



Going Home

A Torquere Press Single Shot by Mychael Black

“Yeah, Mama, I’ll be there.” Cigarette caught in his lips, Robbie cradled the phone between his ear and his shoulder as he shielded the lighter from the breeze coming in through the window. He tossed the disposable Bic on the coffee table and took a slow drag as quietly as possible.

“Robert Sexton! Are you smoking?”

Fuck. Obviously not quietly enough.

Letting out the smoke on a natural exhale, Robbie did the only thing he could at that moment: he lied. “No, of course not, Mama.”

“Well, that’s good. Burying your daddy in a few days because of those wretched things. Can’t have my boys smoking now too.”

Robbie groaned quietly. “Yes, Mama. I take it Russ is going to be there.”

“Now, Robert. Don’t come down here expecting to make a big fuss with your brother. He’s doin’ good now.”

What? Not mooching off of his parents, you mean? That’s what Robbie wanted to ask, but he bit his tongue. No need to get Mama all upset. She had enough going on. Robbie stubbed out his cigarette and got up from the couch. If he was going back home, he’d need to get drunk before doing it. Down there, among birth family, no one knew him. Not the *real* him, anyway.

“I promise,” he said. “I won’t start anything. But I still don’t think it’s right for him to lean on you every time he gets into a bind. I’ll be there in a couple of days.”

“Love you, son.”

“Love you, too, Mama.” Robbie waited until the line went dead before hanging up. He was so not looking forward to this trip. Trip? Hell, it was more than that and he knew it.

His lease was up and there was nothing open in the city for him, work-wise. From big city to backwoods Athens, Alabama. Damn, he was insane. He had to be to agree to move back down South. And to a *farm*, no less! He knew nothing about raising animals, baling hay, or riding a horse. Even as a kid, he spent most of his time inside, drawing and sketching. Closet or no, he knew quite a few people in his family had the sneaking suspicion that he wasn’t straight. Only one of them, his cousin Danny, knew it was true; and Danny wasn’t far from that sort of family himself, considering he enjoyed both sexes.

Robbie set the phone on its base and resumed the arduous task of packing. The worst parts were done already: clothes and books. His computer was still set up and he would pack it last. He’d promised Danny he’d shoot him an email before leaving. Thankfully, the efficiency had come furnished -- a rare treat and he’d been lucky to find it. But now, with no job and his savings quickly dwindling, he was out of luck. He had just enough to make it to Alabama with one stay-over, possibly in Knoxville, and then a bit to spare once he got settled at Mack’s. He thanked God that Mack at least had a cable internet connection. Downloading porn on dial-up was an oxymoron half the time.

By six in evening, the bed of the truck was nearly overflowing with boxes and bags. The computer went in the cab beside him and Robbie stared out the windshield at what had been his home for nearly three years. Then he started the truck and backed down the sloping driveway. Ten minutes later, he left the key with his friend’s sister and was soon on his way out of the city.

One thing about Baltimore that he had come to realize in three years: a person had to have a healthy amount of insanity to drive in the city. And that was just Baltimore. To drive on the Beltway, you needed experience driving the Autobahn in Germany. Traffic

was hell, especially in the middle of rush hour. When it slowed to a standstill, Robbie did what many others had done: he turned off the truck.

After an hour and a half, things started moving again. He put up his sketchbook and started the truck. By the time he finally made it out of the DC area, it was almost nine o'clock. He took the first exit with a McDonald's, grabbed some dinner, and was on his way towards Manassas, Virginia.

When he hit 81 South, heading for Roanoke, an odd peace settled over him. It was dark outside, but he knew this drive like the back of his hand. He knew that if the sun was up he would be able to see the mountains and trees surrounding him, seeming to go on forever. Summer was just around the corner and he rolled down his window and took a deep breath as he set the cruise control to sixty.

The air outside was crisp and full of pine and earth. The mist hung low and Robbie could smell it -- clean and cool, like the fresh air of the mountains. God, how he missed that. He missed seeing nothing but trees and mountains, instead of cars and skyscrapers. He missed the sound of the wind through pine trees in the middle of winter, when he was huddled in a tent, cozy inside a sleeping bag. He longed to feel the rush of clear mountain water as he waded out into the middle of a mountain creek. Yeah. He might not love farms, but God, he loved the mountains.

By the time he neared the outskirts of Roanoke, he was near dead at the wheel. Throwing out the idea of making it to Kingsport even, he found a quiet little hotel just outside of Roanoke. Key in hand fifteen minutes later, he parked the truck in a space right outside his room. He rummaged through the back until he found his leather jacket and then tossed it over the computer in the front seat. Making sure the doors were locked and praying to God the contents in the back would be safe under the tarp, he let himself into his room.

He locked the door, kicked off his shoes and collapsed onto the bed. As he rolled onto his back, he tugged his cell phone out of his jeans pocket and clicked through the phone book until he found Danny's number. Holding the phone between his ear and his right shoulder, he managed to shift and squirm until his jeans were down to his ankles, then he kicked them to the floor.

"Robbie?"

Robbie grinned. "Hey, man. You get my email?"

"Yeah! Where ya at?" Danny asked.

"Just outside of Roanoke," Robbie said, absently rubbing his stomach, hand under his t-shirt. "Was hoping to make it to Knoxville, Kingsport at the least, but there was an hour-and-a-half jam on the Beltway. Got too tired to keep going."

“Cool.” A few seconds passed in silence and Robbie could hear Danny talking to someone else. “Sorry ‘bout that. Russ was wondering where you were.”

Robbie almost growled. “Why is he stayin’ with you? He should be at Mama’s, helpin’ her out.”

Danny sighed and Robbie heard him moving around. A few minutes later, Danny said quietly, “Because he knows she’s broke. The second thing out of his mouth when he got here was about borrowing some money.”

“Goddamn it!” Robbie sat up and grumbled. “He’s a free-loading son of a bitch, Danny. Why’d you let him stay?”

“He may be, Robbie,” Danny said, “but he’s still family. Wouldn’t you let him stay with you?”

“Hell, no! I’d make the fucker get a hotel room.”

“Even if you found out you’re going to be an uncle?”

Robbie blinked and nearly dropped the phone. “What?”

“Kristy’s pregnant,” Danny sighed. “They found out a few days ago.”

Richie groaned and fell backward onto the bed. “Does Mama know?”

“Not yet. I told Russ to keep his mouth shut for now. Last thing Aunt Susan needs is to find out her twenty-year-old son is going to be a daddy.”

