in. He hissed, groaning as the burn slid up his spine, making him arch.

Mike froze. "Shit, Kyle. I thought you said you were ready!"

"I'm okay, babe. Little burn... fuck, you make me hard." He panted, rocking back against the sweet cock as his body relaxed.

Mike's hands slid along his sides, fingertips sliding along his skin. A kiss, wet and warm, moved over his shoulders. "Fucker."

"You got a point?" Mike's hands felt so fucking good, made him want to stretch and twist and press closer.

"Don't want to hurt you," Mike whispered, the words cutting off on a moan as he sank in the rest of the way, pressing deep.

"Not... not hurting me." Kyle shivered, spread wide by his lover, hard enough to pound nails. "Oh, fuck. I can feel you everywhere."

Mike rubbed against his back, skin rough, scratching. "Can you feel this?" Long and slow, Mike pulled out and then pushed back in.

"Yeah. Yeah. Do it again, Mike. Oh, fuck. Do it again." Mike did it again, a little harder this time, less worried about hurting him now and more concerned with fucking him good and hard and fast. He moaned, let Mike know how good it was, how hot. He didn't want this to stop, didn't want the sliding stretch to stop until they were both exhausted.

He could feel the bite of Mike's jeans zipper against his ass every time Mike pressed into him. His lover wasn't even naked, nowhere close. Oh, fuck, it was hot. He pushed back again and again, hands gripping the nubby weave of the Mexican blanket. The guys in the porno were going after it, screaming and grunting to beat the band. Then there were Mike's little groaning sighs, hotter and sexier than any porno soundtrack ever.

Mike just kept plowing into him, moving harder and faster as he went, showing no signs of slowing down or coming, just fucking. Kyle whimpered, trying to balance himself on one hand so he could reach back and pump his throbbing cock, release the pressure in his balls.

"What's the matter, Kyle? Too much for you?" Mike teased him, voice quiet, smug, needy.

"Never. I just need..." He growled in frustration as Mike kept him off-balance just enough that he couldn't free his left hand.

"Nothing, Kyle -- you're going to fucking come just from this." The growl was back, possessive and needy and alpha-fucking-male.

Oh shit, Mike was going to fucking kill him. Perfect way to die, but he'd be sitting gingerly for the next day or two.

He clenched down tight on Mike's cock, grinning as Mike's hands squeezed. If he was going to die, he might as well make it worth it. "You sure, Mike? Just... just from this?"

"I'm sure, Kyle. Gonna fuck you into oblivion or fucking die trying."

"Oh, fuck..." He spread his thighs further, moaning as his hips tilted and Mike slid deeper.

Mike made another one of those sounds, this time with a bit of a growl thrown in, and pounded harder. He was whimpering, moaning, crying out whenever that thick cock found his gland. Things had faded to Mike and Mike's hands and Mike's cock and Mike's voice. Mike kept him there, pushing into him over and over, like Mike was never going to stop.

Oh, it was too much and not enough and if he didn't fucking come soon his head was going to fucking explode. "Mike. Fuck!"

Mike's teeth sank into his shoulder blade, muffling the long scream as Mike came, shooting hot pulses deep inside him.

The mixture of teeth and heat and scream pushed him over, sending him shooting onto the blankets, pouring himself all out. He collapsed onto the mattress with a groan, Mike's weight solid and hot above him.

Mike was panting, breath hot and loud in his ear. Hot hands stroked up and down his sides, the cock inside him softening slowly. Kyle closed his eyes, nuzzling against Mike with his head and relaxing completely under the touch of those strong fingers.

Mike grew heavier, his roaming touch slowing as his breath evened out. Finally the cock inside him slipped away and Mike rolled off him.

He took a deep breath and scooted over, turning his head to look at his lover. "You good?"

"Gonna lose out on that fucking bonus."

"I'll make up the time. You know I can." Kyle leaned forward and kissed Mike, hard. "I always do."

Mike snorted. "If you can sit down before tomorrow, I didn't do that right."

He chuckled, nipping Mike's bottom lip. "I'll still be flying on fucking endorphins until tomorrow. It's *tomorrow* when I'll be lying with my well-fucked ass in the air."

Mike grinned and took his mouth in a kiss that started out hard and slowly morphed into sleepy. "'s fucking big bonus, Kyle. Big enough we could maybe take a week off somewhere -- find a motel and fuck our brains out in a space that isn't an 8 by 8 cube."

"I'll get us there. You sleep." Kyle stood, cleaning himself before pulling on his softest pair of sweats. He was going to be feeling it tomorrow. He grinned over at Mike, who was already sleeping, still dressed. "Rest well, babe. You're gonna need it."

Mike sat in the passenger seat and watched Kyle drive. Kyle was all olive skin and dark hair and brown eyes. Swarthy, his mother would have called the man. Mike had discovered he had a real taste for swarthy. They passed a sign; there was a stop area up ahead. He looked at his watch, checking the time and date and made a few calculations in his head. They had time.

"Pull in up ahead."

Chocolate dark eyes flashed over at him, one eyebrow arching. "Sure, Mike. You okay?"

"Just fine, K. Just fine." He bit back his grin of anticipation.

It was night. Dark. They were on a deserted stretch of road; the rest stop was likely to be empty. He was gonna take Kyle where he sat. He'd never known taking on a partner was going to be so much fun.

Kyle parked the rig in the far side of the rest stop, away from the street lights, and killed the engine. Popping his seat belt, he stretched, body tight beneath the t-shirt. Mike knew his rig inside and out and it was a matter of seconds to lean over and hit the button to adjust Kyle's chair, straddling Kyle's lap as the chair reclined back.

Kyle blinked, eyes wide. "Uh... hi Mike."

He grinned down at Kyle, fingers busy working the tight jeans open, pushing the t-shirt up over nipples already growing hard.

Kyle hit the door locks, lips parting as he watched Mike's hands. "Something you want?"

"Yep." He pulled his own t-shirt up and off. Kyle's hands were on his skin before the t-shirt hit the floor, running up his stomach towards his pecs. He moaned and pressed into the touches as he worked his jeans open, fingers starting to shake as his need hit him full force. Hot palms teased over the tips of his nipples, brushing and stroking and making him shudder.

When both their jeans were open, he pushed forward, sliding one hand around both their cocks while the other grasped the back of Kyle's neck and pulled him in for a long, hard kiss. Hot hands wrapped around him, holding tight as Kyle's mouth opened wide. They started to rock together, cocks sliding and shifting in his fingers.

Oh God, it was good, it was so fucking good. Zero to sixty in seconds.

Kyle groaned, lips latching onto his tongue and sucking hard. He wasn't going to last long; it was too hot, too urgent, too necessary. Somehow he didn't think Kyle would complain, his lover shuddering and leaking pre-come and sobbing into his mouth.

He swore he could feel his toes curling inside his boots and he pushed harder, hand working their cocks. Kyle jerked, crying out into his mouth as heat poured over his hand, the hands on his back gripping convulsively.

Oh, fuck, yes.

He brought his hand up to his mouth and tasted Kyle's spunk, the flavor strong in his mouth. He came with Kyle's taste and scent and heat all around him.

"Oh! Oh, fuck! God... So fucking good." Kyle leaned up and licked at his lips. "Fucking good."

He chuckled and licked Kyle's nose. "Yeah, I think fucking's good too."

"Mm... yeah." Kyle grinned up. "Wanna do it again?"

"Fuck yeah." He dove into Kyle's mouth. Kyle met the kiss passionately, hands sliding into the waistband of his jeans to cup his ass. Shit, here he was again, still wanting, still needing, still fucking hard and horny and he'd just come not two minutes ago. They started rocking together again, Kyle humming into his mouth. He could feel the vibrations all the way down to his toes.

"Mike. Fuck. What you do to me..."

"Yeah, gonna do you." He started to roll against Kyle. "Gonna do you hard."

"Fuck, yes." Kyle pulled his hips into each thrust, rubbing against him.

He stopped suddenly, grabbing Kyle's arms and twisting him around so that Kyle was draped awkwardly over the back of his seat.

"Mike... damn!" Kyle pressed back towards him, hips rocking.

He loved this. He loved having Kyle spread out, held down, ass open and up and wanting it, needing it, begging for it. Heat was pouring off Kyle, making him ache, making his balls tight.

There was never any fucking lube around when he wanted it. Maybe that was a hint that he needed to start waiting until they were *in* bed before fucking his lover.

Or maybe it was a hint he needed to start carrying the stuff on him.

Or that Kyle needed to be ready all the time.

That thought made him growl, cock pushing against Kyle's ass. He could just picture Kyle, hole permanently glistening with lube, waiting for him, wanting him.

"Fuck, yes." Kyle's hips tilted up as Kyle got one leg beneath him, the other foot planted on the floorboard. One hand shoved the jeans down over that sweet ass, so that they cupped it along the bottom, lifting the round flesh for him.

He put a hand on each ass cheek and pulled Kyle open. He wasn't willing to go find lube and all he had was spit. Making a face, he shrugged and licked tentatively at Kyle's hole. Kyle stiffened and gave the most amazing squeak. Well, that wasn't too bad, and Kyle hadn't told him to fuck off yet, so he did it again, a little harder this time.

"Oh, God. Mike..." Kyle shuddered violently, legs parting as far as the jeans would let them. "Fuck..."

"This okay? I... I just want you ready now so I can fuck you, you know? And the lube's who the fuck knows where."

"O...okay?" Kyle turned to look at him, eyes wild even in the darkness. "Blowing my fucking mind okay, yeah."

"Oh. Cool." He grinned and licked again, with more enthusiasm this time. Kyle's ass tasted strong and dark and like Kyle. There were small hairs around Kyle's hole that tickled at his tongue, but the wrinkled skin right around it was hot and smooth and it make Kyle's hole pulse every time he licked. Kyle started to whimper, hips trembling -- fucking *trembling* -- in his hands. Oh, fuck, he could get used to this reaction. He tried poking his tongue inside Kyle, holding it stiff and pushing.

"Oh... oh fuck! Fuck..." Kyle's body tightened, soft desperate sounds filling the cab.

Oh, shit, Kyle was so fucking hot inside. And soft and it didn't even taste bad like he'd thought maybe it would. He shoved his tongue in as far as he could.

"Mike! Mike, please!" Kyle pushed back, sobbing, hips rocking. The tremors multiplied, Kyle's body shuddering. "Mike..."

He fucked Kyle with his tongue long enough to get him good and wet. Next time he'd do it longer, when he wasn't so hard he hurt.

When he lifted up, Kyle whimpered, head raising. "Need. Oh, don't leave me like this, babe. God, I need you..."

"Yeah, I know. Gonna fuck you now." He put the head of his cock at Kyle's hole, rubbing it, spreading his pre-come around and then pushing into the little hole he'd been fucking with his tongue. Kyle's body pressed back, hungry hole swallowing him into tight, wet heat. Kyle was shuddering all around him, clenching and rocking and demanding more. He pushed in hard until his balls were snugged up tight. Shit, tight and grasping and so fucking hot, Kyle rocked against him, little jerking motions that nudged his balls, felt almost like Kyle was milking his cock.

"Fuck." He started to rock into his lover, pulling most of the way out and then gliding back in, hard and smooth and fuck it was good.

The cab was filled with sound -- he hadn't known before Kyle that the sounds and words and cries could be so sexy, so fucking exciting. Kyle never left a single doubt that things were good, hot, right, yes, there Mike, fucking good!

It made him push faster, harder, rocking into his partner with everything he had. He slid a hand beneath Kyle, wrapping it tight around his lover's cock. Kyle gave a short, sharp cry, body bucking beneath him. That tight ass clamped around his cock and then the scent of his lover's spunk was fresh on the air.

