

*Single  
Shots*



Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

**Torquere Press**

[www.torquerepress.com](http://www.torquerepress.com)

Copyright ©2006 by BA Tortuga

First published in [www.torquerepress.com](http://www.torquerepress.com), 2006

NOTICE: This eBook is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution to any person via email, floppy disk, network, print out, or any other means is a violation of International copyright law and subjects the violator to severe fines and/or imprisonment. This notice overrides the Adobe Reader permissions which are erroneous. This eBook cannot be legally lent or given to others.

This eBook is displayed using 100% recycled electrons.



Distributed by Fictionwise.com

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

Fuck, it was hot.

Lee watched the heat shimmer up off the road for a minute before he found his turn, hopping out to unlock the gate so he could hit the dirt road that led back to the watering hole off Sulphur Creek. He took off his hat and wiped sweat off his brow before he hopped back into the truck, his dog Pie barking at him from the front seat. It was too damned hot for the mutt to ride back in the bed, and Pie was taking it very personally.

The heat had turned most of the watering holes and some of the creek bed into quagmires, and it was Lee's job this week was to check and make sure none of the cattle had wandered through the thick-assed mud to try to get to clean water and gotten stuck.

He toodled down the dirt track, his pick-up bumping along as he and Pie sang along to Garth. Sure enough, when he got to the damned north watering hole, there was a damned heifer stuck in there, her calf wandering along the bank, lowing his damned fool head off.

"Well, shit, Pie. I told old Frank Mayhew he needed to get tanks."

Pie just tilted his blue-gray head, his one blue eye laughing as Lee opened the door and let him out. "You go keep that calf out of the water, brat," Lee said, and Pie took off like a shot.

Sighing, he got the winch rope and looked at the bellinging mamma cow. Damn it. Lee sat down on the bumper and pulled off his boots. No way was he losing them in that mud;

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

the damned red-brown baby-shit looking stuff would just suck them right off.

And he was out of clean clothes in the toolbox up at the back of his truck bed, too. Well, Hell. He had to go into Meeker to get groceries after this...

He did have him some towels, though, so Lee shucked off his jeans, shirt, and tighty-whities, tucking them away in the toolbox so Pie couldn't drag them off and dunk them in the muck. Silly cow-dog. He tossed his boots and socks in there, too, then locked it up tight, as Pie had learned to work the latch if he didn't use the padlock.

Finally ready, Lee clapped his Stetson back on over the bandana he'd tied over his bald head to keep the sweat out of his eyes.

Grabbing the winch rope again, he started in, wading through the surprisingly cold muck, remembering that the water was always chilly in Colorado, even when the sun was high enough in the sky to fry an egg on the ground. Thankfully the cow was stuck solid enough that she couldn't thrash around too much, but that also meant he had to really work to get the rope around her.

So of course he was naked in the mud and half up on the cow's back looking like he was doing something really nasty when he heard the rumble of a big old engine coming right up the road.

Of course he was.

The big-assed duallie slowed, red paint just a shining. For a half second he thought the damned Dodge would just keep on going, but that would mean his luck'd turned from bad to

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

good. No, that truck pulled off, one tinted window rolling down to show a wide grin, a Stetson. "Uh. You, uh, okay out there, cowboy?"

Ever so casually he slid off the cow and took off his hat, lowering it to cover his goods. "Well, this old girl is stuck solid. I'm afraid if I wade out and try to winch her out without getting behind to push, she'll struggle herself deeper."

There. See him. See him be able to speak even though he thought he might just burn up with embarrassment.

"I can understand that." The hat brim was pushed up, giving him a look at a grinning mouth, full mustache just hiding the upper lip. "I tell you what, I'll run the winch for you before the skeeters come out and start. Uh. Snacking."

"That'd be right neighborly of you." Lee stared at the truck. "You're not Forestry or BLM are you?"

"Nah. I'm up here hunting a spread. Lucked out driving by." Acres and acres of denim-covered legs unfolded from the truck. The white dress shirt got stripped off and hung up on a hanger, a pretty little Sheltie's face peeking out before the door was closed.

"Well, I surely could use a hand." His cheeks felt bright as a good charcoal grill in the summer. Lord. Lee got the cow tied off, then slogged back around, kind of sheltering himself from the other man's eyes.

"No problem, cowboy. Name's Collin, by the way. Cute dog." Collin headed over, knelt down by the winch and looked a second, then nodded. "You holler when you're ready."

"Let me just..." There. Lee got it all arranged so mamma cow wouldn't kick the shit out of him. "I'm Lee. He's Pie."

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

Don't let him bite your butt. He will, just for fun. All right, let 'er rip."

The cowboy knew what he was doing, all right, and didn't seem reluctant to help out. The winch did its job, the heifer lowing and thrashing, fighting the mud with all she was worth.

Lord. She was just flailing, splattering him with mud and god knew what else. Grunting, Lee pushed and guided, whistling up Pie, who barked and ran back and forth, pushing her in the right direction.

Collin took the calf, kept it from running to mamma. The Sheltie in the truck was barking and howling up a storm, actually rocking the truck as she bounced.

Lord love a duck. That little lady and Pie got together and there'd be trouble. The mud sucked at him, the sun beat down on his bare ass, and by the time he got the big old girl out of that sink hole he was feeling right down ugly, slipping and sliding and his johnson flopping all over.

"Shit marthy." Collin came right over, helping him with the rope, square hands getting dirty, no sweat. "That was one stubborn bitch."

"It was. She must've been stuck a while. You want to get in the back of my cab and get some of those gallon jugs of water? We'll wet her whistle and ours." And maybe he could sluice off some of the mud and get his damned kit back on before he burnt something he might need later. "I'd do it, but I'd just make a mess."

"Sure enough. I got a beer cooler in my truck, for after. You look like you could use one." Shit, was that a look?

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

Mr. Tall and Lanky dragged the water from his Chevy, all grins. The man had pale eyes in a dark, tanned face, just visible under the hat brim.

"I could. A cold one would go over real well." His cheeks were gonna burn right through, like some bad horror movie, because even if that *wasn't* a look he was sure as shit looking back and ... yeah. He washed his hands off before reaching for the old towels, snarling at Pie when the fool mutt grabbed the end of one for tug of war.

"You want a biscuit, pup? I reckon Lady'd share." Those eyes caught his again real quick. "He friendly with other dogs?"

"He's real friendly. He might try to herd her a bit. She's not in heat, right?" Lord help him if she was. They'd be new grandparents in no time. Pie had populated half of the western slope of Colorado.

"He might find himself out-herded. Lady's been known to herd houseplants at my mom's." The door of the duallie popped open and the sheltie hopped down, fluffy tail wagging furiously. "You stay out of that mud, girl. I mean it."

"She's a pretty girl." He meant it, too. The little thing was just what the doctor ordered for Pie, too, and the two dogs tore off, barking happily. Lee shucked off more mud, finally feeling like he might could put his jeans back on. "Thanks, man."

"She's a sweetheart and is dead tired of being in the truck." A longneck dripping with ice was put on the hood of his truck, the cowboy giving him a little privacy.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"Thanks again." Underwear, jeans, hoo yeah. And just in time, too, because the sun was shining on his savior just so, and damn. Damn. He was starting to take interest in places that woulda shown. He grabbed the beer, letting his arms dry off before he put his shirt on. "So you said you were looking for a place?"