“Yeah,” Robbie muttered. “No shit.” He looked at his watch and sighed. “I need to get to sleep. Gonna head out around six, so I’ll get to your dad’s around three in the afternoon.”

“Okay. Be careful tomorrow and we’ll see you then. Need to get the kids in bed. We let them stay up late.”

“See you tomorrow,” Robbie laughed. He pressed the ‘end’ button and closed his cell phone before setting it on the table beside the bed. Then he set the alarm clock for five and settled under the covers. At least the worst of the drive was over. The best part was yet to come.

* * *

Five definitely came entirely too fucking early. Reaching up, Robbie pounded the table several times before he actually found the alarm clock. He smashed the snooze button and burrowed further into the covers, reluctant to move at all. He was looking forward to seeing Mama and to the drive itself. What he was not looking forward to was seeing

Russ. Ten years separated them in age and the gap was as expansive as the Mississippi River was wide.

At twenty years old, Russ was still a kid. He couldn't hold a job longer than two months and he was constantly hitting others up for money. Robbie had learned the hard way not to loan Russ a dime. And now Kristy was pregnant? Robbie rolled over onto his back and stared up at the ceiling, wondering just what the hell the woman saw in Russ to begin with. After three years of dating, surely she knew what Russ was really like.

With a sigh, Robbie flung the covers off and got up. He slipped on his jeans and opened the door. For several minutes, he just stood in the doorway, eyed closed, breathing in the cool morning air of the mountains. Nothing in the world could begin to compare with it. When he opened his eyes, he felt more refreshed than he would have if he had taken a shower. Well, almost. He still needed a shower.

He shifted through the back of the truck, feeling under the tarp for his duffel bag. When he found it, he pulled it out and went back into the room for that much-needed shower. He stripped on the way to the bathroom, tossing his clothes onto the bed beside his bag. Once the water in the shower was right, he stepped in, pulling the curtain closed. He sank against the shower wall, letting the warm water rain down on him, washing away the stress.

As he washed, other parts of him began to wake up. It had been entirely too long since he'd even jerked off. Wrapping a hand around his filling prick, Robbie closed his eyes and thought of the farmhands he knew he'd find on Mack's farm. He'd seen quite a few of them before -- hard, tanned bodies glistening as they worked, smelling like sun and sweat and male. A soft groan escaped Robbie's lips and his strokes sped up. Tight jeans wrapped around muscular thighs, forming around asses made for licking and fucking. Cocks hard and leaking, just begging for a tongue to catch those sweet drops.

Before long, Robbie was coming, hips thrusting as he rode out his orgasm, gasping for breath. His heart thundered in his chest as he stepped under the warm spray, letting it rinse the semen from his cock and hand. Clean and sated, he turned off the water and stepped out, grabbing a towel from the bar over the toilet. He'd needed that, needed the release as much as the shower.

Back on the road, he simply enjoyed the drive, taking in the sweet air as it blew through the cab of the truck; fuck the air conditioning. Out here, with the mountain mist so close that he felt like he could touch it, Robbie was all for nature's idea of air conditioning. He breezed on down the highway, flipping through endless channels on the radio, most of them belting out country or gospel. He could handle the country -- a little Garth or Reba never hurt anyone -- but he could do without the gospel. He'd grown up on the stuff and was pretty much sick of it.

The drive was generally quiet, with a few stops for a drink or to pee, but then he was back on the road, actually itching to get home. No matter where he went, Alabama was

always home, it seemed. Back where his family was, back with Mama -- whether they knew anything about him or no. He couldn't really deny them and despite his bitching about them on occasion, he loved them.

Then there was Dad. It was the first time Robbie had allowed himself to even think about why he was going home in the first place. He remembered the call he'd gotten from Mama; he'd never be able to forget it. Although the numbness had worn off, the ache was still there. He'd never been close to Dad, but Lord, he certainly had never wished the man into his grave. But just like all the others, Dad had had no clue about him, no idea that his 'favorite son' was a queer, as Dad had so kindly referred to others in the past. When most others would've felt sorrow, Robbie only felt numb. He was going home to start over, not to mourn the loss of a man he really hadn't known. He was going for Mama.

By 2:30 in the afternoon, he was turning down the old country lane that led to Four Quarters, Mack Sexton's farm. Robbie had no idea how many acres Mack really had, but he knew it was more than he'd ever seen. He'd only been on the farm a few times as a kid, and even then, he'd spent more time messing around with one of Danny's friends behind the tractor barn than anything else. God, those were the days.

"Holy shit," Robbie hissed under his breath as the farmhouse came into view.

He knew there would be a ton of people here, but damn, he hadn't expected them all so early; maybe after the funeral, but certainly not before. Before he even made it all the way up the long driveway, he spotted Mama running across the wrap-around porch. He smiled and parked the truck, leaving plenty of room for others to get back out. As soon as he got out, Mama threw her arms around his neck, kissing his neck and checking him over.

"My Lord! Your hair!" Mama grimaced and fussed, tugging the ponytail loose. Chestnut brown hair fell over Robbie's shoulders and Mama damn near passed out. "Please tell me you're goin' to get that cut."

"No," Robbie laughed, pulling back a bit to make sure there were no scissors in her hands. "I like it long, Mama."

Mama put her hands on her hips, but smiled anyway. "Yes, well... We'll talk about that later. Right now? Let's get you inside and fed."

Robbie let her pull him across the yard and into the enormous farmhouse that was now his home. God Almighty! He hadn't been in here since...well, since he was a kid. He looked around, wondering if things were the same as they had been back then, or if he was remembering things wrong altogether. Several of the farmhands milled about inside, some eating, some drinking from cans of Coke, and others just chatting. Mack always was easy on the hired help.

“Make way, boys!” Mama shouted with a laugh as she dragged Robbie -- red face and all -- through the throng of bodies.

Hard bodies. Wrapped in denim so tight, it was indecent, bordering on illegal, Robbie was sure. Skin tanned to golden brown.

Oh, Lord above. He could get into so much trouble right now...if his left hand wasn't held by a tight, motherly grip. Fuck. He waited till they were in the kitchen, then he turned away from Mama, pretending to fiddle with something on the counter, and adjusted himself in his jeans.

“Now, Robbie baby,” Mama said, thrusting a doubled paper plate at him when he turned around. “We’ve got potato salad, baked beans, cornbread. Oh! And Melissa -- you know, Danny’s wife? -- sent some heavenly sweet potato casserole.”

Before Robbie could even open his mouth, Mama had a little bit of everything on his plate. He had to hold it with both hands then, just waiting for the bottom to fall out. Baked beans were murder on paper plates, doubled or not. He sighed and just let Mama have her way filling his plate. Nine-tenths of the stuff he probably wouldn't even touch.