He didn't need any more than that and he was coming too, filling Kyle with his come, collapsing against warm, damp skin. It seemed like days before their breath slowed, Kyle's hand reaching back to pet his skin.

He pulled out at last, leaving a kiss on Kyle's back before collapsing into the passenger seat.

"Fuck." Kyle's voice sounded shaky and it was a few minutes before he moved, grabbing a towel from the laundry bag to clean off the seat and himself.

"You okay?" Mike asked softly, blinking against sleep.

"Yeah. That was... wow. Little dazed. Trying to put my brain back on straight."

He chuckled. "Are you admitting I fucked your brains out?"

Kyle draped a clean towel over the wet seat and pulled on a pair of exercise pants, snorting at him. "Was there another trucker fucking me that I didn't notice?"

"Better not have been," he growled, surprising himself a little with the vehemence of the words.

"Well, then, I'm thinking it was you, babe." The top of a Dr. Pepper was popped as the rig's engine flared to life. One finger trailed along his arm, a soft caress. "You just like me know when you need me to pull over again, Mike. I'm more than willing to make a pit stop."

He chuckled. "You okay to drive?" he asked softly, more than half asleep already himself.

"Yeah. I'm gonna turn on the music." A blanket landed on him, the passenger seat leaned back.
"Get some sleep, Mike."

"Thanks, K."

He let his eyes close as the rig started moving, the sound of the engine lulling him into sleep.

Kyle counted telephone poles, one after the other, humming along with the radio, mind completely blank. That's why he started driving long-haul. He didn't think, didn't remember, didn't do anything but drive.

One mile after another.

One little town like the next, one truck stop followed another. The miles dissolved like sand castles under the waves, getting him closer to nowhere at all.

1,119. 1,120. 1,121.

Mike had been snoring like mad in the passenger seat, but that stopped at 1,122 and now he could see his partner stretching out of the corner of his eye. Mike's hands went over his head and then fell into his lap, Mike moaning softly as he rubbed at the front of his sweats.

Kyle smiled and stopped worrying about the poles, enjoying the show beside him with half an eye. Mike was a sexy old bastard, sensual and all-male. Not his typical guy, but great to work with and even better to fuck.

Mike's hand slid into his sweats, the moan becoming louder.

He shifted in the seat, forcing himself to watch the road, to focus on getting them where they needed to go without killing anybody. It was damned hard work, though, with his lover an arm's reach away, making noises like he was doing a voice-over for bad Turkish bath porn.

Wriggling, Mike pulled his sweats down to just below his balls. A quick glance confirmed that they were being pushed up tight against the base of Mike's cock, the elastic band of the sweats resting below them. Another long moan sounded and Mike started to pump himself.

"Fuck, babe. You're gonna make me wreck the rig." He could smell Mike, rich and male and horny. Fuck, it made him hard, made his balls ache. He started looking for a truck stop, a rest stop, a nice, wide fucking shoulder.

"Oh, you're not going to do that, K. You've got too much control for that." Mike's voice was sleep-husky and arousal-deep.

Mike's far leg rose up, foot resting against the dash. A wordless murmur suggested that Mike was enjoying the hell out of himself, that hand pumping slowly, thumb rubbing across the slit.

"I think what you're calling control is really sheer terror that I'll dent the bumper on this gigantic bitch, thereby causing you to beat me to death and leave me to wander the highways looking for the perfect replacement part." He shook his head and shifted again, hand straightening his cock.

"You're too fucking hot for words."

Mike chuckled, the sound rich, rasping across his nerves like a rough caress. "How can you find the perfect replacement part if I've already beaten you to death? First you find it, then I beat you." Mike groaned and shifted again, hips pushing up into his hand now. "Oh yeah... beat you..."

"I meant more like haunting... God, Mike." He groaned, need eating at him. "You don't stop it and I'm going to pull into the Jake's Stop on the other side of Jarrell and ride that fat cock for yours until the next fucking load's late."

"Can't stop," Mike gasped, that little sound that was just his. "Almost.... done..."

He could hear the sound of Mike's hand slapping against his belly with every stroke now, the sound getting faster and faster. He was fucking going to kill Mike. Was going to jack off in the sleeper every goddamned shift he had off.

With smelly lube.

And fat fucking dildos.

And porn.

Lots of porn.

Lots of loud, obscene, perverted, possibly illegal porn.

"Oh, fuck. God. K!" Mike groaned and his hips rose out of the seat despite the seat belt, the cab filling with the scent of Mike's spunk. Mike kept on stroking himself, slowly now, making sated, happy noises. "Oh yeah, good, so fucking good."

And he wasn't going to let Mike have any at all. He groaned, shuddering and licking his lips.

"Payback is a bitch, Mike, you remember that."

Mike chuckled, leg still on the dash, making not one attempt to cover himself up. "You've jacked off plenty while I was driving, K. Don't even try to deny it."

"In the passenger's seat?" Kyle rolled his eyes, grinning over at Mike and cracking the window so that the heady scent of Mike's come didn't drive him to distraction. "Not a chance. You'd growl."

"My rig." Mike's lips were twitching as he leaned over and grabbed a tissue out of the box next to him.

"Yeppers." He chuckled, taking a long pull of his soda. "Hired hands have to pull off in the back. It's good to be the boss man."

Mike laughed outright at that, tossing the tissue into the garbage and leaning back, one hand behind his head, the other hitching his t-shirt up, rubbing at his belly. The fucker was still hanging out of his sweats, leg still up on the dashboard.

"And you call me a slut, giving me a show." He reached over, tracing the bottom of his cold soda bottle over Mike's exposed skin.

Mike jumped, yelping just a little.

"Sexy *and* sensitive. I'm a lucky man."

"Fucker." Mike chuckled. "Keep your eyes on the road, K."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Bossman, sir. Anything you say." He stuck his tongue out in Mike's general direction and plotted his revenge. New Braunfels had a store with tapes that would make Mike's eyeballs melt and there was a little sex shop with flavored oils and toys *right* behind...

The boss man was *so* screwed.

Mike's leg slid back down to the floor of the cab with a thump and the boss man wriggled in that sleepy, sated way Mike had of moving after he'd come. The boss man was going to go to sleep again.

"Oh no, you don't. My shift's up in Jarrell, which is exactly..." He watched the sign go by and grinned, feeling more than a little wicked. "Six miles away."

"Pull into the truck stop, we'll take a break." Mike's eyes were already closed.

"Don't you dare tease my ass like that and then go comatose on me, Mike." He mock-glared, shaking his finger. "I might tease, but I never leave you aching."

"I told you to stop in Jarrell, didn't I?"

"Yeah, and if I don't keep you talking until I park, it'll take a coffee enema to wake your ass back up."

"You stick coffee up my ass and that's the last thing you will *ever* stick up my ass."

His laughter filled the cabin as he pulled off the highway and behind the truckstop. "I promise, no truckstop coffee. Only the best for my Mike."

"And what's that, K?" Mike asked him, voice low.

He parked the truck, pulling the curtain around to give them their privacy. Then he crawled over to lick the flavor of salt and come off Mike's belly. "Me."

Mike grabbed the back of his head and tugged him up for a kiss. "I think I can live with that."

He snuggled close, tongue pushing deep as he enjoyed Mike's flavor, Mike's heat. It didn't take much to push the sweats the rest of the way down, pull the t-shirt up and off, giving him more skin to touch and taste.

Mike was sleepy and sated, slow, fumbling with his shirt, trying to get it off him with fingers that weren't quite working right. Kyle was feeling helpful, so he tugged his shirt off before diving back into the kisses.

Mike's mouth was sated and sleepy, too, his kisses less aggressive than usual, letting Kyle lead. He took advantage of it, taking long, slow kisses, exploring and enjoying Mike's mouth, Mike's body. Warm hands slid over his skin, moving with a thorough slowness.

"Mike. Feels good." He pushed off his jeans, groaning as his cock slid against Mike's stomach.

"Oh, fuck, K. So hot." Mike's hands started to move over him with more purpose now, sliding down to his ass as Mike's hips pushed up into him.

"Yeah. You make me fucking hot, make me ache, Mike." He rubbed against Mike's abs, Mike's cock sliding up between his legs.

"Gonna ride me, K?" Mike's voice was still low and growly, sleep entirely gone now, it was all arousal and need.

"Oh... oh, fuck yeah. Fuck yeah." He dipped his head and gasped, fighting the urge to just come right then, from that want in his lover's voice. He leaned over, grabbing the lube from the console, his cock bobbing, hard and dark between his legs. "You want to do it or you want to watch me?"

"Oh fuck!" Mike's whole body shuddered. "Watch."

He nodded, slicking his fingers. He rose up to his knees, holding onto Mike's shoulder as he reached back, sliding the tips of his fingers into his hole.

"Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck." Mike sounded like he was going to come right then and there.

"You like this? Like watching me... oh, fuck. Want you, babe. Want to feel your cock fucking me." His head was rolled back, body moving as he finger-fucked himself.

"Fuck yes." Mike's hands were hot on his hips, tugging him. "That's the fucking hottest thing I've ever seen, but if you don't get your ass on my prick right now, it's going to be all over."

Kyle sobbed, nodding as he straddled Mike's prick and pressed back against it with a sharp cry. Fuck, it was good. Wide and hard and fucking hot and... "Fuck!" He grabbed Mike's shoulders with both hands and began to move -- not playing, not teasing, just riding hard and taking what he needed.

"Uh-huh..." Mike's eyes were rolled back in his head, his mouth open, slack. Fingers dug into his waist as Mike helped pull him down onto that fat prick.

He couldn't last, couldn't even start to hold it with Mike ramming him and the smell of sweat and sex filling the cabin and fuck, he was burning, body gripping that cock. "Fuck. Coming. Coming, Mike."

"Yeah, K, that's it, come on my fat cock, K. Do it."

He shot hard, body freezing and clenching tight as he gave a short, sharp cry and sprayed over Mike's belly and chest.

"Oh fuck, K!" Mike pulled him up and slammed him down hard four or five times in succession and then growled, hot come shooting up his ass.

Kyle shivered, body slumping down, aftershocks making him shudder. "So good. So goddamned good."

Mike's hands slid over his back, petting lazily. "Weren't so bad yourself, K."

He hummed, relaxing into Mike's body, eyes closing. God, he felt good.

"I think you melted me," Mike murmured, words slurring slightly.

"Yeah. Feeling melty here, too." He kissed Mike's skin and yawned. He was never fucking moving again.

"We in an overnight slot?"

"Yeah, babe."

"Doors locked?"

"Uh-huh."

"Good."

Mike fumbled with the seat control and suddenly they were lying stretched out on the wide chair.
"First one up gets the coffee."

"kay." His cheek was against Mike's chest, the steady beat of Mike's heartbeat comforting and right in his ear. He counted them easily until he fell into a dream of driving and laughing with Mike, watching the telephone poles whizzing by.

Chapter Two

Kyle needed out of the fucking rig.

His muscles were tense and tired, his legs wanting to run. His ears were tired of the endless prattle on the fucking CB and his head hurt. He was cramped and bitchy and wanted air and sun and space. He looked at the clock and calculated the hours until they stopped for a break. Two hours. Two long, boring, endless, cramped fucking hours before Mike would stop the rig for a twenty minute long lunch and stretch and then back in again.

He was going to go postal if he didn't get a vacation soon.

Kyle sighed and went to sit in the passenger's seat so he could at least watch out the window.

Mike gave him a glance. "Not sleeping?"

"No. Restless." He bit off the words, fighting the urge to just open the door and jump out into the trees.

"Got a rest stop coming up soon."

He looked over at Mike, hope sparking in him. "Yeah?"

