



TRANSFORMING HADES
DREW ZACHARY

Transforming Hades
by Drew Zachary

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Chapter One

Caspian Trueway was vibrating and only a small part of that was because the ship vibrated as it came in for a landing.

TF-21 was his first job with TerraFCorp and he was eager to be planetside and get his first look at the newly terraformed planet.

He'd just completed three months of training on TF-3, but that had been his first experience off Earth, and he was eager for more. Not only that, TF-21 was *his*. He'd be the only scientist there; the one testing the soil, the air, making decisions on how to bring water in. He'd read the file a few dozen times. Hell, he had it memorized. There wasn't one thing about TF-21 he couldn't tell you. But that wasn't the same as actually being there.

The ship landed with a thud and a jolt, and Cas practically leaped out of his seat, lining up quickly behind the ten TerraFCorp security guards slated to replace those already planetside. Adriana Moore, who was the doctor, and Gil Peters, the self-proclaimed cook-extraordinaire, joined him at the back of the ramp.

"You're going to be disappointed," Adriana told him with a grin. "It's not nearly as exciting and romantic as you're imagining it to be."

Both the doctor and cook were TerraFCorp veterans and, to Cas' mind, rather blasé about the whole thing.

Not him.

He found the whole idea of taking an inhospitable planet and turning it into a place where food could be grown,

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livestock raised, where people could live ... well, that was pretty damned fantastic. He'd wanted to be involved in terraforming ever since he'd been twelve and the idea had first been suggested by a tiny privately owned corporation. Fifteen years later and that tiny corporation was now one of the largest and most influential companies on Earth and beyond.

And here he was, stepping out of the spaceship and into the future.

The first thing that hit him was the heat, a wall of dry hot that almost literally smacked him in the face. It was bright, too, the sun just burning down. He put on his sunglasses and pulled down the brim of his hat, checking out this brand new world.

It was rather disappointing.

There was a cluster of buildings to the left, some sheds, loads of equipment, bulldozers and well-diggers next to tractors and jeeps. And dirt. Lots and lots of dirt as far as the eye could see. No trees, no bushes ... hell, no green of any kind.

He knew intellectually that it was *his* job to decide what needed to be planted to best get this place grow green, but he couldn't help his disappointment at just how desolate and unfinished TF-21 was. It didn't seem magical at all.

He was still squinting out at the nothing when he realized a group of men were walking toward them, dust kicking up under their boots. Most were the security crew heading out, no doubt eager to get into the relative luxury, not to mention

climate controlled air, of the ship, but there were others as well.

A huge man in an orange jumper was more or less barreling down on him and the other arrivals, trailed by a half dozen others who'd stripped off the top parts of their suits to tie the arms around their waists. Even in blinding sun none of them was shiny with sweat—it was so damn hot, the sweat evaporated almost before it was even formed. They were all a little grimy, though, the planet plastered to their skin.

"Moore," the man in orange said, ignoring everyone else. "Nice trip? About time you lot got here—the boys are ready for some real food and a few bandages that aren't made from their own clothes." He ignored Cas utterly.

The doctor just grinned. "Keep your pants on, Trail. I've read the reports. I know there hasn't been any real emergencies. You've worked with Peters before, right? And this," she inclined her head toward Cas. "Is Trueway. Your scientist."

Cas held out his hand toward the big man. "Hi. Caspian Trueway."

Trail looked at him in surprise, and then back at Moore, who only nodded. "Hey," Trail said, taking his hand and shaking it. "Wasn't expecting you for another couple of months, to tell the truth." He grinned suddenly, his teeth flashing white. "But we'll make room, don't worry. Not like there's nothing for you to do around here."

Cas' hand was hot from where Trail had shaken it. The man had solid hands. Like the rest of him. "A couple of months? Well that explains why so little's been done."

That earned him a blink and a look of utter confusion from Trail.

"His first trip," Moore said quietly. "Don't damage him."

"Ah." Trail shrugged and stepped back. "All right, then. Let's get you all settled and I'll show Trueway around a bit." He looked at the men gathered around him and raised his voice, ordering them back to work with a promise of decent supper from Peters. "Follow me," he tossed to Cas, heading to the huddle of buildings.

"Someone's going to bring my bags, right?" Cas asked, almost having to skip along to keep up. He wasn't a short guy himself, but damn, Trail walked fast and had damned long legs.

"Oh, they'll get tossed out with everyone else's," Trail said with a grin. "The equipment will be unloaded with a bit more care." He pointed to a long building with an equally long tarp making a shade patch with tables and chairs under it. "That's the mess. The bunks are on the other side, two or four men to a cabin."

Cas nodded. He'd been warned about the lack of privacy—it was in the manual TerraFCorp had given him. He hoped whoever he wound up rooming with didn't mind a bit of light on late into the night—it usually took him a few hours of reading before he could get to sleep. Actually, truth be told, he'd been hoping he wouldn't have to share at all. He'd always hated being stuck in a room full of snorers.

He kept that to himself, though; he knew he was just another worker here, that he couldn't do his job without the laborers who were already there. He tried very hard not to fall

into the easy snobbery many of his fellow students had adopted. Or the outright classism of his father. "Have you been charting the temperature changes?" he asked. That would be important information in deciding what kind of vegetation would best grow here.

And the place needed some vegetation in the worst way.

"Sure," Trail nodded. "Goes from damn hot to unbelievably hot during the day, and then back to just plain really hot at night. Got the numbers for you, though, don't worry. But the main trouble we have here is water. We had to dig the first well more than three hundred feet to find anything, and that's just keeping us alive and the engines cool." Trail led him around the mess and pointed to a square building bigger than the rest. "That's the HQ, of a sort. Got space for you to work in there."

"I'd like to see that, if you don't mind, though most of my equipment came in with me. I'm going to need a vehicle as well, to get around for soil samples and the like. Access to all the maps and stuff—is any of that entered into the databanks yet, or is it all still on paper?" And man, he could use a sip or twenty of that water now; it felt like this planet just sucked the water right out of you. He had a feeling finding more and getting it into the atmosphere was going to be his number one priority, because if ten minutes on this planet already had him gasping for water, that sun had to be sucking the moisture right out of the dirt. That it wasn't just sand already was a miracle, and lent credence to TerraFCorp's suggestion that the place had been underwater not too many centuries ago.

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Trail nodded and led him right to the building, pushing the door open and stepping in ahead of him. "Brace yourself," he said. "It'll feel cool."

It did, and not just cool, but *cold*. It was dark and there were fans going, the air being moved over some kind of rigged up tubing. Trail flipped on a light and said, "We had to keep the computers from frying, so this is the only cool place we have. Haven't had time to enter the data into the system, no, but the records are complete. Shouldn't take you too long, really."

Cas nodded, shivering. He was going to catch a cold if he had to move between the heat outside and this cold on a regular basis. He'd have to keep a sweater in here along with his lab coat. There were a few desks with computers at them, and a series of long tables, mostly empty at the moment, but they would soon be filled with the various equipment he needed. "Looks good."

There were stacks of paper on one of the desks and he went over, picking up a folder and flipping through it. The data was all there, but it didn't exactly look organized. It made his fingers itch. Okay, water was the number one priority, but organizing this crap was a pretty damned close number two.

"I know I'm supposed to take a tour of the land and see what all's been done so far, but I'd like to wait if you don't mind, until I've had a look at all this—find out where the best bets for water are, and then go out with my instruments, see if we can't find some new well sites. We're going to need to set something up to get moisture into the air, or this place is

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going to be nothing but desert." Look at him, being 'Mr. Efficient and I know how to do my job'.

Trail frowned. "If you say so. But if you're not going to see the site in person right now, I'll just suggest you take a look at the topographical images before you do anything. We're clearing a fuck load of rock every day, and when we do that, there's slides. Can't be helped. If we have slides where you say 'dig', it'll be a help if we know where *not* to be shifting shit. We're going on three month old data and the original plans here. An on-site scientist is too good a resource to pass up."

Cas sighed, banking down the urge to just dig into the paperwork and get everything sorted. It was going to itch at him that it was here, that it needed to be gone through. There was information in this dump of paper and pictures that he needed to do his job, and the way things stood, he wouldn't be able to lay his hands on anything with ease. "I suppose this stuff and the search for water can wait one day. Are you the one to take me on this tour?"

"Yeah." Trail nodded. "But if you'd rather ... I mean, I don't want to tell you your job. It's not easy, being here, and I wouldn't want to piss you off your first hour, man." Trail smiled and glanced back at the door. "It's hot out there, too. How about I get your stuff hauled in here, show you where you'll sleep, and then we can grab something to drink and make a plan?"

"Yeah, okay. That works. Thanks, Trail." His father had warned him when he'd come that the laborers would resent him, would do nothing to make his job easier. Cas shook his

head. The old man truly did love pissing on his dreams, and Cas needed to remember to take everything his father said with a very large grain of salt.

They stepped back out into the fiery heat and Trail touched his arm. "Hang on. I see something I need to check on. Keep walking back to the ship. I'll be right with you—I'll send some guys over to help with the equipment; you can tell them what you need put where." Then he took off in a lope that wasn't quite a jog—it was too hot for running—toward the doctor.

Peters was standing outside the mess with a small group of people who, on a closer look, appeared to be women. A figure in one of those ugly orange jumpsuits was walking up from the direction of the machines, running fingers through long, curling dark hair. As soon as Trail reached them, everyone started talking with gestures and arm waving, and two of the women laughed.

Trail finally stepped back, his hands raised in apparent surrender before turning to lope back to Cas. "Sorry about that. Peters is trying to talk them all into immediate physicals."

Cas chuckled. "What, with him playing nurse?"

"Of course," Trail grinned. "Mind, he has a point. The girls keep the men from killing each other, and none of them can get pregnant, but it would a good idea for everyone if they were all healthy. But it seems that Heather has found love, and she's more intent on getting Peters to shift some sleeping arrangements around. And Lucy doesn't want Moore finding her piercing—something about her contract, I think." He lifted

his head and yelled for Marshall to get Davis and a mule, the flat carts they used to haul boxes and equipment around on.

"What kind of piercing?" Cas asked, more to make conversation than out of any real curiosity. Now if it were Trail with the piercing, he'd be much more interested, but he'd keep that little tidbit to himself. His sex life was his business, and it changed how guys treated you if they thought you might be checking them out. Made it even harder to make friends.

"Depends who you ask." Trail grinned at him. "Clitoral hood, last time I heard the story. All I know is that it makes her scream something fierce."

Cas tried hard not to blush and hoped like hell that his cheeks were already red enough from the heat that a little more wouldn't notice. Luckily they'd just made it back to where all the equipment was being dumped, and he didn't have to respond to that. Not that he wasn't in favor of screaming, but girls and sex just didn't go together in his mind.

"The stuff for my lab's all got purple markers. Oh, and my personal stuff's all got CT on it—I was advised if I packed it in the lab boxes, it would be sure to arrive at the same time I did, and all in one piece. There's three boxes of personal, the rest goes to the lab." And one of those boxes was all books, but he wasn't going to tell Trail that. He'd no doubt already been labeled a geek and a nerd because of his job; he didn't see any reason to reinforce that for anyone.

"Wise move," Trail grinned. "I went weeks without stuff, and when it got here it was useless. You don't want to see

toothpaste that been in transit for months, frozen and thawed, and then frozen again." He helped to get one of the larger boxes on the mule, then turned back to Cas. "The bunks are kind of sparse, I'll warn you, but most of us have made a bit of effort to turn them into home. Hope you'll feel free to do the same."

"Who am I bunking with?" he asked, trying to keep it casual, like the question wasn't really that big a deal. He was hoping for 'no one' of course, but he knew that wasn't going to happen. Instead he prayed it was someone decent. If he was lucky, he'd be put in with some girls—he always found they made better roommates.

"Well, that's sticky at the moment," Trail said apologetically. "Heather's trying to get leave to move in with Phillips, who was slated to be your bunkmate. Which means—unless you want to stay with both of them—you're going to be stuck with me. Can't have you taking Heather's place, 'cause the girls ... Well, they do their entertaining in their own quarters, if you follow me."

"Oh, I'd rather not be in with a couple." He shuddered a little, remembering Paul Simpson, who'd had a different body in his bed every night back in Cas' first year of university. Talk about your screaming ... it had been dreadful. "Just promise me you don't snore and can sleep if there's a little bit of light on."

It wouldn't be the worst thing in the world to bunk with Trail—and he was going to have to ask the man what his given name was. Cas hated the practice of calling people by their last name; it was so impersonal. The man was nice to

look at. He'd just have to make sure he wasn't caught looking too hard.

"I can sleep through most anything," Trail promised. "Never been told I snore, but I suppose it's possible. I get up damn early, though." He flashed Cas another smile and reached for one of the crates marked 'CT'. "And I'm always there. Don't go see the girls at all, but I won't raise an eyebrow if you do."

"No? You a Newmonk?" Newmonks were one of the few religions that still practiced celibacy.

Davis and Marshall laughed, and Trail swatted at them. "Nope, just gay. No one here cares." He froze suddenly and tilted his head at Cas. "Do *you* care?" he asked, his tone more curious than anything else.

"Only in that it's good to know who plays on my team," Cas said quietly. Maybe no one here cared, but he was used to being discreet.

Trail gave him a long look and nodded slowly. "Okay. Me, Troy Hackmore, Dalor MacGiven, and Art Skid. There's a couple more, but they don't play." He shrugged. "It doesn't mean anything here, really. Sex is sex, and even the straight ones will mess around now and again. Relationships, though ... that's important stuff, and people respect boundaries." He stepped back and slapped the boxes on the mule. "Move it, guys. Day's wasting."

"Don't worry, I won't hit on Phillips," Cas teased. Hell, he wasn't likely to hit on anyone. Sex was awkward for him; the few times he'd had fun with a guy, he'd discovered that he'd put way more into it than his partner, and cuddling and

snuggling were definitely not appreciated on one night stands or even after casual fucks between friends. He found it really hard to go back to simple friendship after sharing that kind of intimacy, and in the end, it was just easier to not go there than to have to come back from there. "So have you got a given name?" he asked. "I don't want to keep calling you Trail if we're going to be roomies. I prefer Cas to Trueway, myself."

"Huh? Oh!" Trail smiled at him and started following the mule back to the HQ. "Robin. You might have to poke me the first few times you say it, though; I don't hear it much. Caspian is a cool name. Hard to forget." He grinned again and added a wink, and Cas wasn't sure if it was an actual flirt or not.

He grinned back, pleased whether or not Trail—Robin—was flirting. The man was friendly at least, and Cas didn't know anyone out here at all. It was good to know he wasn't going to be set apart because of what he did or how he preferred his sex.

He double checked to make sure that all the purple-tagged boxes were on the mule or stacked together for the second trip, and then trotted after Robin and the first mule. The running had him breathless in no time, and he realized he should have had some water when they'd first gotten to the lab. "Damn, this heat is going to take some getting used to. I felt dry before, but now I'm positively parched."

"Takes about a week or so to adjust," Robin said, not unsympathetically. "There's running water in the mess, and we make sure there's big jugs of purified water in each

bunk—you'll need to get up at least once a night to drink for the next few days. Not much water to spare for washing, but make sure you get lots into your body." Robin waved him toward the mess hall. "Fill up now, and we'll get your things moved into the bunk. Unpack later, if that's all right with you."

"Yeah, I won't say no to a good long guzzle. I'll meet you in the mess once you've unloaded the mule?" He didn't like to just dump the grunt work on other people, but he was seriously starting to feel woozy and knew better than to stay out in the sun and heat without any water.

"Sure, take your time. And sit down, too. Cold water'll make you pass out if you're not careful." Robin touched his arm again and peeled off, chasing the crates into the building. "Oh," he called back, just as he was about to sink into the gloom of the building. "Hope you don't mind books—the bunk is full of them."

Davis laughed. "And they ain't even porn!" he called out, starting to wrestle with a crate.

Oh, wow. Robin was pretty damned good-looking, even in the butt-ugly neon orange jumper. He was personable, nice, gay, and now he was a fan of books? Cas looked around, half expecting to discover he was on one of those practical joke shows and that any moment the real laborers would come out, all he-men with bad attitudes.

He felt better as soon as he got into the mess. It wasn't cold like the lab had been, but it was cooler and out of the sun. He grabbed a big bottle of water from the counter and sat in one of the metal chairs, forcing himself to take little

sips instead of the big gulps he wanted. He spent a good ten minutes, just sitting there with his eyes closed, taking small sips every few seconds. He was going to have to be more careful in the future.

"Hey," a voice said quietly behind him. Then Robin knelt by his chair, looking up at him. "You okay? Need the doc?"

He blinked a few times and shook his head. "Nah, I'm fine. Just needed to rehydrate." He gave Robin a rueful smile. "I know better—I just wasn't thinking."

"Me neither, apparently. Been a long time since we had new people show up, and I wasn't paying attention." Robin stood up and grabbed a water bottle for himself. "Want to see your new home or your lab? In an hour, it'll be cool enough for you to take a tour at the latest clearing site, then chow. Card game tonight, if you play."

"I think maybe the bunk?" He didn't want to go and have all that disorganization staring him in the face, not when he was already feeling off thanks to the dehydration. "Can I wait on the card game to see how I'm feeling?" He was torn between wanting to go hide with a book and just relax after his first day, and thinking this might be the perfect opportunity to get to know the people he was going to be working with for the next who knew how long.

"Sure." Robin drained his water bottle and set the empty in a bin half full of others. "I only go to about half of them; the guys don't like to play with me much. I get in the way of their fights." He grinned and rocked back on his heels a little. "Plus, I talk too much and break their concentration." He

didn't seem to mind that part at all, his smile growing naughty.

Cas laughed and tossed his own bottle in the bin before grabbing another one to take with him. "Does that mean you always win, too?"

"Slightly more than my fair share, I'm told." Robin laughed. "They changed the night once, to make sure I was on night watch and wouldn't make it."

"Nothing says don't play with us than something like that." Cas shook his head as they went out and headed toward the bunks. "Man, it really is an oven out here. We need to get some stuff growing fast, help get some moisture into the air."

Robin glanced at him and pointed to the left, leading him past a few of the bunkhouses. "Hard to grow when the water's ... well, down there. Right now, we're following the plans for where they wanted things leveled enough to make a port. Waterworks will have to be planned around that, won't they? All the pipes and shit?"

"Yeah. Though we're going to have to see where the most water is underground. It might not make sense to put the port where it was originally planned. I also think, if we're going to get anything to grow here, we're going to have to drill some extensive wells and work out a system to mist the air for several hours a day."

And that had him itching to get his hands on all that paperwork again. Topographical maps, the original plans, aerial photographs—it was all just guess work on his part until he got a good look at those.

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Their bunkhouse was the far one and it had two rooms in it, a small hall with one door right near the front opening into the bunkroom and a bathroom/shower at the end. He followed Robin into the room, and grinned when he saw all the books in stacks against the walls. "Cool. What kind of stuff do you like reading?" Not that he wouldn't read whatever was at hand, but it would be nice if he *wanted* to read the extra books that were at hand.

"Just about anything, really." Robin waved his hand at the stacks. "There's genre, literature, some non-fiction. I brought a bit of everything, sort of set it up as a lending thing. Anyone who wants to read something can just come and get it. Mostly, the books find their way back here, and if they don't, I just figure someone really took a shine to a story. Not like there's anything else to do here in our downtime, aside from cards, fights and sex." He poked at one of the piles of books. "Some of these are even better than the sex, but don't tell anyone I said that."

Cas laughed, downright pleased to have found someone he had so much in common with. "That box there—the bigger one of the three—is all books. And there's another a little bit bigger at the lab full of science texts." He noted the bunks were literally bunk beds and there were covers and junk on both. "You top or bottom?" he asked. "On the bunks," he added quickly. "Top or bottom bunk?"

Robin laughed, the sound rich and easy. "Top's mine. For sleeping anyway. That okay with you?"

Again, Cas couldn't be sure if the man was flirting or not. "What would you do if I said no?" he asked. Not that he

mindful. In fact he kind of preferred the bottom—he didn't wake up particularly quickly and it would be easier to get up if he didn't have to negotiate a ladder to do so.

"Smile and say 'Too bad'." Robin grinned. "Going to keep your books separate from mine, or let them ... mingle?" Okay, that was a flirt. A weird one, but the tone at least was suggestive, as was the way Robin was looking him up and down.

He wasn't exactly sure how to react, either. He liked Robin—well what he knew of the man anyway—and Robin was definitely someone he could go for, but they had to work together and live together, and if Robin wanted to keep things super casual, Cas wasn't going to be able to play. And hell, he wasn't even sure if he wanted to make it an issue or not, but he didn't want to close the door on it either. At the same time, he didn't want to flirt back and wind up being labeled a tease.

He barely kept from sighing—the truth was he sucked at relationships, and even with friendships he tended to give more information than was wanted and to expect a level of intimacy that most other people just weren't interested in. "I've got a few I wouldn't want to lose, but I don't see a problem with sharing." God, that sounded prissy. He topped it off with a big smile to make up for any off-putting.

Then he kind of hurried to the bottom bunk, sitting on the bottom end, which had less junk on it, just to test the mattress. "Hey, this isn't bad." He was surprised; the bunks on TF-3 had been hard as rocks and big time lumpy.

"There are worse," Robin agreed, not sounding terribly disappointed—or surprised. "Just don't sit up too fast or you'll knock head on mine. Won't hurt me, but you're liable to get brain damage. We made these things sturdy." He looked around and pointed to the wall by the door. "Hooks there for anything you need to hang up, and that's about it really. Not a hell of a lot of storage, just the shelves by the bunks for reading material or whatever. Don't forget to charge your light or you'll be in the dark more than you want."

"Cool. I suppose I should change into my overalls." He made a face, much happier in his jeans and t-shirt than he was going to be in those awful overalls. He took a drink and started to move the bits and pieces, mostly books, but also a few clothes, off his bunk.

"They're all the rage," Robin deadpanned. "Seriously, they're cooler than most other things, though we tend to strip to the waist when we can. And can't beat the safety—haven't lost a man yet, and I don't intend to start. Hard to drop rocks on a guy by accident when he looks like a beacon."

Cas chuckled and nodded, drinking more of his water. He was feeling a lot better now, back to human. He got his bunk cleared off and made up, then went through his box of clothes, pulling out a clean pair of underwear and one of his overalls. He felt a bit weird about just changing in front of Robin, mostly because he was starting to decide that, yeah, he liked the guy a lot and maybe they could become more than friends. Maybe.

Robin just chattered, though, about books and water, and gradually worked his way back around to the job. "If you're

going to make changes in how we're clearing, no one here will care—we'll all get paid. But you might run into trouble with your bosses, you know."

"Yeah, well, they're going to have to deal. Nothing'll grow out here if we don't add in some moisture to the equation, and once they've turned bedrock into ground, they've already invested too much to just let the place turn into dust." Cas decided to just go for it and pulled off his t-shirt. He did turn to face his bunk, though, as he started to undo his jeans.

"True," Robin agreed. "Not like they didn't have any idea what they were in for, and I'm sure they budgeted in some time. The first scheduled settlers aren't for a couple of years, and they're mostly to set up infrastructure." His voice turned wistful. "Would be nice to have some shade. And maybe even something to swim in, next year."

Cas nodded. "Trees and grasses are going to be first on my list. They'll help with the moisture in the air thing if we can just get them to take in the first place. Ben Geriers told me I could expect my first cargo ship of deliveries three months after I place the order, so I kind of want to see what we can get growing here quickly, so I can move fast on that."

He tugged off his jeans and underwear, trying for casual and quick, and of course managed to snag the clean pair of underwear on a toe and took a header into his bunk, ass up in the air. Great, Cas. Nice and graceful, and fucking subtle.

He could hear Robin stifle a laugh. "Do yourself a favor and forget the shorts, Cas. Unneeded layers. And I'll look at the wall, if you want, but I gotta tell you—in a week you won't even notice someone around when you piss, unless it's one of

the girls. Live too close for anything resembling normal modesty."

He was blushing hard as he put aside his underwear and quickly wriggled into the overalls. "Things don't chafe in these without the shorts?"

"Nah. Not as bad as you'd expect, and besides ... it's just one more thing to get used to. Sweat just evaporates here, so all you really have to worry about is getting turned on from the fabric rubbing on your dick." Robin laughed again. "Sometimes you might even like it."

Robin wasn't helping his blushes at all, and Cas just gave up worrying about them. "Sounds a bit frustrating, actually."

Robin shrugged. "I'm willing to give you space to take care of ... whatever." Cas got another curious look. "You've never spent a lot of time in close quarters, have you?"

"University dorms my first year. My roommate was a pig and I spent most of my time in the library. Then I made sure I had my own space, even if it was tiny, since." Cas shrugged. "I guess I'm kind of a loner."

Robin nodded. "Nowhere here to hide, I'm afraid. Not even a bush to slip behind. But I'll get out of your way when you need me to, promise."

"Oh, I won't kick you out of your home." Cas shook his head. "I just tend to ... well, I either I stay quiet or I share too much, you know? I learned pretty quick that people don't want to hear every thought that's going to come out of my mouth."

"I'll tune you out," Robin promised with a wink. "You'll figure out how to make yourself deaf to me, too, I expect. But

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I'll drag your ass out of your lab if you vanish into it for more than twelve hours—not good to work too hard around here. All there is, really, is work; if you don't pause and be social once in a while, you'll go mad."

Cas laughed. "Oh, man, you sure someone hasn't been selling you information about me?" Getting lost in his work was something Cas had been accused of more than once. Still, he liked everything just so and the work never let you down, never hurt you.

"Just see a little of every man here in you, is all," Robin said softly. "Takes a certain type to want to be all the way out here."

"Yeah? I've wanted to work with terraforming ever since I was a kid," Cas admitted. He shrugged. "I still can't quite believe I'm all the way out here like this. The new pioneers, you know?"

"Oh, I know." Robin beamed at Cas. "I couldn't believe it when I got this job. I figured I'd be stuck ... well, that's for some other time." He blinked a couple of times and shrugged a shoulder. "Ready to see your planet, Cas?" he invited. "Or back to the lab?"

"Let's do the planet. If I get in the lab and start on that pile of paperwork, I won't want to come out again until I'm done." He gave Robin a grin and followed the man out into his new life.

Chapter Two

Robin, never one to really like heights, had debated long and hard with himself about going up in the crane to get a proper overview of the clearing site. The whole project had grown big enough that he couldn't really see what was going on anymore, and he had a feeling that he'd better stay on top of it, especially if Cas really did find water where they were clearing. They wanted water, but it would be damned inconvenient to move the primary site.

After giving himself a stern talking to, he let the operator lift him far too far into the air, and ignored the knowing and teasing looks he was getting. It would be worse on the trip down.

It was impressive. Damned impressive compared to what they'd had when they'd arrived. It had taken them almost a full week to get the buildings up, make the camp livable, and get the machines offloaded. A week after that, they'd moved more than two tons of rock and had started the first round of clearing. It was exciting and terrifying, and Robin loved every minute of it.

The project was big and daunting, but in the larger, more universal view, they were small potatoes. He knew it; they all did, but they didn't care. Until it was settled, TF-21—Hades that it was—was theirs. They were changing a world.

It was enough to make him hard, a reaction which wasn't his alone. When the girls had finally arrived, the whole project had almost come to a screeching halt for a full day, everyone getting their rocks off any way they could. Would have been

damn embarrassing if it hadn't finished off just as fast as it had started.

But now, things were settling down and they were making stuff happen. The work was good. They had a doctor, a cook, a scientist. People were making lives for themselves, making bonds. It was all coming together, and the big crater he was looking down on was at its heart. Hope for the future, for a home for someone.

Suddenly he wanted his own home, his bunk with its familiar walls and the smell of books and his own body. He'd done it to himself again, and with a sigh he realized he'd have to stay up in that damn crane until his cock had gone down enough that he wouldn't make a spectacle of himself when he hit the dirt. It might happen to everyone, but that didn't mean he wouldn't get hooted at. It had happened far too often lately anyway, and usually it had nothing to do with the project.

"Heather's fault," he muttered, looking over to the HQ building where the object of his frequent blood surges was undoubtedly working away. Part of him wanted to assume that Cas practically lived in the building because it was cool and that's where his systems were, but he had a feeling it was more because it was cool and it was where the rest of them weren't. Mind, Cas had flat out said he was a loner, but Robin had kind of hoped he'd see more of Cas, even pass him in the mess once in a while. But no, so far it was limited to early morning greetings and late night mini-updates.