At least there was fried chicken. Now *that* had his mouth watering... kind of like that tall, golden-skinned sun god staring at him from across the expanse of the den. My God. Just then, Robbie would have dropped everything just for a single taste of that sun-kissed body.

“Robert Sexton!”

Robbie shook his head quickly, warmth creeping up his neck and cheeks when he realized the sun god in a cowboy hat was laughing at him. “What?” Robbie asked, turning back to Mama.

“I was askin’ you what you wanted to drink, baby,” Mama said. She leaned to the side and peered into the den. Robbie was actually grateful the cowboy had moved. When Mama looked back to him, her face wrinkled with concern. “You feeling okay, Robert? You’re lookin’ feverish.”

“I’m fine,” Robbie choked out, trying desperately to will away the terminal hard-on trying to make itself prominent. He wasn’t huge enough for it to be glaringly obvious, but he was nowhere near small. “Just tired from the drive, I s’pose.”

Mama seemed to take that well enough. “Well, you just eat and relax, baby. There’s plenty of room in the den if you push some of the boys out of the way.”

Oh. No way in Hell was he going to eat inside. Not food at any rate.

“Thanks, Mama,” Robbie said, “but I think I’ll find a spot outside. Less crowded.” Mama nodded and handed him a cold can of Coke.

Plate balanced precariously on one palm and a Coke in the other hand, Robbie slipped out the screen door in the kitchen and into the backyard. He found a nice quiet spot against the trunk of an ancient-looking oak and settled back as he ate his lunch. He could hear kids screaming and laughing around the front and a few minutes later, he was fending off four sticky hands. His attackers gave him just enough time to set his plate and Coke down, and then they were on him full-force, small bodies taking him down in a pile of limbs and giggles. And fur?

“Oh, man!” Robbie swatted the dog away, getting a tongue bath from the elbow up for his efforts. When he looked over, two pairs of crystal blue eyes met his own pale blue ones: Julia and Taylor -- Danny and Melissa’s rugrats. Robbie was more an uncle than a cousin to them.

“When’d ya get in?” eleven-year-old Taylor asked, dropping down by Robbie’s head to pet Rocks, their Lab who thought he was a Chihuahua.

“’Bout twenty minutes ago.” Robbie sat up and dragged Taylor’s five-year-old sister Julia into a hug. “Where’s your daddy?”

“Still inside,” Taylor said as he stole a bite off a chicken leg. “Tryin’ to keep Mama off the cowboys.”

Robbie bit his tongue as another shadow darkened the immediate area. “Why don’t you two go get somethin’ to eat,” he said. As soon as the kids left, Danny sat down beside him. “Scopin’ out the cowboys, huh?”

Danny chuckled. “Can ya blame me?”

Thinking about the sun god in a Stetson, Robbie shook his head. “Hell, no.”

“You see the cowboy in the black hat?” Danny grinned at him.

“You fuckin’ kidding? I damn near drooled in front of Mama,” Robbie laughed.

“He’s family,” Danny said. There was more than a hint in his tone. Robbie just stared at him. “He is! Met him ‘bout three weeks ago in Huntsville. They got a new bar over there. Met him and kinda chummed it up for a while. He was new in town, from Houston, and lookin’ for work. Told him about Dad’s farm and, well, here he is.”

“Fuck me,” Robbie groaned. “Oh, fuck me runnin’. How the Hell am I s’posed to work around the man and *not* stare until my eyes are bulgin’ out?”

Danny broke into a fit of laughter, clapping a hand to Robbie's shoulder. "That's your problem, cuz. He's already caught sight of you, I think."

Robbie rolled his eyes and fell backward onto the ground. "This should be interesting."

* * *

"Wow. Very nice. You an artist?"

The Southern drawl pulled Robbie's attention from the sketchbook on his lap to the tall, tanned body standing in front of him. If he looked straight ahead, his line of sight was dead level with the man's crotch, and even through a layer of faded denim, it was obvious the man was packin'. Gaze continuing upward, Robbie drank in the sweat-slick skin, stretched taut over chiseled muscles and tanned to a soft golden brown. A light dusting of pale brown hair -- bleached gold by the sun -- began at the man's chest and drew a path down his sun-kissed torso, only to disappear beneath his jeans.

His shoulders were broad and the sleeves of his thin, blue plaid shirt were rolled up, tight around hard biceps. A black cowboy hat sat on his head, cocked forward just enough to hide his face. As Robbie stood, the man tipped the hat back, taking Robbie's breath away. Eyes greener than the new spring grass reflected the man's easy smile. The slightest hint of a five o'clock shadow gave him a ruggedly sexy look. Not that he needed the help.

"Name's Seth Ellis," the sun god said, extending a hand downward.

Regaining his composure, Robbie stood and brushed the grass off of his right hand before shaking Seth's. "Robbie Sexton."

Recognition set in Seth's eyes then. "Oh, man. Your dad?"

Robbie nodded. "Yeah. We knew it was comin'. Was just a matter of time."

"Sorry about that," Seth said.

"Thanks." As Seth released his hand, Robbie noticed it was done with a bit of hesitation. Oh. Now that was promising. "I was just going to grab a beer. You wanna join me?"

Please say yes. Please, oh, please say yes!

"Sure," Seth said, grin wide and, if Robbie dared to hope, full of ulterior motives.

Robbie snuck around the porch and into the front yard, snagging two beer bottles from one of the big coolers and making it away without being seen. Hell, yes! The day was looking up! He returned to Seth and handed him one of the bottles.

“Follow me,” he said. “I know some of the best places around here where a man can find some peace.”

“Of what?” Seth chuckled before taking a long drink.

Robbie glanced over at him. “If the right person’s offering...” He left the rest unsaid, waiting to see if Seth took the bait. A smile played across Seth’s lips just before they oh-so-slowly wrapped to the mouth of the beer bottle.

“So,” Seth said, “*is* he offering?” He flashed Robbie a wicked grin from behind the bottle, followed by a quick wink.

Robbie’s throat went dry as cotton as he stared at Seth, or rather Seth’s tongue as it did obscene things to the beer bottle. Oh. Hell.

Clearing his throat, Robbie remembered how to do something other than stare. “This way,” he said quickly. He forced himself to walk when he wanted to run.