"Yeah, 'bout a hundred miles. Rosie's -- not some chain, so the food'll be good." Mike gave him a quick smile and he could feel the rig pick up speed. "Bet I can make it in just over an hour, road's clear."

"Cool. I could use a good long walk, a cup of coffee." He relaxed into the seat, turning to watch Mike. "Just got a bit of cabin fever, you know?"

Mike gave him another glance; this time his face was wearing a knowing grin.

"What?" Kyle felt himself blush.

Mike chuckled. "Cabin fever? Can't say I've heard it called that before." He was given a wink. "'Course there's not really anywhere at Rosie's to do that kind of thing..."

Mike frowned for a moment and then nodded. "Unless you want to wait until we hit the big stop at exit 49 -- 'course that'll be another five hours."

"Five hours..." He closed his eyes and groaned. He'd have gone insane by then. "No, Mike. Rosie's is fine."

Mike was chuckling again, but when he spoke his voice was husky and teasing. "You that desperate, K?"

"Yeah. 'm itchy, is all. We've been going non-stop for three weeks, Mike. I need a few hours without the hum of the engine and the smell of gasoline." He grinned, ogling Mike outrageously. "Having you naked and hard, sprawled out on a real bed is pretty damned appealing, too."

"So you want to give up a day on the road and pay out for a hotel?"

Kyle sighed and shook his head. No one could ever accuse his lover of lacking a work ethic. "No, babe. Rosie's will work. I'm just talking out the side of my mouth."

"I'm not saying we can't -- I just want to know how badly you want to stop. It's not like we don't have the bed here."

"Yeah, Mike, I know. Rosie's will do." He stretched and got up, winking at Mike. "I'm going to do some sit-ups. Give this beer belly a little exercise."

He felt Mike's eyes on his ass, heavy like a hand. It made him grin, made him more restless, made his cock twitch. Maybe some push-ups, too. *Naked* push-ups.

Mike kept glancing back at him through the rearview mirror as he got naked. He stretched up, twisting and bending, letting Mike see him, giving Mike a show. The rig slowed. He leaned back, humming as he arched his back. His cock was filling, swelling as he moved.

The rig slowed and then made a long, long turn. "Put your damn clothes back on before we get arrested," growled Mike.

"Yes, boss. Whatever you say, boss." He reached for a pair of shorts and pulled them on and then found himself a t-shirt.

They turned again and then again while he was getting dressed and it was surprisingly quiet when they stopped.

"I'll be back in a minute." With that Mike was gone.

What the fuck? Kyle slipped on his shoes and crawled into the front of the cab, frowning. He blinked when he saw the Motel 6 sign and his cock throbbed again. Oh, yeah. Fucking. In a bed. In the shower. On the floor. Against the fucking wall.

Mike was back a moment later, raising an eyebrow in his direction and then starting the rig up again and driving slowly down to the end of the parking area. "One night. And then you're going to have to make up the time."

"Look, we don't have to do this, man. Take the thirty bucks for the room off my share of the load and we'll get back on the road." Kyle shook his head, shaking out his jeans and folding them away and stuffing his dirty shirt in the laundry bag.

"We're here now, might as well stop." Mike grabbed his overnight case and the laundry bag and locked the door behind him as he left. "Number 12," he called back over his shoulder, just before the door slammed closed.

Shit. He'd pissed Mike off now. He knew better than to want to stop, but he wasn't driven like Mike was, wasn't able to go for hours and days and weeks without a break. He was... Kyle chuckled and shook his head. Fuck, he'd taken this goddamned job with Mike because he needed to get away, leave the last little bit of his real life behind.

He grabbed his swim trunks and his overnight case. Well, if Mike was really pissed, he'd find out soon enough and then he could just swim for a few hours.

He met Mike at the door with the laundry bag slung over his shoulder. "Laundry's in #2 -- I'm gonna get this going."

Oh, yeah. Really pissed.

Kyle nodded and went in to change. Swimming it was. The sun would feel fucking good on his skin.

He met Mike again as he was coming out.

"Where the fuck are you... I thought you wanted..." Mike threw up his hands. "Enjoy your fucking swim." Mike pushed past him, letting the door close with a slam.

He looked at the pool and then back at the door. He didn't want to fight, didn't want to do this. On the other hand, he *really* didn't want to be stuck in the cab with a pissed-off Mike. He *really really* didn't want to be stranded here in... wherever the fuck they were Idaho. Kyle knocked, hoping Mike would let him in.

The door swung open a moment later. Mike looked mad. He looked belligerent. He looked... hurt.

"I'm sorry, Mike. Can I come in?"

"Of course you can -- we're bunking together aren't we?" Mike stepped back and headed for his overnight bag. "Sorry for what?"

"Pissing you off. That wasn't my intention at all." He sat in the chair by the window, shaking his head. "Not my intention at all."

"I'm just... I guess I'm not used to taking other folks into consideration. 'm sorry, too."

"Hey, you told me when I took the job that you didn't take breaks. I..." He swallowed and looked out the window. "I guess I didn't figure on us... the job being something long-term and so I didn't warn you that I was a restless asshole."

"Does that mean you want out? I can... just let me know where you want to end up and I'll set our next job up to go through there." Mike's voice was tight.

"Out? Mike?" He looked over, eyes wide. He hadn't thought... not really... They were partners, weren't they? More than just fuckbuddies? "Oh, fuck."

"Isn't that what you want? Isn't that what this is all about? Thanks, Mike, it's been fun, but I'm getting restless now." Mike wasn't looking at him, just nodding, opening and closing the zip on his bag. "Excuse me if I don't throw you a party on your way out the door."

"Oh." He stood and pushed his hair behind his ears. He hadn't done this in a really long time. "No. No, I didn't even think that was the way we were going. Sorry, I... I just didn't... I just wanted few hours in the sunshine." His heart was racing, stomach churning. He looked over at his stuff; maybe he should just get his own room, get a plane ticket, get out.

"So you're not fixing to leave?"

"No. I wasn't planning to. I just wanted a walk, a stretch, out of the cab. I've said I was sorry, Mike. I've offered to eat the cost for the room and get back on the road." Kyle shook his head, confused and frustrated and more than a little sick inside. "What else do you need from me?"

A line of pink moved up along Mike's neck and into his face. "Thought you wanted to fuck."

"With you? Always. But not when you're pissed at me." He looked at Mike, forcing himself to be sure and confident and clear. "There's a difference between growly and angry. If you *want* me? I'm yours. Otherwise, I'll wait until you're wanting me again."

"I stopped and found us a motel, didn't I?"

Kyle arched an eyebrow, offering a half grin. "I'm down to my trunks for you, aren't I?"

Mike stopped playing with his overnight bag and turned to Kyle with a smile. "I guess you are at that."

Kyle stood, tilting his head. "And we've paid for the room already, haven't we?"

Mike took a couple of steps toward him. "Yeah, we have. Not to mention we can't go anywhere 'til the laundry's done."

"And knowing these fucking places, the dryers take forever." He stepped forward, moving closer, staring into Mike's eyes. "There's gotta be something we can do to occupy our time."

Mike stepped right up to him, toe to toe.

"We're smart men." He leaned forward until their lips were so close he swear he could feel them touching. "I'm sure we can devise something."

"After, okay? Right now I gotta-" Mike's hands wrapped around his arms, lips closing over his. The kiss was fierce and needy.

He met it full-force, body pressing into Mike's heat. Scared. Mike had scared him. He wanted to keep this, god dammit.

Mike dragged him over to the bed, pushing him down onto his back, climbing up on top of him, all without breaking their hard, urgent kiss. His hands were tearing at Mike's buttons, pulling open the worn jeans in search of skin. The kiss never stopped, only kept pushing deeper, longer. Mike was humping him hard, one hand behind his head, the other beneath his ass.

He crowed into the kiss when he got Mike mostly undressed, undulating up against his lover and rubbing them together. His cock was throbbing, aching, body wanting nothing but Mike. Mike tore his trunks off him, pushing between his legs with hungry, needy little noises. He wrapped his legs around Mike's waist, holding on tight, cock rubbing against Mike's. His arms were fastened onto warm shoulders, keeping them together.

"Fuck. Need you, K. Need to fuck you."

"Oh, God, yes. Now, Mike. Fuck me now." He nodded desperately, diving back into the kiss, tongue thrusting deep.

Mike wriggled and shifted and suddenly the hot, hard head of Mike's cock was pushing at his entrance. "K... I can't. Need to..."

"Now, babe. Need you." He bore down, crying out into Mike's lips as the head pushed inside, stretching him, giving him what he needed.

Mike's own cry answered him, his lover pushing until he was all the way in. Mike gasped and then started to fuck him hard and fast. Yes. He planted his feet on the bed and started to push back so that their bodies were slamming together, the bed rocking and creaking beneath him.

They fucked and they fucked and they fucked, Mike pounding into him like he was never ever going to stop. At some point they turned over and Kyle found himself with a death grip on the headboard, riding Mike like there was no tomorrow, words of need and encouragement pouring between them.

Soon, far too soon, Mike was jerking gracelessly into him and then heat filled him, shooting up into his body. He kept moving, body tight and needy, searching for his own orgasm. One of Mike's hands circled his cock, the other one tugged on one of his nipples, pinching.

"Oh, Mike! Yes! Fuck!" He pushed down once more, feeling Mike's hands pull hard on his cock, and came with a scream.

The sound was still on his lips as Mike pulled him down into a long, deep kiss. He relaxed into the kiss, letting Mike's tongue and taste soothe him as much as the long cock had. Mike kissed him for a long time, kissed him until the cock inside him softened and slipped out.

"You okay?" Mike asked.

"Yeah. You?"

"Yeah." Mike smiled sleepily at him. "Yeah. Wanna hold you for lil' bit."

"Yeah." He melted into those warm arms, settling comfortably as he closed his eyes, relaxed and sated and easy in his brain.

Just when he thought Mike had gone to sleep, his lover said his name. "K?"

"Hmm?"

"Next time..." Mike sighed and his arms tightened. "Next time you need some sunshine, just tell me, okay? I never was any good at guessing what was on people's minds. If I was I'd probably still be married."

"That would be a huge loss." He kissed Mike's shoulder and nodded. "I will, Mike."

Mike smiled a small smile at him and squeezed him tight. "Good."

"Yeah. Wanna try out the shower after a nap? See if the showerhead's firmly attached?"

Mike chuckled. "Any damages come out of your half of our earnings, K."

"So long as any medical bills come out of yours, I'm up for that."

"Already? I mustn't have fucked you long enough," Mike teased.

He chuckled, stretching for a kiss. "Asshole." The word was fond, warm, full of pleasure.

"Yeah, but I'm your asshole." Mike said it quietly, softly, letting Kyle make of it what he would.

"Yeah. Yes, you are." He nodded and settled, head on Mike's shoulder.

Mike's hands slid over his hip, holding him possessively.

He sank into sleep, into dreams, into Mike, restlessness dissolved and replaced with sated peace.

"Fuck me." At Mike's blink, Kyle nodded. "I'm frustrated and horny and you said no mind games. So, find a stop, pull over and fuck me until I scream. Please."

Mike nodded. "All right. We've got a rest point in an hour and a half or we can take the Russell exit in five minutes and be in a motel room within fifteen. Up to you."

"Motel room. I'll pack us up a bag." Kyle popped his seatbelt and climbed back to throw some lube and clothes and shit into a duffel. On his way by, he stroked Mike's arm. "Thanks, babe."

He could feel Mike's eyes on him in the rear-view. "Whatever you need, K." It made him blush, made him harder and needier. He'd itched since he woke up from his nap, wanted Mike's fingers, Mike's tongue, Mike's cock.