"I think it's time I got to know the good Dr. Caspian Trueway," Robin said out loud, waving to the operator to

bring him down. "Bring him back to Hades a little." He nodded to himself and ignored the way his stomach turned as he was lowered to the ground. He'd have closed his eyes, but he'd learned the hard way that he would throw up for sure if he did that. Once on the ground, he bowed to the gathered crew and watched a few notes change hands as bets were lost on whether he'd hurl or not, and he headed for the lab.

"Don't scare him!" Molly yelled as she skipped by. "I think one loud 'boo' will send him flying."

He laughed and waved her off, wondering if she'd even laid eyes on the man—not many had, yet. He knocked once on the lab door before opening it and calling Cas' name.

Despite his knock and his calling out, Cas was bent over a microscope, writing something down at the same time. The lab was pristine, neater, really, than before all the equipment and stuff had arrived. The fact that their room was the cleanest on the planet bore out that Cas was indeed a neat freak.

Cas' blond hair tumbled down around his face, and freckles had appeared on the man's skin, his nose just a bit burnt. He switched out his slide and went back to peering into the microscope, all without acknowledging Robin's presence.

"Hello? Cas?" Robin tried again, not stepping too close. He had an idea that Molly might be right—if he bumped into Cas the man would scream. "Cas," he said firmly.

Cas jerked a little, blinking up at him. "Oh, Robin, hi." He was given a smile. "Just a sec." Cas looked back at his slide and jotted a few notes, and then turned the microscope off. "Sorry. What can I do for you?"

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Robin shook his head, but couldn't keep a smile back. "You weren't kidding, were you? You get pulled right into it."

"Sorry," Cas said again, though he didn't look it. He ran a hand through his hair, making it stick up at the back. "It's fascinating stuff."

"Uh huh. And so are little things like food, water, sleep, people. Time for a short break, Cas. An hour, okay? We can even talk shop; I just need you to come outside for a bit, maybe sit in the shade at the mess." He was damn close to begging, he knew, and he would have tossed in an innuendo if he thought it would get Cas to leave his lab for a bit. Pathetically, he thought it might be the one thing to keep the man where he was. Gay he might be, but it was pretty clear Cas would rather work than play, thus far.

As if on cue, Cas' stomach growled and he chuckled. "I guess I am hungry. And I've been good, Robin, making sure I drink plenty of water." Cas pointed to the recycle bin, which was plenty full of water bottles, even if Robin was pretty sure the man didn't eat much more than one meal a day.

"Good boy," Robin praised gravely. "And you ate last.... when? This morning? It's mid-afternoon, man!" He took Cas's hand and started to lead him to the door, making a show of it. "Can't have that. You'll pass out on us, and then I'll have to haul you into Moore, and she's mean with a thermometer. Just ask the girls."

Cas laughed, the hand in Robin's tensing for a moment, as if Cas was going to pull it away. But in the end, Cas' hand relaxed and he left it there. "I kind of get wrapped up and

stuff and forget about lunch and supper. I've been meaning to ask about chips or something to snack on before bedtime."

"Good luck with that," Robin said, deciding not to let go of Cas's hand. "Might find some of those energy bars around, but I suggest actual food on a semi-regular basis. Seriously, you'll feel human in no time, I swear." He pushed the door open and was immediately assaulted by the heat, his hand tightening around Cas' reflexively. "I just can't get used to that."

"Yeah, it's a shock. Just a sec." Cas' hand pulled out of his as the man took off his lab coat and sweater, leaving them on the hooks by the door.

To Robin's surprise, Cas' hand slipped back into his. He refused to look down at their hands or draw attention to it any way, scared that Cas would pull away again. Instead, Robin decided to take advantage of having Cas both out of his lab and in actual physical contact, and he steered them to the far end of the mess, where they were slightly less likely to have random people stop by. They could even sit right next to each other if he nudged Cas to the double chair, oh, so subtly. "So," he said when he remembered to stop scheming and start talking, "All caught up with the data entry and on to new things?"

"Yeah. In fact, I'm going to gum up the works tomorrow. We need to start drilling to the west. There's water down there, and a lot of it, if I'm not mistaken." Robin had a hunch that when it came to the science stuff, Cas wasn't mistaken often. Cas looked around when they sat. "What're they serving today?"

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"The gray stuff," Robin said, almost absently. "Maybe a side of yellow. How far to the west? I can probably get some of the equipment shifted before dark, I think."

Cas made a face. "Why exactly am I supposed to make sure I get my share of this gray and yellow stuff? And about a quarter mile. I think there's actually a huge underwater deposit about a mile west, but it should flow from there to where I want to drill. If we can set up a pump, it'll bring the water from farther away and that way we won't have to pipe it in so far." Cas' face lit up as he spoke and he leaned closer, talking quickly. "There could be enough down there to give us a constant water supply for drinking and irrigation, as well as the misting system I was talking about. This could cut a lot of time off our schedule, if it works out the way I'm hoping."

"Because it will keep you healthy. And what about the site—we'll have to move it off, won't we? To avoid a sinkhole ... hey, will the ground we've been digging in be of any use as a ... like an above ground holding spot for some of the water? Or will it all just seep out again?" He wouldn't admit to it, but alongside his fantasies about Cas, Robin was given to being all worked up for a swim.

"It'll seep out again, but I'm going to place an order for some water drums. They've got this new material that you just kind of build into the shape you want and it hardens overnight. I've worked with it before."

Cas sat back as Peters brought them over a couple of trays. "A man could think you don't like his cooking, Trueway."

Cas blushed. "It's not personal. I just forget about food."

"Yeah, he was just hoping you were serving the gray stuff," Robin put in, smiling innocently. "I like the yellow, myself. I suppose you heard about what the purple did to everyone?"

"Asshole," Peters told him.

Cas was chuckling, though, just grinning away at him.

Peters flipped them the bird and headed off, grumbling.

Robin laughed and then, finally and with some reluctance, let go of Cas's hand. "Eat," he ordered. "Promise me you won't stay up half the night working again tonight. Come watch the card game, at least."

Cas made a face. "I heard the other night the card game wasn't much more than a drunken fight fest. I don't suppose there's a less ... boisterous option?"

"Uh." Robin looked around them at the building and the expanse of nothing. "We could go to the theater, I suppose," he suggested. "But that's actually the same thing, just we sit on the roof and watch the fights without danger of being hit by accident."

Cas chuckled. "Well, hanging out with you sounds like more fun than drunken, or even non-drunken brawling." Cas gave him a quick look, and then started shoveling in the food.

"Less bruises, anyway," Robin said easily. He told himself not to put too much weight on the way Cas had held his hand, on the looks he was getting, but it was hard. "We can watch the moons," he said suddenly. "They're going to converge in a couple of weeks, and it's neat to see how close they are."

"Oh, now there's something I can get into!" Cas' face had lit up again, the way it did when he was talking about his work. "If you don't mind missing out on the card game, that is."

"I think they'll be happy not to have me." Robin pointed to Cas' plate. "Eat. Hey, wonder if the moons will affect water flow like on Earth. Tides and all that."

Cas' fork stopped halfway to his mouth, and then dropped back down as Cas nodded and started patting down his pockets. "Yeah, I'll bet they do. Have you got any paper?" Cas produced a pen and looked at him expectantly.

"Not until you eat!" Robin sat back and made a show of shutting his mouth. He wasn't going to talk shop until Cas was completely fed and watered.

Cas glared at him and grabbed a napkin, jotting down a few notes. "I need to make sure I remember to correlate the right data if I'm going to track whether or not the moons affect the water tables." Picking up his fork with his free hand, Cas ate some while he was writing. "See, I'm being good."

"I don't think you'd have forgotten that," Robin sighed. "Can we talk about something other than work?"

Cas blinked at him and put down the pen, folded up the napkin and slipped it into his pocket. "I'm sorry. You did bring it up."

"Silly me." Robin smiled, trying to soften the moment. "Tell me about ... your family? Your pets? Anything at all," he invited.

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"My family? Well, it's just me and my father. My mom left him a long time ago. Took up with a circus clown and left us. No, I'm not kidding."

Robin had no idea what to say, but he did make sure his jaw wasn't hanging open. "Must have been the big shoes," he said faintly. "Always made me wonder about clowns. Your father must be proud of you—out making new planets fit for humans."

Cas made a face, and then replied in a deep voice. "At least you got yourself an education and you're using it, son." Cas shrugged. "He wanted me to be a banker like him. I guess I don't blame Mom for leaving—he's a bit of a cold fish."

"Banker, clown. Kid. Nope, not seeing the leaving fitting in there," Robin admitted. "But it's none of my business," he added, holding up his hands. "Tell me something else. What schools did you go to?"

"Birkson's Boy's Academy. Ramston's. The University of America, New York campus." They were all top-notch schools. They were also all boarding schools. Cas grinned. "University was the best. By the time you're in University, people don't think you're a freak for enjoying studying and reading."

Robin nodded slowly, getting a picture of Cas' life and overlaying it with what he already knew. Not real close to his family, brainy, bookish and a workaholic. "Do you fuck?" he asked suddenly, not knowing he was going to ask before the words were out.

Cas blinked and went beet red. "I. What?"

"Do you fuck?" Robin repeated clearly. "Top. Go all the way to the end. Advance past hands and mouths." He paused for breath and felt himself get as red as Cas'. "Oh, hell. Sorry." He stood and had to fight with a chair to get away.

Cas followed him, grabbing his arm and turning him around. "You don't just blurt something like that out, and then take off on a guy."

Cas let him go and walked with him, hands deep in the pockets of his overalls. "I've never topped," he said quietly, once they were out of earshot of the mess. "Only bottomed. Look, Robin. I like you, I do. But it would probably be better if we didn't do anything, because I'm not very good at it, and I'm too needy, and then it would be all weird, and I'd rather you didn't hate me, you know?"

"Um, can we take that one issue at a time?" Robin said, raising a hand to rub at his face. "One, everyone gets better at sex. I can't see you being needy 'cause I never see you—and we share a freaking room. And I wouldn't hate you even if you were crap in bed, and I don't hate you for saying no. But you gotta take a look around here, man. We're on Hades. There's not a lot to do and there's not a lot of people. Real easy to feel alone, you know?"

"I guess I'm kind of used to being alone. And trust me, I get needy. I can't just ... I mean I've tried to just fuck my friends and go on, like we're still just friends, but I just can't. It meant more to me than it did to them, and it was terrible afterward. I'd expect them to ... well, want to spend time with me even if we weren't fucking. I'm just not good with the fucking with no strings, so it's easier if I just don't try." Cas

reached out and touched his belly briefly. "I like you and I don't want to ruin that. Best way I know how to do that is not be around too much."

"For a smart guy, you're kind of dumb," Robin said softly. He backed up, though, one step, and then leaned forward and kissed Cas full on the mouth, hard and fast. "Can't get to know you if you're hiding from me. Think about it, okay?" He backed up again, wanting more than anything to be stepping forward.

Cas sort of leaned toward him, like he wished Robin was stepping forward, too. "I'm not sure I can think when you do stuff like that." Cas' eyes were huge, and even though it wasn't the easiest to tell in the stupid orange overalls, he was pretty sure the man was sporting wood.

Robin didn't know whether to push or pull away, his wants overriding common decency and respect. "Well," he said finally, settling for holding his ground, "We're here for a long time, Cas. This isn't some two week trip out. Not saying we should get married, but I think there's room for something between a quick fuck and a lifetime commitment."

Cas nodded, a bit of hope spreading on his face. "I'm not expecting a lifetime commitment from anyone, never have. Just ... not getting kicked out of bed as soon as the sticky bit's over would be a nice place to start."

"I get that," Robin said, his voice settling to a lower pitch. He swayed a bit closer to Cas, one hand reaching out toward the man's hip, but not touching. Yet. "Like to think I'm not that much of an asshole." He met Cas' eyes and tried not to

breathe too heavy. Tried not to look like a horny jerk who'd spin a line just to get someone in bed.

"You think behaving like that would be assholeish? And not that I'm just a needy freak?" Oh, there was a nice look on Cas' face, like he was just starting to let himself want, and any minute the floodgates were going to break open and, if Robin was really lucky, he'd be caught up in the deluge.

"You're not needy. You know what you won't put up with, and that's good," Robin told him seriously, his glance flicking down Cas' body and back up to his face. "And yeah, any man who'd roll away after, instead of taking time to enjoy his company, is missing out. If he does it when he knows the guy he's just bedded wants more ... well, that's an asshole. Not that there's anything wrong with a quick fuck if time is short, but that's not what we're talking about here." He hoped. He was more thinking on a long, slow fuck.

"And what about tomorrow?" Cas asked. "Like you said, we're going to be out here awhile. Are you ... See, here's where I start sounding needy, but are you going to just pretend we didn't, you know, fuck? Get weirded out if I smile at you or something ... you know, more?"

Robin grinned slowly. "I've never once pretended I didn't do what I did." He let his hand finally rest on Cas' hip, and licked his lower lip before he'd really thought about it. He could almost taste Cas already. "Smiling I have no problem with ... 'more' I have no problem with. Don't much care if everyone knows, either, but if you do I can manage to be discreet. They'll know anyway, though. Gossip like old women."

"I can always hide in my lab if I don't like the gossip," murmured Cas, eyes on his lips. "But it's kind of hard when the guy you're bunking with brings home another guy..."

Robin blinked. "I wouldn't!" The idea shocked him like a splash of cold water, though the water would be more welcome. "I'm not a dog, Cas."

The smile Cas gave him was brilliant. "I think I need some water. Can we go to the bunk?"

"Sure," Robin said automatically. "But there's water right— Oh!" He rolled his eyes at himself and hoped his blush wasn't as bright as it felt. "Yeah?"

Cas grinned and nodded. "Yeah. I don't really want an audience, to tell the truth."

Robin's mouth went drier than even the stifling heat allowed for. "Okay," he said, his cock waking all the way up as he stared at Cas' mouth. "Yeah, okay. Let's go." He gave Cas' hip a squeeze and looked around them, feeling a little dazed and a lot horny as wanting spiraled through him. "Now?"

"Don't you want to? I mean..." Cas looked embarrassed suddenly. "Well, I guess you just invited me on a date and here I am assuming. And rushing into. Man, you must think I'm a dork. We can do that watching the moons on the roof thing. I'll just go back to the lab now."

Robin grabbed at Cas' arm. "Relax," he said quickly. "Not letting you escape now. That was more a request for speed than anything else." He started walking them toward their bunk, not letting go. There wasn't much chance of him letting

Cas escape now. "Fast there, then we can slow down. You're a little skittish, aren't you?"

"I *told* you I was no good at this." Cas was letting himself be led, though, not dragging his feet at all.

"You'll be fine," Robin assured him, heading right on home. "I'll just be sure to say what I mean, is all." He glanced at Cas as they walked, taking in the high color and the hard dick pushing at Cas' jumpsuit. "God, you're hot."

Cas nodded. "Yeah, I usually stay hidden in my lab this time of day. It's brutal, isn't it?"

"Oh, for..." Robin rolled his eyes and opened the door to their bunk. "I meant, Caspian Trueway, that you're dead sexy and I want to fuck you blind."

"Oh. Oh!" Cas blushed and ducked his head. "Sorry. You think I'm a dork. No, I bet you *know* I'm a dork. 'Cause I am." Cas grinned at him suddenly. "I could pretend you're a soil sample, then I'd be all knowledgeable and smooth and stuff."

"Hey, whatever turns you on," Robin teased, closing the door behind them. "But if you kiss soil samples, I don't want to know about it."

"I haven't yet, though if you hadn't come along when you did, I might have, just out of sheer desperation." Cas went over by the bunks and grabbed a bottle of water off the hook on the wall. "I really do need some water; my mouth's all dry."

"Yeah," Robin said, trying for casual, but thinking he was far short of it. He walked up behind Cas and rested his hands on his hips. "Me too." He had to hold himself back from just

pushing himself against Cas' ass, from reaching up to start undoing the orange jumper.

Cas froze for a minute, and then relaxed into his touch, taking a long swig from the water bottle. Then it was passed back to him, Cas twisting a little to look at him. "How do we ... I'm not sure how to start this."

Robin shrugged one shoulder. "Can just make out for a bit, if you want. Can avoid getting tangled in these lovely clothes by getting naked first. I just want to start, and I'm getting to the point I don't really care how." Sadly, he was also getting to the point where he would be happy to shove Cas against the wall and just rub off on him. Not smooth, nor welcome, he expected.

Cas bit his lower lip and nodded, before turning so they were face to face. "I ... Okay." Leaning forward, Cas pressed their lips together, just quickly.

"Relax," Robin whispered. He put one hand on the small of Cas' back and urged him a little closer. "It's fine." He kissed Cas again, brushing their mouths together a little slower, lingering a bit, then again, with a bit of tongue along Cas' lower lip.

Cas moaned, lips parting for him. Cas' tongue touched his, like a bird, lighting quickly, and then flying off again.

Robin didn't move, though he wanted to. He wanted to lean back against the wall and pull Cas to him, and he wanted to go forward to the beds, but he forced himself to be still, his hand on Cas' back the only pressure keeping them together. His other hand he lifted, cupping Cas' jaw, and he kissed Cas

again, tongue slipping into the warmth of Cas' mouth and back out.

Like he'd broken a damn or something with that swipe of his tongue, Cas groaned and leaned against him, mouth wide open and plastered against his own. Oh, that was fine. Better than fine, really, and Robin made a noise of his own and plunged his tongue into Cas' mouth. His cock jumped and he moaned again, his hips rolling before he could stop himself. Cas met his movements, though, hands coming to rest on his shoulders, hips rubbing. Cas' eyes had closed, a look of bliss on the man's face, like a starving man being fed.

"Oh, yeah," Robin breathed. He tilted Cas' face to just the right angle and dove into the next kiss, before leaving Cas' mouth and kissing a path to the man's neck. The hand he'd had on Cas' back had somehow, unnoticed, drifted down, and had a firm grasp on Cas' ass. "That's it," he whispered, squeezing and thrusting harder.

"Uh huh." Cas nodded, pressing, thrusting back. His hands were just clinging to Robin, holding on tight.

Robin's breath caught in his chest, then came faster. He felt tense, jerky, not at all smooth and easy like he'd planned. One hand on Cas' butt, he held them together and worked a thigh in between Cas' legs. With the other hand, he started working on getting them naked. "Skin," he panted. "Before I make a mess."

Cas nodded. "I only have three overalls and the other two are in the laundry." Cas blinked and blushed, head ducking again. "Dork," he whispered.

"I happen to like dorks," Robin said, kissing Cas' hair. He turned them, got Cas leaning on the wall. "No mess allowed," he said sternly, then grinned. "Want me to go down on you?"

Cas' eyes went wide and he nodded quickly, enthusiastically. "Yeah. Okay. Yes."

Robin laughed, one hand rubbing his dick through his jumper. "All right then. That's a yes. Want to be on the bed, or standing up?" He stepped back and started undoing his jumpsuit, toeing off his boots.

"Um." Cas looked from him to the bed, and back to him again. "Um. Yes."

It was too hard not to smirk, so Robin did. He peeled off his uniform and kicked it away without taking his eyes off Cas. Naked, he smiled and advanced, his cock leading the way. "Your turn."

"Oh, okay." Cas nodded and started to go to his knees, eyes on Robin's cock.

He couldn't help it, he had to laugh. "God, I'd tell you that you're hopeless, but you'd take it the wrong way." Robin was still chuckling as he gathered Cas up and tossed him onto the lower bunk. "Listen up, my sexy dork. You stay there. I'll get you naked. Then I'm going to suck your cock and you're going to come for me. Then we'll see about me. You can stop thinking now." He grabbed a boot and tugged it off.

"Thinking?" Cas just smiled up at him, and Robin figured the not thinking part was going to work out just fine for him. "Naked is good," Cas told him, hands reaching to touch.

"Naked is the *best*." Robin grinned, swatting his hand away and taking care of the other boot. He bent over and finished

undoing Cas' suit, then made an appreciative sound as Cas' dick pushed up, right into his hand. "Nice."

Cas groaned, back arching, pushing the heat and silk through his fingers. "Robin. Oh."

"Not yet," Robin said, stroking slowly. He knelt by the bed and kissed the flat belly, his fingers wandering over Cas' stiff shaft. He was beautifully formed, long and not too thick, the scent rich and healthy. Robin lapped around Cas' bellybutton and pressed a kiss to the tip of his cock, picking up a hint of flavor.

Cas' moan was long and slow, and the fine-fingered hands slid over his head. That was it; Robin liked active participation. He licked a swipe up Cas, from just above his pubic hair to the very tip, and then sucked gently on the head, not letting Cas in any deeper. Yet.

"Oh, fuck." Cas' thighs trembled, his heels digging into the mattress. "Been so long, Robin."

Good. Well, good for Robin, anyway. He hummed a little and opened up, let Cas in as far as the man wanted to go. And Cas, it seemed, wanted to go all the way in. Oh, the guy tried to hold back, hips moving in small, short jerks, but only for a moment. Then Cas cried out, hips moving hard and fast, taking his mouth with pure need.

Robin grunted, his own prick heavy between his thighs, and started jacking Cas with one hand as he sucked and licked, pulling hard every time Cas thrust. The taste was thick in his mouth now, and he wanted more, wanted it all.

It wasn't long at all before he had it, Cas' shout fucking loud as fingers grabbed at him, pulling as Cas' shot down his throat.

Swallowing, Robin groaned. He gave his balls a tight squeeze to keep from coming, and kept sucking Cas through the waves of his orgasm, only pulling away when he was sure Cas was done. With a happy sigh, he kissed Cas' belly again and rested his head there, trying to catch his breath.

Cas' fingers slid over his face, gentle and slow, just touching. A low hum sounded. "That was good."

"Not the best I've managed," Robin said, his eyes closed. "But not bad at all. You taste great, and your dick is gorgeous." He kissed said dick softly and licked it again.

"Oh. Thanks." Cas laughed softly, the sound more relaxed than Robin had heard before. "Is that the right etiquette when someone gives you a compliment after sucking you off? *Is* there etiquette for a situation like that?"

"Sure," Robin said, lifting his head and smiling. "You say thank you, you kiss the guy who got you off, and then there is joy."

Cas smiled down at him, hand sliding to tug on his arm. "Come on up here? Please?"

That was hardly an invitation Robin would turn down. He climbed onto the bed and wound himself around Cas so fast there really hadn't been much time to think. "Kiss me," he demanded, his cock sliding on Cas' hip.

"That was the plan," Cas told him, hand going around to the back of his neck to pull his head down. Cas' mouth closed over his, this kiss more sure, like coming had unscrambled

Cas' addled brains or something, and now he remembered what he was doing. Cas' other hand slid over his skin, fingers bumping against the head of his cock before sliding around it.

"Please," Robin gasped, his stomach rippling. He could feel himself letting go, his attention drifting from keeping Cas steady and centering instead around his own groin. His heart was back to pounding, and he was pretty sure Cas would be able to feel his pulse, right there in his cock.

"I could suck you, too, if you want," Cas offered, tongue sliding against his lips.

"If you want," Robin said graciously, his eyes almost rolling back.

Cas giggled. "Can I translate that as 'yes, please'?"

"Uh huh." Robin shuddered and untangled himself, flopping onto his back. "Suck me." He grinned, wondering if he always sounded like that—demanding and happy and horny as hell.

"Pushy or wishy-washy ... is there any in between?" Cas asked, eyes twinkling, teasing. Oh, sex was obviously good for Cas, took his dorkhood down a notch or two.

"I don't ... I don't think so, no." Robin darted forward and took a hard, fast kiss. "*Please, Cas.*"

Cas stilled and nodded, eyes looking at him for a moment, and then Cas wriggled down, squishing himself up at the end of the bunk. Cas started with little licks, soft touches that were almost too soft.

"Oh. Oh, yes." Robin looked down, unwilling to miss a second of the action. His dick throbbed and stood right up, jumping with every touch.

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"Yes," agreed Cas, touches becoming firmer, even if they were still just licks. It looked like Cas was going to take his time, explore every inch, every bump and vein and curve.

He whimpered. "Cas," he breathed. "Tease." He shuddered again, his legs spreading.

"Exploring," Cas countered. "But if I'm not doing it right, I could stop."

"God, don't stop!" Robin's head fell back, but he forced himself to look again, the sight of Cas' head in his lap just the hottest thing ever.

Cas chuckled, breath warm against his cock. Then the careful licks stopped and Cas took the top of his cock in, lips closing around the base of the flared head.

Robin's breath whooshed out of him, and he fell back, his hands fisting in the sheets. "Yes!" His legs went tight and he made a short, jerky thrust up. Heat crawled through him, almost like the door to the outside had been flung open.

Cas hummed a little, mouth vibrating against his flesh, and then Cas sank down on him, taking him about halfway in, and Robin made a sound that wasn't quite a groan. He wasn't going to last, not at all, and he couldn't find the words to warn Cas. He could only shake and hold back and try not to lose it entirely.

Cas' head started bobbing, lips sealed nice and tight around his prick as they slid up and down it. Cas' tongue swiped across the top of his cock every chance it got.

"Fuck," Robin gasped out, his hands landing on Cas. One went into the man's hair, the other tight on a shoulder, and Robin gave up. His hips rocked. His cock slid and slipped and

throbbled, and he was fucking Cas' mouth with sharp, shallow stabs. The tightness in his gut eased off and he could feel himself being torn into bits. "Gonna come," he hissed, his balls lifting.

"Do it," murmured Cas, hand replacing his mouth, lips hitting the top of his cock each time he thrust up.

Robin pushed hard, his back arching. The twisting in his stomach tightened right back up and let go, and he could feel everything rush out of him, wet splashing down on his belly as he grunted, hot thrills running through him, all sharp and edgy. Then there wasn't anything but lax muscles and melted bones, his cock tingling in happy relief. "Oh, yeah," he purred, reaching for Cas. "Like *that*."

Cas slid up to lie against him, face covered in come. "Lick me clean?" Cas asked, voice careful, eyes needy, but wary.

"God." Robin nodded, surprised. His cock even twitched. "God," he said again. "You're full of surprises." He cupped Cas' jaw again and licked at one cheek, following a trail of his own cream. He moaned without realizing it, almost purring as he kept on going, seeking out more.

Cas' eyes had closed and he was moaning, a soft look of bliss on his face as he pressed closer, cock half-hard between them.

"That's it," Robin whispered, licking again and turning Cas' face to get at the rest. "So sexy." He nudged his leg against Cas' groin, giving him something to move against.

Whimpering, Cas rocked slowly, cock filling to hot and hard as Robin continued to clean Cas' face. "Feels so good," murmured Cas.

"You do." Robin licked him again, getting the last of it, and moved to kiss Cas' mouth, sharing the taste. He gathered Cas' balls in one hand and rolled them, his own cock starting to come back to life, slowly filling.

Cas groaned, fingers starting to wander over his skin, exploring him carefully. "So that wasn't weird? You don't think I'm strange?"

"No. Sexy as hell, you are." He rolled Cas' balls again. "Glad you asked. Was hot." He licked at Cas' neck and wiggled against him a little.

"Oh. Oh, cool." Cas beamed at him and rubbed back, fingers finding his nipples and stroking across them.

"Like that," Robin said, trying not to growl. "Like it harder, too." He was still getting hard, about halfway there, and if they had to stop at all it would have to be soon. Any more and he'd be back at the point of need. "What do you want to do?" he asked, letting go of Cas' balls to play with his cock. "Anything special?"

"Isn't it all special?" Cas asked, hips pushing that cock into his hand, fingers twisting his nipples harder.

"Uh huh." A jolt went from Robin's nipples to his cock, which throbbed happily. "But what do you like best?"

"I like feeling my lover on top of me. Like it when I'm pressed into the mattress. Like being held."

Robin let the growl out. "Yeah?" he asked, rolling them over a little and pushing. "Like feeling safe?" Others had told him that they liked being over-powered that way, but Cas seemed to have a different vibe to him. Robin liked that.

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Cas moaned softly and nodded, pushing against him, but not trying to push him off, just trying to feel it, Robin would guess. "Cared for."

Robin could do that; hell, he wanted to. He ran his hands over Cas' shoulders and down his arms, trying to get to know the feel of his skin. He shifted a little, hooked his leg around one of Cas' and pressed soft kisses on whatever bits of skin he could reach. "I'll treat you nice," he promised. "Hold you all night."