"Yessir. I've just sold a place down near Enid and my daddy passed away and left me a nest egg. I reckoned to head where shit ain't so flat."

"Enid, huh? Well you sure picked a good spot. But it's cold as a witch's tit in the winter." Lee grinned, feeling much more equal to being social now he wasn't buck naked and hanging on a cow. "There's a few places up for sale around here. I'd be happy to show you."

"Yeah, I did a stint in Ellsworth in South Dakota, so I know cold. And, yeah. I'd appreciate the help. I've been looking for a few weeks and this is where I've set my teeth to."

Man, that cowboy had a smile that went on and on.

"It's a good one for farming and ranching. Some of the other places, like down to the Junction, well, they've gotten citified. I think old man Mabry might be selling." Oh, that beer was cold. Good. He sucked down about half.

"I'm not much for the city. I raise draft horses, some cattle, but the horses are my babies." Collin's bottle went up, long throat working. "Damn, that hit the spot."

"It did." Now Lee let himself look. Really look. The smile worked for him on a bone-deep level, but man, so did that long-assed body.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

There wasn't an ounce of spare flesh on the man, from the long arms to the flat belly to the jaw that was square enough to level with. The mustache was nut-brown, the hair short enough to be lost under the wide hat brim. Those eyes though, they were light and almost grey, but leaning hard toward blue.

He hummed a little under his breath, saved from more embarrassment by Pie and the little Sheltie running up, barking up a storm. He laughed and knelt, letting Pie have a little beer. "Were you a good boy, huh? Did you show the lady all around?"

Pie danced for him and Collin grabbed some biscuits, sharing them. The little Sheltie was a looker, shiny button eyes and a pretty face.

He stroked her silky nose, figuring he could see why Pie was showing off. "This was the last of my rounds. How do you feel about steak?" Lord. He was pushing it.

"I think it's one of the top ten things on this earth." He got another grin, another wink. "Worth hauling cattle out of the mud stark ass naked for."

He busted out laughing, just completely unable to stop himself. Clearly he had no shame. "I was out of clothes and I have to go into town. Couldn't get all muddy, now could I?"

"Hey, I'm all for a little nudie ranching. Hell, buddy, you might start a trend."

They laughed until Lee's gut hurt, until he had to wheeze for breath and stop laughing or he was gonna piss himself. The dogs went nuts, barking and dancing and wagging. "It

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

coulda been worse, I guess," he finally gasped out. "You coulda been that new girl that runs the BLM office."

That got Collin to laughing again. "Well, sir. You'd've give her something to dream on, no shit."

"Yeah, but I'd never be able to follow through, she started chasing me." There. Let that pretty man stick that in his hat and start smoking it. "You want to follow me into town I can pay you back for being gentlemanly, buy you some supper."

"I'll be right behind you." He got another look, this one longer, then Collin whistled and that Sheltie jumped right in the truck, looking back like she couldn't figure why Pie wasn't coming, too.

"Come on, Pie. Come on. You can cuddle up under that tree on Main Street." Grinning, he waved at Collin and hopped into his own truck, gunning it toward town.

And if he still had a little mud in his shorts? Well, it was worth it to have met the man. It surely was.

\* \* \* \*

"I tell you what, Ladybird. I never quite thought I'd see a nekkid cowboy in a mud hole and then agree to go to supper with him."

Collin chuckled, tipped his hat back as he followed the little banty rooster into town. The man had himself a sweet backside and a sweeter frontside and Collin reckoned he wouldn't need a spoon to eat the man right on up.

Just start at the knees and work north.

After a bit of a wash, anyways. That mud looked like it might just be a touch gritty between the teeth, Lord yes.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

Ladybird agreed, he could tell the way she stared out of the back window, barking and wagging away. "You'd best not be thinking nasty thoughts about that cowdog, now. You ain't gonna be having his puppies, so don't go there."

She pooted at him, like she understood, and he gagged and laughed, rolling down the windows. "Gas! Gas! Good Lord! Somebody'd think something crawled up your ass and *died*, girl! You got pit bull somewhere in your lineage or something?"

The little cowboy's truck pulled into a small steakhouse that put him in the mind of Ruthie's Steaks outside of Lake Texoma, nice and homey, with steaks that had been eating grass not three days ago.

Not bad.

Not bad at all.

"It's hot in for the dogs. Will she stay if you leave her outside? The lady in the quilt shop over there will give them water and biscuits." Lee grinned as he came around to meet him when he got out of his truck, the blue-gray cattle dog bouncing and barking at the man's heels.

"She'll stay at the truck, well enough. She's scared of being forgot." Lady tumbled out of the truck, her rope bone in her mouth. She tossed it up in the air. Showoff little bitch.

"Well, they can have the tree over there, then. Go on, Pie, take the lady on a date. Play nice."

Damned if that pie-eyed mutt didn't bark like he understood and take off, circling back to stand at Lady's side, vibrating until Collin gave his girl the signal to go.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"Lord, they're a pair and a half." He tugged his good shirt back on, fastened it up. "Smells just right out here. Good and spicy."

He could use a good steak, a cold beer, maybe some pie after.

"Yeah. It's good. There's Mexican if you'd rather, and one good Italian place. Clark's Big Burger is one you oughta try, but I think the Homestead is our best bet." Lee bounced a little, taking off his hat and pulling off the shocking turquoise bandana to reveal a bald head.

"This works, man. Shit, the pups aren't looking interested in getting in the trucks at all. We're fine." Damn, no wonder Lee left that hat on, that poor head would crispy fry right up.

"Cool." And it was cool inside the restaurant, not the kind that came with frozen air conditioning, but the kind that came with shade and fans.

"Oh, now. This is plumb nice." He nodded to the waitress, pulled his hat off and hung it on a hook. "Howdy. Something sure smells good in here, ma'am."

She smiled at him, wiggling her wide hips a little, looking about as settled as only ranch country women could be.

"Thanks, honey. We try. Hey there, Lee. Where'd you dig this one up?"

Lee hooted, those cheeks going red as anything. "He dug me out of the north hole on Sulphur Creek, Marie. I'd like some iced tea in a ten gallon drum, please."

"Oh, that sounds good. I'll have the same, thank you." He settled in, stretching his legs out as he took himself another nice long look.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

Not bad. Not bad at all.

"You bet, boys. I'll get that and some beer. And you, Mister Lee, have the *best* luck." Winking, Marie bustled off, leaving them staring at each other.

Lee ran a hand over his head, giving him that infectious smile. Those eyes were just as bright as could be, this weird brownish-gold hazel.

Pretty pretty. "So you got a place near here or you work for one of the big spreads?"

"I work for a couple of the smaller places, actually. They're having a hard time hiring full time hands, and I'm willing to spread myself around." The man paused on that, then laughed a little. "With work, anyway. I have a little working farm of my own, but it's small enough I can spend the mid-day subsidizing, you know?"

"I do. I spent five years roofing and working the horses between after I got out of the service."

Hell, now he just wanted his land, a little house, some good stock and the ability to work them.

"Well, you picked a good place to find some land. Did I tell you that?"