He'd just shoved two clean pairs of jeans in when Mike pulled off the road and parked. "I'll go get the room -- wouldn't want the desk clerk getting a free eyeful." Mike's hands slid along his ass in a quick grope and then his lover was off.

He chuckled, tension easing at the knowledge that one, Mike was going to fuck him into next month and two, the whole honest, no mind game, tell me what you want thing seemed to work. He hopped out and locked up, tossing Mike a shaving kit as he followed his lover to a room.

Mike chuckled. "So I'm allowed to shave, but don't have clean clothes?" Mike made short work of the door.

"Got you some clothes in the bag. Won't need them for a little while, though." As soon as the door was shut behind them, Kyle reached for Mike, tugging the white t-shirt up so he could touch skin.

Mike grinned and kissed him hard, grabbing onto his arms and pushing him firmly against the wall.

"Yeah. Fuck, yeah." His shirt was pulled off immediately after Mike's, bodies rubbing together as Mike gave him what he needed. The kisses weren't soft or playful -- they were hard and hungry and deep enough that he could feel them in his fucking *nuts*.

The other thing he could feel in his nuts was Mike's thigh grinding against him. One of Mike's hands slid behind his head, holding him still for that hot, hard mouth. He opened wide, groaning and arching and *needing*, shuddering as Mike devoured his mouth. Mike's other hand tweaked his nipples and slid over his skin with a firm touch. Kyle rubbed his cock against Mike's heat, just going with it, searching for release, for what his body wanted. Mike's hands slid down to his sweats, pulling them off before working on his own jeans. Their pants were only pushed down far enough to bring their cocks together.

His cry was sharp and he reached down, circling both their pricks and pulling, pumping, stroking. "Fuck. Fuck, yeah. Hot, babe. Need you."

"You got me, K." Mike met his need, pushing and kissing and touching.

He could feel the orgasm building, felt his balls tighten and his body stretch as the mixture of Mike's cock and mouth and his own hand pushed him over, ass sliding against the slick-smooth wall.

"Oh Fuck, K." Mike pushed hard against him, more heat splashing between them.

"Yeah. Fuck, yeah." He leaned forward, fastening his lips onto Mike's shoulder.

Mike's hands slid around his waist as his lover slowly tugged him from the wall toward the bed. He stumbled along, shoving off his sweats, licking the salt from Mike's skin as they moved.

Fuck, he felt better, felt looser and hot and hungry now, instead of painfully desperate. Mike got them to the bed, naked and still hard and hot, moving together. Mouths, hands, skin. He raised his knees, wrapping his legs around Mike's waist, fingers tangling in Mike's hair. "Good. So good."

"This what you wanted, K? This what you needed?" Mike didn't wait for an answer, nipping at his lips. He nodded, mouth open, hungry and happy and right where he wanted to be. "Good." Mike's tongue slid into his mouth, exploring, fingers moving along his sides. It didn't take long for the passion to build again. Mike tore his mouth away with a gasp, eyes just a little wild. "You bring the lube, K?"

"Yeah. Yeah. In the shaving bag I gave you." He undulated, rubbing his cock against Mike's belly.

"Shaving bag. Right." Mike's eyes half closed and he gasped. "Shit, that's nice and hot and hard, K."

"Yeah. Hard for you. Wanted you since I opened my fucking eyes." He kept rubbing, kept his hips moving. "God, you feel good."

"So do you, K, so do you." Mike groaned, looking over at the small desk near the door. "Fuck it." Mike's fingers pressed against his mouth, wanting in. Kyle opened up, leaned to suck those thick fingers in, head bobbing as he moaned. Mike fucked his mouth for a moment. They came out with a pop.

"I don't know why we even bother to buy lube," Mike teased, sliding those two fingers against his hole.

"H...hope. Yeah. God." He wiggled, trying to ride those fingers. "You like to watch me slick myself up?"

"Oh fuck!" Mike jerked against him, cock sliding along his inner thigh, fingers shoving in with startled speed. "Fuck. God. K."

"You do. Like watching my fingers fucking my ass, knowing..." He gasped and arched as Mike's fingers slid deeper. "Oh, babe. More."

"Yeah, more." Moving fast and deep, Mike finger-fucked him. "God, the stuff that comes out of your mouth..."

Oh, Mike liked that and the hotter Mike got, the harder and deeper those fingers pushed. "Can't help it. You make me... there, babe! Oh, God. Love your fucking hands."

Mike gasped and bit at his lips, hips moving that hot cock against his skin.

He groaned, whimpering. "Fuck me. Want to feel your cock filling my ass, Mike. Want to feel you deep."

"Oh, fuck, yes." Mike's fingers disappeared and the thick heat of his cock pressed. "Need you, K."

"Take me. Fuck me. Oh, please, babe." He shuddered, pushed up against the heat.

Mike nodded and pushed in, long and slow. It seemed like fucking hours before Mike's balls were snug up against his ass. He groaned, shivering and reaching up for Mike's shoulders. Just what he wanted, what he needed -- full and hot and hard and so fucking good.

Mike's nose slid along his own, the touch gentle and almost sweet, Mike pulling out slowly. It was almost a shock when Mike thrust back in, hard and deep.

"Fuck! Yes!" He arched, shuddering hard. "Again."

"Like this?" Mike asked, repeating the move.

"Yes. God, yes." He pushed up, body begging. "Yes, babe. Yes."

"All right then." Mike was going for casual, but his body was telling a different story.

Kyle wasn't even trying, just fucking moving and letting Mike know yes and good and please and now, babe, oh fuck so sweet. Mike shifted, the sudden move nailing his gland. He tightened his legs, convulsing. "There. Right fucking there."

Mike grunted and moved faster, harder, hitting that spot again and again. Eyes closed, Mike was soon gleaming, skin lined with sweat. A drop landed on his lips, salty and rich with Mike.

"Oh..." He slid his hand down Mike's chest, then licked his fingers. "So good. Mike."

"Oh, fuck..."

Mike groaned and whispered "K," and came, shooting heat deep into him.

The heat set him off, made him come and he went flying, shivering in Mike's arms.

Mike collapsed onto him, still buried inside him, keeping him open as Mike took long, slow licks along his neck and shoulder.

He nuzzled and kissed, moaning long and low, sweet aftershocks rocking his body.

At length, Mike's prick softened and slid from him, Mike groaning softly.

"Oh... Mike." He brushed his lips against Mike's jaw. "Good."

So good. Just what he needed.

Mike shook his head. "Nope, wasn't right."

He blinked. "What?"

"You said make me scream. You didn't scream." Mike grinned. "Guess I'm just gonna have to try again."

"Oh. Oh, yeah." Kyle smiled up. "Guess you will."

He took a long, slow, deep kiss, head spinning. "Thank you, babe. So good to me."

Mike gave him a lazy grin. "That works both ways."

"Yeah." Kyle nodded. "Yeah, Mike."

"Yeah."

Mike was getting heavy, his eyes closing for longer and longer periods.

"Gonna make you scream, K. Later..."

"Yeah. Later. After a nap." He was getting used to these post-fucking snoozes, starting to enjoy them.

"Yeah..." The sound was as much snore as word.

He closed his eyes, sated and comfortable in his own skin, and let his fingers tangle in Mike's hair. He could get into this asking for what he needed thing. There was an awful lot about Mike he could get used to, starting with the man himself.

Maybe he already had.

Chapter Three

Kyle shut the cover with a sigh. The book hadn't been bad, had been pretty good in parts, really. At least until the end. The end had been rushed and pointless and completely unsatisfying. He put it in the box of other books marked to trade off at the next used bookstore they passed on a layover. He was on a mysteries binge; last month it had been spy novels, the month before that, Westerns. He hadn't read so much since college, but Mike needed lots of space and Kyle needed input, so he read.

He stood with a stretch and headed up to the cab to visit with his lover. "Another group of trash novels down. When we stop next, I'll trade them in and get some more. This last set had a few real groaners, I'm going to have to pick better next time."

Mike grunted his reply and geared up. Again. The scenery was flashing by ninety to nothing.

"Christ, Mike. How late are we?" He grabbed the manifest, finger running along the words to figure where they stood and what they stood to lose to make Mike push it so hard.

"Late? We're not fucking late."

"Then you mind explaining why you're pushing this old bitch like she's an express train? You've got to be pushing ninety." He looked over at Mike with a frown. "Highway patrol stops your ass and we'll pay a \$500 fine."

"I don't give a fucking god-damn what highway patrol does. Or what the fuck you think about it either." Mike's grip on the wheel was white-knuckled, the look on his face surly.

Okay, then. Kyle shrugged, nonchalant. "Hey man, it's your rig, your license. I'm just the hired help. You want a Coke or anything?"

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

Kyle sighed and arched an eyebrow. "Goddamn, but you're spoiling for a fight. You want to tell me why now or should we scream and bitch at each other a while first?"

"I don't have to take this shit." Mike started to gear down, slowing as quickly as the rig could.

"What shit, Mike? What the fuck is wrong?" Whatever it was, it was pretty fucking serious and couldn't possibly be his fault. He'd not done a damned thing to even be irritating, much less piss Mike off.

Mike leaned over to the floor, nearly putting them off the road. It was a damn lucky thing they'd slowed or they'd have caused a nasty accident. A letter was flung at him as Mike pulled the rig into a wide shoulder masquerading as a rest stop, and left the truck before it was barely stopped.

He picked up the letter, wincing at the carefully printed wording in a child's hand on the front. Ah damn, this couldn't be good.

To Mike:

Mommy said I should tell you when my gradation was, but I cided I don't want you there.

And I don't want you at my playoffs. Or my swimtests.

You always miss my inportint days and I don't ever want to see you anymore.

Ever.

Ever.

The last word was underlined several times.

It was signed Bethany.

Mike's daughter.

Oh, fuck.

Kyle shook his head and folded the letter back up, placing it in the console. Then he grabbed a couple of Cokes from the back, and opened the door to find his lover.

Mike was sitting on a rock just the other side of the fence that separated the road stop from the field beyond it. He was hunched around his legs, just staring out at the grass.

Kyle wandered over and handed Mike the soda. "Mind if I sit?"

"Knock yourself out." Mike looked at the soda in his hand like he'd never seen one before and then sighed and cracked it open.

He sat and drank his Coke, just being near Mike and sharing space. There wasn't anything he could say or do to fix things, so he didn't try. He just sat close and let Mike know he was *there*.

For the longest time there was only the sound of the traffic going by and the buzz of insects.

Mike drank down his Coke and tossed the can out into the field, eyes tracking it as it went. "Well, that's that. That chapter of my life well and truly closed."

"Kids come around. My pop and I didn't speak for almost three years once. Growing up's a shitty thing to happen to a guy. You gotta figure it's worse for girls."

Mike shook his head. "She's right though -- I'm never fucking there for her."

"I'm sorry." Simple, honest, and completely useless, but he meant it. He hated that Mike hurt, just hated it.

"Yeah, me, too," Mike said quietly. The man looked miserable. "Well, I suppose we should get back on the road -- make a shitload of money and drive myself into an early grave. If I leave her a fortune she can't say I never did anything for her."

"Okay. Or we could go get naked, let me massage some of the stress out. Then I'll drive the next leg and we'll spend some of her inheritance on a hotel in Anchorage." He bumped Mike with his shoulder. "Early graves are overrated, Mike. Trust me on this one."

Mike closed his eyes and squared his shoulders. "Massage? What kind of massage you got in mind, K?"

"Whatever you need, babe. Whatever you need." Kyle stood, stretching tall. "I've got some massage oil in the truck, if you're willing."

"Sure beats sitting on this rock as my ass goes numb." Mike stood and hooked an arm around his neck, pulling him close for a kiss.

"Oh..." Kyle's lips parted, opening easily for Mike's need.