Just as they rounded the corner of the combine barn, a strong hand gripped his arm. Within seconds, Robbie was captive, body caught between the hard metal building and an equally hard cowboy. Hips rocking, Seth ground against him, tongue threatening to choke him. The cowboy tasted like beer and sun and male, mouth blazing hot, breath almost scorching as the kiss moved from Robbie’s mouth to his throat.

“Oh, fuck,” Robbie breathed. His head swam as long fingers found the button of his jeans, popping them open. Then those fingers were inside, slipping into his underwear, tips brushing to the head of his prick. Robbie gasped and held on, arms draped over Seth’s shoulders.

“So hot,” Seth murmured, moving back up to take Robbie’s mouth in another searing kiss.

God, this man was unbelievable. Too fucking good to be real, Robbie thought. Too fucking... Oh, God.

Thumb stroking over his slit, Seth had Robbie melting against him. Don’t stop, Robbie tried to say, but nothing came out. He shook his head quickly, heart pounding as he thrust into the fist closing around his cock. Robbie’s legs shook and heat slid up his spine as Seth almost growled into his mouth. Feeding the cowboy moans and gasps, Robbie jerked hard, heat spilling over Seth’s fingers. He was too fucking dazed to even feel embarrassed.

As his brain started to clear, Robbie was acutely aware of hardness pressing against his thigh. Seth was staring down at him, green eyes full of lust-fueled fire, pink tongue sliding across kiss-swollen lips. When he looked down, he saw the outline of the cowboy’s cock through his jeans. If he looked hard enough, Robbie imagined he could

see that thick length of steel throbbing. He wanted to taste that, to drink in the salty-sweet drops. He turned Seth quickly and dropped to his knees, fingers working quickly to unleash the hard-on waiting just inside the confines of denim jeans.

As soon as he peeled Seth's jeans open, Robbie's mouth began to water. Beneath a thin layer of white cotton, wetness pooled near the top, soaking the material around the tip of Seth's prick. Robbie leaned forward and breathed deep, shivering as the smell of earth, hay, sun, and sweat washed over him.

Oh, yes. Oh, Hell yes.

Eyes rolling up to meet a crystal green gaze, Robbie nibbled at the wet spot, his spit mixing with the sweet pre-come. Seth's eyes rolled slowly back in his head and his fingers slid through Robbie's hair, caught in the ponytail, then tugged it loose. Robbie shuddered as those long fingers stroked his hair, his neck, his scalp, then he returned his attention to the sweet sight before him. Hooking his fingers in the waistband of Seth's underwear, Robbie tugged them down, getting his first look at a cock larger than he had originally expected.

Gentle pressure to the back of his head brought him closer and Robbie slid his tongue from the base of Seth's cock to the tip, stopping just long enough to tongue the slit before sliding back down. Seth groaned softly and massaged his hair, hips rocking ever-so-slightly. Wrapping a hand around the thick shaft, Robbie planted a sucking kiss just to the head, taking care to nibble lightly on the foreskin. A slow shudder from the cowboy was his sweet reward. Robbie grinned and sucked half of Seth's length down his throat.

"Oh." Seth's fingers tightened in his hair, tugging him close. "Don't stop, Robbie."

Robbie shook his head quickly and used his free hand to pull Seth's jeans down just a bit more. He cupped the cowboy's heavy balls, rolling them in his palm, pressing with his fingertips to the small spot just behind them. A low sound escaped Seth then and his hips jerked forward, cock jumping in Robbie's mouth. Pulling back to the tip again, Robbie scraped his teeth lightly along the shaft. Seth gasped and grunted, then thrust back in. Robbie swallowed quickly, stroking Seth's gland from the outside, drinking in as much of the cowboy's release as he could. When Seth slumped back against the wall, his softening cock slipped from Robbie's mouth. Robbie licked his lips and stood, pushing his tongue into Seth's mouth. Seth groaned and cupped the back of his head, deepening the kiss with a growl.

The need for air was the only thing that broke the kiss. Robbie leaned against Seth's chest, shivering slightly when the cowboy's long fingers traced his spine.

"We need to get back to the others at some point," Seth said against Robbie's hair.

Robbie nodded reluctantly. "Yeah, I know."

“Don’t suppose you live anywhere ‘round here?”

Stepping back just enough for Seth to get his jeans back up, Robbie laughed and ran his fingers through his hair. “Well, yeah, kinda do now. Was up in Baltimore for about three years, but I’m moving back down here. Not much in the way of work up there for a tattoo artist, believe it or not. Seems all the shops aren’t lookin’.”

Seth lifted an eyebrow as he buttoned his jeans. “Tattoo artist?”

Robbie lifted his t-shirt and grinned as the cowboy’s eyes went wide. “Yup. Haven’t picked up a needle in ages, but I still do the artwork.”

“Wow,” Seth whispered in awe. He traced the outline of the dragon’s blue scaly body as it slithered diagonally across Robbie’s chest. “You design this one?”

“And this one,” Robbie said, pulling off his shirt and turning around. The Celtic cross would be a shocker to Mama if she ever caught sight of it. “Always wanted a backpiece. Designed this one about two years ago and got it done.” He shivered as Seth’s hand smoothed over his back, then down to trace the seam of his jeans, following it along the crease of his ass. Hot breath caressed his shoulder, the back of his neck, as Seth moved his hair away.

“Very nice,” Seth whispered. The light dance of fingers down his ass made Robbie wonder if Seth was still talking about tats. Probably not. “Got any more?” Robbie nodded. “Where?”

Turning around, Robbie just gave the cowboy his best shit-eating grin. “Guess you’ll just have to find out, won’t you, Cowboy?”

Seth grinned and jerked him close to that heated, hard body. “Yeah. Guess so.”

They made their way back to the house, keeping a safe distance apart as they chatted idly. No need in stirring shit up, Seth had said. Robbie couldn’t have agreed more. Until they rounded the house and came upon the one person he did *not* want to see. Robbie stopped dead in his tracks and directed an icy glare at the head of disheveled brown hair only a few feet in front of them. Seth nudged his arm with an elbow.

“What’s up?”

Robbie shook his head and turned away before Russ could figure out that he was being stared at. As soon as he and Seth were around the side of the house, Robbie slammed his fist into the nearest pear tree trunk.

“Son of a bitch!” He growled and spun around, sinking to the ground along the trunk. Seth plopped down a couple of feet away from him. “He’s my brother -- Russell Sexton. Goddamned freeloading, worthless piece of shit.”

Seth nodded. "Take it you two don't get along well," he said.

Robbie just gave him a 'no shit' look. "Not in the least. He's only ten years younger, but damn, the gap between us feels like fuckin' decades."