"You probably did, the way you repeat yourself, Lee Ames." Marie plunked down tea and a huge basket of crusty bread. "You'll have the big sirloin, medium rare. What about you, honey?" she asked him.

"Works for me, well enough. I'm needing some protein in my system."

"Potato? Salad? This one always has baked, extra butter and sour cream, and Thousand Island." Looked like Lee was a

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

regular for sure. He'd definitely be the one to tag along with and see what all was for sale.

"Baked, margarine, and whatever dressing you have that don't have milk in it." He'd been allergic since he was a baby and Hell, was so used to goat milk now, it didn't matter much.

"We've got a zesty Italian. Thanks, boys."

Lee looked over when Marie left. "You got a milk thing, huh? Good to know."

"Makes me all swoled and sick as a dog. Just cow milk, though. I figure I'll either find a goat dairy or get myself a couple three nannies." He kept hold of those pretty eyes, watching close, admiring the lines of Lee's face.

"There you go. There's a lady over by Buford that does milk goats. You might oughta check with her." Lee stared right back, openly admiring, from the looks of it. His naked cowboy wasn't shy at all, no sir.

"Good to know. Looks like this is the right place for me to hang my hat. I reckon I'll take you as a sign from God."

Yep.

A sign.

'Nekkid Well-Hung Cowboys Here.'

"Well, now, that sounds fine. And your Lady dog sure would have company." The salads came, nice and crisp, no fancy shoots and leaves, just lettuce and tomato and all.

He tucked in, peeking out the window to see Lady teasing that cowdog, wagging her tail and bouncing. Little slut. "She's sure loving his eye on her. You'd think she hadn't gotten any."

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"Have you bred her?" Now the cowboy blushed. Nice. Lee peeked out the window, too. "They sure are having a ball."

"Not yet. She's just turned two. I wanted to wait until I found a place for puppies." He licked the dressing off his 'stache, laughed as Lady stole the rope bone and went running. "She's a pecker tease."

"Long as you aren't." Those eyes went wide, showing a tiny ring of green, before Lee lowered them and took a big old bite of salad like he needed to fill his mouth.

Well, okay then. Well-hung and paying attention, praise God. "Nope. Not even a bit. I deliver."

"Mmfh." Chewing so fast Collin was afraid he might choke, Lee nodded and grinned and swallowed. "Oh, good. I may be a little dense, and prone to getting stuck in the mud, but I ain't stupid enough to pass you up."

"Well, you note I didn't pass you up a bit." He let his eyes linger, let his interest show. Yep. Settling right here. "Course, if I was you, I'd be careful. I got to see what you're offering and I surely do approve. You, though? You're still having to guess."

"Oh, I think I like what I've seen so far enough to take it on faith." Those eyes just *twinkled*. "You can show me anytime."

"Oh, I'm thinking that little gal might look at me askance iff'n I went and did that." He chuckled, drank deep of his tea. Not only that, but he wasn't all that in the sharing department.

"Well, I'd just as soon have some privacy, truth be told. Are you staying here? Or are you over at Steamboat or

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

something? Not that I want to be that pushy." Lee had the grace to grimace. "I mean, I'd be happy to show you around and all without..."

"Oh, now. We're going along good, no reason to get flustered." He winked. He'd had a room last night, but he'd come farther out to look, figuring he could always find something somewhere. "I hadn't found a place to light tonight, yet."

"You could stay at my place, see what you think of actually being out amongst 'em. We could find you something else, if you think that'd be awkward, though." Oh, Lee was a charmer, thinking of him all the way. He liked it.

"If you don't mind me looking and liking what I see, I'd be happy to. Hell, I'd chip in for breakfast in the morning." Yep. Somebody bring him a spoon, he was having Lee for dessert.

Ooh. Dessert.

Cowboy a la mode.

Hooboy.

"I won't even put you to work, but I do have chores when I get home. And I need a, well, a shower. I'm chafing a bit." He got a laugh, clear and bright.

"Oh, I don't mind honest work, I was born to it. I just have to change shirts." Oh, man. The steaks came and they were enough to make a man's mouth water.

"We got a plan, then. Oh, I ought to warn you, I got another dog at home. He'd on old boy, a golden. Not mean or nothing, but he'll give your Lady a good once over." Lee dug right in, moaning and nodding as he ate.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"She's not nippy, but I can crate her. She's my gal, I'd hate to have her hurt." Oh, fluffy potato. Yum.

"Oh, no. He'll just want to sniff and say howdy. Pie keeps him in line. Poor old boy. He's got the arthritis, but the vet promises she'll tell me when he's hurting too much, and I trust her. So I keep him." It was a good man who loved dogs that way.

"Oh, that's a good thing. I hate to see them caught up and hurting, but there's nothing like a good old dog to show you the way." He'd lost his Garrison near a year ago, the old mutt finally deciding he was too tired to play with Lady.

"Yup. As long as he still has the gumption to nose Pie around, he's got a place in front of my fire." Sucking down the last bite of steak, Lee sat back and patted his belly. "Hey, Marie! What's dessert today?"

"We have French silk pie, a cherry and a few pieces of carrot cake with that cream cheese frosting on top."

Uhn. Carrot cake.

"Oh, I'll take cherry. What do you want? We ought to get it to go, as I'm awful full. Can you eat cream cheese? 'Cause I could eat your frosting." Look at that man bounce. "Oh, and I'll need a baggie, Marie. I saved a bit of fat for Pie, and old Ring will want the potato peels."

"That works. I'll share the icing for a bite of the cherry." He slid his peel over for Lee to give the dog, a nice long strip of fat for Miss Ladybird's coat.

"Well. You need gas or anything? Anything you like to drink? I need to stop and get..." Waving a hand, Lee trailed off, cheeks pinking again. "Unless you have some fresh ones."

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"Well, they ain't brand new, but they ain't ... ancient." Of course, they were rainbow colored. He'd been trying to buy Roloids from the damned truck stop quarter machine thing and got himself a line of rubbers instead of a settled belly.

"Oh. Then we can wait on that, if we need more." Their dessert came, all wrapped up neat, and Lee reached for his wallet. "Tell Tiny that was awful good, Marie."

"What's my half?" He hunted some folding money, something inside him buzzing about needing more.

Although he was thinking Lee should wear the green one.

"Bout ten with tax and all." They got all settled, including Lee giving Marie a kiss on the cheek, and they headed out, Pie coming when Lee whistled, but making sure Lady was with him. Oh, heavens.

"Did you have fun out here, Miss Thang? You want to head to Lee's house and visit a bit?"

Lady wagged and panted, nosing the little bag he had, knowing that there'd be something for her.

"Oh, she knows, huh?" Grinning, Lee stroked Lady's ears. "Pie can wait until we get home and feed Ring, too. So you wanna see my place?"

"I want." His cock jerked, rubbing against his zipper. He really wanted. Right now.

"Cool. Come on." Yeah. He could follow that tight little ass. He surely could.

"I'm right behind you, swear to God."

Oh, man. He was thinking that he'd found himself a good spot—any place you could find a butt-naked cowboy on the side of the road was all right in his book.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

\* \* \* \*

Well, now.

Lee pulled up at his little frame house and hopped out, meeting Ring with a scratch and a potato peel, hoping to put the old boy in a good mood. He wasn't mean or nothing, he just didn't like surprises.