Mike kissed him long and hard and then pressed their foreheads together, leaning against him. Kyle caught his breath and enjoyed the lingering taste of Mike in his mouth. "Back to the rig, K. I don't want to give anyone a fucking show."

"You got it." He headed back to the rig without even pointing out that he wasn't the one who kissed first.

They got back there and Mike closed the curtain to their home on the road and started to strip with short, sharp movements. Kyle pulled off his shirt and shimmied out of his jeans and tennis shoes without ceremony, heading over to find the bottle of massage oil and an old sheet to save the bed.

"Don't want a massage, I want to fuck," Mike informed him, pushing him down onto the bed.

"I can handle that." Kyle opened arms, legs and lips. "Whatever you need."

Mike climbed up over him and kissed him hard before collapsing with a half sob. "Need you to fuck me," Mike whispered, almost as if afraid he'd be heard.

Kyle leaned over and gave Mike a long, deep, breathless kiss. "Whatever you need, Mike."

He slid his fingers over Mike's cock, pumping it slow and steady while they shared eager, hungry kisses. Mike was moving against him, lips more urgent than his hips, for now. Kyle poured some lube in his palm, spreading it over Mike's cock and balls, slicking and rubbing and petting. Mike's skin was hot, balls heavy. A low moan slid from Mike's throat.

"Yeah, feels fucking good." He sucked on Mike's bottom lip, running his tongue along the soft skin.

His fingers slid down, slicking the hot crease of Mike's ass, the wrinkled pucker of Mike's hole. Mike shuddered and moaned. The man didn't want to be on the bottom often, but when he did, he became a hedonist, lying back and soaking up every sensation. Kyle worked his way down Mike's body, mouth finding a nipple and working it as his finger pushed into tight heat. Mike's body closed around his finger, holding it in tight, soft heat. Soft groans rang through the air, filling the small space with the sounds of Mike's pleasure.

He licked and sucked along Mike's torso, one finger becoming two and pushing deep. He found Mike's gland and played it hard, making his lover jump and arch and cry out. He loved this, loved making his lover insane with pleasure. Once, years ago, he'd been accused of having unbearable amounts of patience and mischief.

"Yeah, K..." Mike sounded like he'd forgotten how to speak, how to think, how to do anything but feel.

"That's it, Mike. Gonna fuck you into tomorrow. Gonna make you come so hard." He pressed up, taking Mike's lips again, hand moving to slick his cock.

"Yeah... yeah..." The words pushed into his mouth, Mike's hands sliding around his neck and holding on tight.

He pressed the head of cock against Mike's hole. "You ready for me? You want this?"

"Fuck yes!" Mike shifted and pushed against him. "Don't fucking tease me, K."

"Pushy, pushy." He chuckled and took a deep, long kiss as his cock pushed inside. Fuck, Mike was hot and tighter than a skinflint's pocketbook. He groaned into Mike's lips, not stopping until his hips met Mike's ass.

Mike was tight and still beneath him and then a moan pushed into his mouth as Mike started to move against him. One hand slid beneath Mike's ass, pulling them together as Kyle matched Mike's rhythm, slow and steady and strong. Mike was making those gasping little noises, fingers digging into his skin, holding him close. He kept kissing, kept fucking, kept searching for the angle that gave Mike the most pleasure. He knew he'd found it when Mike shouted into his mouth, arching hard enough to break their kiss.

"Oh, yeah. Right there." He held Mike's hips, pushing strong and steady, hitting the same spot again and again.

Mike kept crying out until his body was shaking, fingers digging into Kyle's skin hard enough to leave bruises. He wrapped his hand around Mike's cock, pulling hard in time with their thrusts. Mike froze, a wail sounding as seed spilled over his hand, prick spurting in long pulses.

The clutch of Mike's ass sent him flying and he pushed hard, fucking that tight hole until he came with a sharp cry, back arching. "Oh, fuck! Mike! Yeah!"

"Mm... yeah." Mike's hands slid up and down over his spine in long, lazy strokes, fingers leaving trails of warmth in their wake. "Fucking good."

Kyle nestled down into Mike's arms, licking a long line along his lover's collarbone. Mike made a happy, purring sound, hands slowing, just not asleep.

They both gave a soft groan when his cock slid from Mike's heat. "So good, Mike."

Mike nodded, murmured "Thank you, K," so softly that Kyle wasn't entirely convinced it hadn't been his imagination.

"Anything you need, babe. Anything." His cheek found the perfect spot on Mike's shoulder, sleep hunting him.

Mike's head turned, nuzzling the top of his head a moment and then the easy, peaceful snores began.

He considered getting up, driving a leg, but stayed, eyes closing as he slipped into sleep. He wouldn't leave Mike alone for bad dreams. Wouldn't leave his lover. Not now.

Chapter Four

He nudged the bedroom door open with a grin. Two years of driving and working and he'd finally just told Mike they were taking two weeks off. Two *whole* weeks, goddammit, with no driving and no working.

To his surprise, Mike hadn't even argued, instead had suggested these sweet little cabins up in the mountains. They'd come in two days ago and spent most of that time sleeping. Now he was awake, clean, happy, and horny as fuck.

Mike was still asleep, sprawled out on his back, blankets kicked off, sweet cock just *waiting* for a wake up kiss.

Or a wake up suck.

Maybe a wake up fuck after that.

He crawled up between Mike's legs, hands sliding over the warm thighs, lips nuzzling the soft skin of those heavy balls. The scent of his lover -- rich and addictive, thick and delicious -- made him ache.

He settled comfortably, cheek on Mike's hip, and began to explore the rapidly filling cock, licking and sucking and tasting. A soft moan drifted down, Mike shifting restlessly. Oh, that sound felt good. Kyle slid his mouth over the tip of Mike's cock, sucking gently, letting his tongue explore the texture and heat, the salt hidden in the slit.

"Holy fucking way to say good morning." Mike's voice was husky with sleep and rough with need and a solid hand slid over his hand, fingers stroking through his hair.

"Mm..." He hummed around the thick cock, sucking a little harder, hands rolling the heavy nuts.

"Oh fuck -- is nice." Mike's legs spread wide, giving him easier access to the sleep-warm skin. Oh, yes. Better than nice. Hot. Delicious. Rich. Fucking wonderful. Sexy. *Mike*. His head started to bob up and down, humming low as he stroked the amazing softness of Mike's inner thighs.

"K!" He could feel the muscles in Mike's legs bunch and clench as his lover tried not to thrust up into his mouth. "Oh God, that's good. Yeah, like that. Shit."

He groaned, cock sliding over Mike's calf, tongue sliding over the head of Mike's cock, lips sliding along the hot shaft. Mike gasped, hips starting to move, little aborted movements that matched the noises drifting down on him.

He slid his hand under Mike's ass, encouraging his lover to thrust, sucking hard. Fucking sweet. That was all Mike needed and soon he was fucking Kyle's mouth like there was no tomorrow, hips pushing up hard. He groaned, hand sliding down to pump his own cock. Fuck, Mike was hot. Mike made him hot.

Kyle tilted his head, taking the thick cock down to the root and swallowing around the tip. Mike roared, the sound good and loud, unrestrained, and came, hot come shooting down his throat. Oh, fuck! He drank Mike down, coming hard at the taste and heat that filled him.

Mike's hips kept moving, thrusts slowing, becoming gentler and then stopping altogether. The hand in his hair stroked softly. "Fuck, K. You sure know how to wake a man up."

"Needed you." He dropped open-mouthed kisses on Mike's sacs, licking and breathing on them.

"I could tell." Mike's voice was teasing and warm and soft and sated.

"I know what I want, Mike." He nipped one hipbone and then crawled up into those warm arms. "Morning, babe."

"Morning, K." Mike's mouth moved against his, opening lazily. He pulled the covers atop them both, letting the kiss grow and ease, just enjoying relaxing and resting with his man. "So you've already eaten -- breakfast in bed no less -- what am I getting?"

"You got an orgasm, smartass." Kyle tweaked one of Mike's nipples. "And there's blueberry muffins in the kitchen."

"Coffee, too?"

"Coffee, too."

"Fuck, you're the best, K." He was treated to another long kiss. "Course it'd be even better if you served them in bed."

"Yep, it would, but there's no guarantee I'd find my way back once I left the bed."

Mike chuckled and his hand slid down to Kyle's cock, pumping it lightly. "No guarantee, but I can hedge my bets."

"Can you?" He pushed closer, brushing a kiss over Mike's jaw.

Mike chuckled, hand working him harder now, knee nudging between his legs. "I can."

"Oh. Oh, good, Mike. Good." He pushed into Mike's fingers, groaning.

Mike continued to stroke him for awhile and then that warm hand was gone. "Think you're more likely to come back with that muffin and coffee now?"

Kyle groaned, hips pushing against Mike's hip. "Think I'm going to be less friendly tomorrow morning if you keep teasing."

Mike chuckled and pushed him. "You bring me my breakfast and I'll give you a reason not to leave this bed until tomorrow morning."

Kyle laughed, scooting off the bed. "I'll hold you to that and tomorrow *you're* serving breakfast."

Mike's voice followed him out of the bedroom. "But I already served you breakfast in bed!"

He shook his head, laughing all the way in to pour the coffee.

He could get used to this -- breakfast and laughing and good mornings and loving his Mike. He was beginning to believe that he would be able to.

In the meantime, he had two weeks to enjoy, two weeks to laugh and love and be.

Three day layover in middle of nowhere, Idaho.

All right, Caldwell, but it might as well have been the middle of nowhere. Population not quite twenty thousand, and most of them either ran the factories or cleaned the motel rooms. They were waiting on a load. Getting paid a pretty penny to wait on it, too, which was why he didn't mind the three days. Well, why he was putting up with them.

The motel room was small, barely enough room for the two double beds and the TV stand. The room service was non-existent, the porn was terrible. Of course that didn't stop them from ordering or watching.

The chick on the TV looked about as enthusiastic about giving blow jobs as he was. He just wasn't all that into sucking cock; not that he wouldn't do it for K, it just wasn't something that made him hot.

Getting them, now that made him hot. But giving... he'd rather lick K's hole than suck his cock. Most of the time K seemed fine with that, too. At least the man hadn't complained yet.

Speaking of sucking and licking and K, he was fucking horny and K was sprawled out next to him, one eye on the porn, the other eye on the book he was reading. There was no way K had enough books with him to last three days. The man needed a distraction and he had just the thing.

He reached out, fingertips trailing along K's collarbone. K's skin was warm and smooth, nice to touch.

K gave a soft humming noise, chin dropping down to rub against his finger. "Hey babe."

"Hey. Porn's pretty fucking sad, isn't it?" He chuckled and leaned right over, licking K's lips. "Gives me ideas though."

"Mm..." K set the book aside, hands sliding up over his chest and around his neck. "I like your ideas. Wanna share?"

"I think we should show those folks in the porno how it's done."

"Oh, I can handle that. The blonde doesn't look the slightest bit interested in sucking that cock whereas..." K gave him a long, burning kiss, pressing close. "I don't have that problem at all."

"Yeah, I was thinking the same thing." He cleared his throat and asked the question he'd been wondering about. Not end of the world it's always on my mind kind of wondering, just whenever they watched pornos it was something he noticed wondering. He knew Kyle would know the answer too, because fuck, Kyle'd been around.

"You know what they never do in pornos? They never lick asses in pornos. So I was wondering... am I like a weirdo or something because I fucking love it so much?"

"Hmm? Nah. Everybody's got their kinks. Rimming's just not the thing of cheap porn, you know? Like fisting or really good ass-fucking." Kyle kept taking kisses, cock hard and hot against his belly.