He shifted slightly and tugged a crushed pack of cigarettes out of his jeans pocket. Before he could get his lighter out however, Seth leaned forward, lighter in hand.

"Thanks," Robbie said, taking a slow, much-needed pull from the Marlboro Red between his fingers. He met a wry, almost sympathetic smile as he blew the smoke out. "What?"

"How old *are* you anyway?" Seth asked as he lit up his own cigarette.

"Thirty." Robbie took another drag from the Marlboro and sighed. "You?"

"Thirty-four." The grin that followed was part relief, part sheer devilish. Taking a quick glance around, Seth leaned forward and gave him a quick but thorough kiss.

"What was that for?"

The cowboy grinned again and shrugged. "Just because. You taste good."

Robbie swallowed hard and cursed inwardly as he felt himself actually blush. Crud. "Thanks. Feeling's mutual." That got him another mischievous grin.

They finished their cigarettes and carried the crushed butts to the nearest metal trashcan. Then, whether he really wanted to or not, they finally joined the growing crowd in the front yard. Robbie groaned as dozens of kids ran around, hollerin' like whipped dogs, joined by the dogs themselves. The adults stood around in groups, chatting, drinking, nibbling on plates of food. Across the yard littered with lawn chairs, card tables, and pear trees, Robbie spotted Danny and several others. And sure enough, Russ was with them. God, his laughter was like nails down a chalkboard.

"Robbie!" Kristy shouted, running to him and throwing skinny, pale arms around his neck. Over her shoulder, he met his brother's leering gaze. Kristy, Robbie could handle. Russ was another story entirely. "How ya been, hun?"

"Tired of the drive," Robbie said, tearing away from Russ' stare to look down at Kristy. "Is it true?"

"Yeah," she sighed.

"You don't seem very happy about it," Robbie remarked. Kristy looked up at him with an almost pleading look. That's when he saw it: the faintest outline of what could only be a bruise, just beneath her left eye. The entire world went blood-red.

Moving Kristy out of his way as carefully as possible, Robbie had one person and one person only in his sights. Before Russ knew what had happened, he was sprawled on the ground, probing a bloodied bottom lip.

“What the fuck was that for?” he shouted, blue eyes going near black.

Grabbing his shirt collar, Robbie hauled the bastard to his feet and slammed him against a tree, toppling several chairs and one small table with about five cups on it. Russ brought a knee up, but Robbie shifted and instead of connecting with his balls, the impact was on his thigh. Still, it fucking hurt like Hell. Movement out of the corner of his eye was his biggest mistake though.

The second his attention was diverted, Russ managed to catch him in the jaw. Pain shot through Robbie’s head and neck, but he shook it off, swallowing the bit of blood in his mouth.

“Robert! Russell!”

Robbie didn’t have to look to know Mama was crying, but this was serious. He caught Russ’ hand just before it could connect with his face. “You fucking hit her!”

“It’s none of your fucking business, you goddamned faggot!” Russ screamed back.

Robbie’s blood ran cold and he threw his brother to the ground. Just as he raised his fist, with the sole intention of beating Russ to death, a strong arm wrapped around his waist, hauling him off of Russ. Danny had Russ, dragging him away as well. Russ was screaming at the top of his lungs, names like ‘faggot’ and ‘cock-sucking whore’ and other things Robbie really didn’t want anyone to hear, rolling off of the bastard’s tongue like water.

“Hey!”

Robbie was spun around and met Seth’s highly confused but very stern gaze. Then...he saw Mama. The tears were clear as the morning sun and before he could pull away to go to her, she was turning around and going back inside. Robbie looked around then, meeting several familiar -- and concerned -- faces. God. This was *not* happening. Not now.

Seth gripped his chin gently -- on the good side -- and turned Robbie’s head. “He gotcha good, but I think you came out with the good end of the deal.” He still had a good hold on Robbie’s arm.

“Will you please let go of me now?” Robbie grumbled.

“Will you go in the house and leave your bastard-of-a-brother be?”

Robbie nodded and Seth let go of him. Taking one more look in his brother's direction, Robbie started towards the house. Seth followed close behind, although Robbie had a hunch it had nothing to do with lust. Smart man.

"Mama?" Robbie ignored the few others in the house as he looked for Mama. He continued to call for her as he started up the steps. When he reached the second floor hallway, he heard soft sobs coming from one of the bedrooms down the hall. "Mama?"

He found her there, back to the door and hunched over as she sat on the bed. Her shoulders were trembling and she sniffled several times. As Robbie walked around the bed, he saw a photo album open in her lap. Pictures of his family -- of her, him, Russ, and Dad -- covered the pages, edge to edge. Lord, this was not going to be easy.

"Mama?" He sat down beside her, pushing a bit of gray hair away and tucking it behind her left ear. "Mama, I'm so sorry."

"Oh, Robbie!" Mama turned into his arms and he held her, kissing her hair softly. "Why?"

Robbie didn't ask 'why what'; he had a good feeling the 'why' applied to everything. He figured he'd start with the easy part.

"Kristy is bruised up, Mama. Russ has been hittin' her." Robbie swallowed hard as Mama wailed. The sound was choked and pitiful, but there was little he could really do. "It's not right, Mama."

"I know," she cried. "I know! I just can't believe my Russ would do that."

Robbie nodded. No matter how bad Russ was, he couldn't quite believe it himself. "Mama..." He sighed and closed his eyes. "Kristy's pregnant, too."

"I know that," Mama sighed. She raised her head and looked up at him. "She told me when they got here. She didn't want Russ to know that she told me either. S'pose I know why now."

Robbie managed a slight smile. "You always were easy to talk to, Mama," he said quietly, smoothing his hand over her hair.

"Was I?" The question, as innocent as it was, stung deep. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Here it goes. "Because some things are hard to talk about, to tell someone, no matter how much we love them," Robbie said. "Yes, Mama, I'm gay, but I'm happy and safe. I don't have any diseases and I'm always careful. This is just a part of who I really am."

Mama sat quiet for so long that Robbie wondered if he was going to be told that he was going to Hell and to get out. But then...Mama lifted a hand to his cheek...and smiled.

"I love you, Robert," she said through her tears. "I don't understand it, but I accept it because you're my son."

Robbie let out a slow sigh of relief. "Thank you, Mama. I love you, too."

* * *

Eyes closed and heart heavy, Robbie pressed his forehead against the tiled wall of the shower. Steam and water helped to ease the slight aches of his body from the fight with Russ, but they didn't begin to touch what hurt on the inside. He had planned on coming out to Mama soon, but not like that. And definitely not the day before his dad's funeral.