"That sounds like heaven," Cas murmured, hands sliding to his shoulders, holding on." What about you?" Cas asked suddenly. "What do you like?"

"Kissing," Robin said promptly. "Touching. Laughing. Sex is fun, and I like teasing." He kissed Cas' jaw and worked his way back down to his collarbones. "Like most everything, to tell the truth. So long as it's fun, I'm happy. 'Course, there's something to be said about fast and hard, need-you-now, down and dirty fucking, too."

Cas groaned, head back to offer him more skin. "It all sounds good, Robin. Sounds great. How about cuddling? Do you like cuddling?"

"Just try to peel me off." He started working up a mark and paused. "Um. Well, that's true under normal circumstances. Not sure if the heat here will go all that well with cuddling, but I'm willing to try. Maybe we could order in another fan or something."

"Okay," said Cas, though Robin wasn't sure how much Cas was hearing anymore. Cas' hand went behind his head, tugging him back down to the skin he'd been marking.

Robin dragged his teeth over the mark and figured it would best to keep Cas in post-coital bliss—his brain worked better that way, and if he was going to be turned on more often, the project would suffer. He was prepared to make it a personal mission to keep Cas' brain in top-notch shape. He sucked harder and rocked his hips, hands still smoothing over skin. "Taste good," he mumbled, moving to make a new mark.

"Feels good," murmured Cas, moving beneath him. Cas' hands slid along his back, fingertips dancing over his spine.

"That, too," Robin agreed, hips pushing down and hands feeling up and mouth hungry. Want was crawling up his spine again and the smell of sex was strong in the room. He dug in a bit with his hands and dipped his head to attack a nipple. Cas gasped, pushing into the touches, so fucking responsive. The man just gave it up.

Robin tugged at the nipple in his mouth, teeth scraping. He moved again, fitting himself between Cas' legs, and started to rock with purpose. The bed, thank God, was sturdy and solid, or they would have been slamming it into the wall in no time.

Cas met every movement with eager wriggles and soft moans, the long fingers stroking his skin, turning his back into one huge erogenous zone. It was turning Robin into a shuddering pile of hormones. Every touch was a tease; every sound was a call for more. He groaned and pushed his now insistent erection against Cas', thrusting hard.

"Cas," he whispered, voice tight. "Want."

Cas groaned. "You wanna do me?"

"Yeah." Oh, yeah. He wanted to do Cas. Robin wanted to just shift down and fit himself right in, push his cock right into

Cas' ass and do him right. He thrust again, rubbing on the soft skin of Cas' hip. "Can I?"

Cas nodded. "Want you to."

Robin fastened his mouth on Cas' and kissed him hard, one hand reaching for the lotion he had by the bed. Only trouble was, they were on Cas' bunk and not his, and he had to pull back to look. "Slick stuff?" he asked, blinking to make his eyes focus. He could hardly think right, let alone find something to use.

"What? Oh." Cas looked around a little wildly and then groaned. "No. No, I don't have any."

"Don't move." Robin rolled away and stood by the bunk, eyes on Cas as he reached for his own shelf. "Stay," he ordered. Fumbling, he got the tube and launched himself back at Cas, fingers already working the cap off.

Cas was laughing, fingers sliding over his head. "I'm not a dog, you know."

"Well, no. But I *really* don't want you sneaking out on me," Robin grinned. He squirted lotion on his fingers and smoothed some over Cas' balls, then down a bit lower.

"I'm not going anywhere," Cas told him, voice thick, legs spreading for him.

"Good. Got plans for you." Robin watched his fingers tracing over and around Cas' hole and slipped the tip of one in a little, just a tease. "Big plans."

Moaning, Cas bore down, trying to take more of his finger in. "I know. I saw the size of your cock."

"Flatterer." Still, that deserved a reward, so Robin gave Cas a finger and teased the others around the soft skin of his

ass. He was nice and tight, but seemed to know how to relax; Robin made sure there was enough slippery stuff to make things easy, and then let Cas set the pace.

Cas rode his fingers eagerly, body seeming to draw him in deeper. "God, it's been too long. Only did this with someone else once."

Robin blinked and froze. "Once?" he asked, trying not to squeak.

"With someone else," murmured Cas, blushing hard.

Robin felt himself grin. "But on your own...?"

That blush got darker. "I *like* it," Cas told him defensively.

"Hey, I'm not teasing," Robin said. "I'm drooling. Can I watch some time?" He slipped another finger into Cas' hole and thrust a bit.

Cas gasped, body bucking up against the penetration. "I ... maybe?"

"Worry about it later," Robin said, concentrating instead on getting Cas loose and wet. He reached for the right spot and stroked it, his free hand going to his own cock and pulling a little.

Cas cried out, hands grabbing onto his shoulders and using him as leverage as Cas rode his fingers, bearing down, obviously wanting more.

Robin grinned and worked him a little more, opening him right up. "Ready?" he asked, teasing a finger up the length of Cas' cock. "Want me?"

Cas reached down, hand sliding over his cock, fingers stopping to tease the head. "Do I want to feel this inside me? Yeah. Yeah, I do."

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Robin shuddered. "You got it." He bent down to take a kiss, his fingers pulling free. With a sigh he eased himself forward, his dick in hand, ready. "I want you, Cas. Just you." Looking right in Cas' eyes, he started pushing in.

Cas' legs spread wider for him, eyes holding his. The man's mouth opened in an "o" as Robin pushed in. "God. Don't stop."

"Not going to." He couldn't. He sank into Cas like they were made to fit each other, Cas clinging and hot around him, just perfect. "Oh, God."

"Uh huh." Cas nodded, legs wrapping around him, heels digging into his ass. "Fuck me."

Robin fucked him. He tried to show some semblance of control, but after the first few thrusts he kind of lost it, his dick and his hips taking over. "Don't let me hurt you," he said, pushing in again. "*Fuck*, you feel good."

"Not hurting," muttered Cas, eyes glazing over, body pushing to meet every one of his thrusts. It took a minute or two, but they found a rhythm, bodies working in sync.

Robin's breath came quicker, his blood heating as he moved with Cas. He could have gotten lost in the slip and slide and grip of the man's body, but he wouldn't let himself, wanting to be there *with* Cas. There were two of them in the bed, and it was just so fine that he didn't want to float off on his own. "Good," he gasped, going deep and then rocking a little. "God, you feel so good."

"Oh, fuck!" Cas kind of screamed, which told him right there was where he wanted to be, and he kept it up, nudging

against Cas' gland until the man was thrashing, rhythm totally lost to how good it was.

He wanted it to last, to drive Cas right out of his mind for an age and a half, but the way Cas was writhing, riding him harder and harder, Robin knew it couldn't. It had been far too long for him to be able to go on like that, far, far too long since it had felt so good. With a grunt his hips sped and he pushed Cas right into the mattress, pounded into him until he thought he'd just explode. "Come on," he gasped. "Come on, babe."

Cas screamed loud enough Robin was pretty sure the whole camp had heard him; hell maybe the whole planet, if it had ears other than their own. The passage around his cock went tighter than anything as hot spunk sprayed from Cas' cock.

Robin started to say something, praise or prayer of thanks, or just something, but words and breath froze in him as he watched and moved. The bed shook with it, his body tightened, and then the explosion happened as he convulsed and chased Cas right over the edge. He pushed in hard and stilled, every muscle in his body locked as he spilled, cock throbbing and shooting. "Yes," he whispered, his eyes rolling back. "Oh, damn. Yes."

Cas just kind of collapsed beneath him, breathing hard, just gasping for air. "Wow."

"Uh huh." Robin let himself fall to the side, pulling Cas with him and holding on tight. "Wow." He was panting, his chest heaving, and he was pretty sure he'd never once had sex that good before.

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Cas just sort of cuddled in, snuggling hard. The man's body had that well-fucked and not going to move forever heaviness to it, warm and good and solid against him.

That suited Robin just fine, right down to his bones. He'd be more than happy to never move again himself, not even for food. He could live off of ... well, something. His brain shut down right about the time his body did. "Sleep," he whispered as his eyes closed. "Stay and sleep."

Cas made a noise that was half grunt, somehow cuddling closer.

Without even a knock, the door to their bunk burst open, Ramis bursting in. "Trail! Trail! Someone's sabotaged the fucking water works! Whoa. Fuck. You two are ... Okay, going now, but you need to get out here like now."

Chapter Three

Cas hid his face in Robin's chest until the door slammed closed after ... he thought it was Ramis, but he wouldn't stake his life on it. His cheeks were burning and he was pretty sure they were never going to stop.

He didn't really mind that people would know about him and Robin—it was a small enough camp that it was hard to keep secrets—but he would have liked to have a few days to get used to the idea himself. A few days to be sure that Robin wasn't going to pull the old, 'oh, you're good enough to fuck, but not to be my partner' routine on him. Because a one-night stand here that everyone knew about, he'd never be able to shake.

He thought maybe he'd just stay buried in Robin's chest until it he could sneak back to his lab. Maybe he could just move between the two and avoid everyone for a few days.

Then Ramis' words sunk in.

"Shit! Did he say the waterworks had been sabotaged?"

Robin was nodding and blinking at him. "Yeah. Shit." He blinked again. "We gotta move. Now." He rolled away, reaching for his clothes. "Damn it, damn it, damn it."

Cas nodded, wiping himself clean and throwing on his overalls. If the two stations that brought up water weren't working, they were in trouble. He knew the tanks held maybe a week's worth of drinking water, if they'd been full, but he had no clue how many bottles were kept in storage, and he was pretty sure it would be days before they could get more supplies from off-planet. Hell, probably even longer than that.

Just thinking about it made him thirsty and he grabbed a bottle, looking at it before thinking what the hell and cracking it open.

He downed about half of it, and then capped it again, putting it in his overalls pocket.

He followed Robin out, avoiding Ramis' eyes. He was not going to take this as a sign. He wasn't.

"What the hell happened?" Robin demanded of Ramis, striding toward the works. There was already a bunch of people gathered, and Cas could hear swearing.

"One of the pumps had its lines cut. And a couple of the pipes are bent to hell. They didn't even try to hide it, Trail. Hell, they even left the door open so it would be noticed."

"Just one of the pumps?" Cas asked. It would slow them down, but they'd have enough water to keep themselves hydrated and the machines running, and really, he wasn't the plumber or anything, but that didn't sound like an impossible fix. He had no clue if they had the supplies for it or not.

"Yeah, the other one is fine. And we've got the supplies to build two more, so I think Watts can fix it pretty quickly. But shit, who would do this?"

TerraFCorp's security were out in force, six of the complement of ten roping off the area and getting people away from the low building.

"Someone who doesn't want to die, just slow us down," Robin said slowly. "We're not cut off, but we're going to lose time. Not enough to make a difference in our pay, but maybe enough to throw the schedule to hell?" He looked at Cas and shrugged. "I don't know. But I'd love to find out. Fuck."

The guards let them in, but kept Ramis behind the rope. Watts was inside, swearing a blue streak.

Cas sort of hung back—Robin was the people person. Besides, he was starting to feel blinky again now that the first surge of adrenaline had ebbed.

"Watts," Robin said, stepping up. "How bad is it? I want that rig going ASAP." Without waiting for a response, he turned to the security guards. "Your investigation or mine? Don't much care, just want in on it." Robin's face had lost its open joy and turned into something hard and determined.

Cas' heart sank. Not that he expected Robin to be all lovey-dovey under the circumstances—hell, ever—but it was just too familiar a scene, that cold shuttering that came into a friend's face once they'd fucked and he was expected to just go on like nothing had happened.

"I'll conduct the investigation," Captain Barston told Robin. "I'll need everyone's co-operation, and nobody gets access to my reports until they're cleared. Nobody. I'd appreciate it if you could help organize the laborers, though, get everyone on board for the interviews."

Watts came over with a small pad of paper and handed it to Robin. "I need these parts to bring her back to full capacity, but I can get her running about half capacity within a couple of days. It's just a matter of doing the work." Watts shook his head. "It looks worse than it is. I can't tell you if they were just going for the most damage they could and didn't know they weren't actually shutting it down permanently, or if they just wanted it to look like a lot of

damage, but knew what they were doing wasn't going to put us back that much."

Robin sighed and nodded, scanning the list. "Okay. I'll get this underway and talk to the rest, get them ready to answer questions. Look, Watts. You know what this is going to do—we have to keep this tight and even. The men start getting suspicious about each other, this place will go up like ... it'll be a mess." He glanced over at Cas. "You hear anything before you shipped out? Is this project hinky?"

Captain Barston cleared his throat. "Look, Trail, I know you're the defacto leader among the laborers, but I said I'd handle the investigation, and if you go around stirring stuff up yourself and asking questions, you're just going to 'cause that mess you're talking about. I'm trained for this. We'll spend the day tomorrow doing the interviews, and then hold a meeting in the mess hall to give you our findings after. If I so much as think you're poking around behind my back, I *will* have you put under bunk arrest."

Cas watched Robin's shoulders go back and his spine straighten. "Yes, sir," Robin ground out. "I'll just go start getting this stuff ready for repairs, then. I suggest you get what you need from here soon—we need this pump and we can't just stand around while you gather evidence. Sir."

Cas winced as the captain's face got closed and icy as hell. "I'll release the pump house in an hour. You'd do well to remember we both work for the same company, and security is *my* job, Mr. Trail." The captain gave Robin a dismissive look and then turned to him. "Dr. Trueway—is the lab all right?"

"Oh, shit!" It hadn't even occurred to him that the lab might have been hit as well. Cas took off at a run.

He heard Robin swear and steps pounding behind him. It sounded as if most of the bodies in the pump house were following along. He beat them all there, but Robin's hand landed on his as soon as he reached for the door. "Easy, Cas," Robin said. "Just in case."

He shivered and nodded, pushing the door slowly open and hitting the lights.

The place was a mess. All his careful filing had been strewn all over the place and there was dirt everywhere, his soil samples scattered around the place.

"Fuck." Oh, it made him sick. Like someone had come in and done this just to him, even though he knew it wasn't personal—they'd hit the waterworks as well, it only made sense they'd come in here, too.

"Ah, shit," Robin breathed. He stepped past Cas and shivered. "Captain. Looks like you've got your work cut out for you." Robin turned and looked at Cas with sympathetic eyes, one hand reaching out to touch his arm. "I'm sorry, Cas. What a mess."

He nodded, feeling kind of lost, and Robin being nice ... well, that almost gave him permission to lose it, because he didn't have to pull it together to show the assholes they couldn't get to him. But there was an asshole out there—the guy, or girl, who'd done this—so, damn it, he did have to pull it together, at least until he was back at his bunk.

He took a breath and went over to the equipment. "It doesn't look like anything's broken—it's just a mess. I won't

be able to tell if anything was taken until I've cleaned it all up. Well, and the soil samples are useless now."

Robin moved next to him and shook dirt off a piece of paper. "Any point in getting new ones? I can get someone on that if you tell me what you need. Soon as I get the repairs going."

"I had catalogued about three quarters of them. But I'll need to go through my notes to know what I'm missing." He looked around. "I don't know—I think it'll put me back about a week before I can make my recommendations on where to drill for more water and how to set up the misters, the irrigation..." He sighed and closed his eyes. Fuck, he hated mess, hated it. "I suppose I should get started."

"Sorry, Dr. Trueway, I'd like to have my guys go over the place for evidence. You can come back tomorrow."

Cas nodded, more than willing to put it off until he'd had some sleep. It was all starting to be just too much—fucking with Robin, followed by the rush and horror of this, knowing someone in the camp was deliberately sabotaging them.

Robin sighed. "All right, then." His hand landed warm and heavy on the small of Cas' back. "You head back to the bunk. Maybe have something more to eat—I'll be about an hour or more, getting this stuff going." His voice dropped lower. "Are you going to be okay?"

He nodded stiffly. He would have loved nothing better than to sink against Robin, to let those broad shoulders support him, but if he lost it now, he was going to look like a right fool, and whoever'd done this would know just how upset he was.

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And he wasn't going to give them the satisfaction, oh, no.

He stepped away from Robin. "I'll see you later," he managed stiffly before heading out. He couldn't look at his pristine and neat lab messed up like this for a moment longer. The heat hit him like a ton of bricks, the lowering sun glaring right in his eyes. Which was okay, because it gave him an excuse for the tears in his eyes—he'd forgotten his sunglasses when they'd come out. He stumbled his way to the bunk he shared with Robin. The place smelled like sex, and it just got worse when he threw himself down onto his bunk.

Oh, God.

He was going to throw up.

He made it into the bathroom, tossing up the contents of his stomach.

How come things always got messy whenever he had sex?

* * * *

Robin looked around him and wiped at his face, rough with grit, and nodded. "Okay, so everyone's clear? The pump first. You know what to do. Oh, and let the captain have his way, all right? Just ... do what he says. Not like we're in a rush for the next while—Cas says it'll be a week before he can tell us where to drill next. Get the water flowing for us, and then we'll ... Well. We'll work at something."

Voices murmured at him and his crew started walking away, most of them going to get parts loaded up to take to the pump house. Everyone was pissed and there weren't many who were trying to hide it. Robin sighed again, bone weary, and hoped like hell that the security team would sort

this out fast. Nothing like good old industrial espionage to make fuck up a job.

"So, where were you?" a voice asked beside him, and Robin turned to look at Molly, her normally sunny face for once filled with something other than a smile. "Not like you to miss something this big going on."

Robin snorted. "I was helping by finally getting Cas out of the lab." He looked up at the pale sky. "Shit."

Molly clicked her tongue. "You're going to blame yourself, aren't you? Really, Trail. Get a grip."

"I had a grip. A nice tight one, and then someone wrecked my site. Trashed Cas' lab—they wouldn't have been in there if I hadn't been thinking with my dick."

Molly slapped his arm. "Stop that. Right now. Ain't one of us that hasn't done the same thing—granted, not with the scientist, but still." She grinned at him. "Was he good?"

Robin felt his ears get hot. "None of your business."

"Oh, he *was*! Good for you. Now, get some water and get some rest. I'm pretty sure the good captain will want to know all about where you and the geek were while this was going down."

Robin shuddered. The captain most certainly would. Damn.

He walked to the bunk, avoiding everyone, and stepped into the relative less-hot with a groan. "Cas?" he called out, already undoing his jumpsuit. He really needed to get clean.

There was a sound, not a reply, just maybe a groan or even just the shifting of jumpsuit material from the general direction of the bathroom.

"Cas?" he called again, worry suddenly making him move faster. He pushed on the door, which wedged against one of Cas' boots. "Cas! What's wrong?" Robin dropped to his knees, trying to fit himself into the tiny bathroom along with Cas. "Are you sick?"

Cas blinked up at him and shook his head. Then nodded. Then shook his head again. There was a faint smell of sick clinging to the room. "Threw up. Just too much, you know?" Cas' eyes pleaded with him to understand.

Robin found himself nodding, picturing the lab the way it had been when he'd swept Cas out of it, and then as it was now—wrecked and dirty. All the time and care Cas had put into it. He nodded again. "Yeah, babe. I know." He tugged on Cas' shoulder. "Think you can get up now? Get cleaned up a bit? Shit, how long have you been here?"

Cas shrugged. "I don't know. Since I left the lab?" Cas made the effort to stand, though, leaning against the wall and fighting with the zipper on his overalls. "Hate these stupid things."

"Shh, I know." Robin gently moved Cas' hands away and undid the zipper himself. "Let me help. You'll be stiff and sore—you've been in here almost two hours, Cas." He glanced at the shower stall and sighed. "We're on short water rations for a bit. Take a fast one, okay? You'll feel better." He knelt again and started unlacing Cas' boots.

Cas blinked down at him. "We could ... we could share?"

Robin's fingers stuttered over the laces. "We could," he agreed with a smile. "If you don't mind tight quarters and mud splashing off me—I'm kind of dusty." Something in Cas'

eyes told him the man needed to be held more than he needed to be clean, though, and Robin made fast work of getting them both undressed. "Just a couple of minutes, okay?" he said, turning on the water.

Cas nodded, eyes closing as the water landed on the pale skin. The man kind of leaned into him with a sigh and Robin figured he'd guessed right about the being held.

Not really caring how clean he got, Robin wrapped his arms around Cas and pulled him close. "I'm so sorry," he whispered.

"Why? You didn't do it. Unless you mean for doing *it*."

Robin laughed softly. "So not sorry for that, babe. Not a chance." He rubbed a hand over Cas' back and said, "I'm sorry for the work that got wrecked. I'm sorry for the work you have to do over. I'm just ... sorry." He was sorry he'd been the distraction that had let the bastards have their time, but he thought Cas might not react to well to hearing that.

"Oh, okay." Cas snuggled in closer, arms going around him and holding on tight. "I'll be okay tomorrow, I promise. It's just ... it was too much. Why would someone do this?"

"Money." Beyond a doubt, Robin knew there was money behind what was going on. "But what I want to know is who's paying, and why."

Cas nodded and snuggled in closer. Cas felt good against him, skin soft, warm, the soft cock nestled against his thigh.

Robin held him and let the water pour over them for as long as he dared, and then a minute longer. When he didn't think they could take anymore in good conscience, he turned it off but didn't let Cas go. "Better?" he asked, listening to the

silence of their bunk. He could hear equipment and engines, but didn't feel any draw to join them, preferring to stay right where he was.

Cas nodded. "A little. I just need some sleep. Some downtime."

"We can do that." Robin didn't move, not one bit. "But maybe not in the shower."

Cas giggled a little and finally made a move, not letting go, but sort of sidestepping out of the little stall, giving Robin ample opportunity to stay close.

Robin laughed right along with him, holding on tight as they edged their way out of the shower and then the bathroom, dripping all the way to their room. "We're going to get the sheets wet," he pointed out, just before he toppled them onto the bed.

"They'll dry."

Cas pushed against him again, and here they were, all curled up just like they had been when they'd been interrupted with news of the sabotage. And if Cas was clinging a little tighter now, well Robin wasn't going to say anything. "That's it," he whispered, snuggling a bit. "Now we sleep." And hopefully they'd actually get enough before anything else went wrong.

* * * *

Cas had spent most of the day working on the lab, with a short break to be interrogated by Captain Barston. And hadn't that been just the most embarrassing thing ever.

"No, I wasn't in the lab, because I was busy getting fucked by Robin Trail. And yeah, that's my alibi, too."

His face was *still* red.

However, the lab was looking better. None of the filing was done, but all the papers had been gathered together and were in neat piles on the desks. The dirt had all been cleaned up. The place looked half decent.

He was feeling pretty tired, though, and he hadn't seen Robin all day, which made him grumpy, even though he knew Robin was pretty busy, too, and it wasn't like the guy was deliberately avoiding him.

Cas sucked back on some more water and realized he hadn't actually stopped for lunch. Of course, he hadn't waited for breakfast before hitting the lab either. No wonder he was grumpy. He'd just finish checking that the last data he'd typed into the computers was still there and matched his notes, and then he'd go grab something from the mess.

A plate floated in front of his face, the yellow color making his eyes water. "Food," Robin said quietly. "Saved you the walk, but you're going to eat it. Even if I can't tell you exactly what it is."

"I'm not sure whether to thank you or throw it at you." He made a face, though he was mostly joking. "Is it edible?"

"Well, mine is still in my belly," Robin assured him. "Come on. Eat—not like there's anything else. And if I know you at all, it's been a while since you had anything." Robin set the plate down and looked around. "Looks like you've done a lot, though."

"It isn't anywhere near all done, but it's a start." It itched at the back of his head, that all that filing still needed doing, that he needed to reorganize everything. But he couldn't get it all done today, and he'd made a good start. He took a tentative spoonful of the yellow stuff and was pleasantly surprised. "Hey, this almost tastes like something edible." Like an omelet or something

"I think there's some actual food in there somewhere," Robin said with a grin. He walked around the lab, carefully and obviously not touching anything. "Could you use some help in here? We're going to have extra people for a bit."

Cas shook his head. "I need to know where everything gets filed, and I'm probably the only one who could tell if the data's been fucked with." He took a couple more bites. "So far it doesn't look like anything substantial was actually fucked with."

"Oh." Robin looked momentarily deflated, then grinned. "You're substantial. Really, you are."

"What? Oh." He blushed and shoved more food into his mouth to keep from grinning like a fool.

Robin advanced on him, his smile getting a little broader. "Very," he said, his voice almost a purr. "Eat faster. You might need your strength."

"Yeah? You think so? I'm almost done here for the day, so I'm not sure why I would..." He managed not to grin, hoping Robin wouldn't mind being teased.

"You're not paying attention, Cas," Robin chided, but Cas could see amusement in his eyes. Robin reached where he was sitting and leaned over to bite at one of his ears. "I

thought I'd have to settle for a quickie, but if you're almost done, I can take my time—make a feast out of you. You better have seconds. Really."

"Oh." He moaned softly, leaning back a little and sighing as Robin was there to support him. "So you get to eat me while I'm stuck with this pseudo-food?"

"I can eat you at the same time, actually." Robin licked his neck and sort of slithered around him, turning Cas' chair. "Just don't get that yellow stuff in my hair." And then he was on his knees and fairly obviously going to do exactly what he'd said—his hands were already working through the layers Cas wore in the lab.

Cas gasped, his spoon clattering onto his tray. "Robin!"

"Yeah?" Robin didn't even look up, just shoved his lab coat open enough to get to the zipper of Cas' jumper.

"I can't eat if you're doing that. And anyone could come in," he tagged on.

"I locked the door," Robin promised. His hand slipped inside the jumper, warm on Cas' belly. "Eat your food before it gets ... well, more mushy."

"You expect me to just eat while you're doing ... that?" Still, he picked up his spoon again and shoveled a couple more bites in before Robin could do anything distracting. Well, anything more distracting.

"Not really, but it could be neat to see you try." Robin grinned at him and the hand on his belly slid lower. "Just try to stay in the chair, at least."

He nodded and shoved in a last bite, that hand making him wriggle and gasp a little. "I will. I'll try."

"You'll be the one with a sore butt if you fall off," Robin pointed out, his hand finally wrapping around Cas' cock and guiding it out of the jumper into the cool air of the lab.

"Mmm. Lunch."

Cas whimpered, the cold of the lab contrasting strongly with the heat of Robin's hand. He put down the spoon, carefully this time, and put his hands on Robin's shoulders. "You're crazy."

"Never said I wasn't," Robin grinned at him, and then he curled around Cas' lap and took him in, licking and sucking and making a happy noise that vibrated right through Cas' body.

Cas whimpered, lifting one hand to stroke over the short, short hair on Robin's head. It tickled his palm. Quite the contrast to the soft heat of Robin's mouth around his cock. God. It was good.

Robin made the same noise again and captured Cas' hand with his own, keeping it there on Robin's head, and sucked harder, his tongue rubbing right under the crown. Then Robin opened his mouth even wider and took him in deep before backing off.

Cas shuddered, his legs spreading, hips pushing up, trying to follow Robin's mouth as it slid up his cock. He wanted to stay buried in that wet heat, to feel Robin's mouth around all of him.

Robin's hand grew heavier on his, pushing down, and Robin groaned as he sank down on Cas' prick again. He lifted and did it again, then again, his free hand stroking one of Cas' thighs, then his balls. It was hard to miss the shift of

Robin's body as he started to move, gently humping against Cas' leg.

This was crazy. And sexy and exciting, and damn it, but he liked it. Liked that Robin wanted to do this, was doing it. And, oh, God, he couldn't think when the man did that thing with his tongue...

Robin groaned again, licking and sucking and moving his head just so, living up to his threat to make a feast out of Cas. He *felt* like a feast, like Robin was trying to gorge himself on just his cock and balls, and then Robin's quick hand slid up his body and started playing with a tight nipple, sending a shock right to his groin.

He had both hands on Robin's head now and was just barely keeping himself from fucking Robin's mouth. Somehow. Barely. Moaning, his toes curled, the pleasure going all through him. From somewhere, some part of him that was still thinking, he vaguely noticed that Robin was going with whatever slight changes he made with his hands. Heavier, and Robin went down on him faster, harder, going with the direction Cas urged him in. He *wanted* it, wanted Cas to let go and ... and ... just do it. The more Cas did, the harder Robin rubbed on him, the more sounds he made.

"Oh, God," Cas whispered and pushed harder with his hands, meeting Robin's coming down onto his cock with a little thrust of his hips.

Robin sucked and grunted and almost knocked them over, he pushed so hard against Cas' leg.