"Fisting?" he squeaked, covering up the stupid sound and his relief with a long, hard kiss, hand finding K's cock, pulling roughly. K moaned, fingers tugging his hair, hips picking up his rhythm quickly, pushing into his fingers.

And oh, fuck, it didn't matter if fisting was what it sounded like or even if he was a perv for liking the taste of K's ass because this was good, so fucking good and he liked it and K liked it and they were alone and naked.

One of K's hands wrapped around his cock, palm sliding over the tip and making him jerk hard, sensation flaring.

"K! Oh, fuck." He tugged on K's bottom lip, hips working to push his cock into K's hand.

They rocked together, kissing and pulling and pushing and making porno noises to drown out the ones on the tube. K was hot, hips moving fast, cock already slick and throbbing. He brought his hand up and flicked a finger across K's nipple, repeating the move when K jerked. He soon had a nice rhythm set up, flick a tit, pull a cock, push into a hand. Fuck it was good.

"Making me hot, Mike. Fucking love your hands." K dropped those full lips to his shoulder, pulling and kissing and sucking while that hand worked him hard.

"Yours, too," he gasped, head dropping back, hips pushing fast now. It wasn't going to be long.

"Yeah." K whimpered, shuddering hard. "Oh, shit. Yeah."

K's cock was like fucking steel beneath hot velvet and moving and fuck he was coming.

"K!" He called out his lover's name, coming hard and fast. Spunk covered his hand before he'd even stopped spurting, K crying out and jerking hard. He found his lover's mouth, pushing his tongue into K's mouth. K kissed him right back, moaning softly and riding the aftershocks with little shivers.

He groaned. "Nice warm-up, K."

"Mm... yeah. Definitely warm."

He chuckled, rolling back and pulling K with him, keeping going until he was lying on top of his lover. K's legs wrapped around his waist, arms pulling him down for another kiss.

He groaned, his cock hadn't even gone soft, just stayed hard, knowing there'd be more; he wasn't done with K yet. And, if the cock rubbing against his belly was any indication, K wasn't done with him either.

"Wanna taste you, K. Lick your ass, get it ready for my cock."

"Oh, fuck! Mike!" Dark eyes flashed at him, K pushing up against him hard. "Do you know how hot that is?"

"I know how hot it makes me, K. Love your taste."

K whimpered and fastened their mouths together, tongue pressing into his lips, insistent and deep. He rolled them again, landing up on the bottom this time, letting K have his mouth. His lover took full advantage of the access, too, hands holding his cheeks as Kyle's tongue slid over his teeth, tasting him, feeding off him.

His own hands were busy, heading down to K's ass, exploring the territory: crease, cheeks, hole, soft wrinkled skin around it. K pushed up against his fingers, whimpering into his lips.

"Oh yeah. Fuck, K, you're so fucking eager."

"For you? Always."

He groaned, pushing one of his fingers into K's body.

"Mm... yeah. Good, Mike. Fucking sweet." K licked at his lips, tracing them over and over.

"Love fucking you, K. So good."

"Yeah. God, yes." K started moving on his fingers, cock bumping up against his belly with every upward motion.

"Oh fuck, so sexy." He whimpered, spreading his legs.

K's legs widened with his, hips tilting, cock pressing closer. K was making soft sounds against his mouth, almost like purrs, warm and vibrating noises he could feel in his balls. It was hotter than anything he'd ever seen in a porno. Hotter than anything he'd done with any of his other lovers. K was just fucking sexy and hot and blowing his mind. "God, Mike. You're so hot, so fucking hot. Make me so hard."

"Just thinking same thing." He tugged at K's ass. "Need you, K."

"Yeah." Kyle followed the urging of his hands, moaning softly.

He rubbed the head of his cock against K's asshole. "Ready to let me in, K?"

"Yeah." K nodded, pushing back against him with a gasp, rubbing his pre-come between them.

"K..." He moaned, pushing up hard.

"Mike! Babe!" K sat up to ride, full, dark cock throbbing for him, curving up towards K's dark belly.

He slid his hands up along K's thighs, wrapping around his hips. His thumbs teased along the edges of that hot silk cock, moaning as K's body tightened around him.

"So good, Mike. So fucking good." K's head was thrown back, throat stretched as his lover rode, uninhibited and sensual, sexy as anything.

He kept pushing up into K's tight heat, his lover taking it and begging for more. "Better'n any fucking porno," he gasped.

"Oh shit, yes, babe. Better than anything."

He growled and wrapped his hand around K's cock. Fuck it was hot and like silk and so fucking good.

"Mike!" K called out, moving faster, harder, cock sliding in his hand.

"Yeah, that's me in you, K. Fucking your ass. Fuck you're hot. So fucking hot."

Dark eyes flashed down at him, the look wild and needy. "Love this. Love feeling you like this. Sending me fucking *flying*."

K's words, knowing that he was sending his lover to the sky -- that almost felt better than the actual fucking. Almost. Moaning, he pushed up harder, faster, heels digging into the mattress. K sobbed his name and that sweet ass tightened around his prick, cock jerking hard into his hand, hot spunk spraying over his belly.

He kept his hips moving, little tiny jerks that make K shake and shudder. Then, when he couldn't stand it any longer, he flipped them and started to pound into K's ass, calling out as he found his own orgasm.

K's hands were sliding over his shoulders, his back, kisses peppering his skin. "So fucking good, babe."

"You stole my line," he murmured, kissing the sweat-slick skin of K's chest.

"Mmm... You can use it on me later. I promise it'll work."

He chuckled, feeling loose and good and ready for sleep. "In the morning," he murmured.

"Yeah. 'Night, babe." He was given a soft, lazy kiss.

He smiled and his eyes drifted closed. The middle of nowhere had never been so good.

Chapter Five

Kyle found a little potted fir at the truck stop, complete with little lights and tiny colored balls. He'd put it in the cab, daring Mike to say anything. This was his sixth Christmas on the road and the first time he felt like he could celebrate without mourning... before, and by God, he was having a tree.

And carols.

And tinsel.

It felt pretty damned good, too. Maybe a little disrespectful, but he knew Neil would be okay with it, maybe even approve.

He opened his wallet, looked at the silly foil star waiting there. Neil had tossed it at him that last day, laughing and teasing about how it would match the burgundy and silver tree so perfectly decorated in the sitting room. He looked over at the cheap, plastic brightness of the little tree he'd found for eleven bucks and chuckled, shaking his head.

Mike looked over and gave him a grin. "I haven't had a Christmas tree up since the ex kicked me out. Never seemed to be much point."

"I like it." He grinned back, touching the little star once more before folding up his wallet and putting it away. "Very festive."

"That star would go better on the tree than as a cushion for your ass."

"Huh?" He looked up and shook his head, *knowing* he was blushing. "Nah, it's just a piece of tin foil. It would tear. Besides, it's cushioned my ass a long time. Probably has an ass groove."

Mike chuckled and they drove in silence for awhile. A long while. Mike finally broke the silence. "You want to talk about it?"

Kyle froze for a heartbeat and looked at Mike in surprise, shocked enough to be perfectly honest. "I... I don't know. I haven't in a long time. You want to hear about it?"

"I don't know." Mike shook his head. "I'm not being an asshole, I really don't know. On the one hand, yeah, I want to know. But you never talk about it. I figure it's pretty bad and I don't know if I want to hear it. Don't know if I'm ready to hear you talk about something bad and not be able to do anything about it."

Mike frowned and pointed to a road sign. "Rest stop in ten. I figure we should maybe stop either way."

Kyle nodded. "Yeah. I think so."

They spent the next few minutes in silence, Kyle just sort of watching Mike and thinking and being fucking grateful for the man beside him, regardless. The truck geared down slowly, Mike pulling carefully into the deserted road stop. The engine was turned off, the doors locked.

"You wanna sit in the back?" Mike asked him.

"Yeah." Kyle nodded, toeing off his shoes and sitting close to Mike, wanting to touch, be touched, either way.

Mike closed the curtain and turned on the small reading lamp, making the space cozy and warm, intimate. Then Mike just waited, giving him time.

"His name was Neil. We met in college -- he was an art student and the happiest person I'd ever met. Little bitty skinny blond -- made me look like a big guy -- and I thought he hung the fucking moon.

"We did the marriage thing, the big house in the suburbs thing... hell, Mike, we were trying to adopt a fucking *baby*, can you believe it? Me? A suit with a four bedroom house and a boat wanting children?" Kyle chuckled, the sound not near as pained as he would have thought.

"So how'd you go from suits and a four bedroom house to jeans, sweats and a six by six cab?"

"Didn't take much, babe. One kid dropping his cigarette on the floorboard of his father's brand-new suburban on the highway during Christmas break from Rice. They told me Neil never felt a thing, that he didn't hurt. One morning he was threatening to festoon our perfectly decorated house with foil stars and by noon he was gone." Kyle sighed, shook his head. "I couldn't stay there with the job and the friends and the family and Neil *everywhere*, so I sold everything and hit the road."

Mike was quiet a really long time and then his hand was covered. "Wow."

He turned his hand in Mike's, holding on. "Yeah."

He'd expected to be angry or in agony or something more than the vaguely empty, almost relieved feeling he had. It hurt. It still hurt. He thought it would probably always hurt. But it also felt good, to let Mike know, to tell.

"You okay?"

Kyle nodded. "Yeah. Yeah, I think so. You?"

"Yeah. I am. I guess I'm trying to put together the guy you were then with the guy sitting here holding my hand."

Kyle nodded. "I've sort of stopped trying. At... at first I was running from shit and couldn't go home and then, after a while there just wasn't any reason to go back. Then... then there was a good reason

to keep on with my life, you know?" Kyle didn't look up, just left it there, let Mike take it where he wanted.

"So we're working together 'cause you chose to keep trucking, not 'cause you were still running away?"

"I haven't been running away for a while now, Mike. I found somewhere I wanted to stay."

"Well your ... Neil dying aside, I'm pretty happy to hear that, K." Mike looked up at him, gave him a bit of an awkward smile.

"Good. I'd hate to have to hitch a ride to somewhere if you'd kicked me out. It's cold out there." He gave Mike a grin, hoping to put his partner at ease.

Mike chuckled. "We done with the meaningful conversation part? I mean if you need to, we can keep talking -- but I was kind of hoping to get to the fuck our brains out to make you feel better fairly soon."

"Man, the romance is just *flowing* in here." He rolled his eyes and stuck out his tongue. "That's it, I'm retiring to Tahiti as soon as this run is over."

Mike snorted. "Florida maybe, but we don't have enough for Tahiti. Besides, who needs romance when you've got a guy who likes rimming your ass?"

"We've got enough for anywhere we want, babe."

"I hate to argue with you when we could be making out, K, but I do the books. No one's retiring to Tahiti. Maybe Mexico, if we sell the rig and are fairly careful."

"You're just counting the money we've been making off the rig." He swallowed hard. "Not... not my personal funds."

Please, God, don't let this be a bad fucking idea. Please.

One of Mike's eyebrows went up. "You planning on retiring to Tahiti without me?"

"No, Mike, I'm not." He arched an eyebrow of his own. "I'm offering a little more than a half million dollars for our retirement fund."

Mike's jaw dropped. "You've got a half a million dollars sitting around and you're fucking sharing rig-driving duties with me?"

Kyle nodded. "Yeah."

"I'm not sure I can let you just give me half your money, K. Hell I want to, I want to say fuck yes, let's sell the rig and get the fuck somewhere warm and beachy, but... that's not my money."

"No. It's our money." Kyle took another deep breath. "It's up to you, Mike. I'm not going anywhere until you push me out. You want to drive, I'll drive. You don't want the cash, it's not going anywhere either. I just wanted you to know that it's there and it's ours." He shrugged again, squeezed Mike's hand. "So, you said something about necking?"