"How'd it go?" A soft kiss brushed to the top of his shoulder and his hair was pulled to the side, Seth's lips following the curve of his neck.

Robbie sighed, then moaned softly as Seth bit down on his neck just enough to send a tingle of sweet pain through him. "As well as can be expected, I guess. She doesn't understand why I'm gay, but she loves me and accepts me." Robbie reached back, gripping Seth's hip to pull him closer.

"That's a good start." Seth's lips drifted across Robbie's skin in a soft caress. It was a sharp contrast to the long, thick hardness pressing against Robbie's backside. "Anything I can do?"

Now there was a loaded question if he ever heard one. Robbie laughed as the afternoon's excursion into Hell was soon replaced with an almost aching need for a tall, tanned cowboy. He spread his legs slightly and, acting on the clear invitation, Seth slid up against him, cock slipping between Robbie's legs. Robbie gasped, body tightening as nearly eight inches of rock hard silk slid under his balls, his cock.

He tilted his head back and to the side, meeting Seth in a slow, deep kiss. A moan slipped from one of them, but Robbie could no longer tell which one of them had made it. It seemed at that moment that they were one body, all parts moving together, breaths shared between them. The kiss left Robbie dizzy and wanting as Seth pulled away slowly.

"Want you so bad," Seth whispered against his shoulder. Kisses moved along Robbie's back, Seth's tongue tracing the path as he went. "Back up a little."

With Seth guiding him, hands on his hips, Robbie backed up and leaned forward, resting his head against the shower wall again. Seth knelt down behind him and then Robbie felt the cowboy's lips on his right buttock. A moan escaped him as Seth spread him open, letting the water slide down the crease of his ass. Then that sweet tongue was inside him,

lapping the water from his hole like it was the nectar of the gods. Robbie gasped and whimpered, rocking back as Seth's tongue pushed inside again.

"Seth. Oh, God." Robbie's legs were growing weak and he had a Hell of a time trying to keep himself upright. His heart thundered in his chest as Seth's tongue worked him, plunging deep inside, sucking gently on the tender, puckered skin. Then the warmth of Seth's mouth was gone. Robbie groaned in frustration until a finger touched him, pressing just enough to tease.

"Wanna be inside you, Robbie." Seth's gasp echoed Robbie's as he pushed his finger inside. "Oh, yeah. Oh, fuck yes." Curling his finger forward, Seth chuckled as a hard shudder slid straight up Robbie's spine.

"Seth!" Robbie dropped a hand down to touch himself, but Seth swatted his hand away. "Oh, God. Please."

Without removing his finger, Seth stood slowly, kissing his way back up Robbie's body. "Want something else in there?" He stroked Robbie's gland lightly and Robbie cried out, body jerking.

"Yes! Please, yes!" Robbie reached down with a shaking hand and turned off the water. "Towel," he panted, unable to think too clearly when Seth was intent on driving him to the point of begging.

"No towel," Seth said. He curled his other arm around Robbie's waist and stepped out of the tub, pulling Robbie with him, finger still buried in Robbie's ass. "Walk."

"Yeah," Robbie laughed, head already reeling. Every step he took was torture and Seth wasn't helping in the least. Every two steps, he'd give Robbie's gland another stroke, nearly sending Robbie to his knees. By the time they reached the bed, Robbie was sweating, breath hardly steady, body aching for the cowboy behind him.

"Lie down on your back."

Finally getting away from Seth's finger, Robbie let out a sigh of relief as he stretched out on his bed. He watched as Seth fumbled around in his jeans. When Seth pulled out several condom packages, Robbie couldn't help but laugh.

"Ulterior motives?"

Seth slid onto the bed, parting Robbie's legs slowly. "You could say that."

Robbie didn't get a chance to say anything else. Seth's tongue slid into his mouth, swallowing his moans as their cocks moved together, the clear drops slicking them both. Robbie reached down and kneaded Seth's ass, a buttock in each hand, spreading and

squeezing them. Seth groaned and shifted until his cock slipped down to press against his hole.

“Lube. Box on the table,” Robbie gasped.

Seth sat up on his knees and found the lube. Then he was sheathed and slick, mouth crashing onto Robbie’s in a hungrier kiss than before. Robbie moaned and spread his legs more, rocking his hips up. Head pressing against his hole, Seth’s cock pierced his body in one slow push.

“Oh, my God.” Robbie’s back bowed, his legs going up to lock around Seth’s waist, tugging him deeper. “Seth. Oh, fuck...”

“Yes.” Seth met him in another kiss, tongue pushing and fucking his mouth with deep, slow strokes.

Giving the corner of Robbie’s mouth another kiss, Seth rose up onto his hands. Gazes locked, blue to green, they began to move, slow and easy. Robbie stroked his hands up and down Seth’s arms, lingering over the hard muscles of his biceps, his shoulders. Every time Seth’s long cock filled him, it took Robbie’s breath away, stretching him so much that he thought he would die from the pleasure alone.

Hand moving to stroke his cock, Robbie jerked himself off, matching Seth’s movements stroke for stroke. When Seth’s thrusts became harder and quicker, Robbie’s body tightened, his balls drawing up to his body as he neared release. His breath was erratic and heavy, and sweat beaded on his chest, on Seth’s. Then Seth leaned down and caught the silver ring in Robbie’s left nipple between his teeth.

“Oh, fuck!” Robbie jerked and arched up as he came, heat shooting over his chest, splashing on Seth’s.

“Fuck,” Seth growled. “Oh, shit. Robbie!”

Several hard, quick thrusts drove him deep inside Robbie’s ass and he came. Robbie gasped and his eyes widened as Seth’s cock nailed his prostate. He dragged his fingernails down Seth’s back, body shaking, voice hoarse as he cried out Seth’s name. Seth kissed him hard, grunts and growls filling Robbie’s mouth as the throbbing of his cock began to slow.

As they both slowly came down, Robbie slid his legs down, still cradling Seth between them as they kissed. The kisses were slow and easy as they stroked each other, fingers twisting and sliding through hair and over work-hardened muscles.

“Damn.” Robbie shook his head. “Just...damn.”

Seth laughed and slipped out of him, pulled off the rubber, then rolled onto his side. Draping a long, muscular arm around Robbie, Seth pulled him close. Robbie turned and curled around the cowboy's body, a soft sound of contentment escaping him. He had almost dozed off when Seth's voice pulled him out of it.

"So what are you going to do here? Get a job in town?"

"Nah. Mack needed some help and I needed work. Might not be art-related, but a job's a job." He looked up at Seth. "Why?"