Cas found his footing, heels digging into the floor as he responded to Robin's passion with his own, hips starting to just fuck up into Robin's mouth.

Robin grew almost frantic, head bobbing and tongue playing rough and hard as Robin sucked; Robin's hands were everywhere, one on Cas' balls, the other moving to jack him and then to squeeze him, finally digging into his hip as Robin took his cock deep again, right into Robin's throat. And then Robin swallowed around him, wet heat stroking him hard.

Cas screamed, the pleasure just fucking intense, and his hips bucked up hard as he shot deep into Robin's throat.

Robin took it, just kept swallowing and petting, and then he was gone, eyes wide as he fell back onto the floor. Cas watched, eyes just as wide as Robin's hand flew to his own cock, straining at the ugly orange jumpsuit. "Ah, fuck!" he gasped, squeezing hard. Then Robin's eyes closed and he came in his jumper, his hips twitching. "Damn."

"Oh, wow." Cas laughed softly, feeling good all the way to his toes. "That's gotta be uncomfortable. It's gonna be worse when you get out into the heat, too."

Robin pulled a face, his cheeks pinking a little. "I think I'll just stay here. Right here on the floor. The captain can come here and ask me his questions."

Cas gasped and started getting himself back together again, looking at the door as if he expected the captain to come barging in any second. "You haven't gone in yet?"

"Nah." Robin stretched and rolled over into a sitting position, his back braced on a table leg. "Been too busy. I probably should, though."

"Before he comes looking for you and finds us," Cas waved his hand between them. "Yeah."

Robin raised an eyebrow. "That little secret's all over camp, babe. Hate to break it to you, but there's not a soul here that doesn't know exactly what we were doing then—or likely right now."

Cas blushed. "I know I told the captain, but he didn't seem the type to blabber it all over the camp..."

Robin grinned. "He wouldn't. Ramis would. He didn't mean anything bad by it—no one here cares, Cas. It's just something to talk about to pass the time. Molly was asking, too, but she's just after information they haven't figured out yet."

He frowned. He knew it was going to be the talk of the camp for a few days, but he wasn't sure he wanted people going on an Easter egg hunt about them. "What do you mean after information they haven't figured out yet?"

"Like who fucked who, who's got the bigger dick, who screams and who comes harder." Robin grinned. "But that's just Molly—I think she has a spreadsheet somewhere. The rest don't care at all about that stuff. They just want something to talk about. It's harmless, Cas. Really." Robin pushed himself to his feet and made another face. "That's just gross. Next time, I'm totally getting naked before I suck you off."

Cas liked the sound of 'next time', and it nearly derailed his horror at Molly's questions. Nearly. "You didn't tell her, did you? Did you?"

Robin laughed and came over to him. "I told her..." He paused to kiss the end of Cas' nose, dragging the moment out. "That it was none of her concern. But I'd happily tell her what a stud you are, if you'd like."

He shook his head quickly. "No, no, that's okay. I'm sure they think you're the stud, considering the way I screamed." He rolled his eyes at himself. "It's just been a while, you know?"

"Hey," Robin said softly, catching his chin and making him turn his face back. "That's not a thing that needs an excuse. You're hotter than this damn planet, Cas, and don't you forget it. Sent me out of my mind, melted my bones, and got me in here on my knees, greedy for you. Get it? Hardly matters who's a stud—we're both happy, right?"

Cas smiled at that. Robin was so different from the other guys he'd known. "Yeah. And you look good on your knees." Good enough his cock twitched at the memory.

Robin grinned at him. "Yeah? Excellent. I also look good on my back, or over you, and I'm told that I'm particularly attractive when I'm jacking off. I'll make a list." He kissed Cas' nose again, then his mouth. "I gotta change. Find the captain." He didn't move, though.

"I could come with you back to the bunk," Cas offered. "I might want to start a list of my own, and watching you change out of a messy pair of overalls might be on it. You never know."

A slow grin filled Robin's face. "That sounds like a fabulous idea. You're truly brilliant, you know that?" He didn't move toward the door, however, instead pressing against Cas and

taking another kiss. "You're getting me hard again," he whispered.

"I know the feeling," Cas whispered back, hands looping around his neck. He pressed their lips together again, moaning into Robin's mouth.

Big hands settled on his ass and Robin opened to him, his tongue flicking out and back, inviting him in. Robin was indeed getting hard, Cas could feel it on his hip, stretching and firming. "We're not going to get out of here in time," Robin mumbled, his fingers rubbing between Cas' buttocks.

"In time for what?" he asked, rocking between Robin's fingers and his hard on.

"In time to find a bed before I start asking to fuck you."

"Oh, we need a bed for that." But really they didn't. He could bend over the chair, or Robin could do him up against the wall ... his cock twitched, firming up even more.

"Do we?" Robin asked right before his tongue invaded Cas' mouth again and the hands on Cas' ass squeezed a little harder, kneading him almost roughly.

His answer was lost in the kiss and by the time Robin let him up for air again, he could have cared less about anything other than getting more kisses.

"Want you," Robin growled at him, his eyes dark and smoky.

He nodded. "Yes. Yes, please." He tugged Robin closer, sliding his foot behind Robin's leg.

Robin groaned, fitting himself against Cas' body, one thigh right there for Cas to move on. "Clothes. Off." Robin tugged at Cas' lab coat without a lot of effect. "Please," he added,

like it was an after thought, and the lab coat slid down Cas' arms. Robin beamed at him. "Cool."

"Yeah, it's gonna get cold if we take our clothes off," Cas pointed out. Still, he didn't try to stop Robin, just worked on undoing the man's overalls, pulling the zipper down and exploring Robin's warm skin with his fingers.

"We can make our own heat," Robin promised. His skin goose-pimpled and his nipples went tight, but Cas was pretty sure it had little to do with the chill in the lab. Robin grinned again. "Never thought I'd want to make things hotter here," he said, pushing closer to kiss Cas deeply.

Cas' chuckle turned into a moan, both sounds fed into Robin's mouth as he opened wide and let Robin kiss him breathless. His thumbs found Robin's hard little nipples, rubbing against them.

Robin pressed even closer, his thigh rubbing on Cas, his erection against Cas' hip, and his chest arching just a little, pushing into Cas' hands. He was panting again, right into the kiss, and making noises that were getting desperate. "Oh, yeah," Robin groaned at him. "Tell me you have something in here we can use as lube."

"Like what exactly?" Cas asked a little wildly. "Oh! Wait!" He pushed at Robin and stumbled over to his desk, fumbling with the drawer. He had a little bottle of hand lotion that he'd been hoarding until their next load of supplies arrived. He grabbed it and turned with a triumphant grin. "Will this do?"

"Yep." Robin's grin turned into something else, something edgier and hungry, though it was softened with a wink. "Now.

If you'd be so kind, sir ... get out of that damn jumpsuit and bend over something sturdy."

He swallowed and nodded, feeling like the main course at a starving man's dinner. He figured he could live with that. He kind of tossed the hand cream at Robin and managed to make his fingers work long enough to pull down the zipper of his overalls. He shrugged out of them, letting them fall around his ankles, and then turned and pushed the pile of paper off his desk onto the floor. It wasn't like they were ordered yet anyway. Before he could get focused on what he'd just done, he closed his eyes and bent over the desk, squeaking as the cold wood hit his chest, his nipples going immediately tight.

From behind him he heard another throaty groan, and then Robin's warm back was pressed against his, skin to skin. "You're going to be the end of me," Robin whispered, his hands running over Cas' butt. "This ass ... you should see yourself." There was a pause, and then smoothly slick fingers, cold with the cream, were massaging around his hole.

He whimpered, pressing back against Robin's touch. "Please." God, he was begging like he was desperate for it, for Robin. Which he kind of was. Good thing Robin seemed to have a thing for needy.

"Uh huh." Still cool, but warming fast, fingers slid into him, two at once. Robin pushed in a little and withdrew, going deeper the second time. "So fucking hot inside," Robin said into Cas' ear. "Want to sink into you and just ... well, fuck you senseless."

"Oh, fuck. Yes, Robin, *please*." He nodded, pushing back onto Robin's fingers, wanting them deeper, harder. Wanting more. He reached out and held onto the edge of the desk, giving him self some leverage as he moved.

Robin sucked in air and froze for a moment. "You're ready, yeah?" he asked, his voice catching. "This isn't going to be sweet and gentle, babe."

"Just do me." He didn't need sweet and gentle; he just needed. They could cuddle later; hell, they could do it again, sweet and gentle, later. He needed *now*.

Robin's finger's pulled out and his cock slammed in, pushing hard and deep right away. "Damn," Robin grunted. "Oh, shit. Gimme a second here."

The burn and the stretch were good, but they weren't enough and Cas squeezed his ass around Robin's cock, demanding wordlessly.

"Shit!" It was more of a yell that time, but it got Robin moving. Hands gripped Cas' hips and Robin thrust into him with a brutal rhythm. In and out, and in and in and out, over and over. "Hang on," Robin ordered, one hand pushing his back flatter, laying him out on the table.

Cas grunted, the cold biting into his skin before starting to warm, and his cock was being shoved against the wood.

"Wait," he gasped, trying to work a hand beneath himself.

"My dick!"

"My hands are busy." But Robin shifted a little, pulling Cas back onto his cock instead of pushing into him. "Okay?"

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Cas nodded, and shifted his legs back so his cock wasn't hitting the wood anymore, and then he nodded again and reached for the edge of the desk. "Okay, okay. Go. Go."

Robin went, thrusting forward and pulling him back, his speed a little slower but his cock going deeper. "Can you spread your legs a little more?" Robin gasped out. "Fuck, so tight."

He wasn't sure he could think, let alone make parts of himself move, but Cas managed to get his legs spread further apart and that had Robin's cock sliding right over his gland, making him fucking scream.

"That's it." Robin was almost purring, slamming into him again and again, and hitting the right spot every time. "Let me hear you." The purr faltered as Robin's breath caught and grew harsher, his fingers digging in a little harder on Cas' hips.

There was no 'let' about it, Cas was just reacting, feeling, screaming his head off it felt so good. He braced himself harder, whole body rocking and thudding as Robin thrust into him.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah." Robin rolled his hips a little, buried in him, fitting in him just right. "Oh, fuck, yeah. Just perfect, Cas. Close."

Just then, Robin hit him with a particularly hard thrust and his cock hit the edge of the table. He screamed loudly and came hard, pleasure spraying from him.

With a garbled gasp of words, Robin's hips stuttered and then sped to a ferocious speed, Robin fucking him right through his orgasm. With a scream of his own, Robin finally

stilled, throbbing and filling him, jerking uncontrollably as he came.

Cas whimpered, going sort of boneless against the desk. It was the only thing holding him up, and apparently Robin as well, the man slumping right over him.

"Damn, babe," Robin said slowly, his voice rough and his words slurred. "That was ... you're gonna kill me."

It was the pounding on the door that had Cas finding his strength again and his eyes went wide. "Oh, shit, Robin. What now?" He was gonna get a complex if something happened every time they made love.

"Dunno." Robin lifted his head and yelled, "Hang on!" then carefully pulled out. "Could just want me back on the site—I'm kind of on duty," he said, tugging his clothes up.

"Oh, God. Oh, God, oh, God." Cas whimpered and pulled up his overalls, nearly catching important bits as he zippered up and headed to the back of the lab, running his hands through his hair.

"Shh," Robin soothed. "Relax. Don't go messing your after-glow up; enjoy it." He zipped himself up and passed Cas his lab coat, then made his way to the door. "Yeah?" he asked, flipping the lock and easing the door open.

Cas snorted, wondering exactly how this was not supposed to mess with his after-glow.

Captain Barston peered in. "Everything okay, here? We heard screaming."

Oh, God. Cas felt himself blush all the way down to his toes and he groaned, wishing as hard as he could that the ground would open up and take him away.

Robin laughed, the sound only slightly choked.

"Everything's fine. Promise. No problems here, nope."

The captain's eyes flicked from Robin to him and back to Robin again, a knowing look suddenly coming into them.

"Shit, use a gag or something, okay?"

Come on, come on, come on, he begged silently, please go. Please.

Robin tilted his head. "Got one?" he asked brightly.

"Although, we're not really ready for another go yet. Maybe next time." He started edging the door closed. "Nice to know you're on your toes, though. I feel real safe now."

"I still need to talk to you," Barston said, pointing his finger. "You're the only holdout."

Robin nodded. "Yeah, I know." He glanced back at Cas and smiled a little. "Give me a few minutes here, and then I'll go get cleaned up. Say, fifteen minutes? It'll be a fast talk, though—I was with him when everything went down."

The captain rolled his eyes and muttered something about 'joined at the hip', but finally left, and Cas breathed a sigh of relief, sagging against one of the workbenches as the door finally closed again. "I'm never going to be able to show my face out there."

"Sure you are," Robin assured him, his voice lazy and satiated as he sauntered to the workbench. "We might just have to ride out some teasing is all." Robin grinned at him and touched his cheek. "I think it was totally worth it."

He smiled, Robin's words warming him as much as the fingers on his cheek did. He nuzzled into the touch. "Yeah, I guess I do, too."

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"Good." Robin leaned in and kissed him softly. "I better go, though. I don't think we want him to come hunting for me."

Cas shook his head hard. No, he definitely didn't want the good captain coming back. "Go on. I need to clean up anyway," he nodded toward the desk, his papers strewn next to it.

"Not just there," Robin pointed out, glancing meaningfully at the wet streaks on the table. "Sorry about that," he added, grinning and heading to the door. "I'll wipe up next time."

"Sure you will," Cas called out. He stuck out his tongue at Robin's departing form.

He just stared at the door awhile, enjoying the way he could feel that Robin had been there in his body. He was sure his hips were bruised and he could still feel the pounding thrusts of Robin's cock.

There was a half-smile on his face as he started to organize the papers. Again.

* * * *

Robin didn't dawdle on his way to the bunk, though he couldn't quite shake the grin that kept showing up. He might have been a man in a rush for a shower and clean clothes, but he was also a nicely laid man, and that meant smiling.

The shower was fast and easy, and not having to pick and choose from his wardrobe meant he was out and looking for Barston in short order. His boots raised dust on the way to the mess hall for a bottle of water, and he took a moment to regret having to leave the cool interior of the lab. Cas was the

main draw there, but there was something to be said for the fans, too.

Various people nodded to him or called out greetings; the number of smirks was higher than usual, too, but Robin let it slide over him. He honestly didn't care what people thought, and Cas wasn't there, so he just grinned and strutted a little more.

Water bottle in hand, he headed over to the pump house, thinking that if the captain wasn't there he could at least check to make sure the repairs were done.

He was stopped about halfway there by the captain himself. "Trail. Good. Walk with me back to the mess. We're meeting there in ten to let everyone know what I've found out. You're my only holdout. So where were you when the sabotage was going on?" The captain had a smirk on his face, the man knowing damned well where he'd been.

Robin raised an eyebrow and smirked right back. "In my bunk," he said sweetly.

"You got anyone who can verify that?"

"Uh huh. I believe you've met our scientist? Cas'll tell you I was there. In fact, he already has, hasn't he?" Robin gave the man a broad grin. "Do I have to go on record with what we were specifically doing?"

The captain gave him a stern look. "I need to ask the questions, Trail. Make sure your stories match." The man flipped through several pages on his data recorder. "Have you got any theories on why this was done?"

"Nope." Robin frowned, his playfulness dying away. "I don't know every single one these men and women really

well, Captain, but I've worked next to them for months now. They're a good crew. They work hard, play hard. There's been the usual camp shit—a couple of fights, a lot of drinking—but I haven't seen anything that would make me think any of them would want the project killed. Not on their own, anyway. This is what we get paid to do, you know?"

The captain nodded. "I know crews get pretty tight pretty fast, and someone would stand out quickly as an odd man out." He was given an appraising look, Barston's eyes sharp. "The only odd men out around here seem to be the lady-doc and your alibi. The only other Johnny-come-lately is the cook, but he's a regular with TerraFCorp, and everyone seems to like him well enough."

"Well," Robin said slowly. "The Doc is new to this site, but she seems okay. Haven't spent much time with her here, but I knew her on another dig. My alibi is what it is—I was busy getting laid, and everyone knows it. Do you seriously think Cas is the type to say that if it weren't true? Come on, he damn near had a heart-attack not twenty minutes ago."

"I'm not saying I don't believe your alibi—I'm just telling you who the only folks out here are who aren't good fits." The captain shrugged. "The truth is, we've got nothing. And it doesn't make a whole lot of sense and that, Trail, makes me nervous. If we've got a nutter out here doing this for some random reasons, it could spell big trouble. Not that you'll hear that from me. I'm going to stand up in front of everyone and tell them this was an isolated incident, and that we don't expect it to happen again, business as usual, as soon as possible. I expect you to back me up out there."

Robin felt his eyes narrow and tried to keep his temper. "You want me to back a lie and just pray that whoever put us all in danger doesn't bother to do it again?"

"You'd rather have everyone looking at their neighbors with suspicion? You think that's going to help anything? My men and I are redoubling our efforts at keeping an eye on things, and I've already asked for reinforcements rather than replacements on the next ship in. You put the idea in people's heads that one of their own is a psycho, and our job at keeping the peace and keeping this from happening again gets that much harder." Barston glowered at him. "So yes. Yes, I do expect you to back a lie and hope whoever put us all in danger doesn't do it again."

Robin gave himself a mental kick. He knew full well that the captain was right, and more than that, Barston was showing him a certain amount of trust in even talking frankly to him. "You're right," he said by way of apology. "I think I'm fuck dumb. If you want sense out of me, you should try to get to me before I get off."

The captain snorted. "You'll have to give me a heads up on when exactly that might be—seems anytime there's something going on or I'm looking for you, you're busy doing Doc Threeway."

"Trueway," Robin snapped. "His name is Trueway. Unless that was an invitation?" He took the time to look the captain up and down. "But let's face it—it makes me easy to find."

"I don't fraternize with the workers. And yes, it does. Though your man looked a little red around the gills, there—I don't think he appreciated being interrupted." Barston nodded

at the mess hall. "Come on. Let's get this meeting done and we can put the incident behind us."

Robin nodded and started walking with him. "You're in for a long dry spell if you don't fraternize," he said. "And no, he's shy. Vocal, but shy. Next time, wait for someone to scream 'help', instead of 'oh, fuck, yes, harder, harder!'"

Barston snorted. "If he'd been yelling words, I'd have paid attention. All I heard was someone yelling blue murder. I don't even want to know what you were doing to him, but if he really is shy, you might want to go ahead and find that gag for his own peace of mind." The captain chuckled and nodded over toward the lab. "He can't live in there twenty-four-seven."

'There' was the lab, and it looked like Cas had been on his way out to the mess, but now he was half-frozen, half-retreating. "Best go get him and bring him to the meeting, Trail. It's mandatory." The captain gave him another nod and headed on in to the mess.

Robin shook his head, grinning, and walked over to Cas. "Come on, babe. Meeting time. Don't worry about him." He leaned in a little and lowered his voice. "Try not to look so scared, Cas. No one will bite you."

"I'm not scared," Cas told him, sounding defensive. "I just don't need everyone making jokes at my expense. And if the captain came when I was screaming, God only knows how many were behind him."

"Well, I didn't see anyone," Robin told him. "But it's a small camp. Anyone who didn't hear, knows by now. I still think it was worth it, and I'm pretty sure that gag idea was a

good one. I'd love to see you with a gag in your mouth. Maybe with your hands tied..." Robin smiled to himself, lost in the image.

"Robin!" Cas thumped his arm—pretty damned hard, too.

"Ow! What?" Jarred out of his daydream, Robin blinked at Cas. "You don't think so?" Darn.

"You can't be serious!" Cas looked shocked. Really, really shocked.

"Well, I *was*, but I guess that's not your speed, huh?" Robin thought about it for a moment. "I won't hurt you. Just ... tease a bit. And make you scream."

Cas just blinked at him. "That's ... That's ... I didn't know you were such a kinkster!"

"I'm not!" Robin protest. "At least, not much. But seriously, I think it sounds hot." Very hot. Hotter than the damn planet, really.

"I never. That." Cas sputtered a few more syllables and then snapped his mouth shut as they got to the Mess hall, joining the whole camp inside.

"Yet?" Robin whispered, tugging Cas along as he made his way to the front. The captain wanted back up, so he'd better be near enough to give it.

"Where are you going?" Cas hissed, tugging back, trying to slow them down.

"Front. I'm kinda in charge, so I should know what goes on when we're ... busy." From beside him he heard a snicker and an outright laugh.

Cas stopped short, pulling his arm out of Robin's. "I don't have to sit up front, though. Everyone's looking at us, Robin. Everyone *knows*."

Robin looked around, meeting smiling faces and grin after grin. "Um. Yeah, so that means you might as well come with me," he said with a shrug. "Not like we're going to do an encore for a general audience."

"Damn," Molly said, over to his right. "Are you sure?"

"Sorry, Mol." Robin grinned. The grin faded away when he looked at Cas. "Up to you," he said apologetically. "But I might be needed."

Cas looked like he wanted to be anywhere else, but he just sort of nodded and started walking with him, looking at the ground.

Robin tried not to sigh and promised himself that they'd be a bit more discreet in the future. And maybe he'd actually talk Cas into the gag, if not the hands thing. They finally made it to the front, and he nodded to Barston, then shoved his way onto one of the benches.

"Hey, Trail," one of the guys behind him said, leaning forward. "You gonna give a speech, too, or is your voice shot?"

"My voice is fine," Robin shot back. "And envy is a good look on you, Mac. Maybe you should try harder with the girls."

Mac just laughed, grinning at him as he sat back.

Cas sighed and, to Robin's surprise, Cas' hand slid beneath his where it lay on the bench between them as the captain stood up and cleared his throat. Robin gave Cas' hand a squeeze and tried to look attentive. It wasn't easy, between

Cas holding his hand and the way the guy next to him was jabbing him in the ribs.

Captain Barston stood up there and spun the results of his inquiry to make it seem innocuous, and Robin could feel the relief move through the room.

It was pretty clear that the captain had had the right of it, and Robin suddenly wished he'd been standing next to him, so he could see the faces of the workers and look for the one who wasn't quite right. He'd have to trust the captain to do his job.

When he thought it was about right, Robin stood up and faced the crew. "All right, listen up. You've heard the man, now listen to me. This is our site, our job and our rigging. We know it, and we know what to do. This has set us back a bit, but we all know we can make up the time, so let's just get to that, right? We have a pile of dirt to move and water to find—this planet needs us at our best. Ready to go back?"

A cheer went up, peppered with "Yes, sirs!" and "You betchas".

Cas was actually smiling up at him, or at least was until one catcall sounded. "You gonna go back to porking the doc?"

Robin rolled his eyes. "Don't make me pull out the tapes of you talking to that picture of your momma, Blake," he yelled. "I'll be on-site, and you all know it—you'd all pine away without me there watching over you."

"You sure we can't watch *you*?" Molly asked. Damn the woman for harping on that. Cas was back to looking like he wanted to sink into the floor.

"Now, now, Molly. I ain't *you*, honey." Robin held up his hand. "Enough. Little fun is fine, but it's time to stop, children. You got anything more to say to me, you can save it until after the captain here says we're done."

The captain gave him a smirk and nodded. "We're done. Everyone is free to go, but the waterworks are now off limits except for authorized personnel."

As soon as people started standing and breaking up the meeting, Cas hightailed it out of there, leaving the catcalls and watching eyes behind.

"Fuck," Robin muttered, following along behind. He slung an arm around Molly's shoulders as he passed. "Walk with me, girly. We need to talk."

"We do?" she asked, shaking off his arm.

"Uh huh. See that fine man running from me? You need to get the rest of them to tone it down. Just ... lay off a bit. He's not used to camps and everyone knowing his business."

She rolled her eyes. "You're the one fucking him hard enough to—"

"Yeah, yeah, I know." Robin sighed. "Just help me out here, 'kay?"

She gave him an arch look. "Can I hang out by your window?"

"Not without him knowing." Robin laughed. "Talk to you later, Mol. Got a man to pacify."

He took off at a jog to the lab, knowing Cas would go right there. Probably lock the door, too. He caught up to Cas just as the door was closing and got his foot in it. Cas frowned and looked down and then back up at him. "Oh. It's you."

"Yeah, remember me? I was the one at the front, catching it all. And you know what? It's *still* worth it. *You're* worth it, Cas."

"Yeah? You're not gonna back off until it blows over?" There was a touch of something haunted in Cas' eyes. "You don't mind everyone knowing we're together. Making it a big deal?"

"Nope." Robin glanced around. "I have to get to the site, babe, so I'm going to use small, fast words. I don't care what they say. I don't care that they tease. I don't care that everyone knows and makes a point of letting us know that they know. All I want is to spend time with you. I'm not going anywhere, and I don't want to."

The smile Cas gave him wasn't a hundred percent happy, but it was there. "Okay. You can come and get me when you're ready to go back to the bunk."

"Will do," Robin promised. "Don't suppose you'd kiss me right now, would you?" He smiled hopefully.

Cas glanced behind him and then leaned up and gave him a quick, soft kiss. "Tell Molly if I catch her watching, I'll report her to the captain." Then Cas disappeared into the lab, shutting the door firmly behind him.

Robin nodded and laughed quietly to himself, then turned on his heel. Whistling, he headed toward the rigging, thinking it was a fine fucking day there on Hades. And he was pretty sure Molly would get over her disappointment, too. Sometime.

* * * *

Cas did what he always did when he was having relationship trouble. He threw himself into his work.

Not that it was trouble with the relationship, really. Robin had said the talk didn't matter, that it was about the two of them didn't matter. It didn't look like the man was going to start treating him badly just because people knew and he had to prove he didn't care.

That was the part Cas hated the most.

But he spent the rest of the afternoon and the evening going through all the papers and updating his notes on the computer, and he just let everything else fade away, even Robin's promise to come and get him for bed.

So when the knock came, it had him jumping about a mile out of his seat. "Who is it?" If it was Molly or one of the guys coming to tease him, he was going to tell them to go to hell.

"Your reminder to eat," Robin's voice came. "And then your reminder to sleep. And maybe your reminder that there are things other than work."

Cas grinned. The man had come back. Cool.

He turned off his machine and the small light on the workbench and shrugged out of his lab coat as he made his way to the door. He opened it. Man, Robin needed a shower. "I'm not sure I'm impressed with your order of what's important."

Robin tilted his head. "How about ... eat, not working, and then sleep?" A shower of dust drifted down from his hair to cover his shoulders.

"How about a shower, not working, sleep and maybe eat if we have time in the morning?" He closed and locked the lab

door behind him. Before yesterday, he'd leave it open, but after what happened ... it just felt smarter locking it.

"You have to eat, Cas," Robin coaxed. "Before sleep. You're getting added exercise, you know," he added with a leer.

"And you think I'd rather eat than do ... that? You're twisted, Robin."

"Well, no. I mean, yes. I..." For the first time, Robin looked absolutely flustered. "I want to take a shower. With you. Then I want you to eat. Before we go to bed. And then, eventually, we'll sleep. And I'm not twisted! I just wanna gag you once. Unless you're talking about my priorities, in which case I'll just point out—you need your strength."

"Well, I *was* talking about your priorities..." He wasn't sure about this gag thing, whether Robin was serious or just teasing him. "I guess if you're going to insist on this eating thing, we should pick it up on the way." It was late enough, judging by the setting sun, that the mess wasn't going to be too busy. Too full of prying eyes.

"Sure." Robin angled them in the right direction, his hands stuffed into his pockets. "Get a lot done today?" he asked as they walked.

"Yeah, way more than I figured I would, what with the meeting and the gossip and stuff." He shrugged. "I need to re-collect most of the soil samples."

Robin kind of snorted when Cas said 'and stuff', but he was nodding. "If you need help, just let me know. Another pair of hands is easy to find, most times, if it doesn't take too long."

They walked into the mess, and Robin picked up two trays, handing one to him.

Cas didn't even glance around them, just kind of stiffened a little when laughter came from the other end of the mess hall. He didn't need to see who was laughing at them, making jokes and gossip. And he knew it would die down soon enough. "Can we take the food back to our bunk?"

Didn't mean he had to like it.

"Sure, babe," Robin said softly. "They're playing cards later anyway, and we want to miss out on that fun, yeah?"

"It's not the card playing so much as the drinking and fighting." He gave Robin a grin, trying really hard to just ignore the looks and talk, because it sure seemed like Robin was. It was just outside of his experience, to have someone just shrug it off like this. "Oh, look! That almost looks like steaks!" Everything else was forgotten in his amazement.