"Yes, I wanna neck -- but that's not our money either, K. It's yours and I'm not gonna take it, so I guess we'll drive a few more years. Long as we do plenty of fucking in between." Mike leaned forward, bringing their lips together.

He opened to the kiss with a purely internal sigh. Stubborn asshole.

Mike's hand came up, stroking over his jaw as he deepened the kiss, pushing his tongue into Kyle's mouth. Kyle fastened onto the hot muscle, sucking slowly, filling himself with that flavor. Mike groaned and pushed him over onto his back, following him down and pressing hard.

He wriggled beneath Mike, arching up beneath the solid heat. "This isn't necking, babe."

Mike pulled his head back and looked down at him. "You'd rather neck?"

"Just pointing out the obvious." He tugged Mike back down towards him, nibbling the full bottom lip.

Mike looked at him for a moment longer and then shook his head and turned his nibbles into another hard, deep kiss. He pushed up into the kiss, moving beneath Mike with a strong, steady rhythm, guaranteed to set them both off.

"Oh, God, I want to fuck you," Mike muttered. "Want to fuck you until we're in our graves."

"Works for me." He reached between their bodies, tugging Mike's jeans open, fingers finding that sweet, hard cock. "Start now."

A shudder went through Mike as he reached under the pillows above Kyle's head, searching for the lube.

He figured he'd be helpful, working his jeans open and both pairs off while Mike searched.

"Fuck! Oh! Found it!" Mike grinned down at him and then handed him the tube. Sitting back up, Mike shrugged out of his t-shirt. "I want to watch you get yourself ready."

"Yeah?" He reached up and tweaked one dark nipple, watching Mike arch. "You like that, watching me fuck myself?" He popped the lube open, spread some on his fingers.

"You know I do." Mike's voice was hungry and eager and just this side of pure porn.

He nodded, cocking one leg and sliding his slicked fingers over his hole, teasing them both, before pushing two in deep. His groan echoed through the cab.

"Oh, God. Oh, Fuck. K." Mike's hand dropped to his own cock, stroking in time with the movement of his fingers.

He nodded, gasping as he moved, knees falling farther open. "That's the plan. Want you."

Mike grabbed the lube and quickly coated his cock before kneeling over Kyle. "Want you. Now."

"Fuck, yes." He moved his fingers, grabbed Mike's prick and rubbed the wide head over his hole. "Now."

Mike made a soft keening noise and pushed in, surprisingly slowly given the hunger in his face. His lover didn't stop though, Mike pushing until he was all the way in. Then Mike bent his head, bringing their lips together for a long, slow kiss. "Now, K?"

He smiled, one hand tangling through Mike's thick hair. "Now, babe. I need you."

Mike dropped another kiss on his lips and then started to move, driving deep into him with every thrust. It was sheer fucking perfection, driving everything but their heat and their need out of his mind. Like it always did. Like it was supposed to. Mike's skin sheened up with sweat, soft grunts starting to fill the cab as Mike just kept on fucking him. Hard and solid and Mike. He knew Mike was ready to come when his lover's hand wrapped around his dick, pulling in time with each thrust.

"Mike... babe! Fuck... Fucking good!" He bucked up, groaning as his muscles squeezed that cock, held it tight.

"Fuck, yeah!" Mike shouted and jerked into him, coming hard and deep, even as his hand kept pumping.

Kyle arched as he came, shooting over Mike's hand, his belly, riding out Mike's aftershocks. Mike's mouth covered his as his lover's cock slipped from his body, sealing them together even as they came apart. He moaned, tongue sliding against Mike's, hand still curled in the soft hair.

Mike's kisses grew sloppy, his weight heavy.

He chuckled, stroked Mike's back for a second before sliding out from beneath his sleeping lover to take the next leg of the drive.

The little tree glinted merrily as Mike's snores marked the miles, Neil's star tucked back in his back pocket, right where it belonged.

He stepped off the plane, looking for Mike with a quiet desperation he hadn't felt in months, maybe years. He hadn't been gone long -- four days. Four days in Houston, Rick's funeral held under bleak skies, the cloud spitting rain at the bunch of them.

The bunch of middle-aged, upper-class gay men with their perfectly manicured hands and their three hundred dollar haircuts and their Armani suits and him. Dressed like a fucking monkey, a big-assed gash across his knuckles from hitting the hotel room walls, shoulders too wide for the old jacket his mother had dug out from the closets. He hadn't belonged there, hadn't wanted to be there.

Not at the funeral.

Not at the wake.

Not at his parent's big, ancient house and their pleading, needy eyes.

He wanted Mike.

Yesterday he'd left Mike the name of the airport he'd be flying into so they could finish their run and reload. When he'd left JFK, he was back in a t-shirt and tight jeans and boots.

He was back to being Kyle.

He made it through the security and there was Mike, leaning casually against a column, looking good in a pair of jeans and an Aerosmith t-shirt. Mike noticed him a second later, warm smile wreathing the familiar and much-needed face.

His entire body relaxed and he chuckled, the relief heady as he walked up to his partner. "Hey. Fucking good to see you."

Mike offered him a wider smile and a warm handshake that turned into a quick hug. "Truck's right outside, K. You 'bout ready to get home?"

"Shit, yes. Please." He shouldered his bag, bumping against Mike gently, carefully. "Never fucking leaving again. I swear it."

"I'm going to hold you to that," Mike told him, looking at him for a moment before heading out into the sunshine. It felt good, to be next to his partner, to have the good, clean, musky scent of his lover close. To be able to be himself, relaxed and happy and where he belonged.

Mike didn't say anything as they headed for the truck, his lover waiting until they were both in the truck, door locked, curtains pulled. That was when Mike pushed him back onto the mattress, mouth attaching to his with hunger, body solid and *real* on top of him.

Kyle groaned and wrapped around his lover, lips parting wide, so fucking hungry. He started tugging at Mike's t-shirt, fingers hunting for skin. Needing to touch. Mike helped, breaking the kiss

only twice, once for Mike's own shirt, once for his. He pushed close, whimpering into Mike's mouth when their skin met, almost creaming his jeans, it was so fucking *right*.

Mike didn't say a word, just kissed him over and over again, hands moving between them to work their jeans open. He would have helped, but his fingers were tangled in Mike's hair, keeping them together, holding them tight. It wasn't long before they were flesh on flesh from shoulders to knees, Mike driving against him.

"Mike. Fuck! Need you so bad." He groaned, licking along that square jaw, hissing in Mike's ear. "Need you, babe. *Ache* for you."

"Oh, fuck, K. Yeah." Mike rocked hard against him. "Yeah."

He could feel Mike fumbling beneath the pillow, looking for the lube. He fastened his mouth over the skin beneath Mike's ear, fingers tugging at those tight nipples, hips encouraging his lover to hurry. Mike jerked against him, whispered 'fuck' and shoved two fingers between kiss-swollen lips. Mike sucked briefly and then slid wet fingers between his legs, pushing at his hole.

"Yes. Yes, fuck yes." Kyle bore down, took those fingers in deep. He sobbed at the pleasure, nipping at Mike's throat, pushing hard. Mike's fingers scissored and quickly pushed in and out a few times before disappearing altogether.

"I'm sorry, K," Mike whispered as he lined up that hot prick. "I fucking need you so bad."

"Now. Now, Mike. Need you."

"Yeah." With that Mike was pushing into him, fat prick stretching him wide.

The burn was sharp and sweet and right and everything he'd needed while he was away. "Babe! Yeah! Fucking sweet!"

Mike moaned, head resting on his shoulder as that hot cock slid all the way in, balls deep. Kyle groaned, breathing hard as his body stretched. So hot, so hard, so fucking good.

Mike stopped moving once he was already in. Or at least his hips did. His lover's hands opened and closed next to his head on the bed, breathing heavily. "As soon as you're ready."

His mouth opened and he rocked, convulsing on that cock. "Oh... oh, ready. Ready. Good. Ready."

"Oh, good." The words were almost whimpered and then Mike was moving, pounding into him like a man possessed. Like his Mike.

Kyle just held on, crying out with each motion, so hungry. Mike satisfied him like no one else, like nothing else. Erased the tension and the edges and left him flying. Mike's face was buried in his neck, breath hot and panting against his skin. Soft grunts and low moans slid over him as Mike worked him hard.

"Fucking love this. Need it. Need you, Mike." The whisper was soft, honest, breathless.

Mike gasped and shoved in hard, coming deep in his ass. The heat and pressure where too much, too big, too good and he shot, burying his face in Mike's shoulder.

"Oh, God, K." Mike was still panting, cock sliding free as he collapsed.

"Yeah. Yeah, Mike." He wrapped around his lover, holding tight. "Fuck, I missed you."

Mike kisses his neck, sloppy and wet. "Me, too, K."

Another kiss, this one to his jaw and softer. "You okay?"

He nodded. "I am now, yeah. Glad to be home."

"Yeah, it's good to have you." Mike chuckled sleepily. "I meant... well you know what I meant."

He grinned. "Yeah. I know."

He nuzzled, settling them both comfortably, holding his lover.

"So tired," murmured Mike. "Haven't slept right in days."

Kyle nodded, stroking Mike's head. "We got a few hours, babe? To sleep together?"

Mike nodded. "Should be on our way by dark, K. Or we'll have to push to make it without penalties."

"Cool. Give me a couple hours. I'll make up the time, Mike." He always did.

Mike gave a half nod, curling tighter around him. The soft snores started a moment later. Kyle held on, comfortable in their old sleeper, worn sheets under his back, good man sleeping heavy on him. Real and right. With someone who knew him. Home.

Chapter Six

Mike was working on the budget and timetable, reconciling what the bank statement was telling him with what he'd recorded. He didn't like paperwork, but it was a necessary evil. You didn't keep track and you'd find yourself in a hole down the line or with too much money and Uncle Sam breathing down your neck.

He always rented a hotel room, so he'd have a table to spread the papers all out on where he could just leave them when he needed a break.

Pinching his nose, he closed his eyes and sighed. There was a discrepancy here somewhere – twenty thousand dollars worth and he knew he'd transposed a number somewhere, but he'd be damned if he could find it.

"Want some help?" K's hands were hard on his shoulders, rubbing firmly, thumbs working his neck. "I can get this shit reconciled on the laptop."

"Really? I've screwed up somewhere and I can't fucking find it." He threw his pen down and leaned back against Kyle. "Shit, that feels good."

"Mm-hmm." Kyle kissed the top of his head, fingers digging in. "Nothing like numbers to twist you up. I remember I was working on a client's account one day and had lost a little cash -- think nine and a half million dollars -- and I thought I was going to fucking *die*."

"Christ! Well this isn't that bad and it's a round number, so I know I've just forgotten to carry a two over somewhere, but I just can't figure out where." He moaned. "Maybe it can wait, eh? You can just... oh God, that's *good*."

"Yeah. Come to the bed, let me touch you. I'll crunch your numbers later." K bent forward, whispering. "And do it fast enough that we can spend a day fucking without losing any time."

His head fell back with a groan and he turned, finding Kyle's mouth with his own. "I like the way you think, K."

"Good." Kyle took one kiss after another, encouraging him to stand, to follow his lover over to the bed.

By the time they reached the bed, all thoughts of numbers and paperwork and dollars and miles was gone and he pushed K back onto the bed, horny as all get out.

Bouncing, Kyle's dark eyes caught the light, shining at him, laughter filling the room. "Pushy bastard."

He leaned over his lover and quirked an eyebrow, managing to keep his lips from twitching up. "You want me to go back to my paperwork?"

K didn't look the slightest bit worried, hand rubbing the long cock through soft work-out pants. "Nope."