Seth shrugged. "Was kinda hopin' you'd stick around here, 'round the farm." Brilliant green eyes met Robbie's and something within them made his heart jump just a bit.

"Why?" He propped himself on his elbow, eyebrow lifting in question. "Why would you hope I'd stick around?"

Seth caught his hand just as it started making absent swirls over the cowboy's chest. "Maybe 'cause I'm partial to you? Your cock-sucking technique would make a straight man jump the fence."

Robbie burst into a fit of laughter. "Oh, now there's a new one!"

Grabbing his shoulders, Seth flipped him over onto his back with a growl. Robbie's laughter became soft moans as Seth slid down his body, lips and tongue caressing his chest, his stomach. Skipping his awakening cock entirely, Seth dropped light kisses to Robbie's thighs, mouth drifting higher until Seth could trace the inner crease of Robbie's hip with his tongue.

Work-rough hands cupped his balls and Robbie gasped, legs spreading. "Seth." He slid his fingers through the cowboy's brown hair, nudging Seth with his hips, desperate for a touch. When Seth sucked one of Robbie's balls into his mouth and tugged, Robbie's entire body arched.

"Nice tats," Seth chuckled as he released Robbie. "I take it you designed these, too." He traced the outline of the triskele between his bellybutton and his cock. "What does this one mean?"

It took a minute for Robbie's brain to catch up and process an answer. "It's a triskele," he said, picturing the triple, interlocking spirals. "It's a Celtic symbol representing Earth, Sea, and Sky."

"Interesting." Seth slid up a bit and Robbie groaned as Seth traced the outline of the spirals with his tongue. "And this one?" Seth brushed his fingertips down the length of Robbie's cock, over his balls, and finally to his right thigh where an ivy vine curled around his leg.

“That one was just because I liked it,” Robbie whispered breathlessly. “Oh, God.” His hips rose off of the bed as Seth swallowed him down without warning, nose rubbing in the light brown hair around the base of his cock. “Don’t stop. Oh, God, don’t stop.”

Lips tightening around his shaft, Seth slid slowly back up to the head, teeth scraping slightly. Robbie hissed and jerked as the head was given a tight, sucking kiss. Then before he could blink, Seth had a condom unrolled onto his prick and was slicking it up, fist sliding up and down the shaft.

“All cowboys like to ride,” Seth said with a wink. Sliding back up, he straddled Robbie, then sank down.

“Oh, fuck!” Robbie gripped Seth’s hips tightly as the tight velvet heat sucked him in. Cock buried balls-deep inside Seth, Robbie groaned. “Dear Lord, you’re tight.”

“Been a while.” Seth leaned down, tongue dipping into Robbie’s mouth, tasting, exploring. “Fuck me,” he whispered into Robbie’s mouth.

Without wasting another second on talking, Robbie pulled his legs up, anchoring his feet firmly on the bed. Hands on Seth’s hips, he guided their movements as Seth rode his cock. With every thrust inside, Robbie pulled Seth down. He rocked his hips up, pegging Seth’s gland every time.

“God, Robbie, don’t stop,” Seth panted. He started jerking his cock hard and fast, chest rising and falling, skin glistening with sweat. “Robbie!”

Robbie jerked and shouted, cock throbbing as Seth’s body squeezed every last drop from him. Seth collapsed onto his chest, heedless of the sticky mess between them. Robbie closed his eyes, mind completely scrambled beyond reason. He needed this, needed every damn second of it.

* * *

The funeral was rough, to say the least. The church was filled to capacity with friends and family -- people whose lives Gerald Sexton touched. Robbie had sat with Mama and made damn sure Kristy sat with them. Russ...sat in the back, conveniently out of sight for the most part. And on Robbie’s left sat a cowboy, black hat in his lap out of respect. Something about having Seth with him, even when the majority of the tears came from Mama, was a comfort. Robbie never cried in front of anyone...until he and Seth got out of the church. Inside Seth’s truck, Robbie broke down. They sat there in the church parking lot, Robbie soaking the front of Seth’s white dress shirt, his dark blue tie. No one batted an eye at them.

Back at the farm, Mama was made to take it easy while others waited on her, Robbie reluctant to leave her side. As well-wishers came and went, offering condolences, Mama seemed to be smiling a bit more. Robbie was grateful for that, for family and friends.

Across the yard, he met the green gaze of a cowboy. Black Stetson tipped back just enough to see his face, Seth was leaning against a tree, arms crossed as he watched and smiled.

“Oh, for Heaven’s sake. Go to him already.”

Robbie blinked and looked down at Mama. “What?”

Mama sat back in the rocking chair and laughed until her face was pink. “You think I haven’t noticed?”

Looking from her to Seth, then back to her, Robbie was simply stunned. They had been so careful. “Noticed...?”

“Noticed how you two look at each other,” Mama said with a knowing smile that only a mother could give. “He even sat with you during your daddy’s funeral.” She leaned forward. “He held you when you cried. Now that, son, is a good man.”

Robbie’s mouth dropped open. “We were so careful...”

“Ah,” Mama said, lifting a finger, “but I am your mama, Robert Sexton. Man or woman, I know when someone is falling for my son.”

“Falling for...” Robbie’s words trailed off as he looked back at Seth. The man hadn’t moved, but that look was back in his eyes, that look...of something much more. “It never really crossed my mind.”

“Nonsense,” Mama said. She swatted Robbie’s rear. “Get over there. You know just as well as I do that he’s everything you want. And there he is, offering it all to you.”

Robbie leaned down and kissed Mama on the head, then walked down the porch steps. As he crossed the yard towards Seth, he thought about what Mama had said. Did he really dare think that something more could come of this? When he stopped a few feet from Seth, he thought he just might dare to try.

“Come on,” Seth said, tipping his head to the side. “There’s a spot I’d like to show *you* where a man can find peace.”

Robbie laughed and followed him, not bothering to hide the fact that he was staring at the cowboy’s firm ass in tight Wranglers. Seth was still wearing his white dress shirt, but his tie was undone, hanging loose around his neck. His dark brown boots, which had been polished for the funeral, reflected the sun as they walked across the yard. Tearing his eyes away from Seth’s body, Robbie looked around. Seth was leading the way towards one of the hay barns. Robbie grinned.

Both of them took a quick glance around before slipping through the door of the barn. Hay squares were stacked from floor to ceiling, some stacks threatening to topple over. Robbie breathed deep, sighing as the thick, rich scent of hay filled him. It brought back memories of building hay forts and sneaking kisses in dark corners. When he looked back at Seth, he found the man sitting on a large bed of golden brown straw -- eight bales set together in a rectangle, just wide enough and long enough for two grown men. Robbie cocked an eyebrow as he started over to Seth.