Pie, on the other hand, was looking down the road where another truck came rumbling on down, his ears pricked up, all but vibrating. Waiting for his new lady friend.

Hell, Lee could relate. He was all but bouncing, waiting on Collin, the pretty cowboy in the dress shirt. Just, damn. It had been a long time since anyone had hit him so hot and fast. But then he'd never met anyone while he was naked in a mud hole before.

There. Collin pulled right on up behind his truck and old Ring barked once before going over to say hello and sniff the newcomers.

Collin got right down to Ring's eye level, talking low and sweet, giving the old boy the respect he deserved.

Made the man look even better in his eyes, really.

Pie and Lady danced around, running like idiots, but that was okay. They needed to get some of that energy out. When Ring licked Collin's hand, Lee knew he had a winner. "I think he likes you."

"He's a fine old boy. Is it okay to give them a rawhide?" Collin stretched up and up and up, giving him an acre of man to admire.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"It is. You want to do that while I start chores? House is open if you want to get your Lady a drink. Whatever you need." He wanted to jump Collin right then and there, but critters came first. You got behind on the work, you never caught up.

"Oh, I'll come help. Let me water the pups and find my work shirt." There wasn't a bit of worry in the low voice, that Lady sitting pretty for her treat right off.

He gave the man a grin. "You've already helped out a lot. But I do appreciate it. We can have dessert after. Some iced tea." And then the good stuff.

"Works for me, cowboy." He lingered long enough to see that the skin under that undershirt had ink on it—some at the shoulder and some at small of Collin's back, leading into those Wranglers. Yum.

His jeans got real tight, and a slight grating itch told him he definitely had mud in his shorts. He'd have to see how Collin felt about showers before dessert. He headed on down to his little barn, figuring Ring would bring Collin on down.

It didn't take long before Collin showed in work boots and a straw hat and the tightest little white t-shirt on earth. "Point me and shoot me."

Lee near swallowed his own tongue, just staring. "Uh. I. Uh..."

Collin looked at him and he'd be damned if that six-pack didn't ripple. "You are edible as fuck, but I start in here, we'll both regret it."

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"We will. Work. Shower. Carrot cake." Swallowing, he moved finally, handing over a shovel. "You help me muck and I'm yours."

"You got a deal." Collin knew his way around a barn, humming and joshing and making the work go twice as fast.

He only had to give the man directions a few times, as his mule, Lard Butt, needed a bit different feed than the horses. Other than that, they worked quietly, just happy as pigs in shit. Lee stretched when they finished up, his back cracking. "You're a good helper."

"Thanks. I try. I don't mind getting sweaty." Collin tugged that little t-shirt up, wiped his face.

"It's a good look for you." That belly fucking glistened. His mouth went dry and Lee scratched his own belly, wanting to touch that skin so bad he hurt.

Collin gave him another one of those looks—burning and wanting and hot for him. "We ready to head to the house?"

"We are. I could use a shower, you know?" Some water, some touching. "Wanna come?"

"Hell, yes." Collin's hand landed on the small of his back, hot and sure and encouraging him to lead the way.

Tingling head to toe, he moved on smartly, closing the door in the dogs' faces. Didn't need them getting that herding urge on his ass. They got inside and he just led the way silently to the bathroom.

Collin started getting naked as he started the water, finally giving him a chance to get his own looksee.

If he hadn't been worried he'd scald them he would have given it his full attention. As it was, Lee barely got the water

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

set before he reached out to slide one hand over Collin's belly.

That got him this low hum, that pretty belly tight and smooth under his hand. Collin reached for his shirt, helping him get it off. His man was wanting, heavy prick curling up, tip swollen and wet.

Fuck, that was the prettiest thing he'd seen in an age, and man, he touched it, didn't he? Just like that. He closed his hand around it and pulled, pushing back down, then pulling up again. Oh, Jesus. "Come on, man. In the shower."

"Uh-huh." Collin nodded, getting him the rest of the way bare-naked before muscling them in. Those hands slid down his spine, cupped his ass and squeezed some.

He went up on tiptoe, loving the feel of hot man in front and hot water behind, those hands just the right size to cover his asscheeks. Made his balls draw up, made him pant.

"Yeah."

Collin leaned down, mouth on his jaw, his chin, almost brushing his lips. "This okay?"

"Uh huh." Nice of Collin to ask, because some guys just weren't about the slobber, but Lee loved to kiss, loved to taste. He latched right on to Collin's mouth, kissing the man like there was no tomorrow.

Somebody'd had breath mints, the sweet and sharp working together just fine. Collin's hands squeezed and rolled, moving them together in time with the thrust and slide of their tongues.

Back arching, Lee went for it, pushing up so their pricks rolled together, pressing up and down every time they

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

rocked. He forgot all about any remaining grit, just needing that mouth and those hands.

Collin groaned, hips starting to rock just so, driving them good and hard, making their skin squeak where it met.

One arm hooked around Collin's neck, and Lee used the other to reach down and grab their cocks, rubbing and rubbing. Shit, he wasn't no slouch, but Collin was built.

Those long old thighs spread, bracing them, and giving him something solid to push against. Lord. Lord, he oughta fish out heifers naked more often.

"Uhn," he said, thinking that was real suave and coherent and shit, but he pulled harder, loving on the man's hot, hot skin, and Lee figured that made up for the lack of words. Or his inability to make them into actual sound. Or whatever.

Collin fucked his hand like nothing going, things turning off desperate and hotter than the hinges of Hell.

His eyes started trying to roll, but he made them stay where he could watch, made himself look at Collin because that was the hottest thing in an age, that man humping his hand, their cocks rubbing and rubbing. His belly went tight as a board, his breath heaving in and out as he fought his orgasm, wanting to be right there with Collin when he came.

This long, deep groan fed into his mouth, Collin's hands squeezing him tight in warning. Oh, fuck yes.

Lee let his head fall back, let his hips pump as he came, his head fixing to explode. Jesus Christ, he hadn't come buckets like that since he was in high school.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"Fucking pretty." Collin's head fell forward, lips hot on his throat as the hard muscles jerked, that cock swelling and shooting for him.

"Yeah. God, yeah." He held on tight, almost wishing they weren't in the shower so Collin's come would stay on his skin. That mud grit going away was probably worth it. Next time, though, hoo yeah.

"Mmhmm. That was a fine way to start." Collin grabbed the soap, rubbed the slick bar up along his spine.

"Mmhp. Edge." Lord, was he gonna start drooling like an idiot next? Shaking his head to clear it, Lee grinned. "Yeah. That worked."

"Uh-huh." Collin kept rubbing and massaging, fingers digging right in and keeping him all loose.

When he started to get all melty and leany and shit, Lee grinned and pulled back a little. "Not helping me remember to wash you, too."

"I'm not the one that was balls-deep in mud." His balls got a nice rub and roll, the tug just enough.

His ass clenched and he went right up on his tiptoes again, loving the tiny sting. Jonesing on it a little, but still too damned relaxed to get all hot and bothered again, Lee moved, his hands sliding on Collin's wet skin. "Yeah, well, you worked hard enough."