"Good." He slid down, pushing K's hand out of the way and rubbing his cheek against the hot bulge in Kyle's pants, moaning.

That hand started stroking through his hair, petting him, touching him. "Feels good, babe."

"Yeah," he murmured, nuzzling against those clever hands. He opened his mouth over Kyle's heat, breathing heavily against it.

Kyle hummed, head lifting up off the bed. "Oh! Fuck!"

He grinned; he loved making Kyle shout. Doing some humming of his own, he pressed his teeth against Kyle's cock -- not enough to hurt, just enough for his lover to feel him through the material.

Thighs parting, Kyle opened for him, moaning low. Yeah. Oh, yeah. He pulled Kyle's pants down, throwing them off the bed and burying his face in his lover's pubes.

Kyle curled around him, hands reaching for him and tugging at his t-shirt. "God. So sexy. So frigging hot."

He nipped at Kyle's fingers, grinning up at his lover and then let his t-shirt get pulled off. "You're pretty damn sexy yourself, K."

"Mm... I'm just a horny bastard with a fabulous fucking lover." Kyle chuckled, tugging them up so their lips met in a hot, hard kiss.

He groaned into K's mouth, hands sliding the man's t-shirt up as far as he could get it without breaking their kiss. Hands were hot on his belly, his hips, sliding into his sweats to cup his ass.

He chuckled, even as he nibbled at K's lips. "My top and your bottoms -- we need to get better coordinated in the getting naked department."

Kyle laughed, nuzzling him. "Between us, we make a whole naked guy."

"Problem is," he said, rubbing against Kyle's groin. "We need two whole naked guys."

"Mm... yeah. Naked is good." Kyle teeth tested his shoulder, sensation zinging through his. "I like naked."

He groaned. "Me, too."

He pulled Kyle's t-shirt the rest of the way over his lover's head and then kicked off his sweats, making a happy noise as he pressed back down. "Oh, fuck, you feel good."

"Yeah. Love the way you feel, babe." Hands cupped his ass, slid up along his back, rubbing and massaging.

"Fuck, K. Want you." He pushed his hand between Kyle's legs, fingers sliding along his lover's crease.

"You've got me." Kyle spread for him, lips on his throat. "Need you."

He sucked on a finger and then pushed it into Kyle's body, groaning at the heat that held him tightly. Kyle raised his knees, hips pressing up toward his hand, ass bumping against his knuckles.

Shit, that made him so hot, the way K just opened up to him, let him do anything and loved it. Moaning, he pushed another finger in with the first. He wanted to taste Kyle in the worst way, but he wanted in the man even worse."

"Love being full of you." Kyle rocked, moving on his fingers and groaning. "So hot."

He pulled his fingers out, guiding his cock to Kyle's hole. "Yeah, K. Need to be inside you."

"Yes. In me. Fuck me." Those dark eyes fastened on him. "Want to feel you."

He pushed in, groaning at the tightness. Fuck, this was... more intense without lube or lots of spit.

"Oh... Oh, god. Mike. Oh." K was rippling around him, groaning and bucking. "One day I'm going to get you to put your hand inside me, fill me up. Touch me everywhere."

"Oh my God! Kyle!" Shit, the stuff that came out of that man's mouth.

With a moan he started fucking his lover hard. Kyle met every thrust, bucking and groaning and pushing hard. Fingers tugged at his nipples, stroked his skin. So fucking good. He didn't know how he'd managed without this for so long. Over and over he pushed into his lover, making them both call out.

One of Kyle's hands wrapped around that long, dark prick, pulling hard. "Yes. God, Mike. 's good. Yes."

He bent, bringing their mouths together, biting and licking and kissing Kyle deep. He felt the hot splash of come against his belly a heartbeat before he smelled it, before K grunted into his lips. Kyle's body rippled around his cock and he convulsed, shuddering as he shot deep into that hot, tight ass.

Kyle made a great, rumbling, purring sound, nuzzling his throat. "'s good, babe. Good."

He collapsed, still buried deep, Kyle warm and good beneath him. "Love you," he murmured.

Kyle nodded, lips hot as brands against him. "Yeah. I love you, too."

His eyes closed and he nuzzled into Kyle's neck. "Nap?"

"Mm-hmm. Nap." K bit him gently. "Then a whole day playing in bed."

"After we get the books reconciled," he murmured. It would be too easy to put stuff off and get lost in Kyle's body.

"Babe, I'll have you fixed up before you believe it. Trust in me." Another kiss, a gentle hug. "Nap."

"Yes, Boss," he teased, already halfway to dreaming.

"Tell me a story, Mike. I'm bored." Truth was, he'd been driving too long and his ass was numb, but God knew where that information would lead Mike, so he didn't offer it.

"Huh?" Mike looked up from his puzzle book.

"Talk to me. I'm bored." My butt is numb. I'm going to fall asleep and drive straight through one of these boring fucking cornfields. Play along, Mike.

"Oh, I'm likely to bore you as much as the road is -- you want me to put the radio on?"

"Nope. There's nothing but hellfire and damnation preachers going on about how queers are going to hell. Amuse me." He shifted, trying to get some blood to his ass.

"Well I could tell you about the time I was hauling live chickens. You think I'm allergic to feathers, but the truth is I just plain hate them."

"Chickens or feathers?" He was *not* going to laugh. Not. Although, if Mike was going to kick his ass, this was the best time. He'd never even notice.

"Both. You know they call them fowl, 'cause they are. Foul I mean. Stink to high heaven, fucking little white feathers everywhere." Mike shifted like his own butt had gone numb. "Even up my fucking ass."

"You're not serious." He looked over at Mike, eyes wide. "You mean, like sand at the beach in your ass?"

"Yep. Those tiny fucking feathers worked their way down my jeans and there I was, sitting on my ass all day. You do the math." Mike made a face. "Asshole I was hauling them for was too cheap to put them in an enclosed air-conditioned truck and three quarters of them were dead by the time I got them where they were going."

"Oh, fuck. That must've been fucking nasty!" He looked over again, shaking his head, skin crawling just from the thought. "Jesus, Mike. Did you take a month-long shower?"

"I took three weeks off. And you know how I feel about taking time off."

"That I do, babe. That I do." Kyle chuckled and stretched. "Of course, one day you'll quit being stubborn and let us retire on the beach, sipping mai-tais and getting tanned."

"Five years, K. When I can make a decent contribution to the kitty." Mike chuckled. "Besides, we'd be sitting there and you'd still be wiggling with your ass gone numb, telling me you're bored, just like you're doing now."

He couldn't have stopped his belly laugh if he'd been paid. "Oh! Oh, shit! Babe! God, you're fucking priceless. No wonder I stick around your sweet ass."

"And here I thought it was for my great love of rimming."

"Oh, that's a plus, no question, but mainly, I stay for the company." Kyle gave Mike a grin. Stubborn man. Strong, faithful, clever, hard-working, stubborn fucking man. "That and the chicken stories."

Mike grinned and stretched, sliding one hand down along his chest and not stopping until his fingers were tucked in the waistband of his sweats.

"Looking for feathers, babe?" He bit at his bottom lip. "You know that one day you're gonna make me wreck the rig, watching you, right?"

"You won't wreck my rig," Mike told him, voice just as sure as anything. Meanwhile that hand pushed in further, meeting the growing bulge.

"Our rig, partner." His toes curled, his own cock responding to the sight. "You are a sexy mother fucker."

"Who me?" Mike grinned over at him, hand busy inside the grey sweats.

"Yes, you. Teasing bastard." He sighed dramatically. "You could at least let me see."

"I wouldn't want you to wreck the rig watching me."

"Tease."

Mike chuckled, pushing his other hand up under his t-shirt, groaning as he tweaked his nipples. "You gonna do something about it, K?"

He checked the odometer. "Mm... in about twelve miles, I am. Think you can make it that long?"

"Oh, it's long all right." Mike finally pulled his sweats down far enough that Kyle could see that sweet cock.

"Mmm... long and hard and fucking sweet, babe." He shuddered, hand reaching over towards him.

"Uh-uh-uh." Mike pulled his sweats back up. "You're driving."

"But..." He offered Mike a pout. "I want you."

"Pull over and I'm all yours, K." Mike was grinning again, hand out of sight but still busy.

"Six miles, babe. Then my shift's over." Six fucking miles.

"You're sounding a little tense there, K -- I thought you were bored?"

"That's why I have you, babe. Not bored now." Four miles. Come on rest stop.

Mike laughed, the sound a little bit rough, husky.

He pulled off the highway, making it all the way through the stop and parking at the end. He killed the engine and snapped off his seat belt. "That's my shift, Mike, and that's my cock you're manhandling."

"Oh, I think I can tell whether or not I'm manhandling my own cock, K." Those blue eyes twinkled at him, half teasing, half aroused.

"Nope. All mine. Love that cock. Love the way you fuck me." He pitched his voice low, tempting Mike.

Mike made a little growling noise. "Is that a hint, K?"

"Hell, yes. I'm a lot of things, but stupid's not one of them." He unfastened his jeans, hand dipping in to start rubbing. "I know what I like."

"Yeah, you do," agreed Mike, with another of those growly noises. "We gonna jack off together or are we climbing in back so I can fuck you?"

"I'll meet you in the back. You want to watch me get ready or do you want to do it?" He was up and moving as he spoke, prick hard as a rock.

"Jesus, K!" Mike was already half out of his seat. "You know I like to watch."

"You also like to lick. I was just offering you a choice." He stepped out of his shoes and proceeded with the getting naked.

"Oh fuck, K -- you have the filthiest fucking mouth." Mike was suddenly pressed up behind him, cock hard and hot. "Need you too bad -- get yourself ready."

"You love it when I tell you what I need." He reached for the lube, made sure he was in a good place and started finger-fucking himself as he talked, paying Mike back for teasing. "You love when I tell you I need your cock slamming into me, that I can't get enough of your body, your taste."

"Jesus. Fuck. Hurry." Mike's voice was rough, heavy with wanting.

"Yeah." He started moving faster, head bowing as he stretched. "Need you, babe." Mike climbed up onto the bed and pulled his fingers out and then that thick cock was pushing into him, just like that. Kyle arched, nodding as Mike filled him up. "Yes. Fuck, yes. So fucking hot, babe. Love when you fuck me."

"God, there's nothing like you, K." Mike started to thrust, hard and fast.

He pushed up, crying out with each motion, eyes closed, focused on the sensations. Mike leaned forward, pushing his legs back, and took a hot, hard kiss. Oh, yeah. Yeah. That did it for him. Kyle cried out into the kiss, body clenching around Mike's prick as he shot.

Mike swore and jerked into him a couple more times before coming deep in his ass. He just sort of melted, purring softly, holding loosely to his lover's neck. Mike pulled out and collapsed mostly on him, face buried in its usual spot against his neck.

The soft, steady in and out of Mike's breath was warm, familiar. Right.

"Wake me in a couple of hours?"

"Mmm... yeah." He nodded, by then, his arms would have fallen asleep and he'd be needing to move again.

"Great." Mike nuzzled against him and then settled again, body growing heavy as Mike fell asleep.

He stroked and settled, eyes closing to the rhythmic sounds of his lover's snores.

Kyle tossed his book onto the sand and grinned over at where Mike was snoozing in a deck chair next to him.

Bastard had made him wait each day of those five years until he was truly satisfied he was contributing equally to their damned retirement. Kyle hadn't realized just how much those big rigs could sell for. Damn.

He rolled out of his own chair and crawled over to Mike. Bastard had been right about him being just as bored sitting on his ass in the sand all day as he'd been in the rig. Still, on the beach a man didn't have to wait for the truck to stop to pounce his lover, now did he?

End

On the Road

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