“Hey, ya don’t think I’ve been sitting on my ass, do you?” Seth teased. Reaching out, fingers lacing with Robbie’s, Seth tugged him down.

Robbie landed on his back and moaned as Seth straddled him, cocks rubbing together through too much clothing. Seth’s kiss was soft but deep, easy as his tongue caressed Robbie’s mouth, tasting and touching. There was no hurry in it, no driving urge to get off; only the slow-simmering desire between them. Pulling away slowly, Seth stared down at him, green eyes going dark.

“What?” Robbie asked him, tilting his head just a bit so that Seth’s head was blocking the flash of sunlight shining through the tin roof of the barn. Golden light surrounded Seth’s head like one of those halos in the pictures of saints that Robbie had seen throughout childhood. The effect seemed oddly fitting.

“I’m riskin’ everything here,” Seth said. Brow furrowing, he looked quite pensive before continuing. “Is there any chance of something more coming of this?”

For several minutes, all Robbie could do was stare into those deep emerald eyes. Was there a chance? He certainly hoped so. He nodded slowly. “Was kinda hopin’ so. I’m quite partial to you myself.”

Seth smiled and leaned down for another kiss. This one started out like the first -- slow and easy, more exploring than hunger. Then Seth moved against him and Robbie gasped, cock filling and libido going from zero to sixty within seconds. The kiss turned hungry then, Seth groaning into his mouth, hips rocking as Robbie’s hands settled on them, pushing and pulling. Seth broke the kiss and descended on Robbie’s neck, growling and grunting, biting and licking the sensitive skin just where Robbie’s neck met his shoulder.

“Fuck,” Robbie hissed.

Seth slid a hand between them and began unbuttoning Robbie’s dress shirt. Robbie tugged Seth’s shirt out of his jeans, wanting – *needing* -- to feel skin. Once his shirt was open, Robbie groaned as Seth’s mouth drifted over his collarbone, tongue flicking to his skin. Then that tongue flicked his nipple ring. Robbie shouted and arched his body, thrusting his chest up. Seth caught the ring in his teeth and tugged, sending bolts of lightning from Robbie’s nipple to his cock.

“Seth!” Fingers tightening in Seth’s hair, Robbie rock his body under the cowboy’s, moaning and gasping as Seth sucked on his nipple, tugging and nibbling the ring. Robbie was near tears, desperate as his cock jumped with every tug.

“You clean?”

Robbie blinked several times, everything in his brain coming to a screeching halt. “What?”

Seth lifted his head and looked down at him, the movements of his hips slowing but not stopping completely. It was just enough to keep Robbie riding the slow wave of building pleasure without coming to close to the breaking point.

“My last test was four months ago,” Seth said. “I’ve always been careful.”

Oh. A slow shudder stole up Robbie’s spine. “Yeah. I’m clean.” The thought of nothing between them but skin and sweat had his throat dry as a bone.

“Want you inside me,” Seth whispered, lips brushing his. “Want to feel you come inside me, filling me.”

Oh, fuck. Robbie could only nod and then Seth was off of him, shoving jeans and underwear down, kicking his boots off. Robbie quickly followed suit and stood up to spread their shirts and jeans out to give Seth a little more cushion from the prickly straw. As Seth lay back, Robbie dropped to his knees. First things first: he wanted to taste.

“Robbie...”

Seth’s fingers curled in Robbie’s hair as Robbie tongued Seth’s balls, sucking first one and then the other into his mouth. Sweet and salty and all man. He could die just like this -- Seth in his mouth -- and he’d be perfectly content. He let Seth slip free and licked lower, pressing his tongue just behind Seth’s balls to the small bit of flesh between them and his ass. Seth jerked and groaned, pulling his legs up and apart. Robbie pulled back just enough to watch the cowboy spread himself open, pink hole utterly mouth-watering. Without another thought, Robbie dove in, licking the puckered rim before pushing inside with his tongue, moaning around Seth’s flesh as the musky male scent bombarded his senses.

“Oh, God. Robbie, don’t stop...”

Robbie spent longer fucking Seth with his tongue than he ever had with anyone else. Seth’s taste was strong, mouth-watering, and unbelievably addictive. Oh, yeah. He could live with this for a long time. But...his cock had other ideas. It bobbed between his legs, tip leaking, drops coating the hay-strewn floor. He gave Seth’s ass one more flick of his tongue, then stood. Seth scooted back just enough for Robbie to kneel on the straw between his legs. Spitting into his palm, Robbie stroked himself, caught in an intense,

hungry stare with a sun god. *His* sun god, all spread out for him, body flushed, cock hard and leaking, ass glistening with spit and ready for him.

Leaning forward, Robbie pushed his tongue into Seth's mouth just as he pushed his cock into the cowboy's body. Seth groaned and bore down, muscles straining and stretching, then drawing him in deeper.

"Robbie."

Name whispered against his own lips, Robbie shuddered. He slid his hands down until he found Seth's, then he pulled them both up above Seth's head, linking their fingers together. A soft sound -- possibly a whimper -- passed between them and then Robbie was moving, rocking his hips slowly, cock hard and balls heavy as he pierced Seth's body with deep, gentle strokes. The feel of flesh on flesh, of Seth's body closing around him, caressing his shaft, spurred Robbie on.

"Yes," Seth whispered breathlessly as Robbie sped up.

Seth's fingers tightened around his as every thrust drove Robbie deeper into that tight, blazing heat. Releasing one of Seth's hands, Robbie reached between them, hips never stopping their quickening movements as he began stroking Seth's cock. Seth's eyes went wide and then he jerked hard, shouting Robbie's name as his cock spilled over Robbie's fist. As Seth's muscles worked his cock, gripping and pulling, Robbie lost all control. One more thrust and he crushed his mouth to Seth's as he came. Sobs echoed in their kiss as Robbie filled Seth with his release, Seth's body milking him for all he was worth.

As they came slowly back to Earth, Robbie broke the kiss and dropped his head to Seth's chest. Easing out of Seth, he let out a ragged sigh. Seth stroked his back, his sides, fingers sliding slowly upwards to comb through his hair, tugging the ponytail free. Robbie moaned softly as Seth massaged his scalp, then his neck, his shoulders.

"That...was unbelievable," Robbie whispered against Seth's chest. He felt Seth nod, then kiss his hair.

"Yeah. It was."

This was well worth coming home for.

--END--

Going Home

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