"Mmhmm. It was worth it." Oh, lord. Those eyes got all heavy-lidded and sexy, making the perfect foil for lips full and fine and just swollen from kisses.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"Let's rinse off, man. We can go do this someplace horizontal." He figured all of his important parts were mud-free now. They could have dessert. Rub. Maybe fuck. Woo.

"You do have excellent plans." Collin stretched into the water, body rippling.

"I thought so!" Lee had to kiss that long throat. Had to. 'Course it had him sputtering as water splashed off on his nose and mouth. "Pthp."

That got them both to laughing, the sound filling up the air and bouncing off the old tile.

Finally he reached for the taps, his belly aching in a good way from his laughter. They got his big old towels to dry off, and for the first time he didn't feel one bit guilty splurging on them.

In fact, looking at them wrapped around Collin's hips, he thought maybe they were worth every fucking penny.

\* \* \* \*

Lee had a good-sized bed and the perfect body for eating carrot cake off of, even if Collin had to feed the man all the icing, fingerful by fingerful.

Of course, Lee shared cherries and he got to suck the man's fingers clean, licking and nibbling. Oh, now. That was nice.

Maybe better than, given that the man wasn't gritty anymore.

"Oh, raisins." Lee hummed and chewed, licking frosting off that well-shaped lower lip before grinning. "I forgot carrot cake had raisins."

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"It's almost good for you. All that fruit and shit." He ate another bite, just humming away. Man, he could get spoiled to this—eating dessert in the bed.

"Uh huh. I say that about cherry pie, too. Fruit. Apple pie, cherry pie, strawberry rhubarb doesn't count because that rhubarb thing is nasty." Lee had the happiest grin.

"Strawberry icebox pie is good, though. And coconut. Coconut is like a fruit..." Sort of. Sweet anyway. He opened his mouth for another cherry.

Lee slid it over his lower lip before popping into his mouth. "And pecan. That's good protein there."

Mmm. Protein. He was a fan. "And, uh ... oh, peaches. We can't forget peaches."

"Oh yeah. And blackberry cobbler." Moving up, Lee licked a crumb off Collin's chin, laughing as he squirmed. "Of course a good dose of man cuts all that sweet."

"There's something to be said for the salt with the sugar." He got himself a double handful of pretty ass and squeezed.

"Oh, yeah." Lee swarmed all up on him, straddling him and pushing him to his back to lean down and take a kiss.

Oh, Hell yes. They fit together right nice, Lee's cock snuggled against his belly.

Chin resting in the hollow of his throat, Lee nibbled at him like he was pie, lips and tongue traveling over his skin, One hand settled on his hip, thumb stroking where his torso met his thigh.

Collin arched and his eyes flew open wide, the spot surprisingly sensitive. "Good lord, honey. That. Damn."

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"Hmm? This? Or this?" Alternating between nipping at his throat and touching him *right* there, Lee drove him batshit crazy, just giving it to him good.

"Uh-huh." His hands just went open and closed, that fine fucking ass so *good* against his fingers.

"Oh, damn. You're hot when I do that, cowboy. Just too fucking hot." Lee stroked him and it was better than touching his cock. Well, sort of, in that driving it higher and higher way.

His skin felt tight as tanned leather, breath whooshing out of him as he jonesed on the feelings. Goddamn, that cowboy had himself some good hands.

Lee chuckled for him, moving down to lick at his upper arm, then the inside of his elbow, those hands working him, one short thumbnail scraping where Lee had been petting him. Made his whole body jerk, and made Lee give him a pleased noise.

"Goddamn..." His cock jerked good and hard enough that he felt it behind his balls, pulling and aching.

"Mmhmm. Gonna have to taste you there." Sure enough, Lee was moving down, lips hot and firm against his ribs and belly, Lee's teeth scraping over his hipbones. Then that hot, rough tongue was right on that sensitive fucking spot, rubbing back and forth.

"Cowboy. I. Oh, damn." His eyes rolled like a pissed off bull's, thigh muscles going rock-hard and knotted.

Fuck.

Fuck him.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

His fingers fisted in the sheets, head lifting right off the fucking mattress.

"Like that." The words skated right across his skin before Lee switched to the other side, biting where thigh met torso, then rubbing that stubbly chin across the damp skin.

Lord, that was something and that something was like to set him right off. He pulled away some, just panting. "Lord, cowboy, you'll send me flying."

Laughing right out loud, Lee bit his thigh. "You're sensitive, man. I like it. You taste good, too. Do you taste good everywhere?"

"Honey, if I could figure that out? I'd never leave the house." He winked, tugging Lee up so he could get a good taste himself of that laughing mouth.

Lee kissed him, smile stretching Lee's fine mouth wide. That man just knew how to wiggle and wriggle and rub, just knew how to make a man feel good.

They found themselves a rhythm, hips and hands, lips and tongue. Goddamn, that was right as rain.

"Never ... uh. Never gonna use those rubbers at this rate." It didn't sound like a complaint, and Lee's body seemed happy as anything to just stay right there, their cocks rubbing, their skin slapping together.

"Never's a damn long time, now." Especially given that they'd only been playing a bit and he hadn't done near the exploring he needed to.

"Oh, right. And if you're moving here, we have time..." Lee bit him, right on his neck, right where it met his shoulder.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"Uhn. Uh-huh." Not if. When. He was thinking he found himself a nice spot, right here.

"So then this is just fine." Oh, better than fine when Lee moved just right, cock pressing his, the sensitive spot under the head of his prick getting all the attention it needed.

"You know it." He lifted his head, teeth nipping at the curve of Lee's throat as his hands moved Lee's hips.

"Oh. There. Uh huh." The muscles under his mouth stood out when Lee arched, hands clutching on him.

"Mmhmm." Oh, Hell yes. Right like that. He bit a little harder, enough to make it sting.

"Shit!" Lee bucked, their bodies whapping together hard. "I ... damn. Damn."

"Yeah, come on, now. Let it go." The next thrust down, Collin slammed back up.

"Fuck..." It came out as a moan as Lee shot against him, hot come spilling against his cock and hip, Lee jerking over and over.

He rocked and shifted, pushing hard to join in, the hotlickslide and the scent of Lee enough to drive him over the edge.

Lee stroked him while he shook, mumbled nonsense words against his skin. When they finally both flopped back to the bed, Lee gave him a long, sloppy, lazy kiss. "You're some serious wow, cowboy."

"You know it. I'll come watch you rope heifers in your altogether any fucking time."

He reached down, patted that sweet, softening cock. "You and your nice bit of rope there."

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

Lee just rolled, literally, sliding off him as laughter doubled him up. Collin didn't think he'd ever met anyone who liked to laugh so much, just for the sheer joy of it. "Thanks," Lee wheezed. "I like yours, too. I promise, next time I get stuck in a mud hole, you'll be the first one I call."

"Excellent plan, sir." He nodded, let himself stretch and stretch. "Most excellent."

\* \* \* \*

Things had settled in real nice, if Lee did say so himself. Collin had all but moved in. Oh, the man said he was still looking for a property, but Lee had a ton of land he wasn't using, and they'd leased the back pasture from old widow Horn for Collin's horses. They'd moved in a bunch of Collin's stuff, had cleaned out half the closet for Collin's pretty shirts, and they'd gotten a goat from over at the auction so Collin had fresh milk.