"I heard that!" Peters yelled from the back. "Just eat it, Doc. It's good for you!"

Robin laughed and grabbed an almost steak, too, and a puddle of what was likely pretending to be corn. "Want dessert?" he asked.

Cas nodded, feeling suddenly lighter and happier. "Yeah, I bet it almost looks like something decent, too." Sure enough, the apple crisp actually looked, and smelled, like apples and cinnamon. "Cool."

"I think he's been holding out on us," Robin whispered. "Either that, or he was worried we'd kill him if he foisted off the gloop on us after we'd been eating like this for weeks."

Cas grinned and led the way back out toward their bunk, a can of pseudo-wine under his arm. He was starting to feel pretty good again, and was looking forward to their evening together.

Robin was whistling as they walked, but lagging back a bit. "You know," he said casually, "orange looks pretty good on your ass."

Cas nearly tripped, and he turned back, cheeks flaming. "Robin!" God, the things that man said...

"Of course, it looks even better on the floor 'cause you're naked in the shower with me, so let's just move along to the dinner portion, yeah?" Robin grinned at him, apparently utterly unrepentant.

Cas just shook his head. He couldn't decide if Robin was just teasing him or if he was a big old hound dog. He wasn't sure which one he was hoping for either, so he supposed it was okay. They got to their bunk and settled at the small table in the corner. The food proved to be pretty good and he ate quickly—he hadn't realized how hungry he was.

"See?" Robin pointed to his plate and the empty tray. "I *told* you!" Of course, Robin's food had vanished just as fast, if not faster. Dinner conversation seemed to be a non-thing, between the inhaling food and the ... no, just the eating really fast.

"You're still dirty," he told Robin, deliberately being vague as to exactly what he was specifically talking about.

"I'm a little dusty, is all," Robin said, leaning back and stretching his legs out in front of him. "Dirty is something else all together."

"Dirty is more fun." He gave Robin a wink and grabbed their trays, going to set them outside their bunk. They'd either bring 'em back in the morning themselves, or someone would grab 'em as they went by. "We could shower together," he suggested to Robin. Oh, yeah, he was feeling a lot better.

Robin grinned, his eyelids at about half mast as he licked his lower lip. "We have a duty to conserve water," he said with a nod. "Plus, I get to see your ass without the orange. Again."

Cas grinned hard, ignoring the way his cheeks were heating up. Maybe if Robin kept it up he'd eventually stop blushing. "Yours looks better out of the get-up, too. Although," he tilted his head and leaned to look around Robin. "It's a mighty fine ass even in the orange." God, that was cheesy, but if Robin laughed he was going to sock the guy.

Robin didn't laugh, though, just made a husky kind of noise and pointed toward the shower. "Let's go," he said with a slight shake of his head. But instead of moving them closer to the bathroom, Robin slid a hand around Cas' neck and pulled him in for a kiss, his mouth warm and inviting.

Moaning, Cas sank his fingers into Robin's overalls and held on, his mouth opening wider, letting Robin in deep. He was hard right away. He felt so wanton, but good, starting to believe in the promise of Robin continuing to want this, of not needing to hide it.

They stood like that for a long moment, kissing with wide, hungry mouths, Robin arching against him, starting to rub a little, and then Robin let his mouth go. "Shower," he said, the

husky voice like gravel. "I'm too dusty to just take you to bed."

Cas nodded and stepped back, breath a little short, fingers trembling just a little as he yanked at his zipper. Robin could get him revved up just like that. Maybe one of these days they'd take it slow. But he didn't think today was going to be that day.

Eyes fixed on him, Robin took a step back and worked his own zipper, shrugging out of it and letting it fall to his waist. His bare chest was flushed a little and he took a shuddering breath when he finally looked away from Cas to bend and undo his boots.

Cas managed to kick his off without undoing them, and then he was stripped, the air not cold, but good against his overheated skin. He made a noise, hand reaching out, but he pulled it back and turned and all but ran to the bathroom. Just to make sure they actually got there.

Robin was right behind him, the sound of a canvas jumpsuit like a thud as it hit something, Robin clearly tossing it aside. "Wet first," Robin said, one hand landing on Cas' butt. "And soap, so I don't turn to mud. Then..." His intentions were clear enough, the hand starting to knead.

Cas groaned and pushed his ass into Robin's hand. His head dropped back and his eyes closed. Just this was good, knowing it was going to be more was amazing. "Soap's nice and slippery."

"Uh huh." The water came on and Robin shoved him around until they were both soaked, moving quickly. Then a handful of soap was worked between big hands and Robin

started scrubbing his hair, the water turning gray and murky before rinsing clean, less than a minute later. Soap bubbles trailed over his shoulders, down his chest to catch at his groin, and Robin turned again to rinse off. Fastest clean up on record, it had to be.

As soon as Robin'd rinsed off, Cas grabbed the soap and got his hands slick. Then he reached out and started touching, his fingers sliding over Robin's shoulders, his chest, flicking across the little nipples, doing it again as they hardened up for him. Robin made a gurgling noise and his head fell back, resting on the shower wall. His cock gave a little jump and Robin's gurgle turned into a groan. "Harder," he whispered.

Cas tried, but his hands and Robin's nipples were all soapy now, slippery. He let the water rinse the soap away from Robin's skin and then bent, took one of the hard little nubs into his mouth, tugging it between his lips. His hands kept sliding downward, one wrapping around Robin's cock and sliding along it, the other cupping and fondling the heavy balls. God, Robin was hot.

"Oh, shit." Robin's hands landed on Cas' head, keeping him right where he was, feasting on that one nipple. Robin's hips flexed, his hands grew heavier, and the prick in Cas' hand throbbed just a little, slick and slippery and hard. "Shit," Robin gasped again. "Good."

It was heady, knowing how much he was making Robin feel good, and he sucked harder, added a bit of a bite in, and when that didn't garner a huge response, he bit harder.

Robin grunted, his hands digging into Cas' hair. "Fuck," he swore, shoving his cock through Cas' fist. "Gonna come if you do that again." His hips sped up a bit, his balls going tight in Cas' hand.

He was pretty sure Robin would be good for another go, but he was also starting to trust that Robin wouldn't leave him hanging even if getting it up again was an issue. So he just moved over to the other nipple and started licking and biting and sucking on it, squeezing Robin's cock tighter and tugging a little on Robin's balls.

"Cas!" Robin lurched against him, then again. Slick heat poured over Cas' hand in staccato bursts and the hands in his hair pulled a little too hard as Robin came for him, fast and hard and smelling like strong, healthy musk.

Cas winced at the hair pulling, but he didn't complain, not for a second. He was feeling a little smug and a lot good. He pulled off Robin's nipple and grinned up, hands still holding and cupping hot flesh.

"Oh, man," Robin panted, letting go of his hair to stroke his jaw. He tilted Cas' head and kissed him, his tongue going deep and dragging along Cas' quickly before he pulled back. "Do you want to fuck me?" he asked, his voice almost lost in the sound of the shower.

"Oh." Cas blinked, shivered. He didn't know. He never had. "I..." He swallowed and blinked again.

"Don't have to. But if you want, you can." Robin kissed him again, pulling Cas up tight against his body.

He rubbed against Robin, enjoying the slide of their bodies. It seemed decadent, to be rubbing naked with the water

flowing down over them. "I never have," he admitted. "Maybe ... maybe you could use your mouth?"

Robin chuckled and licked at his neck. "I can do that," he promised. He shifted them again, across the tiny space so Cas was leaning on the opposite wall, and licked him again.

"Never worry about suggesting that," he teased with a wink, and started to work his way down Cas' body.

He licked.

He sucked.

He dragged his teeth and tongue over every inch of Cas' chest.

And then he made a meal out of Cas' belly, lapping up water from his bellybutton.

All the while, Robin's hands were skimming over him, his thighs, his hips, his ass ... just touching everywhere. Everywhere except his dick, anyway. But then, finally, Robin's mouth was there, licking his balls and sucking on the gently, Robin on his knees before him.

The water hitting his chest only added to the sensations, and he wrapped his hands around Robin's shoulders, just holding on so he didn't fall down. The small shower was filled with noises he didn't recognize, but which had to be coming from him. Desperate and needy.

Robin licked his balls once more and then started on his cock, nuzzling and licking his way up, right from the root to the red and swollen head. He thought he heard Robin say something, but he wasn't sure what or if it was important or not—and then Robin was sucking him, slowly and evenly. Hot and wet and with a clever tongue, Robin took him in and

sucked his cock and backed right up it again, his head starting to bob gently. And there were fingers playing with his ass.

He spread his legs a little, as much as he could, and he couldn't have controlled the way his hips were rocking ... well, jerking convulsively was more like it, pushing his cock into Robin's mouth, again and again. The wet heat got tight, right down to his balls as Robin took him in, and he felt a fingertip push into his hole, large and wet with only shower water. Robin swallowed around him, humming a little, and his tongue pressed up hard on Cas' cock just as the finger went deeper.

The burn was perfect, the swallow around the tip of his prick divine, and Cas screamed, hips pumping as he came down Robin's throat. It seemed to go on forever and then, suddenly, it was over and he went limp against the back of the shower, panting for breath.

"That's it," Robin whispered, licking at his softening prick. The finger eased out of him and Robin kissed his way up Cas' body until he was standing, one arm pulling him close as Robin shut off the water with his free hand. "You taste good," Robin whispered in his ear, then licked off a drip of water.

He made a soft noise and wrapped his hands around Robin's waist, pressing close, letting Robin support him. It felt good. Felt like being ... cherished. And damn, that was another cheesy word—hell, it was a cheesy feeling, but he didn't want to be ashamed of it, so he just went with it, let Robin hold him and enjoyed being held.

Robin hummed a little, his arms loose and warm and not letting go at all. Soft kisses were pressed against him, on his neck, his shoulders, even his hair. "Think we can get dry without stopping the cuddle?" Robin asked softly, a smile bright in his voice.

He couldn't help but smile back, his lips pressed against Robin's shoulder. "I'd sure like to try."

Robin laughed. "I can almost reach the towels."

"I can reach your ass," Cas pointed out, one hand sliding down to do exactly that.

"Oh, so you can..." Robin wiggled against him. "Good for you." One of Robin's hands vanished and came back with a towel. "Don't stop," he said, awkwardly drying Cas' back.

Cas giggled and slid his other hand down, too, squeezing and playing with Robin's ass. It was a very nice ass.

The towel moved over him, more or less doing its job, and Robin wiggled some more, flexing his butt and pushing back into Cas' hands. "Oh, boy," Robin whispered, the towel falling away. "I think we better move this along, babe."

"You think if I keep doing this you'll want to do me?" he asked, his own cock throbbing at the idea. He hadn't been fucked so much in ... ever. He kind of liked it, liked the slight 'knowing someone had been there' feeling.

"I *always* want to do you," Robin said seriously. "I get working, on the rigging or digging, or even just moving stuff, and there it is. I think about you and I get so hard I can hardly walk for wanting you."

"Oh..." He pulled back enough to smile at Robin. "Cool."

"It is," Robin grinned at him. "Not as cool as actually doing it, but it's cool. Come on, Cas. I want you on the bed, legs spread for me."

He nodded at that and even managed to tear himself away from Robin and stumble off toward his bunk. He could feel Robin's eyes on his ass the whole way, and that just made him want it more.

"Cas?" Robin asked, his voice low as Cas made it to the bed.

He pulled the covers back and sat, looking up at Robin. "What?" Robin wasn't going to change his mind, was he?

"Um." Robin reached for the tube of lubricant on the shelf, his cheeks going oddly pink. He was blushing. A real, honest to hell blush. "Would you ... I mean, you said you liked ... I want." Robin's blush went another shade darker. "I want to watch you get ready for me."

"Oh!" He blushed, too. "You want to watch." A shiver went through him and he held his hand out for Robin, body going hot and hard at the thought of Robin watching him, wanting to see.

"I do." Robin swallowed hard and went to him, took his hand and settled on the bed. "I really do. It's ... it sounds so hot, Cas."

He leaned up and kissed Robin hard. It made him feel sexy, knowing Robin thought that. "I hope I live up to your imagination."

"I'm sure you will," Robin said roughly, his gaze traveling all over Cas' body. He pressed the tube into Cas' hand and knelt between his knees, hand sliding over Cas' thighs.

Robin's shaft was hard again, his erection rising proudly, though Robin seemed to ignore it, all of his attention focused on Cas instead. "God, you're beautiful."

"Yeah? You think so?" He preened a little. Robin made him feel beautiful, that was for sure. "Gonna turn onto my stomach. It's easier to reach that way."

Robin whimpered and nodded, moving just enough to give Cas room to flip over. "Oh, God," Robin whispered, most likely to himself.

Cas flipped over and got his knees up under himself, head turned so he could watch Robin's face, so he could make sure Robin was enjoying what he was seeing. He got his fingers slicked up and reached back, sliding one along his crack. His prick throbbed as he watched Robin watch him.

The man looked to be barely breathing, his gaze fixed on Cas' fingers and ass. "Please," he said, the word strangled. "I want to see."

Cas nodded, just on fire, his stomach flip-flopping. He rubbed against his hole, groaning and jerking as his finger slid along the wrinkled flesh. Then he pushed the tip of his finger in.

Robin whimpered again, shifting on the bed. "Yes," he breathed. "So sexy. God, Cas." A warm hand stroked Cas' thigh. "Keep going. Please."

He nodded again, not sure he could stop, now that he'd started. Not with Robin looking at him like he was the sexiest thing ever.

Gasping, he pushed his finger all the way in. The hand on his leg slid a little higher and he could hear Robin's breath

now, fast and ragged. "That's it, babe." Robin's voice was low and just as ragged as his breath. "Open up. Slick and hot and ... God. How does it feel, Cas?"

"My fingers or you watching?" he asked, voice almost as rough as Robin's. He pushed another finger in, fucking himself with them.

"Both?" Robin sounded like he wasn't sure at all. "You should see yourself. So ... God, so hot." Robin leaned over him and licked one ass cheek.

He shuddered and moved his fingers harder, faster. He scissored them apart, Robin's breath on his skin making him even hotter than the fingers in his ass.

"Oh, shit, yes," Robin gasped. "Fuck yourself for me, Cas." For a brief moment his fingers were joined with a hot tongue, just a flick and dart around them, licking around his hole before drawing away.

He cried out, body clenching around his fingers, and then he pushed in a third. He rocked, body moving counter to his fingers so he was fucking himself good and hard.

Putting on a show for Robin.

"Oh, God, oh, God." Robin was chanting at him, hands suddenly everywhere. Cas could feel Robin on his legs, his belly, one hand on his cock, and then it was all gone, Robin moving and shifting, moaning behind him. And then a hand on Cas's wrist, stilling him. "I'm going to fuck you now," Robin told him, his voice suddenly steady.

Cas whimpered, letting Robin pull his fingers out. "Please," he whispered, suddenly empty and needing so badly.

Robin didn't say anything else, and he didn't waste time. Before Cas could breathe to whisper again, Robin was sliding into him, the first thrust long and slow and going deep, right to the very center of him. "Don't move," Robin said, still as stone inside him. "Don't even twitch."

"Why not?" he asked with a whimper, body going tight with the effort not to rock on Robin's cock.

"I'll fucking blow." Robin shuddered against him, his chest hot on Cas' back. "That was the hottest thing I've ever seen. And I've seen some stuff." With another shaky breath, Robin's hips flexed and he started to move, fucking Cas with short, shallow thrusts.

Cas just closed his eyes and let Robin make him fly—the words and the thrusts.

Gradually the trusts got longer, slower. Robin started to glide in him, pulling almost out and then slipping back in like a sigh, filling him up. Robin was hard, a great solid thing against his back, in his ass, and Robin was all around him. Cas could hear Robin's breath, his voice, almost his heartbeat; the scent of him was everywhere. A hand wrapped around Cas' cock, far too loose, and Robin played with him, not stopping the slow fuck for an instant.

"More," he begged, trying to rock, trying to speed Robin up. But Robin had total control, and it left him whimpering and shaking, need riding him hard.

Instead of speeding up, Robin changed the angle of his next thrust, just enough. And when he found Cas' gland, he didn't leave it alone, not once missing a chance to tease it, stroke it, push against it. Every slow thrust after that was

aimed right at Cas' gland, Robin's cock torturing him by degrees.

Cas just writhed, whimpering almost constantly at the sweet torture. He babbled, too, soft words begging for more and for Robin to not stop, broken sounds that meant it was good.

"I won't stop," Robin promised in his ear. "Never going to stop, Cas. Not ever."

"Gonna kill me," he whispered, body starting to shake as it all just became too much.

"Nope," Robin disagreed, dragging a thumb over the tip of Cas' cock. "Just turn you into a puddle." He thrust again, his hips rocking and his cock pushing into Cas' prostate. He didn't pull out, just stayed there, rubbing and pushing and gently jerking Cas off.

Shudders shook Cas' body, every single inch of him wrapped up in what Robin was doing. He felt like he was going to shake apart into a million pieces. And then he did, screaming Robin's name as he dissolved. He was vaguely aware of Robin crying out as well, suddenly jerking in him as he thrust a few more times, but it was hazy; on one level he knew Robin had come with him, because of him, but on the whole he was only really aware of fractured thoughts, his mind and body soaring with the release.

He came back to himself slowly. Really, it was only his back protesting the position that had him do anything but fall asleep still floating. He grunted and pushed a little, trying to let Robin know he needed to straighten out, that Robin needed to get off him.

Transforming Hades
by Drew Zachary

He got a mumble for his effort, then Robin lifted a little, easing slowly out of him to fall beside him on the bed. One arm clamped around him and Robin burrowed into his neck. "Okay?"

He grunted his reply, eyes heavy now that he was comfortable, lying boneless on the bed.

His fingers stroked the nearest bit of warm skin and he made another noise that meant 'yes' and 'I'm going to pass out now, okay?'

Robin muttered back, and the arm squeezed him once, and then there was just warmth and silence.

Chapter Four

Robin's attention wasn't all it should be. Oh, he was getting his work done, but that was about it. He went out each morning and saw to the site, making sure people were doing what needed getting done, and he was clear enough to make sure that things were on schedule.

But if anyone wanted any extra from him—like, say, one sweet clue about who was sabotaging things—they were shit out of luck. Hell, half the time, he had to think to remember anyone's name. All of his brain power was taken up by one sweet assed scientist, and wasn't that just a kick in the head? Robin's head had been turned but good, and the scary thing was that he was starting to think his heart had gone and followed.

There wasn't really any way possible he could have fallen in love, he told himself sternly. Half an hour later, though, he was still messing with the same rigging, and he had to reconsider a few things. With a sigh, Robin looked up and called for Watts. "Can you take care of this?" he asked. "I have to go and make sure the drive shaft for the second drill is installed."

He didn't really, but it was a chance to walk for a bit and get his head back where it was supposed to be. On the job, on the site. Didn't do anyone any good to have him fixated.

Well, almost no one.

Did him and Cas some good, in the short term; Robin was loose and easy and well laid, and Cas seemed to be settling. But Robin was distracted by ... feelings. Feelings he didn't

have any right to have, not really. He'd told Cas it wasn't a big deal, that a year was a long time, and it was.

But what if he didn't want to give Cas up after a year? And how could he be in love with the man, when he barely knew him? It had to be lust. *Had* to be.

And there wasn't any thing wrong with lust, not at all. So that's what it was.

That settled, Robin grinned to himself and stopped walking. Right at Cas' lab, which was the complete wrong direction. But there he was, so what was he supposed to do? Shaking his head at himself, he knocked on the door and pushed it open, knowing Cas wouldn't even look up from his work. Now there was a man who could concentrate.

Cas was sitting at one of the workbenches with a butt load of maps spread out in front of him, working between the maps and a sheet of paper. The guy was humming a little, looking loose and happy. Hell, Cas didn't even seem to mind the good-natured ribbing they occasionally caught anymore.

"Hey, you," Robin said, not able to hold back a smile. "I was walking and look where I wound up. Have you eaten today?" He really had to get a grip on this mother hen thing he had going on. But then, Cas would faint from hunger and that wasn't good.

Cas looked up and gave him a warm smile. "Robin! Hey. Eaten? Um ... no?"

"Um ... no?" Robin shook his head sadly. "I'm stunned and shocked that you forgot to eat. Come on, babe. Time for a snack."

Cas' eyes lit up. "A high protein one?"

Robin rolled his eyes. "Chicken. And some veggies. Although I'll take a rain check on any and all sexual favors—I'm still on duty." Predictably, that mere fact had no effect on his dick, which went rigid at the thought of Cas doing ... well, anything.

"You mean coming to make sure I've had something to eat is part and parcel of your duties now?" He couldn't tell from Cas' face if the thought was a good one or not.

"Sure," Robin said, taking Cas' hand and urging him toward the door. "That and I kind of came here without really planning to—I was supposed to go inspect some stuff, but my body came to you instead. Are you a homing beacon, by any chance?"

Cas' smile did nothing to make his cock start behaving, and his hand was squeezed, Cas not trying to pull it away. "I don't know. Maybe my ass is." Cas' eyes just shone; his lips twitched.

"I think it's just you," Robin said, not really able to look away from Cas' face. He realized he'd stopped walking and was simply standing there, drinking in Cas.

Oh, God. He had it bad.

Cas did blush this time and hit him in the shoulder. "Come on. It's too hot to stand around making eyes at each other. And the ribbing's only just started dying down. I don't mind it that much, I guess, but I'd rather we didn't give them a whole ton of ammunition."

"Wasn't making eyes," Robin said, his face heating with the lie. "Not much, anyway. And maybe someone will do something spectacularly embarrassing today and everyone

will forget about us all together." He doubted it, though—they were still pretty noisy, though he hadn't made Cas scream in the lab again.

Cas snorted. "Yeah, right. I'm getting kind of used to it, anyway." Cas gave him a wink and they continued on their way, still holding hands. "I've picked a few new places to drill. And I've sent in a request for more equipment on the next shipment here. There's two spots about three miles north of here that I think are over an underground lake. If we dig there, we should be able to tap into a really large water supply. It isn't that there's no water—it's just all really deep. But the trees and brush I've ordered work well in arid areas, and if we can get them to stay put, and get some irrigation going, we should have this place ready for crops in twelve to eighteen months."

Robin loved the way Cas' face lit up and his free hand waved all over the place as he talked enthusiastically about his work. "Still no hope of a pool?" he teased. "Not that plants won't make a huge difference here. Seriously, when we got here I was surprised Hades was even considered viable." Robin knew he was inviting Cas to keep talking, to keep being passionate; it was a cheap thrill, but it was a thrill, and one he wasn't ashamed of in any way.

"I haven't forgotten about the pool, Robin. Or the things you promised to do to me in one if I could swing it." Cas grinned at him and bumped their hips together. "I'm not sure I'm that much closer to it. The main problem, as I see it, is managing to keep it full. You put a big old cement bowl of

water on the surface and the sun is just going to evaporate it into nothing, just like that."

"Thus we need trees." Robin nodded, then grinned. "Palm trees! With coconuts and fancy drinks! Think they'll eventually manage a resort here? 'Get away to Hades, where every sin is a delight!' I can see it now."

Cas laughed. "I don't know, maybe you should suggest it in your next report—that we turn it into a resort instead of farmland. I bet it would be easier to do." He got a shy grin. "We could certainly attest to there being something in the water that makes folks ... randy."

Robin laughed. "That ain't the water, Cas. It's you." Oh, damn, he was doing it again. He cleared his throat. "So, food. Yes. Good idea, that."

Cas giggled. "It was your idea. I was all for the high protein shot."

Robin groaned, but kept from stumbling. "I don't think what you were after is enough to keep you going for long. You need real food first." He thought he might have just agreed to an 'after' to follow the 'first', but he'd figure that out as they went along.

"You know, I'm starting to think that you must get paid for every meal that's eaten here, the way you keep pushing them."

"If you'd get your butt over here on your own, I wouldn't worry about it," Robin shot back. "See me herding anyone else along?" He gestured around them. "No one but you rates this kind of attention, Doctor. Besides, I think it hurts Peters' feelings that I have to drag you in here."

"Oh." Cas frowned. "Really? Do you think I should talk to him? Because the food isn't that bad. Hell, since the shipment last week, it's even looked like real food. I just ... I get wrapped up in stuff and forget, you know? And well ... I'd rather fuck than eat, I guess."

"Me, too," Robin said with a leer. "And no, I doubt he's even really noticed. But my point is..." he leaned close to Cas and whispered in his ear, "that if we're going to fuck like we have been, you have to keep your strength up. Don't want you getting sickly on me."

Cas' face went a little red, but he looked turned on and he moved a little faster, pushing open the door to the mess hall.

The place wasn't very busy—somehow he and Cas always seemed to be taking their meals during lull times. Of course, that was probably because Cas only ate once Robin remembered to go drag him out of his lab.

"Oh, it even smells like chicken." Now that they were there, Cas seemed to remember what food was.

Robin looked at the trays of food and delicately poked the meat with a fork. "Looks like it, too. Eat some. And have extra green stuff—it's good for you." He made a point of adding food to Cas' plate before he realized that he was edging into 'scary' instead of 'nurturing'. He grabbed his own dinner in a rush, hoping Cas didn't notice. "Ready to sit for a while?"

Cas laughed and grabbed a carton of milk. "It's going to be quite a while, if you expect me to eat all this." Cas' hips bumped his again just as they got to one of the tables. "You try and cut my meat, and I'll have to stab you with my fork."

"I sorry," Robin said with a groan. "I'll behave. Promise. Tell you what; eat until you're full and I'll give you a nice dessert."

One of Cas' eyebrows went up. "Salty or sweet?" Cas asked. Looked like he wasn't the only one with a one-track mind, thank God.

Robin smiled. "I was thinking salty, but I'm sure I can come up with something sweet if that's what you want." He shifted on his chair and ate a little faster.

Cas just grinned, looking pleased with himself. "I want something chocolate. For after. I'd even share."

Robin blinked. "Chocolate?"

"You know—chocolate cake or chocolate pudding, or hell, I'd settle for hot chocolate milk, even if it is a million degrees out." Cas gave him a wicked look. "It tastes really good as a follow up to ... you know."

Robin blinked again. "Follow up..." His cock twitched, just to make sure he was awake and paying attention, and he swallowed. "I'll see if I can find some," he said weakly. Hell, he'd ransack the mess if he had to.

Cas beamed and licked at his lips. "That would be cool. And you know, I've put in a whole lot of overtime—I wouldn't be cheating the company any if I called it a day..."

Robin dropped his fork. Cas was willing to quit before dark? Cas was willing to stop work *right then*? And he wanted chocolate and salty, and Robin knew people were staring at him now, but he really didn't care. "I'll be right back," he said, bending very carefully to get the fork. "I have to go find some chocolate."

"Cool." It was just one word, but Robin thought it said a whole lot more than just 'cool'.

Of course, he could have been reading things into it. But then, maybe he wasn't.

With a long look at Cas, almost like the man would vanish if Robin didn't pay attention, he finally got up and headed for the back of the mess, not dawdling. Okay, he was running, but that was forgivable, he thought. He swerved past a few people and grabbed Peters by the arm. "Chocolate," he blurted. "I need chocolate."

Peters' eyes narrowed. "Any particular kind?"

"Creamy? Sweet." Oh, that was nice and articulate. "Icing? Pudding?" Even better. Robin took a breath. "It's for Cas."

Peters laughed. "Oh, you two are the pair of sweethearts, aren't you? What is it? A monthiversary or something?" He got a wink and then Peters was heading toward the pantry in the back. "It's going to cost you, Trail."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever." It wasn't a month. Couldn't be a month. And what the hell was Peters doing, keeping track? "Just gimme. It'll be worth it, I think."

Peters dug around in the back and came up with a package of chocolate chips. "They're for cookies, but I never did get the flour and sugar and shit that I need to make the actual cookie bits. I mean it about it costing you, Trail. I give these to you and you owe me, big time." Peters was waiting on his confirmation of that fact, refusing to just hand over the bag of chocolate chips.

Robin scowled. "Favor or cash?" Not that it mattered—Cas wanted chocolate and Robin knew full well he was taking

those damn chips. His hard on was starting to go down, though, which was probably for the best.

"Favor." Peters told him. "I want your word."

Robin sighed and held out his hand. "Fine. Let me know what you need, when you need it, and I'll do my level best. Gimme."