The only fly in their ointment was the lack of actual fucking. They kept getting sidetracked with the touching and the licking and the sucking...

Which wasn't such an insect in the KY, really.

So that left the one actual kinda bad thing, and that was poor Lady, Collin's sheltie. She'd been feeling poorly for a few weeks, sort of listless and sleeping all the time.

Now, they'd been watching Pie, so they knew Lady and him hadn't been snuggling up without them knowing it. Or so they thought. So Collin was real worried Lady was sick. He'd taken her to the vet, all the way down to Grand Junction, because Doc Wheeler had gone to Hawaii and left little

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

Summer Collins in charge and she wasn't even a certified tech.

Lee checked his watch for the fifth time. They ought to be home soon, even if Collin stopped at McDonald's and got Lady a cheeseburger, which he'd told Lee was Lady's reward so she didn't always associate the truck with the vet.

He looked at Pie, who lay on the rug, watching the door, nose on his paws. "You'd best not be the cause of this, buddy. Or I'll be in trouble. She's a lady, that one."

Collin pulled in, Lady crawling out of the truck as soon as the door opened, tail between her legs. Collin took a little longer to get out of the truck, cigarette bobbing a little as he chewed on the butt.

Uh oh. Pie got up and went to the door, dancing and whining, and Lee went to meet Collin, feeling like Lady with his tail down.

"Bad news, buddy?" he asked.

Collin's frown deepened and then lightened up some. "Yes and no. I mean, she ain't sick, so that's good. On the other hand, I might take my pocketknife after Pie's balls."

"Oh, man." He looked over where Pie was nuzzling his Lady, tail fanning the air. "Oh, I'm sorry. I know you wanted to breed her with a Sheltie male..."

"Yeah. Fuck knows the world's got enough mutts." Collin sighed, rubbed the back of his neck. "Fucking vet said I could abort the pups or drown 'em after, if I wanted to keep it looking like her pups were worth something."

"Drown them!" He stared, appalled. "Honey, those pups will be cow dogs for sure. We can get them homes."

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

He got a look, half pissed, half shocked. "Like I'd be shitty enough to let her carry then pups to term and kill 'em. I ain't a stone-cold bastard!"

"Yeah. Yeah, I know. I just. Damn." He knew that. Hell, Collin was good to the bone, good folks. Lee shook it off. "Well, whatever you want to do, I'll help out." It was the least he could do.

"Yeah. Damn. I. Shit, it's just puppies. Vet saw eight of them. Eight." Lord. That was a lot of puppies. "I. I guess I'll have to step up looking for a place because I'll need to make her a whelping box and all..."

"Oh." Lee digested that. Well. Collin hadn't actually looked in, well, weeks. He tried a bright smile. "Sure. Okay. I can get on that Realtor lady."

"Yeah. Okay." Collin tugged his hat down a little, the brim hiding his face. "I'm going to feed, check hooves and shit."

"Okay. I was uh, I was gonna grill some chicken. With the beer and all. Is that okay?" Why in the Hell was he asking? It was his house.

"I..." Collin looked over at him, tilted his head. "No. No, this ain't okay. We're gonna have puppies and I don't like that real estate lady."

"I don't either." She was kinda prissy, moving in last year and trying to pass off ranch land as resort shit. Resorts. In Meeker. "I know I can find the puppies homes on the QT. I promise."

Lord, he was babbling. He didn't know what Collin wanted. And he sure felt like shit for letting Pie get to Collin's girl.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"I ain't gonna ever show her or nothing, honey. Hell, I'll only let her have one or two litters anyway. I." He got a quick grin, one he was getting damned used to. "Can you believe it? A vet? Telling me to drown perfectly fine pups?"

That eased him, had his shoulders relaxing again. His own smile felt real this time, not too toothy or weird. "That's crazy. You'll like Doc Wheeler. He's got that old timey thing going on, real sweet. Well, we need to figure out how to pamper your girl."

"Yeah? I was thinking we had time." Collin stepped right up close, hat brim going back up. "You want to come down to the barn with me and then I'll come help with the food? We ain't got to worry on the dogs, now."

"Yeah. Sure, I can do that. You think that one hoof needs dosing again?" Those horses were strong as shit. It was good to have two people to do the holding. "Oh, and I need to milk that damned goat. It's my night."

He let his fingers just brush the top of Collin's belt buckle.

"Dolly's a good 'un. I'll grab the bucket of ice to carry with us." Collin grabbed him, tugging him close for a hard, quick kiss. "Hey, honey. Happy Friday."

"Hey." That had him grinning like a fool, bouncing on his toes a little. "I'll be on down in a sec; I'll get the goat bucket and give Lady a biscuit."

"kay." Collin stripped off his good shirt. "Toss this inside for me when you go so I don't ruin it?"

"You betcha." He'd go ahead and get the grill going, too. This was why Collin had stayed, and he knew it. Not just the sex, but the way they worked together, the easiness.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

Together they managed just fine. Collin ended up milking Dolly and icing the milk so it didn't go gamy. He talked Collin's Vixen into letting them doctor her hoof and they both spent a good ten minutes hunting where the barn cat had moved those kittens so that the cattle didn't stomp them.

They wandered on back up to the house and Collin stored shit away while Lee stuck a beer can up a chicken and started chopping cabbage for slaw. "You gonna make me biscuits?"

"I will. We still got some of that pie from the diner for dessert?" The flour and the baking powder got pulled down, Collin rubbing up against him on the way.

"Uh huh. We do. And we got some leftover potatoes in the fridge. You want them sliced and fried or mashed up?"

"Oh, I think we can slice them and pop them in some foil with butter on the grill. Save us from heating the house up." Collin cut up some butter into a bowl, snatching a bite of cabbage.

"Good idea." He popped that high-pockets ass, grinning when Collin whooped. "Did I tell you, that baby aspirin you've been giving Ring's really got that old boy acting spry again. I can't believe I never thought of that."

"Is it? Good. He's a good ole boy." Collin mock-glared out the window at Pie. "Unlike a randy shithead cowdog I know."

Pie just looked like he was gonna have a fit, circling and sniffing and whining. What the Hell had gotten into that fool dog, Lee didn't know. He hadn't even scolded the durned fool. "He's something, that's for sure. Guess he and I are a lot alike. I'm a randy one, too."

Now it was him copping a feel.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"Yeah, but you're no shithead and I intend to keep you." That last was all muttered together quick and quiet like.

It warmed him, though, all over, not just in his pants. "Yeah? Well, I was talking to Widow Horn..." He bit his lip, kinda unsure how to say what he'd done.

"Yeah? You ain't thinking on marrying her, are ya?"

He stared. "Ha ha. You know very well she's in her seventies. No, I was asking her if maybe she wanted to sell some of that land instead of lease." Funny as Hell how just two hours ago he was thinking Collin would leave for his own place and now he was asking for something more permanent.

"Yeah? That would give us a good bit more land and we could put in brand new barns with some of the leftover in the bank..." So careful, that *us* and *we*.

"Yessir. We could use a few extra cow dogs then, too." He grinned right over, pushing into Collin's arms for a kiss. "She's willing to sell by the acre for a real decent price. Her son is a banker in Denver. He's not interested."

"Well, I surely am." Collin grinned against his lips, hands sliding around him to squeeze. "I figure we fit together right nice."