Peters shook hands with him. "It's a deal, Trail." Then the bag was handed over and Peters was grinning at him. "You've got it bad, Trail. Real bad."

"Oh, shut up." Robin grinned at him. "I'm about to get it really good." He waved the chocolate and winked.

Peters' cackle followed him out of the kitchen.

Cas was still eating when he got back to the table, though there was still a third of a plate of greens there and the man did not look overly enthused about them. Cas' eyes narrowed in on his hand. "Don't tell me you actually found chocolate."

Robin beamed at him. "I did indeed. You're not backing out and going back to work are you?" Oh, that would suck in a very bad way.

"Are you kidding me?" Cas stood and leaned in to whisper. "Sucking you off and then chocolate after while you blow me? I may never go back to work again." Then Cas grinned and stepped back, looking like the cat that got the cream, and headed on out, giving him a fine view of that ass.

Robin didn't bother clearing off their trays as he followed; he just clutched the chocolate and flipped off the few people who were grinning widely at him. He had far better things to do than clear tables and chat. He watched Cas' ass all the way back to their bunk, letting his dick lead the way.

Cas started stripping the moment they got in the door. "I'm not sure which I'm looking more forward to."

"I'm kind of hoping it's not the chocolate," Robin said, watching avidly as Cas' jumpsuit came off his shoulders.

"I don't know, Robin. I haven't had chocolate in a long time, not since I got here—nobody told me I was going to need to supply my own."

The jumpsuit was pulled down by gravity, though something—and Robin was pretty sure it wasn't Cas' hips—stopped its drop just below waist level.

"It's a tricky thing, chocolate cravings," Robin said seriously, his eyes fixed on where the suit was caught. He had an idea that he should be doing something, but he was too busy clutching chocolate and willing Cas' clothing to fall off.

Cas licked his lips. "It's not like I was going to die without it or anything ... just ... I missed it. And you ... well you're my go-to guy, aren't you? I want things and you make them happen. Like ... like with sex and snuggling, and not caring what people think."

Robin nodded. "Uh huh. I'm your man. Whatever you want." He held out the bag of chocolate chips, still staring at Cas' groin. "Chocolate?" Really, he was getting pathetic. He shook his head and made himself look up for longer than a moment. "Can we do this now? Please?"

Cas' eyes were on the chocolate and he snatched it suddenly and brought it to his nose, breathing in deeply. That seemed to get everything moving again and the jumpsuit dropped down to Cas' knees.

Cas moaned.

Robin moaned too, and twitched. Everything twitched; his hands toward Cas, his dick toward the ceiling, and his body just kind of shuddered. He loved it when Cas moaned. Loved it more when he was the cause of it. "Thought that was for later," he said, taking a step forward.

Cas blinked and looked over at him, and then threw the bag on the bed by his pillow. "Yeah, sorry. Kind of got carried away."

Looking down at the overalls pooled around his knees, like he'd never seen them before, Cas finally shook himself and sat to undo his boots and pull them the rest of the way off.

Robin kind of quivered. "Fuck it," he said just before he threw himself to his knees at Cas' feet. He pushed Cas back, grabbed the chocolate and grinned. "Enjoy it," he said, pressing the package back into Cas' hand. Then he bent his head and swallowed Cas to the root, palming Cas' balls.

A strangled sound came from Cas and one hand dropped to his head. "I ... You ... Oh, fuck, don't stop."

Like he was going to stop. Robin was in his own personal heaven with Cas halfway down his throat, cock already leaking and filling his mouth with flavor. He moaned and sucked a little harder, not wasting time. He wanted *his* dessert.

Cas' hand disappeared and he heard the sound of the plastic bag of chocolate being opened. Then Cas moaned again and a little chocolate chip was pushed between his lips and Cas' cock. Robin gave a mental shrug and took the chocolate, not surprised to find it half melted all over. He

moved it around Cas' cock with his tongue and suddenly he could see the bright spot in Cas' cravings. Chocolate covered cock was his new most favorite thing. He moaned and licked and sucked and finally lifted his head. "More," he demanded.

Cas' lips were covered in chocolate and he grinned. "Ah ha! I'm not the only one." Still grinning, Cas put a couple more pieces of chocolate into Robin's mouth.

For a very brief moment, Robin thought about just eating the chocolate, but he wasn't crazy. He want back to Cas' cock like he was starving for it, which wasn't far off the truth. He licked and nibbled and spread melted chocolate, and licked it back off, taking time to suck hard on all Cas' sweet spots.

"Fuck. Oh, man, this is ... wow." Cas' hips started jerking, pushing the long cock deep into his throat.

Robin nodded happily. It was completely wow. And if Cas didn't hurry up and blow his load before Robin got himself under control, it was going to be a very fast wow. He hummed and sucked and grabbed his own balls hard to keep from trashing yet another pair of coveralls.

Cas was getting close, though; he could tell from the way Cas' hips were kind of just jerking, no real rhythm or intent to the movements. Then Cas' hand grabbed onto his head, holding him in place as Cas thrust one more time and spilled down his throat with a scream.

Perfect. Absolutely sweet and salty perfect. Robin moaned and kept sucking, getting it all, and then licked every available inch of Cas, making sure he got all the chocolate. "We are so doing that again," he said, hauling himself onto the bed.

"Oh."

Cas put down the bag of chocolate. "I'd better stop eating these straight, then." He was given a laugh and Cas fell over on top of him, pushing into a kiss. Cas' mouth tasted strongly of chocolate.

Robin discovered that *that* taste, Cas and chocolate, was good, too, so he lingered there for a bit. He would have liked to have stayed, but his jumpsuit was in danger again, so he pulled away long enough to breath and start unzipping.

"Ration the chocolate," he said absently as he licked his lips.

"You can get us more."

Cas popped one of the chocolate bits into his mouth and lay back, looking about as blissed out as he'd ever seen the man. Of course Cas had already come.

"I owe Peters as it is," Robin said, wiggling to get his damn clothes off. His didn't catch on his cock, but the fabric rubbing on him made him groan. "Cas."

Cas laughed. "You want something, Robby-baby?" Cas giggled this time. God, he sounded drunk. Pleasure and chocolate, obviously a heady mix for the man.

"Not Robby," Robin grunted. "And you can't have any more sugar unless you suck it off my cock." He hoped he sounded needy and not pissed. He didn't mean to growl, but as cute as Cas was, Robin was getting a little desperate.

Cas giggled again, hand sliding against his cock. "Testy, testy."

"Horny, horny," Robin corrected, his head falling back to the bed as his back arched. "Oh. Nice."

"Wait a minute." Cas' hand disappeared. "I was supposed to blow you."

Cas then proceeded to wriggle and shift and slide against his cock about a million times before he was finally lined up mouth to cock. "Oh, wait, I forgot the chocolates."

"Cas!" Robin tried very, very hard not to whine. He'd gotten the man chocolate. He'd sucked Cas off. He'd been patient. Really, he had. "Please!" Maybe whining would help.

That just made Cas giggle harder, and there was wriggling up him; the chocolates were snagged, and then there was more wriggling down again. Then Cas very carefully and meticulously put a line of chocolate chips along his very hard, very hot cock.

Robin watched. He had to, it was a full on production now. The chocolate felt a little silly, but it was soft and melty and when he looked down his body his cock kind of jumped and started to drip a little. None of the chocolate bits fell off, which made him grin. "Lick it off?" he asked. "Slowly."

"Oh, yeah, I'm going to take my time—make sure I enjoy the whole taste experience." Cas' tongue flicked out and he licked at the leaking tip, moaning at the flavor.

Robin moaned, too, the touch so delicate and fleeting he had to fist his hands in the sheets to keep from pushing up for more. A chocolate chip slid a little, leaving a dark trail.

"Oh..." Cas chased after it with his tongue, hot and wet on Robin's cock and slowly lapping the chocolate trail away.

Hands gripping the sheets even harder, Robin watched. He rocked his hips, trying to get more of the little buggers to move, in hopes of more licking. He wasn't stupid. Desperate,

but not dumb. They were all nicely melted onto him at this point, though, but Cas had the tip of his cock in that hot mouth now, and was sucking nice and hard, tongue flicking across his slit again and again.

"God," Robin's eyes rolled back, but he made himself look. He was tingling, every single nerve in his body alive and well and ready to party, and there was Cas, teasing the most sensitive part he had. He groaned again, his legs starting to shake, and tried to push deeper into Cas' mouth.

Cas shook his head and said something, which just made his cock vibrate. But at least that got his cock a little farther in, Cas' lips closing over the first chocolate chip on his prick.

"Yes," he moaned, feeling Cas' tongue work on the chocolate. This could very well destroy him, he thought. This impossibly slow blowjob was right up there in the top three moments of all time, right behind watching Cas finger fuck himself. The thought of that particular moment made him buck, made his balls go hot and tight. "Cas—" he warned.

Cas pulled off and glared. "I'm not done yet."

Robin fell back on the bed, panting. "Sorry." He lifted his head and added, "Carry on."

Cas giggled again and then took him halfway down, the moan sliding around his cock just like Cas' tongue was. One of Cas' hands came up, fingers sliding over his balls.

Robin arched and shifted his hips again, anything to get more touches, more heat and licks and sucks and just ... more of Cas. He was moving almost constantly, his hands running through Cas' hair, down to the man's shoulders, and he spread his legs wide. "God, Cas," he groaned.

Cas hummed, giggles seeming to have faded, and started a quick rhythm, head bobbing, suction fierce. Robin hissed, his teeth clenching as he thrust into Cas' mouth. It was good, better than good; needed and right and exactly what he wanted. Cas' lips dragged and his tongue caressed, and Robin could feel his world about to lurch to the side as his balls drew up. "Soon," he warned, pushing even deeper.

Cas made a noise around him and worked harder, head moving faster, lips so tight around his prick. Cas' hand tugged on his balls, the other one rubbing the inside of his thighs.

He felt like he'd been hard forever, that the mad rush from the mess to the bunk had taken hours. He could still taste chocolate and Cas' come in his mouth, and he let himself go, lost in the sensation of Cas sucking him, touching him. Surrounded by the smell and taste of them together, Robin came with a short cry and fell back on the bed, his cock twitching madly as he shot his load into Cas' mouth, reaching for bliss.

Cas just kept sucking, making it last and last, and then Cas cleaned him, slowly, carefully, tongue touching every millimeter of his cock.

When Robin started to shudder, his breath catching again instead of slowing down, he reached for Cas and pulled him up onto the bed. He tucked Cas under one arm and snuggled in close, his hands running over Cas' chest and arms. "It keeps getting better," he whispered.

Cas nodded and then froze, looking up at him. "That's good, right?"

"Uh huh," Robin said softly. He smiled and kissed Cas gently. "Very good. Of course, in a few months we might just die of ecstasy, but for now it's totally good."

Cas giggled once more. "People don't die of ecstasy unless they have bad hearts." The man was snuggling in, though, body growing heavy against him.

"Oh. Well, then. I guess we're safe," Robin said with a smile. He stroked one hand down Cas' spine and closed his eyes, sleep coming up on him fast. "My heart is just fine, never felt better." Possibly never as full, either, but certainly never better.

* * * *

Cas was nearly bouncing. He was definitely vibrating.

They were digging the new well-line—well, they'd been digging it for just over a week now, but Cas had projected that today was the day they were going to reach the underwater lake. He hadn't been this excited since ... well, last night actually, when Robin had made him scream on five separate occasions.

By all rights he should have been utterly exhausted, but sex with Robin—being close to Robin—seemed to invigorate him. It was funny, too; the more he was touched and held, the more he craved it. Cas grinned and bounced on his heels. That made it sound like Robin was a drug he was addicted to ... Yeah, the analogy fit.

Biting his lip, he went over to where Robin and the drillmaster were standing by the read out. He'd told himself he wouldn't keep bugging them every few minutes, and he

was pretty sure he'd waited at least ten minutes to come look and ask since the last time, but he wouldn't swear to that.

"We there yet?" he asked.

Robin rolled his eyes, but he smiled, too. "Almost, babe." That earned them both a look from the drillmaster, but Robin just grinned. "Had to slow down a little, so when we break through we don't lose the drill in a kick back from—"

Auerger, the drillmaster shook his head. "Be about a minute, Doc."

He might have squealed. He was definitely bouncing—there was no way to deny that. He laughed, too. "This is the start, guys. When you're old and your kids ask how they turned Hades into Paradise? This is the moment it all started."

The machinery suddenly coughed, sputtered, made a sound like a gunshot, and then there was nothing but quiet, a plume of black smoke coming from the engine.

Robin and the drillmaster stared at the rigging and then at each other. "Fuck," Robin said, his voice sharp. "You see to that, keep everyone away." Auerger nodded and dashed to the drill, waving off the men who were running to it. "Cas, stay right here and watch the read outs—it'll spit out info for another few seconds, don't let anyone near the machine." And then Robin was gone, yelling for someone to find Captain Barston.

Cas just kind of blinked, obviously running a few seconds behind Robin and Auerger. He watched the readouts, could see they were mere feet—like maybe two!—away from breaking through the earth to the underground lake. He couldn't believe it.

He just couldn't believe it.

He shook his head and waved off a couple of guys headed toward him. "Scene of a crime," he told them. "Everyone has to stay away until the captain's investigated."

He watched as people started to gather and curse, some looking pissed off, others with worry mixed in with their anger. Robin and the captain came running, a couple of the security force following after.

"Let me deal with this, Trail," he heard the captain say to Robin, and he could even hear Robin's low growl as the man stomped over to him.

"Fuck," Robin said again as he neared. "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

"We're, like, two feet from reaching through to the water," Cas told the captain, glancing over at Robin. He knew exactly how Robin felt, maybe even worse because this was *his*. His drill spot, the big start of his plan to turn this world into someplace good to live, instead of this arid desert.

"So what happened?" asked the captain as the security forces backed everyone away from the machinery and the read-out station.

Cas shook his head. "There was some sputtering and then a big bang and then smoke, and it's not working."

Auerger came over, wiping his hand on a rag. "Fucker's been tampered with. There's something in the fucking fuel line."

The captain looked grim and Robin's face went hard.

"Figure this out," Robin snapped at the captain. He took a step toward the drill and reached out a hand to grab

Auerger's arm. "We're too damn close to shut down the site for a day. I'm getting a crew on repairs right now."

"I want everything from the fuel line collected," the captain told Robin. "Fuel, whatever's been dumped in it. All of it. If I have to impose martial fucking law here, I'm going to do it." The captain looked pissed off, and Cas didn't know if it was just because someone was doing this under his watch or if the guy was as vested as the rest of them—well, the rest of them bar one—in getting this planet up and running. "Oh, and Trail—get someone else to work on the fucking drill. I want you and one of my men to do a systematic search of the buildings and the machinery in camp—last time the saboteur didn't stop at just one thing."

Robin nodded, the motion more a jerk than anything else. "Yes, sir." He took a glance around and started shouting names, men moving fast to his orders and starting to get to work. "Auerger, you keep on that. You're in charge, hear?" He turned to Cas and sighed. "Sorry, Cas," he said softly.

Cas nodded. It wasn't Robin's fault. He tried to ignore the sick feeling that was starting in his stomach. He knew the sabotage was random, designed like last time to slow them down, but not actually bring anyone to harm, but this one felt personal. "Oh, God, the lab." He took off at a run, ignoring the captain's shouts.

"Cas!" Robin yelled. Cas could hear Robin running after him and wasn't surprised when a hand grabbed his elbow. "Damn it, let me! Like the last time, all right? Just hang on a minute." Robin held him back and forced him to look at his

lover. "Is it locked?" Robin asked, moving them toward the lab again but not running.

Cas nodded and then frowned. "I'm not sure. I usually do, but I was pretty excited this morning. I may not have."

Damn it.

When they got to the lab, a security guard catching up with them, it was clear that Cas *had* locked the door. The window was broken, smashed to bits, the door slightly ajar.

"Oh, God."

The security guard put an arm out and pulled his gun, slowly opening the door. Andrews, Cas thought was the guy's name. Or was it Williams—it was something first-name-like, he could remember that, and oh, God, he was babbling now, in his head, just kind of having quiet hysterics, but he was pretty sure if he opened his mouth to let it out he'd just fly apart.

Robin snorted quietly. "Long gone," he whispered. "I'd bet my next blow job on it." But he didn't push forward and he held onto Cas' arm, holding him back. "Breathe, Cas."

Cas nodded and took in a gulp of air, but he was definitely holding his breath as Andrews—and it was Andrews; he remembered now because he'd told Cas about his folks naming his older brother Andrew and how that was like cruelty or something—flipped on the light.

He peeked around the man's shoulder and gasped.

The place was a mess, but unlike last time, it wasn't just papers and dirt strewn around. The computers had been smashed, as had most of the other equipment he used—the microscopes alone would be hundreds of thousands of dollars

to replace. With all of them out on the site, watching for the big breakthrough, it would have been easy to do the damage, unheard and unseen. The saboteur had timed it perfectly.

"Oh, shit," Robin breathed in his ear. "This is..." Robin stopped, apparently unable to find words to express the enormity of what they were looking at. "The captain's going to have to see this," he said, stepping back. "I'll get him, Andrews."

Cas took a step forward and Andrews grabbed his hand. "Sir, I think you'd better let me take a look around before you come in any farther."

"What do you mean? I'm the one who'll know what's been ... tampered with." Of course from the looks of it, pretty much everything had been. Oh, fuck, it looked like there'd been a fire beside one desk, all his paperwork, his notes, the back up to the stuff on the computers...

"I just want to double check no one is still in here and that there aren't any booby traps that are going to explode in your face, Trueway." Andrews patted his arm awkwardly. "Just give me a minute to clear the place, okay?"

Cas nodded jerkily. Booby traps left to explode in his face? Who would ... well, who would do any of this? He waited while Andrews walked slowly through the lab, checking the few places where someone could have been hiding and looking almost comical the way he swept the room with his weapon. If everything—everything!—hadn't been in ruins, Cas would have laughed.

Andrews nudged some equipment, shaking his head slowly, and overturned a smashed computer. "Don't think there's even enough here to booby trap," he said. "Come on in, but don't touch anything without checking it out first."

Cas nodded and took a step forward. Now that he'd had a few minutes to just look around and for it all to sink in, he wasn't even sure what he wanted to do first. Or even if he wanted to be in here.

"You probably shouldn't touch anything until the captain gets a chance to see and clear it," Andrews told him apologetically.

He nodded and stopped where he was, about three feet from the door, frozen to the spot and trying very hard just to stay standing. The drill sabotage had felt personal enough—like someone had sabotaged *his* equipment and *his* project. This ... this felt like someone had violated *him*.

He started to shake.

Andrews looked panicked for a moment, and then reached for a chair, stopping just before he touched it. "Damn," the man said under his breath. "Doctor, just ... calm down, okay? Trail, take him will you? Captain, there's no one here, but I haven't had a chance to assess any more than that."

Then there was an arm on Cas' shoulder and Robin was turning him around. "Come on, babe," Robin whispered. "Let's go. Let them poke through this, okay?"

"Is that okay?" he asked, sort of sinking in against Robin. Frankly, he wasn't sure what he'd do if it wasn't, because he didn't think he could stand here and look at this deliberate destruction any longer without totally losing it.

"Oh, yeah," Robin said, one hand rubbing at his back. "They don't want us here. We're in the way, I'll bet. Right, Captain?" Robin asked, raising his voice. "We can go?"

"Yeah. I've just put a call in to home office. I want everyone not fixing that machine and the fucking waterworks confined to quarters. My sergeant's setting that up. If you could put out the word for everyone to go along with it, Trail, I'd appreciate that. I know it's not going to make me popular, but at this point the saboteur's escalating his destruction and I want everyone safely in their bunks before that comes to mean hurting *people*."

"The waterworks?" Cas asked faintly.

"Yep. Both sets were done in this time. The one is going to need parts before it can be fixed, and I had to move everyone off the drill to get the other one up and running before we run out of water."

The captain growled and nodded at them. "Go on, get out of here. Grab yourselves a twenty-four hour food and water kit from the mess. We're officially in lock-down."

Robin swore quietly and nodded. "Come on, Cas," he said, taking his hand and tugging him out of the lab into the heat. It wasn't like a wall this time, and Cas realized the fans hadn't been running in the lab. "I want you to get the food and water," Robin said, urging him toward the mess. "I have to go talk to people, settle them down a bit. I'll be with you in a bit, okay?"

He looked at Robin in a bit of a panic, and then swallowed and nodded. Damn it, he could do this. He wasn't going to let this asshole win. Nodding again, a bit more firmly this time,

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he pushed against Robin and took a hard kiss. That helped, too and he strode off toward the mess, feeling a little better, happy he had something to *do*. And at least he and Robin shared quarters—being forced to stay in them for a while wasn't going to be horrible.

It had him grinning as he went into the mess. His smile faded as he looked around. The place wasn't totally trashed, but there was water all over the floor, the barrels of bottles overturned, the bottles slashed open.

Cas tried not to let it bother him. He heard something coming from the kitchen and he sped up—Peters was probably out there all by himself! Cas hoped to hell the man was all right. "Peters! I'm coming!" He ran, flying through the doors and gasping at the sight that met him. Water and food everywhere—the place looked like it had been hit by a cyclone. "Peters! Where are y—"

Something landed hard on his head, and Cas suddenly found the floor coming up on him fast, and then the world went dark.

Chapter Five

Robin muttered to himself as he opened the door to their bunk. People were angry and worried and a couple were even scared. Not the girls, though—those ladies were too fucking strong to be scared by some asshole wrecking equipment. He figured if Molly and the others got a hold of the creep, Barston wouldn't have to worry about hauling the jerk off back for trial; there wouldn't be anything left of him.

There was lots of anger around, that was for sure. People were pissed that they were being locked down, pissed that they'd have to start over, and some were wondering if they'd even have work after this. There was a lot of damage, enough that there was reason to start worrying about funding.

Robin tried not to think about that, about the project being stopped. He didn't want to leave, and not just because he loved the work. He didn't want to think about having to leave Cas already. "Cas?" he called, unzipping his overalls. "You all right?"

Silence met him and he tilted his head. The bathroom door was open and there wasn't anywhere for Cas to hide in there. No reason for the man to hide at all. He went right into their room and found it empty as well. "Cas?" he called again. "Get food?" He stared at the empty bunks.

He'd been gone for well over half an hour, almost an hour, in fact. Cas should have been here by now, even if there was a line for food in the mess. He backed out of the bunk and turned to face the mess hall, then took off for it at a jog. "Seen Cas?" he asked the group of men just going in.

He got a head shake, and then everyone kind of froze as yelling started up inside the mess. As one, the small crowd he'd joined surged into the tent, someone actually slipping in a puddle of spilled water.

Jesus, he didn't know why they'd all just assumed the mess would be safe. Possibly because they needed the food and fucking water to survive and this guy who was doing this needed it just as badly as the rest of them. Or did he? Robin made a note to keep an eye out for anyone who seemed to have been hoarding prior to this happening.

Captain Barston was about three feet ahead of him and made it into the kitchen first, stopping dead. Robin wound up plowing into the man, his own forward momentum not allowing him to stop in time. It didn't take long to make out what had made the captain stop. It was Cas, on the floor with blood in his hair and on his face and in a little pool on the ground next to his forehead.

"Cas!" Robin couldn't help himself, he just shoved his way through and pushed people aside until he could reach Cas. "Oh, babe," he whispered, lifting Cas' head carefully. The wound was shallow but nasty looking, oozing blood steadily. "Someone get me something to stop the bleeding," he yelled, gently feeling Cas' skull for any fractures.

Cas groaned as a shout went up from the storeroom behind the kitchen. One of the security guards came running out. "Captain, it's the cook. He's been banged up—looks like he slowed the saboteur down, though, they hardly got anything in there."

"All right, I'm coming. Someone get the doctor! And I want everyone in the mess right now. They can clean it up and then set up the chairs for a meeting. Nobody but the guys fixing the waterworks gets to miss this one. We'll meet, pass out the food and water, and then, by God, if I see *anyone* not where they're supposed to be—in their bunks—I am going to arrest them on the spot."

Robin took in the orders and was vaguely aware of people moving around, following the captain's directions, but most of his attention was on Cas. "Shhh," he said as Cas moaned again. "It's going to be okay." He couldn't find any soft spots, so he gave up on looking for more injuries and just tried to make Cas comfortable, still murmuring softly to him when Dr. Moore finally arrived.

He looked up at her as she crouched beside him. "He's still out," he said, not letting Cas go. "He won't wake up."

"Any idea how long he's been here?" she asked, fingers gently taking the same route his had.

Robin shook his head. "I was telling people about the lock down. I sent him in here about an hour ago, though, and it could be that long." An hour on the floor, bleeding. Robin felt himself get weak at the thought and he stroked Cas' cheek. "Is he going to be all right?" he asked.

"This looks pretty superficial—but I think he was hit and then went down, so I don't know if there's more damaged underneath." She took a collar out of her bag and set it around Cas' neck. "Grab the c-spine board and help me turn him. Gently now, and with as little actually moving him as possible."

Robin did as he was told, carefully moving Cas and keeping his back as straight as he could. There was a cold, hard lump in his gut, and he could feel hot anger trying to melt it. He didn't have time to rage, not yet. But when they finally figured out who was doing this, who had hurt his Cas ... well, he wouldn't need Molly and her girls. He'd take care of the bastard all on his own.

"Can we take him to the bunk?" he asked. "Instead of the infirmary?" He wouldn't be allowed to stay with Cas there, he figured.

Before the Doc could answer, Cas groaned again and his eyes fluttered open. "Wha...?" croaked Cas, blinking, trying to move.

"Don't talk," Robin said, leaping in before Dr. Moore could do anything. "Just lie still." He smiled and touched Cas' face. "You got a knock on the head, so just be good, okay?" He looked up at Moore and said, "I'm not leaving him."

She nodded. "That's fine, I have another patient to check on anyway." She turned to Cas. "He's right. No talking and stay still. I'll try not to be too long."

Cas looked up at him and whispered. "Peters? There was someone in here—"

"He's banged up," Robin said, stroking Cas' hair. He didn't seem able to stop touching. "I wasn't paying too much attention, to tell the truth. You were on the floor, bleeding, and..." He took a shaky breath and leaned over to kiss Cas gently. "Stay still," he instructed, yet again.

Not listening to him, Cas raised his hand and touched the collar. "What's this?" he asked, voice sounding just a little panicked.

"Shhh." Robin shook his head and leaned even closer. "Calm down; it's nothing. We didn't know if you got hurt when you fell. It's a precaution. That's all. Just taking care of you, babe, I promise."

"Can I take it off? I have a headache. I want to go back to our bunk. I don't want to think about all this," Cas whined plaintively.

"I don't think so," Robin said with a smile. "Or at the very least, I'm not going to piss off Moore. But yeah, I want to take you back to the bunk. I'll find some painkillers, too, take care of that headache." He had no intention of sticking around the mess hall any longer than he had to.

Peters came around the corner from the storeroom, growling and looking like he was going to have a hell of a nice shiner. Moore was on his heels, scolding and complaining, bitching at him for being up.

The captain was following, growling even more than Peters. "You sure you're okay?"

Peters nodded and glared at the Doc. "Just banged up a bit—it's no worse than something I might have gotten in a bar fight."

"You see who did this?"

Peters shook his head. "I didn't. Well. He was wearing orange—you can't miss that, even in the dark."

The captain snorted. "That narrows it down. Are you sure it was a he?"

Peters frowned and shook his head. "I was just assuming it was—I mean he had to hit me pretty hard a few times to do this kind of damage, and there's no way any of the chicks could have knocked me out—no offence to any of them."

Robin snorted. He was tempted to ask if Peters had actually met any of the women, but bit his tongue instead. As far as he was concerned, the field was wide open. "Did you see Cas before you got hit?" he asked.

Peters shook his head, eyes going to Cas. "Shit, man. If I'd seen him, I would have known not to go back there!"

Robin tilted his head. "What did you hear?" he asked, ignoring the captain's sigh. He knew he was treading on the man's investigation, but until he was ordered out he was going to push. It was personal now.

Peters shrugged. "Sounded like stuff crashing. I thought it was that row of boxes of chips at the very back of the storeroom—I'd piled them pretty high and they were a bit precarious. I figured they'd finally taken the plunge, but before I could even get the lights on, I got slugged in the face."

"Okay," Robin said slowly as he nodded. "So you got hit with the lights out. Cas got clocked..." He looked down at Cas and smiled, then traced some dried blood. "And you're both out for an hour. Lots of damage out here, some in the food stores." He looked up at the captain and shrugged. "I can tell you who I was with and eliminate some names, but there's a lot of people around here. And I want this one off the floor, doped up, and taken to bed."

"Robin!" Cas whacked him in the arm and Moore chuckled.

"I don't think he meant like that, Caspian. At least he better not have—no activity like that for at least twelve hours, I want to make sure he's not got a concussion before you start with the heavy activity." She knelt back down next to Cas. "Let me just do a few tests, and then we can uncollar him and you can take him to bed."

The captain shook his head. "I need five minutes of everyone's time for this camp meeting. Everyone, no exceptions aside from the guys working to fix the machinery. It's marshal law now, and everyone has to understand that it's for their own good."

"Oh, for..." Robin glared at the captain while Moore poked and prodded Cas and checked his eyes. "Even Cas? He's not in any shape to listen to a lecture."

The captain glared right back at him. "Doc?"

"He's okay, but I think he might be getting shocky. I'd like him in bed, undercover—I mean it's warm in here and he's cool and clammy, that's classic signs of shock. I'm not sure he needs the lecture, Captain."

"All right, Trail. You get him to your bunk and you lock the door once you're there. I'll have one of my men bring your rations to you once we're organized."

Dr. Moore worked off Cas' collar and gave him a shot, and then a second one. "Tetanus," she told Robin. "As we don't know what he was hit with. And a painkiller. He should be pretty out of it for a while, but I don't want him sleeping more than a couple hours at a time until tomorrow." She handed him a couple of blister packs. "He can take one every two hours once the shot's worn off. That'll be in about four hours.

And keep him hydrated—I'll make sure the captain knows he needs extra water rations."

Robin nodded and slipped the meds into his pocket. "Right. Four hours, then two. Watch for concussion?" He waved a couple of people over and started helping Cas to his feet.

She nodded and stood, going to stand by the captain. "I'll copy my report to TerraFCorp to you—luckily I have my personal pocket pc because the one in my office was trashed."

"Did they get anything else?" The captain asked as Cas leaned heavily against Robin, blinking rather slowly.

She shook her head. "The meds are all under lock and key. My bag is kept locked as well. Just my thumbprint'll open it."

"Robin?" Cas asked in a weak voice. "Can we go now? I think I'm gonna puke."

"Uh huh." Robin nodded and started Cas walking, slowly and carefully. "You know where we'll be," he said to the captain. "Just make sure we get food soon, please. And water." He could feel Cas shudder under his arm. "Hang on, Cas. Nice bucket for you back at our place."

Cas clung to him. "My legs are all wobbly, Robin—I'm not sure I can walk it." There was a touch of panic in his voice.

"That's the painkiller," Doc Moore called after them. "His legs are fine."

"Just perception," Robin soothed. He shrugged and glanced around them at the filling room. "Hang on tight, babe," he said, then he bent a little and swung Cas up into his arms, one hand under Cas' knees, the other around his back. "There. No walking, so just say no to throw up."

Cas' eyes rolled in his head for a moment, and then Cas' arms came around his shoulders, just holding on as Cas buried his face in Robin's neck.

Robin didn't waste time, just headed home with his man. People were kind enough to hold the door open, but no one tagged along to open the bunk up; mostly that was because the captain was on a tear. Cas was clinging by the time Robin got there, only slightly out of breath. "Gotta put you down for a sec, babe," he said. "Just lean on me until I get the door open."

"Kay. I'm sorry." Cas was leaning pretty heavily. "I feel like I got hit by a planet."

"Nah, just some jerkoff with a death wish," Robin muttered as he got the door open. "I swear I'm going to kill him when we find out who it is. He wrecked a lot of our food, too, Cas." He got an arm around Cas and guided him into the bunk. "Bed or bathroom?"

"Unless we're allowed to shower—bed."

"Doubt it." Robin half carried Cas into the bedroom and helped him down. "Now, you're not allowed to sleep, and we can't fuck for half a day, so here's where things get interesting." He waggled his eyebrows and reached for a water bottle. "We're stuck in here, too, so you can't run away when I start boring you to tears."

"Am I allowed to float?" Cas asked. "I'm kind of feeling floaty. Like I could lie here and just float away..."

Robin blinked. "You're stoned," he said slowly. "Oh, great." He really should have asked about what kind of painkillers Moore was shooting into him. "You just ... float," he said,

going back to make sure he'd locked the door. What the hell was he supposed to do now?

"Hey, come back here," complained Cas. Robin was given a grin, Cas reaching for him, fingers making grasping motions. "We can't fuck, but we can make out, right? Kiss all night long?"

Robin snorted, not able to stop a smile. "Right. And if you think that we can lie there and kiss and not wind up fucking, you're higher than I think you are." He kicked off his boots, though, and sat on the edge of the bed. "How's your head?"

"My head?" Cas' eyebrows came together, cute little wrinkles appearing at the top of his nose. "Oh, yeah. It hurts." Cas laughed softly. "But I don't care."

"You will when those drugs wear off," Robin assured him. He smiled down on Cas and shook his head again. "Scared the fuck out of me, Cas," he said softly. "Don't ever get whacked like that again."

"Okay, Robin. That sounds like a plan." Cas gave him a goofy grin and reached out again, finally grabbing his overalls and holding on.

Laughing, Robin looked at Cas' hand clutching him and just gave in. "All right. You've got me. Now, what are you going to do with me?" he asked, leaning in, stretching out, and generally making himself at home on Cas' bed.

Cas tilted his head and appeared to be contemplating that. "We need to be naked."

Robin nodded seriously. "We should wait until they deliver our food before we both get naked, don't you think?"

Cas made a face. "I'm not hungry, Robin."

"You will be tomorrow, but mostly I was just thinking about going to answer the door, stark naked with my hand on pointing the way."

Cas giggled at that and his hand dropped, kneading Robin almost absently through his overalls.

Robin groaned and rolled his eyes, but didn't try to move away. He was a little nuts, but he wasn't crazy. "Cas," he whined. "Don't make me open the door with a boner. You'll be pissed when you come down, I promise." His hips weren't listening any better than Cas, pushing up and back and rubbing against Cas' hand.

"I better make it go away, then." Cas kept kneading, free hand getting caught up trying to pull down the zipper.

"Oh, God." Robin swatted at Cas' hand rolling a bit until he could free himself without Cas' single-minded and not very helpful aid. He wiggled and kicked, and then the overalls hit the floor with a soft thud, and Robin looked down to where his cock was aiming at the ceiling. Even drugged Cas was the hottest thing on Hades.

Cas' hand immediately wrapped around his prick, starting to jack him off nice and easy.

"I so shouldn't be doing this," Robin told the upper bunk. "Dr. Moore will kill me." The bunk didn't seem to have an opinion at all, and Robin's dick was strongly in favor of Cas' hand, so Robin looked at Cas and tried to be reasonable. "Cas, we should just wait until you're better," he started.

"We're not fucking, and I'm not going to scream when you come—I promise." That had Cas giggling again and the hand

around his prick loosened, the touches torture. The drugs obviously had a good hold of Cas.

"I might," Robin gasped, shoving up with his hips and grabbing at Cas' hand. He wrapped both their hands around his cock and pulled hard, feeling himself and Cas' hand together. "Shit. Good." Really, a hand job shouldn't feel quite so amazing.

It did, though, and Cas was pliable, letting him lead, letting him decide how tight he wanted it, how fast.

Robin's eyes rolled a little and his grip got tight tight, right under the head of his prick, and he pushed up into their hands. His heart was starting to race, and he was willing to admit he wasn't taking his time with this at all, but sometimes it was good to move fast and just go for it.

He swept his thumb over the head of his cock and gasped. "Cas," he said, just to say his name. "Oh, God, Cas."

"Yeah, right here. God, you're so hot and hard. Wanna taste your come."

He shuddered, his cock leaking as if on command. "Not a problem," he said with a choked laugh. He squeezed again and felt the low down burn in his gut. "Gonna blow."

"Cool. Better do it before someone knocks on the door." Cas giggled again and squeezed him hard.

Robin would have said something about the giggling except he was too busy trying not to scream, or yell, or make any noise at all that would get them teased. His orgasm slammed into him almost by surprise; white streaks of come landed on his belly and splashed over their hands, making

their fingers slip and slide, and his stomach tightened into a rock as he came. "Oh, God," he gasped.

"Yeah, that's me." Cas giggled again and slid his hand through the come on Robin's belly, bringing his hand up to his mouth and licking it clean.

Robin's cock twitched, and if he hadn't already shot, that would have done it. "Yeah, that's you," he agreed. "My god in the sky, flying high." He looked around, searching for something to wipe off on. He'd have to get dressed again; no way was Cas going to open the door to anyone. "Kiss me, babe," he said. "Then lie down and rest, okay?"

"I am lying down," Cas pointed out, struggling to sit up. There was a loud rap on the door, and Cas lay back down again, giggling some more. "You're naked. But you don't have a boner anymore."

"Thankfully," Robin said with a grin. He yelled for whoever was at the door to wait a minute and grabbed his overalls. "You," he said as he pulled them on, "have the best timing ever, and I promise I'll make you feel fantastic. Just don't move from that spot, okay? I'll be right back."

"Not going anywhere." Cas shook his head slowly. "Oh ... cool."

Robin held his overalls up with one fist and shook his head. "Man..." The thump on the door came again and he hurried to open it, hoping he didn't look as freshly fucked as he was.

Molly was there, hands full with a box of food, a wide grin on her face. "I thought the doctor said no fucking?"

"We weren't fucking," Robin said, hoping his grin would deflect from his blush. "Not really." He reached for the food, not really expecting her to just hand it over.

She snorted and craned her neck past him, trying to see in. "Shit, Cas is still in his oranges. You really weren't fucking." She laughed then, still refusing to relinquish the box. "He gave you a blowjob—which is why you're only sorta dressed. You're a dog, you know that?"

"He did not," Robin said, tugging on the box. "Tell her, Cas! Tell Molly to give us the food and go away! He's a little stoned," he added in a lower voice.

"I don't *want* food," complained Cas. "I can still taste your come in my mouth. Go away Molly—I want Robin to suck me now." Cas giggled a little. "Wow, shouting is echo-y."

"Ah, shit," Robin said, giving up the fight for the box. "He's out of it. All right, Molly, here's your once in a lifetime details, and I don't ever want to hear about this again from anyone. Hand job, he's not hungry, so I'll probably suck him off and then let him rest. Happy now? Can we have the food?"

She gave him a bag with a half dozen liter bottles of water in it. "Can I watch?" she asked, still not handing over the box of food.

"Ah, no." Robin shook his head. "He wouldn't say yes if he was in his right mind and I'm not going to ask him now. Off you go, Mol. Gimme the food like a good girl..." He eyed the box and realized he'd lose his pants if he had to actually fight her for it.

She seemed to have cottoned onto the same fact and she grinned. It was an evil grin. "You can't leave a girl hanging with nothing more than that, Robin..."

"Molly, come on! He's high as a kite! You wouldn't take advantage of him would you?" he pleaded, attempting the big pleading eye thing he'd seen other guys do before. He wasn't even sure if he was able to do it right, but it felt as silly as they'd looked.

One of her eyebrows went up. "It's not him I'm trying to take advantage of. Drop trou, Trail. I want to see what you've got and then I'll hand over the food like a good girl."

"Robin," whined Cas. "What's taking so long?"

"Molly's holding the food hostage," he called back, eyes not leaving Molly's steady gaze. "She wants something for it." He mouthed 'bitch' at her, but most of him was admiring the sheer brass she was showing.

"Well, give it to her and get back here!"

Molly just laughed. "You heard the man."

He shook his head, trying not to grin. "Can't do that, babe," he yelled back. "She wants to see my dick."

"No way! That's *mine*."

Molly's eyebrow climbed up into her hairline. "Wow. You guys gonna buy wedding rings or what?"

"Yeah, 'cause there's such good shopping on Hades," Robin pointed out with a grin. He reached for the box of food. "Now, if you don't mind, my stoned scientist would prefer I not show off the goods. Gimme the food, please."

"You two are spoilsports." She stuck out her tongue at him, but passed the box over. "Okay, I have to get to my bunk before I'm deemed late and shot on the spot."

"Oh, I don't think he'd actually shoot you," Robin said with a grin. "Maybe chain you to your bunk. If you smile right."

"Oh, now I'll take that as something *you'd* like." She winked and tossed her hair at him, before flouncing off.

"She's crazy," Robin informed Cas as he dropped the box of food next to their water supply. He dropped his pants, too, and stepped out of them with a grin. "Whereas you're just flying. Still seeing neat things?"

"I'm not hallicina ... hallucyno ... seeing things. I'm just floating. And the room spins sometimes. Especially when I move my head like this." Cas rocked his head slowly back and forth. "Wheee."

"Uh, maybe you shouldn't do that, babe." Robin crawled onto the bed between Cas' splayed thighs. "What say we kind of ... anchor you here on the planet?"

Cas leaned up on his elbows, blinking down at him. "Anchor me? How about a blow job instead? Seeing as you're already down there."

"Well, that's kind of what I meant," Robin said, rolling his eyes. A high Cas was hard to reach on an intellectual level, apparently. It was a good thing Robin was more than happy to meet him on a physical level instead, barring anything that would cause Cas any more pain. He reached for Cas' zipper and started pulling it down. "Can you help me get you undressed?" he asked without much hope of cooperation.

"But you are naked. I'm not, though." Cas frowned. "How come I'm not naked? You can't blow me if I'm not naked." Cas tilted his head, kind of staring out at the wall. "Well, maybe you could, but it wouldn't be easy and I don't think it would be nearly as good as doing it naked."

"Uh huh," Robin agreed absently, trying to get Cas to pull his arm through his sleeve. "See? Working on it, babe. The sooner I get you naked the sooner I can blow you, okay? Just ... yeah, pull a little. Good job. Now, can you lift your hips a bit?"

Cas waggled his eyebrows and gave him a leer. "Oh, you want me to lift my hips do you? Perv." Cas started laughing, which had him lying back down, whole body shaking with it. Still, he managed to lift his hips some and Robin got the damned overalls off.

Robin shook his head, trying not to laugh. There was little doubt that Cas wanted his blowjob, what with his dick pointing to the ceiling like that, but Robin was starting to feel like he was in the middle of some massive comedy. "Babe," he said with a grin, "you're going to make me laugh, and then you won't get my best work here!" He lowered himself between Cas' thighs and blew across the head of his cock. "Focus a little, if you can."

Cas' body jerked when the air hit his cock and he moaned, low and soft. "Oh. More."

That was better. That sounded like Cas was paying attention. Smiling to himself, Robin licked at Cas' cock, flicking his tongue around the ridge where head met shaft. It jerked under his tongue and Cas moaned again, the sound

wanton and needy. "I'll take care of you," Robin promised in a low voice. "Keep you here." Slowly, he worked his way over Cas' erection, up and down and around, and finally he opened his mouth and took the head in, sucking gently and carefully as he pulled Cas' flavor into him.

One of Cas' hands found its way into his hair, stroking and petting almost absently as Cas moaned and whimpered and sighed, reacting to every touch of his tongue. Oh, that was better. Cas might still be floating, but he was there too, drifting with Robin instead of away from him. Robin hummed a little and took more in, letting Cas fill his mouth.

"Robin. Oh. Hot. Wet. Good wet." Cas was babbling, legs spreading wider. "Wow."

Chuckling a little Robin decided to really go for a wow. He let Cas slip from his mouth and licked his way lower, bathing Cas' balls for a moment before going farther. He urged Cas to lift up, even if he was a little clumsy about it, and then he went for it, licking right over Cas' hole.

"Robin!" The sound was half his name, half scream and Cas' whole body shuddered and pushed toward his face.

Perfect. Anchored and hot, and there and wanting—everything Robin needed, everything Cas could use so he'd get better; he certainly wasn't feeling any pain. Robin licked again, delicately tracing around Cas' hole, teasing with the tip of his tongue before licking harder. Between his own legs, his cock gave a sullen throb and started to come back to life. Robin ignored it, though, and licked Cas again, pushing his tongue in just a tiny bit.

The hand in his hair was tugging now, opening and closing and pulling on him, trying to get more, he guessed. Cas' legs spread wider, hips jerking and Cas' breath was coming in harsh gasps.

Robin moaned. He licked and kissed. He pushed and wiggled on the bed. He pointed his tongue and shoved it into Cas' ass and started to give his scientist the tongue fucking of a lifetime, one hand sliding up to jack Cas' cock. He wondered if maybe he was floating with Cas, riding the want and the endless need. He figured it hardly mattered, though, and tightened his hand a little as it slid over the tip of Cas' dick. Cas was moving with him, making the most amazing noises as his body started to shake.

Moaning again, knowing Cas was getting closer, Robin sped up. His mouth was hungry, teeth dragging gently over the soft skin of one butt cheek, and then his tongue went back for more, plunging in and out, deeper and harder.

Cas suddenly went stiff, ass clamping down hard on his tongue as the man screamed long and loud, heat splashing over Robin's hand.

Robin's cock throbbed in sympathy and he stroked Cas' erection slowly, pulling the last of the man's orgasm from him. He licked and pet and took his time pulling away, finally kissing Cas' balls before rolling to the side and looking up the bed to Cas' face.

Cas looked utterly blissed out.

And asleep.

His eyes were closed, there was a soft smile playing on his lips and his whole body was lax.

Well, damn, flattering as it was. Robin sighed and nudged Cas' shoulder. "Can't sleep, babe. Come on, talk to me. Cas?"

Cas frowned and then snuggled into him.

"Seriously. Cas. Wake up, please?" God, Moore would kill him if Cas had a bad night from the concussion. He tried to imagine telling her why Cas was so sleepy. "Cas, wake up!"

Cas jerked and moaned softly. "Ow. What's your problem?"

"You're concussed," Robin said patiently. "You have to stay awake for a bit. Which would be why sex was a bad idea." He looked down at Cas' sticking body, come puddled on his belly. "Even good sex," he added with a grin.

"Just wanna sleep, Robin." Cas was pouting at him.

"You can sleep later—you don't want Dr. Moore to kick my ass, do you?" Robin asked, hoping that the whiney sound wasn't his voice.

That had Cas giggling again. "How come I have to keep protecting your bod from the women on this planet?"

Robin grinned. "Hey, Moore's the doctor. She's already seen my dick. Besides, it was me protecting you from Molly—she wanted to watch me suck you off, and I didn't think you'd go for that." The planet would cool by about fifty degrees before that would happen, Robin was sure.

Cas snorted. "Not even in her fucking dreams."

"I don't want to know anything about that girl's dreams." Robin shuddered at the thought. "Are you hungry yet? Eating might keep you awake for a bit." He reached over Cas' body for the towel draped by the bed; they'd learned to keep one close for cleaning up.

"No. I'm kind of half sore, half drifty. Who hit me over the head?"

"Don't know yet," Robin said, wiping at Cas' belly. "What do you remember? Anything at all?"

Cas frowned and then bit his lip. "I remember the drill crapping out like mere feet from breaking through. And then finding my lab all ... fuck."

Robin tossed the towel and gathered Cas carefully against him. "Shh. Don't worry about it right now, Cas." He stroked Cas' back and sighed. "After that we were sent to the bunks. I had to talk to the crews, so you went to the mess for food. Remember any of that?"

"Yeah. The place was a mess—water everywhere—and then I heard sounds from the kitchen. I remember calling out for Peters and that's it." Cas voice was a little thick. "Why would someone do this? Someone who works with us, knows us? Peters is okay, right?"

"Yeah, he's okay. Couple of bruises ... not as bad as what happened to you." And still Peters had been out of it for an hour or so as well. Robin frowned.

Cas sighed. "It's going to be two weeks before a supply ship can get to us and restock my lab. And I'm back to starting from scratch, unless I can recover some of the data from the old computers. It wouldn't be so bad if they hadn't destroyed the hard copy files ... Damn it, someone needs to pay."

"Someone will," Robin said. "The company, actually." He frowned again. "In fact, maybe that's what this is about.

Money, slowing us down, making the project more trouble than it's worth."

"Why would anyone do that? If it takes longer we're on the job longer, but if the company decides to scrap the project, then we're all out jobs. Why would anyone do that? It doesn't make sense, Robin. And it feels ... personal. I mean they stopped *my* drill project. They royally trashed *my* lab, and then they hit *me* over the head!" Cas was getting agitated, moving restlessly in his arms.

"Hey, hey," Robin whispered. "Easy, babe. I've got you." He pet Cas for a moment, trying to think. "The drill ... we were close to water, the one thing we needed to make this whole project work, right? And your lab, that's the heart of things, the base of our information. You walked into the mess at the wrong time ... I know it must feel like you're a target, but really, I don't think so."

"No?" Cas shivered and pressed closer. "It sure feels like it, Robin. Feels like I've got a big old target on my back. I mean, I've never heard of TerraFCorp having problems like this before and this is my first job for the company."

"They haven't before." Robin held Cas a little closer. "Any trouble they've had has been in the boardrooms, not on site."

"It's scary, Robin. Hell, it was scary before it felt so personal."

Robin nodded. "Yeah. I know. Unsettling, having someone running around damaging our jobs, our life." He kissed Cas' hair. "Going to be hell to pay when it's all settled. We have to find out who's doing it, or the camp's going to explode. No

one's going to just stay in our bunks; we're not built that way."

"Well, I don't know, I could stand being stuck in here with you for a few days." He could feel Cas' smile against his skin.

"Not everyone has someone to cling to," Robin said with a grin. "Someone to exhaust, someone to play with..."

Cas wriggled against him. "You make me come again and I'm not going to be able to keep from sleeping," Cas warned.

"I have no intention of making you come again," Robin said with a grin. "At least not until I know you're okay. Moore would have my hide."

"She can't. This hide is mine." Cas' fingers fluttered over his skin, and then Cas sighed and settled more heavily against him.

"I love that," Robin whispered. "Just so you know."

"Love what?" Cas asked, fingers still moving, not even trying to arouse him, just touching.

"When you get possessive," Robin told him. "It makes me ... well, it feels good. Like I matter to you, a lot. Like you matter to me."

Cas pushed himself up on one elbow to look him in the eye. "You do matter to me, Robin. And that's not the bump to the head talking." Cas' hand slid along his chest and started petting his belly. "I like you a really lot, Robin. Maybe too much."

Robin's heart thudded in his chest. He thought maybe he knew exactly what Cas meant; hadn't he been fighting the same thing? If it was the same thing, anyway. He shook the thought away—of course it was the same thing. "Don't know

if it's too much or not," he said carefully. "Maybe it just is what it is."

Cas' eyes turned up to meet his, a little glazed from the pain stuff, a little worried, and he could see something he liked in there, too, something he thought maybe was just for him. "It's okay? That maybe this is ... more than just bodies?"

Robin nodded slowly. "I think so, yeah. Hope it's okay. I don't think I can change it any. Don't think I want to."

"So you're suddenly not going to go all aloof on me 'cause I told you that?"

"Nope." Robin shook his head. "I don't do aloof well." He really didn't, tending to live on the outside of his skin. If he had a problem with someone, they knew it. Everyone around them usually knew it, too.

"Okay. Good." Cas leaned up and kissed him, snuggled back in close. "Good."

It was. It really was, and Robin let himself relax a little more. "Don't go to sleep," he said softly, knowing it was probably a lost cause. But it was comfortable and warm, and if it weren't for the bastard trying to ruin it all, it would have been perfect.

* * * *

Dr. Moore had come and given him the all clear. Captain Barston had come and given them the all not clear—they were going to be stuck in their bunks for another day.

Not that it was a terrible hardship, being stuck here with Robin, and under different circumstances, it would be wonderful.

Not that it wasn't wonderful, but the reason for it sucked and kind of weighed on his mind.

He wanted to get back to his lab, too, and to clean it up and see if anything could be salvaged.

And Robin was just lying there sleeping.

Bastard.

Cas paced across the room once more, and then went and threw himself down into the bed with a sigh.

Robin grunted a little and shifted, but his eyes stayed closed. "Sleepy, Cas," he mumbled. "Shh." He was always shushing.

"I can't sleep." He poked Robin in the side. "You made me stay awake and now I'm *awake*."

One eye opened. "I made you stay awake 'cause I didn't want you to die, babe. Now you can sleep."

He shook his head, only wincing a little. "I *can't* sleep. I'm awake. I keep thinking about the lab and the chaos it's in, the things that were done."

The other eye opened and Robin looked at him for a long moment. "Yeah, I know," he said finally, and his voice was quiet, like he *did* know. "Can't do anything about it yet, though. You're just going to wind up with an ulcer if you dwell, babe."

"How do I not dwell? It just keeps going through my head. It's sitting there at the back of my head, just staring at me."

"You need to think about something else," Robin said, sitting up a bit. The sheet pooled around his waist and he scrubbed a hand through his hair. "Take your mind off it."

"You're just trying to get me in the sack," he teased, smiling over at Robin.

"I already have you in the sack," Robin pointed out with a leer. "And I'm already naked." He wagged his eyebrows and stared pointedly at Cas' lap. "You, on the other hand, are too busy worrying about something you can't fix at the moment."

"Well, and I'm naked, too." There'd been no point in getting dressed. It was hot and they had nowhere to go. "What do you think we should do about it?" He knew what his vote was.

"I think..." Robin tilted his head, as if he was considering something. "I think I'd prefer to stop thinking."

"Yeah? How do you think we should stop you from thinking?" He chuckled and just leaned in and kissed Robin before he said something even sillier.

"You're the one who's ... oh, never mind." Robin laughed into his mouth and kissed him back, big hands tugging him closer and draping him across Robin's lap.

He moaned softly and started rubbing, enjoying the feeling of Robin's skin against his, the way their pricks were growing hard and sliding together.

"Feel good," Robin whispered, the sound vibrating where Robin was nuzzling into his neck. "Taste good." As if to prove it, Robin started licking there, dragging his teeth and worrying up a mark under Cas' ear.

He gasped and pushed closer, his head kind of tilting to give Robin more room. "Everyone'll see." He didn't mind, though. In fact, he thought maybe he'd kind of like it, even if it brought lots of teasing.

"Let them," Robin said immediately. "My mark on your neck. I *want* them to see it."

Groaning, he rocked his hips into Robin's. "Better make it really dark so they don't miss it," he whispered.

Robin didn't say anything, but his teeth felt sharper, scraping instead of dragging, and he sucked. Cas could almost feel the blood rushing to the surface of his skin, hot and thick. God, that was something else, knowing what Robin was doing, feeling it. He rocked their hips together, moving faster, rubbing and sliding and just working it.

Growling, Robin sucked harder, his hands everywhere, pulling Cas tight to him. He could feel Robin's cock leaking, getting slippery as they rocked.

"God. Could do this all day, Robin." And he could, and everything else just floated away, not important as they moved together.

"Uh huh." Robin let go of his neck with one last lick. "We got all day," he said, grinning. Robin added a shimmy to his next thrust and his eyes rolled a little. "Oh."

Cas gasped. "Uh huh." A shiver went through him and he pushed even closer, did a shimmy type movement of his own.

"Oh, God!" Robin started to pant a little, his hands finally settling on Cas' butt and squeezing. "Again." It wasn't really a request.

He laughed, happy and turned on and wanting. It was a good feeling. He did the move again, one hand reaching to touch the mark on his neck. "Is it dark?" he asked, shivering as his fingers pressed against it.

"Yeah." Robin's eyes were losing focus. "Dark and ... oh. Oh, yeah. Dark." Robin drove up into him, his hips lifting Cas.

He shivered again and shifted so Robin's cock was sliding along his crack instead of against his own prick. Oh, God, yeah.

Robin made a choked noise, his eyes wide but glazed over. "Cas," he said, dragging out his name for long seconds, his hands flexing on Cas' ass. Then he said it again, short and sharp as his neck arched, his head pushing back into the bed as his body went tight. Cas could feel Robin's cock jumping, smooth and slick against his hole.

"Do it," he murmured. "Fuck me."

Robin moved fast, flipping them so he was suddenly hovering over Cas, between his legs. "Gonna hurt," he said, but he didn't stop, simply draped one of Cas' legs over his shoulder and started pushing in.

And it did hurt, it burned and stretched, but it wasn't too bad and it was Robin and he knew what was coming, knew how good it was going to be once he was stretched out. Whimpering, he bore down, taking Robin in quicker.