"You and me both. Let's get that supper. I want something special for dessert." He squeezed right back, thinking it was about time he got Collin inside him. But he could wait. Eat. Tease. Play. God, he loved to play.

"You get the taters; I'll roll out the biscuit." Collin stole another kiss before heading back to the bowl, though, tasted him good and hard.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

Whistling, Lee went right to work, trying to ignore the way Lady and Pie curled up together outside on the porch. They'd worry about the puppies and shit later. Right now he had supper to attend to. And then the main event.

Hoo yeah.

\* \* \* \*

Chicken and biscuits went a long way to making him feel settled again.

Puppies.

Good lord, they'd be ugly as all get out.

Smart though.

He wrung out the dishrag and then sat to pull off his boots.

Smart and it looked like they were going to stay on. He'd made those leaving noises because, damnit, you weren't supposed to drive to Colorado and move in with a cowboy you met naked in a mud hole.

Weren't supposed to, but it looked like he did and it sure as shit was working out nice for them.

Lee came in from doing the last round of chores and making sure the grill was completely out. "Well, hey there. Naked feet."

"Yep. Figured there wasn't any reason to go back out tonight." He did hate having to put his boots back on.

"Nope. Not a reason in the world. In fact, I can think of a hundred reasons to stay in." That little leech. But he and Lee had found out they liked hanging out, too, just watching a movie or doing a crossword.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

Hell, they'd spend one night playing poker, another down at the VFW playing pool, another just watching the folks jabber on the TV as they lazed. It was good, them together. "A hundred reasons? You sure?"

"Uh huh. Maybe more. You know me, I'm a little scattered sometimes." Lee wandered over, flopping next to him in one of the kitchen chairs.

"You do just fine." He grinned, stretched, one foot sliding up along Lee's calf.

"You think so? Oh, that's nice." Lee wiggled closer, the old kitchen chairs squeaking. "What else am I good at?"

"You make a good chicken." His foot moved up toward the knee. Pretty fucking cowboy.

"That was good, huh? And we have leftovers to make your enchiladas." Spreading those legs, Lee grinned for him, leaning for a kiss.

"Mmhmm..." He wrapped one hand around that smooth scalp, tilting Lee's hand so the kiss could go hard and deep.

Lee sort of swarmed over him, arms wrapping around him as those sturdy thighs straddled him. That cowboy kissed him so hard he saw stars, and damned if his lip didn't split a little.

Oh, Hell yes. He got himself a double handful of ass, squeezing good and hard. Collin wanted in, deep inside his cowboy. His. Hell.

"Uhn. Collin." Lee's mouth moved on his. "Want you. In me. Yeah? Been wanting. Now. Tonight."

"Yeah, honey. I'm thinking you've got a plan." He chased Lee's lips with his tongue, loving that flavor.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"Bedroom? We're not real good at follow-through if we get to rubbing and all." Not that Lee minded. Shit, Lee was usually the one to go off first, and the man told Collin every day how much he loved it. But the bedroom wasn't a bad idea.

"Yeah, I'm thinking I'm a big fan of naked, your ass spread out for me..." Oh, lord. Now there was a fucking visual.

Hopping up so fast he made a cool breeze, Lee nodded and headed off toward the bedroom, shucking clothes as he went. "Last one there is a rotten egg."

Collin hooted and gave chase, slip-sliding on the wood floor in his socks. He hadn't laughed so hard with a lover in. Uh. Well.

Ever.

He almost killed himself tripping over Lee's jeans in the bedroom doorway, but it was worth it to see that compact, naked body flying through the air and landing on the bed. Bouncing twice, Lee grinned at him, beckoning with one finger.

"Hooboy. Lookee there." He slowed down, shimmying out of his jeans and shaking his butt.

"Woo! Shake it, buddy. Come and get me." He could see that hard cock slapping against Lee's belly, just for him. Lee watched him, eyes hot and dark, Lee's hand sliding down that flat stomach.

He crawled up onto the bed, lips sliding along Lee's leg. Those little fine hairs tickled his lips, made him smile. "You got slick stuff?"

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"I do. On the table there. I had a lot of time to wander today." That leg kicked a little when he hit a ticklish spot.

"Good deal. Gimme?" He held one hand up, pushing Lee's legs apart with his shoulder, teeth nipping Lee's inner thigh.

"Collin!" Bucking for him like an unbroken bronc, Lee squirmed and moaned, but handed him that lube sure enough, the little tube sliding right into his hand. "Don't take too long, cowboy."

"No. We've got lots of time for teasing, huh?" He took the condom Lee handed down, put it in easy reach before working upon the lube and slicking a couple of fingers up.

"Uh huh. But not now. Now I need." Lee just spread for him, legs opening wide, knees pulling back toward Lee's chest. Lord. That was ... damn.

"Oh, honey..." The scent of Lee hit him and he leaned down, lips wrapping careful around one ball and sucking while his fingers found that little hole and pushed in.

Oh, Hell. He. Damn.

Heavy shudders shook Lee's body, those thighs just quivering for him. Lee's cock rubbed up along his cheek as the man pressed down on his fingers, taking them in so good and tight he had to bite off a curse.

He did his dead-level best to stretch Lee out, but he couldn't take long. He couldn't. His cock screamed to be buried balls deep and feel Lee all around him. He grabbed the rubber and slid it on, dropping a kiss on the tip of Lee's cock as he did. "Now?"

"Now! Baby. Now, please. I can't hold it..." Lee arched, hips moving in tiny punches, begging for him.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"Yeah." He lined up, let those little motions tug him in and in and ... "Oh. Oh, I. Lee."

"There. Right there." Hands scrabbling at his back, sliding down to cup his ass and pull, Lee pushed up against him, taking him deep. He'd never been anyplace tighter.

His eyes rolled and he grabbed a hold of the headboard, bracing himself so he could give it up to Lee, push and rock and fill that sweet ass right on up.

Legs wrapping around Collin's hips, Lee gave as good as he got, grunting and panting beneath him. That skin just burned for him, sweat slicking the way.

It took a minute of figuring, but he managed to balance well enough to get one hand free, one hand under Lee hip to tilt that fine ass just so and ... there. Right fucking there.

"Uhn!" Eyes rolling, Lee went crazy for him, hips going up and up and up, that cock so hard a cat couldn't scratch it. Every breath had Lee clamping down on him, squeezing and demanding.

He couldn't wait a goddamn minute more, so he got Lee's cock, started pumping before he shot off and melted his fucking bones.

"Yeah. Yeah. Oh, shit." Lee came for him, spunk shooting everywhere, all over their chests and bellies. That body, oh God, it squeezed him until Collin thought his head would fly off.

"Uh-huh. I." He gave it up, balls tight and drawn up hard as he bucked and came hard enough he saw stars.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"Oh. Oh, oh, oh. Yeah. Woo." Under him, Lee sort of flopped, lolling about like a rag doll. "That was the ticket, cowboy."

"Mmhmm." He settled right down, nuzzling in and licking the sweat off Lee's neck. "Woo."

"That's one I can't wait to do again," Lee said, patting his ass. That cowboy sounded so happy it made him smile. Lee was all but chortling. God, he loved that, the damned joy Lee took in everything.

"We got time." They did, damn it. Plenty of time 'cause he was sticking to Lee like a tick on a dog.

Well, not that damned Pie, though. That dog was gonna have his day sooner or later. Right now, lying in Lee's arms, Collin figured he could take later.

\* \* \* \*

Poor Lady was about to drop any day.

Doc Wheeler had checked her about a gazillion times, coming by every other day or so toward the end since he had to be out to see to Dolly, who had developed an abscessed tooth from chewing on something she wasn't supposed to.

Silly goat.

Collin was worse than any anxious grampa, pacing around and watching her, wringing his hands like a fool. Between Collin and Pie he couldn't even get near Lady, one of them growling at him whenever he tried to soothe her a little with a biscuit.

"You think it will be today?" he asked, peering over Collin's shoulder.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

They'd made Lady up a whelping box, padding it and leaving one side open. Lady hated it and had spent all day pulling all the bedding out and arranging it in the laundry room beside the dryer.

"I'm thinking either today or tomorrow. She's not wanting to be bothered; she's not drinking or nothing."

Lee grinned, feeling like a bit of a proud papa himself. "Well, I'm tickled, then. Oh, did I tell you the widow Horn thinks she'd like a puppy? She wants to go into agility training." The widow was nearly eighty. That would be a hoot.

"Well, the way she's swelled up, we might have enough puppies to give one to the whole county." Lady growled a little, like maybe she understood what Collin was saying, then started panting some.

Pie lifted his head and growled, too, from his place in the opposite corner of the laundry room. Ring, who had taken up residence on Collin's left boot, leaned, making the man stagger a bit. Lee stifled a chuckle.

"Well, she'll surely be well loved for providing herding dogs."

"Shit, honey. Lady's well loved as it is. Y'all have made her right at home." One hand slid around his waist, fingers drawing circles on his back.

"Well, as long as you're not thinking too *much* at home anymore." Laughing, he leaned like old Ring, letting Collin support some of his weight while he bumped hips. "'Course we can hardly blame her. Like master like faithful pet, yeah? You fit right in."

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"We do." Even better now with the extra land bought and the new barns built. Hell, Collin'd even sunk a pretty penny into the house, updating the heater and a/c and getting them new ducts in the ceiling.

Lee had felt a little guilty about that until Collin and him had had it out, and his chin still throbbed when he thought about that smack Collin had given him when he said he wasn't no whore to be bought. It took a bit to knock some sense into him, but once Collin had, Lee believed he really wanted to just be there with him, and might as well be comfy.

Still, Lee figured he wouldn't live up to the name cowboy if it weren't for a bit of stubborn once in awhile.

"Well, we oughta let her do her thing, yeah? Maybe go have some of that carrot cake Marie had made up for you?" Marie had learned to make a real decent attempt at cream cheese frosting with goat cheese.

"I reckon." Collin led him into the kitchen, humming something random and almost familiar under his breath. "You can sure feel chill in the air, can't you?"

Lee blinked. "I guess?" To him it was just a nice, temperate afternoon.

Collin rolled his eyes and got the cake, pouring them both some coffee. Of course, when they were all dying of heat prostration, Collin'd been out in the pasture, fucking with the horses just as happy as a clam.

"We're gonna have to get you some better winter clothes, honey. You're gonna freeze those pretty balls off." And that would purely be a shame.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"Yeah. You think they make electric ball warmers? Dick mittens?"

"I think we can find other ways to warm you up. I hear a good rubbing does wonders." He'd rub that man ten ways to Sunday, any day.

"Ooh. You think that'll do me?" Collin rubbed a little against his arm, coffee cup hitting the table before Collin settled.

"Uh huh. I think." They touched like starving people, still. Lee wondered if they'd ever settle into being old lovers. He kind of hoped not.

"Well, then. I'll take it." The carrot cake tasted fine and they'd just finished when his dogs took to yelping.

Lee hopped up, heading over to see what was up, stumbling a little as Collin beat him to it. Anxious asshole.

"Come on." They got to the door already, Pie pacing, Ring standing still and staring. Lady'd already cleaned one pup up and was licking at her second. "Well, good lord."

Lee stared, too. For a first time momma she was doing real well, as some of them didn't know what to do right off. But those sure didn't look like, well. It was hard to tell whether pups were gonna look like mom or dad, but one thing was for sure. Wasn't neither Pie blue nor Lady blonde, and those pups *were...*

"Honey, tell me that you're seeing what I'm seeing."

"Well. They look like..." Lee turned and looked at Ring. "Yellow lab puppies."

Ring didn't even have the good graces to look ashamed of himself. Hell, the old fucker woofed and wagged.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

"Well I'll be goddamned." Collin shook his head, watching as puppy three showed. "Yup. Yellow lab puppies."

No wonder Pie had been so damned possessive lately. The old boy had gotten to her first and the silly heeler was trying to keep his lady his from then on. Lee hooted. "Well, I'll be damned."

"Lady, love. We were watching the wrong man. I never took you for one to go for an older guy."

Lady didn't answer, just groaned and rippled again.

"Poor girl. Should we get towels or something? Hot water? Kibble?" Lee'd never actually watched a girl like Lady give birth. Just cows and stuff.

"Let's get some towels in case she needs help cleaning 'em. Besides that, we just let her do her thing. She's not doing bad at all."

"Okay." Sure. He could do that. Meanwhile, Pie and Ring could fight over who would sit closest. Lord, lord. "Looks like we were threatening the wrong balls."

"No shit." He got a quick wink. "You reckon you'll still get it up when you're his age?"

"I hope so." Lee thought about Collin's ass, his long lean body and big old cock. "If you're around I bet I will."

"Hey, somebody's got to be around to run the winch during your naked cow fetching expeditions."

He grabbed Collin and spun him around, kissing him soundly. "You know it. And someone has to be there for you to rescue."

"Yessir." Collin nipped his bottom lip, just a little, just a touch. "I wouldn't give for you, cowboy."

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

Oh, he'd heard that enough in the last few weeks, but he still had to laugh at Collin's Texas-ism. "Give what?"

He expected the swat to his ass, but it still made him jump when he got it. "Anything. I'm keeping you or you're keeping me, one."

"Or both. I guess we'll keep the dogs, too, even if they did surprise the Hell out of us." He tilted his head. "You think a Sheltie-lab mix will be good at agility?"

"Shit, I don't know. Good enough for an old lady who can't see two feet past her nose, I guess."

"True." They kinda stood and swayed in the living room, almost like they was dancing. "I'm glad it was you who found me, Collin."

"Yeah. Yeah, honey." He got a smile, true blue and happy. "We did pretty damned good for two old boys."

"We did. We surely did." They had puppies. And each other. And Lee figured that'd do just fine.

As long as they could keep Collin from freezing his ass off in his first Colorado winter.

His ass or anything else.

Maybe he ought to look into those cock mittens. Collin could use one.

With an electric ball warmer on the side.

If that didn't work they could always look back to the mud. Didn't some spas use that stuff warm as therapy? Either way, they'd have fun, figuring it all out. Together.

Mud On the Tires  
by BA Tortuga

---

If you are connected to the Internet, take a moment to rate this eBook by going back to your bookshelf at [www.fictionwise.com](http://www.fictionwise.com).