"Yes, yes, yes," Robin whispered, pushing in with little short thrusts that got him deeper each time. "Tight. God, you have no idea how good this feels."

"Sure I do. It feels really hot." He nodded and just rocked with Robin, groaning and moaning as the burning eased, the pain sliding into heat, into pleasure.

"Better than hot," Robin said, his voice hoarse and raspy. He was wide eyed still, his chest heaving with each breath. "God, Cas. So good, so.... much."

Cas nodded, hands sliding up around Robin's neck. "Don't stop."

"Can't." It was a whisper, but it was earnest and Robin's cock speared into him again. He could feel it, feel Robin's balls against his ass, the hair of Robin's thighs scraping him. He could feel Robin's breath, panted hot against him, and he could feel Robin's heartbeat, the pound of his blood through his veins. "God. I love you." He snapped his mouth shut, eyes going wide, searching for Robin's. The words had just been pushed out of him and he'd said them without even thinking.

"Good," Robin said roughly, meeting his gaze. His hips stuttered and Robin froze, his eyes sliding closed. "Ah, damn, damn, damn—Cas!" Ruthlessly he plunged into Cas' body again and again, shaking. "Love you," he groaned. "Do. Love. God, coming."

Cas grabbed his own prick, wanting to come with Robin, with that thick cock inside him. He tugged hard and squeezed and exploded in a rush of pleasure.

Robin sort of collapsed to the side, still in him, still holding him, but not making him smooshed flat. "Do you really?" Robin asked, still trying to catch his breath.

"Huh?" Cas cuddled close, nuzzling into Robin's neck.

"You said..." Robin took a deeper breath, his arm tightening around Cas a bit. "You said you love me."

"Oh." He blushed up hard. He had, he was worried about making a big deal of it, though. "Yeah, I do. Is that okay?"

"Well, let's see," Robin said, shifting his hips a bit and sliding out. "I said it back. In the middle of coming hard enough to see stars. Which wouldn't have happened if you

didn't say it—I swear to God, I was ages away from coming—you lost yourself a stellar fuck there, babe. Shocked me and made my brain melt."

Cas giggled. "Well, then I guess I'd better not say it again." He winked, feeling good that Robin wasn't running away screaming. "Wait? You said it back?" he'd been a little distracted at the time.

Robin blinked at him, first fast and startled, then slow and considering. "I did," Robin said with a nod. "And I do."

He grinned and then he grinned some more. "Cool."

Robin laughed, most likely at him. "Think you can sleep now?"

"I don't know. My body is saying hell, yes, my head is kind of rabbiting." He cuddled in, though, head on Robin's shoulder. He was feeling pretty good actually, for a guy whose office had been vandalized and who'd had his head knocked.

"Let your body take over," Robin said, sounding calm and utterly in control. Way too in control for a guy who'd just had an orgasm surprised out of him. "And frankly, it's not just your head that's rabbiting. We're kind of acting like bunnies on drugs in here."

He stiffened a little, pulling away just a touch. "You've got a problem with that?"

"What? Of course not!" Robin looked at him and shook his head. "Go to sleep, Cas. Your brain is going all silly on you."

"Okay, okay. I just ... Yeah, you're right. It's silly." He snuggled back in and closed his eyes. Sleep. It was good. He and Robin were good.

Transforming Hades
by Drew Zachary

* * * *

It wasn't that Robin was tired of being locked in with Cas. God, no. He loved that part. They had nothing to do except be naked in the heat, eat and have sex. It was like a holiday, really. The thing was, aside from the fucking and the eating, Robin's brain had too much free time.

Cas was feeling better, which was good, and Robin wasn't taking it as easy on him as he had when they'd been locked in. Mind, Cas' ass was now as sore as his head had been, but that was a small price to pay for the time they had to just be in bed. Seriously, it didn't really bother Robin at all that Cas winced a little when he moved too fast. Well, okay, a bit ... but in a smug sort of way.

Still, though. He was itchy for answers and he was worried about the project, and he couldn't help but wonder what was going on out there, where the security force had taken control of his site. It grated.

There was a knock on their door, and Cas groaned and shifted, curling up facing the wall. Man was tired out from their activities. And there was that smug feeling again.

Robin pet Cas' back and rolled to his feet. He didn't bother grabbing his orange jumpsuit, just picked up a mostly clean towel and wrapped it around his waist as he headed to the door. "Yeah?" he called, one hand on the knob.

"It's Captain Barston. I was hoping you could come to my office and we could talk about my findings."

Robin nodded to himself and glanced at his towel. "Uh, yeah. Give me a minute to get dressed. You want Cas, too?"

"Just you, Trail. This is on a strictly need to know basis, and I need what you know about the people here. I'll be in my office."

Rolling his eyes, Robin dropped the towel. "In five," he called loudly, then went to get dressed. He picked up the ugly orange suit and leaned over the bed, touching Cas' back again. "Babe? Wake up a second. I gotta go talk to the captain. Be back in a bit."

"Hmmm?" Cas half turned toward him, mouth slightly open in blatant invitation.

Robin grinned and bent even lower to kiss Cas, pushing in fast and hard before pulling back. "Later, I promise," he said with a wink. "I'll be back soon, so hold that thought."

"Huh?" Cas half sat, blinking at him. "You going somewhere?"

"Captain wants me," Robin said, zipping up. "Don't worry, okay? I'll be back as soon as I can, and maybe with some answers."

"Be careful," Cas murmured, reaching up to wrap a hand around his neck and tugging him down. Their mouths met and Cas gave him a long, slow kiss. "If I'm still asleep when you get back—wake me."

Like there was any chance of Robin *not* waking him. Cas was like a drug to him, completely under his skin and vital to his existence. With reluctance he pulled away and took a step back. "Promise," he said, then he made himself turn and leave.

It was odd, unlocking the door and stepping into the heat and light of Hades. He hadn't realized how much heat the

bunk had kept out. It was odd, too, not seeing people walking around, not hearing the equipment. With a vague feeling of unease, he walked to the security building, his boots sounding loud.

"Captain?" he called, knocking on the doorframe and stepping in.

Barston looked up at him as he came in, and nodded toward the chair in front of the desk. There was no one else in the room. "Lock the door behind you."

Robin raised an eyebrow, but he locked the door. "So, this is off the record?" he asked, swinging himself into the chair.

"It is until we figure it out, yeah." Barston leaned forward. "Look. If it wasn't for him getting knocked on the head pretty good, good enough that Moore tells me he couldn't have done it to himself, your boy might be our number one suspect."

Robin snorted, not bothering to hide the wash of defensive anger he felt. "Right. Because Cas would trash his own office, the equipment ... and manage the first round when I was fucking his brains out. Come on, you can do better than that."

"Trashing his own office would be a brilliant piece of subterfuge. So then I considered that you were in it together, but again Moore said that the knock to his head could have killed him, and I figured you wouldn't have risked that. So that's why you're here. I'm confident it isn't you or your lover, and I need your help sifting through the rest of the evidence and figuring out who it *is*."

"Nice way to start asking for my help," Robin growled. He rolled his shoulders and settled back in his chair. "All right.

Letting it go ... Okay, so where are we? Have you heard from headquarters yet?"

"Yeah. And they're pissed, but they're shipping the stuff we need. Along with another twenty guards, and if it happens again, they're shutting the planet down and everyone's fired. Like not just from Hades, but from the company." Barston shook his head. "And I wanted to lay everything down for you, Trail. You and Cas are the two smartest guys here with the most know-how. You had to be my initial suspects until I could rule you out. Because frankly, what keeps bogging me down, is goddamned motive. Why would anyone who's working here try to shut operations down? They'd be out of a job to start with. And this time we've had to seriously ration out food and water thanks to the sabotage. In fact, if the perpetrator hadn't been interrupted in the kitchen, we suspect they would have ruined pretty much all the food, leaving us in very dire straights indeed."

"Money," Robin said immediately. "There's nothing else that makes sense. I mean, whoever did it is in as much trouble as the rest of us, right? So someone has to be making it worth his or her trouble. Do you have access to financial stuff? And what happened in the kitchen, anyway? Did Peters see anything at all?"

"Yeah, money seems to make the most sense, and no I don't. We're not a police force, we don't have access to that kind of information, not unless it's housed in TerraFCorp's databanks. And they're not a financial institution. I can find out who's been paid what by TerraFCorp, but nothing outside of that." Barston sighed. "And Peters has been no help at all."

Moore says his injuries are superficial, unlike Trueway's, but he's all addlebrained and can't tell me anything. And I'll tell you something—Peters and Trueway's stories don't quite add up. I'm not sure what it is, but something is just off."

Robin tilted his head. "So ... Peters? I mean, he had time and access. He's right across from the lab, and no one blinks if he's out wandering in between shifts in the kitchen." He didn't like the idea, though. He'd worked with Peters before, liked him a lot. It didn't sit right. "Can't see him hitting Cas like that, though." He thought for a moment. "Can I see the damage on the rigging?"

Captain Barston handed over a file full of photographs. "We can go out there if you want, but I'd just as soon not have anyone know you're helping me on this. I want to be able to surprise the son of a bitch responsible for this in his bunk."

"Mmm." Robin had a fleeting thought of Cas naked in their bed and hoped that whoever the captain was after was dressed. He flipped through the photos, going back and forth between the various close up shots and all the pictures of the drill. "Did you find tools anywhere? Stuff out of place or broken and discarded? There's metal scores, but I don't know what did it. And it looks like some of the wiring was just ripped out by force. The ... well, what was done certainly stopped us, but from what I can tell, the damage isn't enough to destroy the equipment. It's ... inefficient."

Barston nodded. "That's what we concluded last time, too. Things were done by someone who maybe didn't know the best way to sabotage them. And the mess in Trueway's

office? That's more brute force than specific sabotage. His computer was destroyed, but the harddrive wasn't wiped. We get the new equipment in and we'll be able to salvage all the data." The captain looked through his files. "There were tools lying around, but all stuff that belonged. As if they were used because they were handy."

Robin nodded slowly. "Right." He tossed the photos on the desk and leaned back. "Okay, with the computer not being wiped, I'd say that pretty much says it's someone without working knowledge of the lab *or* the equipment—Cas would have wiped the computers. So, I'm thinking Peters, though you need proof. Unless whoever did it was under orders not to delete that data—which could mean someone wants it." He shook his head. "No, that's wrong. No one else could get the data—it belongs to TerraFCorp, and I can't see them just ditching harddrives."

Captain Barston nodded. "Yeah. So that pretty much leaves out all the mechanics, and the crew who know how to operate any of the machinery. Really, that leaves us with a few grunt workers, Trueway, Moore and Peters. We've already ruled out Trueway. I don't want to be accused of being sexist, but some of that damage came from brute force that I just don't see Moore having. That just leaves Peters."

Sighing, Robin nodded. "No idea why, though. I mean, he never seemed like the type who could be bought—and then there's the whole part about *who* bought him." He looked around the office and then at the pictures again. "Damn. You going to go talk to him?"

"I'm going to detain and question him, yes. He bunks alone, so we'll lock him in. Once I'm sure it's him, we can get back to work. TerraFCorp doesn't want to lose any more time to this. They're this close to closing the planet down, Trail."

Robin growled. "I'd suggest protective custody. A guard on that locked door."

Captain Barston raised an eyebrow. "I'm not sure I can spare the manpower. Everyone who can help with the clean up and fixing will be doing it as soon as we're sure he's our man..." Barston's voice trailed away and he shrugged. "We can't be everywhere."

"Oh, for pity's sake." Robin stood up. "You have a camp full of large, strong pissed off workers who drink and fight and don't take well to being confined. They are pissed. They fight when they're *not* angry. You want a dead body, fine, but I'm making sure I tell TerraFCorp that I recommended you protect Peters. When he dies, I'm not paying for it."

"If you think they'd kill him rather than just knock him around some, then I'll post guards. Frankly, I think the man deserves a good fucking beating."

Robin barked out a laugh. "You hold him for me, I'll go a few rounds." Peters—if he was guilty, and Robin's doubt was fading—had hurt Cas. He needed a bit of punishment. "But I wouldn't take the chance on someone going too far, if you know what I mean."

Barston sighed. "Fine. I'll post guards and no one will touch the son of a bitch—not even you, Trail. Come on, let's go talk to him—I have a feeling he'll spill with you glowering over my shoulder."

"I don't glower."

Barston laughed, eyes crinkling, the sound genuine and surprising. "Okay, big guy—you don't glower." That set the man off again, and he actually had to wipe tears from his eyes.

"Oh, shut up," Robin sighed. "Okay, let's go terrify Peters." He unlocked the door and pulled it open, stepping outside into the heat with the captain still snickering. "Hey, you'd glower too, if he'd hurt what was yours."

"I'm sure I would. I don't think it would be as effective, though. You're an intimidating man, Trail. Put a frown on that face and intimidating turns into scary." Barston led the way to Peters' bunk, folder tucked neatly under his arm, and knocked sharply on the door. "Peters? Open up."

Robin stood just behind and to the left of the captain, not particularly trying to look scary, but pretty sure that his natural unhappiness was shining through. There was a long pause and he could hear a muffled movement, like Peters was just behind the door. "Come on," Robin called out. "Just want to talk to you for moment, man."

The door unlocked and as soon as Peters opened it, Captain Barston strong-armed him back, pushing Peters right down onto his bunk. "All right. We know it's you. We just haven't figured out why."

Robin stepped in and closed the door behind him, snapping the lock in place with a sharp click. "Might as well talk," he said calmly. "The man here has a pretty solid case. And then maybe we can discuss you knocking Cas out."

Peters snorted. "Fuck off." The man looked smug, though, rather than innocent. "What the hell would I be doing going around knocking people out—and in case you forgot, I'm one of those people who got hit. Not to mention I wouldn't know where to start when it came to destroying things. Guys—I'm the cook, for fuck's sake."

Robin rolled his eyes. "Yeah, you're the cook. The one guy who's at the base camp all the time. Come on; the captain has enough to start looking hard at your bank accounts. Give us what we need and maybe there'll be a deal for you at some point."

It might have been his imagination, but a bit of Peters' bluster seemed to fade.

Barston got nose to nose with Peters. "My next stop is a call in to head office. What are they going to find, Peters? They going to find unusually large sums of money in your bank account?"

Peters shrugged, the movement almost convincingly casual. "My grandma died a bit ago. She left me some dough."

"Well, that's nice for you," Robin said smoothly. "I hope it was enough to see you through the time you'll spend in the hospital, though. See, I don't really believe you, and it was Cas who was left bloody on the floor for an hour. Kind of makes me cranky, and I can't really promise that I'm willing to wait while you dig out a copy of her will and shit like that."

"Not to mention that once they're in your accounts, it won't take them but a minute to verify where that transfer came from and sure, there's such a thing as blind accounts,

but there's no way inherited money would come from one of those. And once they've got the proof, TerraFCorp is going to fry your ass. They've lost a lot of money here, and they're going to throw the book at you. The fact that they can add attempted murder for what you did to Doc Trueway is going to mean major jail time in a hard labor facility." Barston snorted. "Cream puff like you won't last long in a place like that."

Peters grew paler and paler as Barston talked, slumping in his chair. "Fine," the man snarled, sitting up to glare. "I'm not going down for this. I'm just the paid lackey. I just do what I'm told, and she's not paying me enough to cover her ass. Not from jail."

Robin felt his back grow stiff as he seized on the new information. "She?" he demanded. "She who?" His first thought was Moore, but the woman was a doctor and he really couldn't see her being involved with hurting someone the way Cas had been hit.

That smug look was back on Peters' face. "I want immunity for telling you."

Barston shook his head. "No way. But it'll be put in your file that you co-operated and that you're just the hired help, not the brains of the operation."

"Gee, thanks." Peters' sounded less than impressed.

Robin barked a laugh. "Trashing the work site. Ruining equipment. Fucking with the water. No way in hell that you'd get immunity. Take what the man's offering, Peters. Don't prove all over again how stupid you are. You think this

woman will back you up? Right." He sneered again, running through his mental list of all the women on the project.

"I want it in writing that you'll back me up on the fact that I co-operated and gave her up." Peters crossed his arms, looking stubborn, pissed off. Like he had a right to be pissed off.

Barston pulled out a piece of paper out of the folder he'd brought, and dashed off a quick note, signing it and turning it for Peters to see. "Okay?" At Peters' nod, Barston put the paper into the file. "Now spill."

Peters looked at Barston, and then at him, smiling, the bastard grinning right at him. "Molly Carruthers."

Robin stared. "Right. Very funny." He gritted his teeth and reminded himself to relax his hands. Fists wouldn't get the truth out of the lying bastard. Well, at least not when Barston was there. The captain was willing to play along for effect, but Robin doubted he'd actually let Robin start beating on Peters.

Peters laughed. "Oh, fuck, you should see your face."

Barston growled. "I'm glad you're finding this amusing, Peters. But I don't see one thing funny about this whole situation. Unless it's the thought of letting Trail here turn you into ground meat."

"Fuck you, the both of you. You don't think it's really Molly? Why don't you check her locker and see what kind of food and water she's got stored in there. She was going to leave the rest of you high and dry if Trueway hadn't interrupted."

"Why the hell would Molly damage this project?" Robin demanded. It made no sense to him; not one bit. Molly was fun, she worked hard ... she was part of the team.

Family.

Peters shrugged. "How the hell should I know? All I know is I got money and ... favors. I tell you that woman's mouth could convince a man to do a thing or two."

Robin wanted to smack that look right off Peters' face.

"Really, really didn't need to know that much," he said grimly. To Captain Barston he said, "I assume you'll want to check this out instead of taking his word for it? If she's involved, she'll be going a little stir crazy waiting to see if he talks."

"Well, with any luck, she won't even know we've come here yet. I want to go check out this food storage business. That'll tell the tale." Barston turned back to Peters. "We're locking you in. If you're lying, I'm going to drag you out to the middle of the mess hall, let everyone know you did it and then walk away."

He'd say Peters looked more pissed off than intimidated. "I'm not fucking lying. You'll see."

Robin found himself still hoping that Peters was, indeed, lying as Barston set a guard and they headed to Molly's bunk. He liked Molly. It was too hard to wrap his head around her doing something so nasty.

When they got to her bunk, Robin stepped in front and knocked. "Let me," he said to Barston. "Hey, Molly! It's Trail, are you decent?"

"Nope!" she yelled back. "Come on, if you have a key. We'll have a party."

Barston shook his head. "If Peters wasn't lying, she's got brass balls that one." The captain handed over his key.

The observation didn't really sooth Robin at all; he already knew Molly was a tough girl. She kind of had to be, doing this sort of work. He unlocked the door and edged it open, relieved to see her fully dressed and lounging on her bunk.

"Hey, Molly," he said, stepping in.

"Hey. Where's the pretty doc? I was hoping for a show." She pouted at him and then eyed Barston as he came in.

"Mind, this one is pretty, too."

"We wanted to talk to you about this sabotage business. See if you remembered anything else since your interview." Man, Barston could have played along a bit, it might have gotten them a bit more, but it seemed the man was incapable of being anything but business.

Molly blinked and stared at Robin. "And you.... what?" She looked momentarily confused and then rallied. "Listen, I don't know if someone said something or what, but I had nothing to do with this stuff. Really." And then she batted her eyelashes, which probably just proved to Barston that she was as guilty as Peters said.

"We didn't say we thought you had something to do with it. I just asked if you remembered anything new. Seems like the conclusion someone who *did* have something to do with it would have drawn. Open your locker." Barston nodded to the locker in question, sitting at the end of Molly's bunk.

Molly bit her lip and slowly got up. "Look," she said, walking around to open the locker. "Things were getting weird. I took care of myself, right? Just some food." She flipped the locker open and stepped back.

Robin glanced down and felt his heart plummet. "That's.... a little excessive," he said, watching her. "Why, Molly? How could you do this? You worked alongside all these people. And you damn near ruined us."

Molly's face went hard and grim, but she said nothing. She stared at Barston defiantly.

Barston stepped up to her, really close, towering over her. "I have more than enough to get a call in to look at your bank accounts. I'm sure they'll tell us the story. You confess and we can get things moving again. I'll make sure TerraFCorp knows you did that when it comes time for them to lay charges down."

Molly's expression grew darker and she turned her glare on Robin. "Nice to know you have a little faith in me, Trail. I thought we were friends."

"Me, too," Robin said softly. He knelt down and picked through the package after package of food and a ton of bottles of water. "This tells me different." Then something caught his eye and he glanced at Barston. "So does this."

He nudged aside a water bottle and a dehydrated package of fruit and pointed. There, at the bottom of the locker, was a valve seal, brand new and tagged for the rigging. "That's a vital part," he said bleakly. "No way it should be here." And then he saw the disks. Two heavy data compression disk, typically used for data storage. He pulled them up and

handed them over to Barston. "And I'll bet these are back-ups of the data on Cas' computer."

"Molly Carruthers, you're under arrest for sabotage and attempted murder. You'll be under bunk arrest until transport off the planet can be arranged for you. Trail, bring that locker. It's evidence." Barston's face was hard, implacable.

Robin nodded and closed the trunk, watching Molly. "Why?" he asked again, thinking of Cas' lab. "Tell me what made it worth it. Who paid you?"

Molly barked a laugh. "You think I did this for money? I can earn more on other sites. Hell, I can earn more than TerraFCorp pays me when I'm on my back. No, this was about more than some pay off, Trail. I was going places—no more crew work for me."

"Tell me," Robin demanded again. "You wrecked a lot of shit, put a lot of people back. I want to know who was behind this."

"You want to tell your pretty lover it's all going to be okay," she spat. "You don't care why, just about getting answers. Fine. You want to know? PlanetMaker promised me a spot running this op, as soon as TerraFCorp bailed. Keep it viable to us, they said, and you can have it. Make it an annoyance to them, and we'll get it going. It was going to be mine, see? I was going to run this site. It was going to get me off these crappy labor gigs."

Robin nodded slowly. "You could have gone up in TerraFCorp, Molly. Too bad you wanted it faster, more than you wanted to earn it."

Molly snorted. "I earned it. Now get lost." She threw herself on her bed and turned her back to them.

Barston put a hand on his shoulder. "Leave it. She's not interested in anything you have to say. Just grab the locker and let's get out of here. The sight of her makes me sick."

Robin nodded and took one last look at Molly's back, anger and hurt jumbled up. "I liked you, Molly," he said as he picked up the locker.

He wasn't sure, but he thought maybe he heard her sigh as they left.

"This is more than enough evidence to convict them." Barston nodded at the locker he was carrying. "We need to get that locked up."

Molly's door was locked and Barston assigned a guard to her bunk, the man sending another of his men to let everyone know that there would be another meeting in the mess hall in an hour.

"I'll.... go tell Cas," Robin said, shaking his head. "He'll be glad his data is intact, anyway. You'll want us at this meeting, I suppose?"

"Mandatory for everyone. That includes you and Trueway, Trail." Barston paused a moment. "I'm sorry it turned out to be a friend, one of your own." Wow, the man had feelings, after all.

Robin blinked at him for a moment before his manners kicked in. "Thanks," he said with a nod. "I better go tell Cas." With another nod, this one more as final punctuation to the conversation, he hurried back to his bunk.

"Cas?" he said as he went in. "You awake?"

"Yeah," came the distracted reply, Cas lying naked on the bunk, reading. He looked up, though, and put the book the aside a moment later. "What did the captain want?"

"Well," Robin said slowly, sitting on the edge of the bunk, "we went to ask Peters some questions. With a bit of encouragement he gave some answers." He looked at Cas and shrugged one shoulder. "It was Molly and Peters together," he said simply. "For money and ... some new project that Molly would run." It felt odd saying it, but it was all the truth Robin had.

"Peters and *Molly*?" Cas looked kind of shocked. "I got hit over the head by Molly?"

Robin tilted his head. "You know, I'm not sure. Maybe. Likely. I wouldn't have thought so, but you should have seen her, Cas. Angry, hard, cold. Not our Molly at all. Makes me wonder if I ever knew her at all. I thought she was a friend." He lay down on Cas' bunk and curled into him a bit. "We found your data on discs in her locker. At least we can keep going here without having to replicate it."

Cas' hand dropped to his shoulder, stroking over him. "I'm sorry. This wasn't the first job you'd done together was it?"

"Nope." Robin lifted his head so he could Cas' face. "Just ... a bit of a shock, you know? She was good. I mean, she was a good worker, a good actress, all of it. I feel kind of like an idiot, to tell you the truth."

"She didn't just fool you—she fooled everyone. I mean, I never would have picked her as involved in this. Peters ... well he wasn't a part of any group or anything, was he? I bet a lot of people are going to be pretty upset."

"True," Robin agreed. "The girls will be really pissed, I'd bet." The thought made him a little nervous; those weren't really women anyone wanted all worked up. "And we're going to need a new cook, I guess. I expect we'll wind up with added security, too. Kind of building up the damn after the flood." He curled in a little more, liking the way Cas fit against his body.

"Only we don't have any water." Cas hugged him, and then the hand on his back continued stroking. "Is it really all over? Barston is sure it's them?"

"We'll get water. And soon, even if we're working double shifts and rigging everything together with string and prayers until our parts come in." Robin leaned into Cas' touch absently, instinctively. "Yeah, he's sure. I'm sure. They said so, and Molly was angry enough to even name who was paying."

"Yeah? Who?" Cas pressed closer.

"PlanetMaker." Robin found his concentration on the topic waning a bit and ran a hand up Cas' side. "Barston'll take care of it."

Cas' muscles were tight as he stroked them. "Those bastards. I almost got a job with them, but they've got a huge wait list because they don't have nearly the number of projects TerraFCorp do."

"Be glad you didn't," Robin said, starting to work some of the tension out of Cas with his fingers. "I don't care for their ethics much. Plus," he added, kissing Cas softly, "I'm glad you're here."

Cas smiled at him and kissed him back. "Yeah. Me, too." Pressing closer still, Cas' hand slid down to his ass, squeezed. "Really glad."

"We have less than an hour," Robin whispered, not caring in the least. He ground against Cas a little and kissed him again, wanting far less clothes between them. Immediately, if not sooner.

"We have a time limit for making love, now?" Cas' eyebrows had come together, the small frown cute.

"Meeting," Robin said, trying to order his thoughts. "Sorry, forgot to tell you. Captain Barston wants us all in the mess hall. We have time." He kissed Cas' mouth quickly, taken with the frown, and starting opening the zipper of his jumper.

"Almost an hour, huh? I can work with that." Cas' fingers joined his, helping to get him naked.

"Thank God," Robin breathed. "Want you." His cock practically leapt out of his clothes as he stripped.

Cas practically beamed at him, hand reaching for his prick. "Yeah? You sure?"

"Always." Robin tried to sound very sincere, but it came out in kind of a gasp as Cas' fingers curled around him. "Are you really sore? From last time?" They could do other stuff. He didn't really care, as long as it was Cas and him together.

"Not really." Still, when he slid a hand behind Cas and squeezed that cute ass, Cas couldn't quite contain his wince. "Okay, maybe a little, but it's a good sore." Cas pushed against him, rubbing against his belly.

Robin knew full well that "good sore" was still "sore", but he got a little lost in the way Cas was moving against him.

"Want," he said again as his balls started tingling a bit, his cock getting even harder as it slid on Cas' skin.

"Me, too." Cas rubbed harder, hand sliding to cup his balls. A moan pushed into his mouth along with Cas' tongue.

Robin's body decided that lots and lots of lube was a good solution. He reached for it, kissing Cas and tasting his mouth, and made the most of the way he had to reach right over Cas to get the tube. He rubbed and arched, one knee urging Cas' legs apart.

They spread for him like hot butter, just parting wide and inviting. Cas' eyes were dark, needy, fingers sliding on his skin.

"Beautiful," Robin told him. Fingers wet, he reached between Cas' legs and caressed him, eyes on Cas' face. "You're so beautiful."

Cas' skin flushed, but he smiled, fingers of one hand coming up to stroke Robin's face. "Not so bad your—Oh!" Cas arched as his finger slipped inside, body moving to ride it.

"That's it." Robin's mouth went dry as Cas' body flexed and gripped around his hand, Cas' hips lifting and then dropping again. His cock throbbed, wanting into the slick and smooth center of Cas' body. He eased another finger in, using far more lube than usual, making Cas slippery and open for him, despite their earlier passion.

Cas moaned and shifted, body clamping down around his fingers again and again. "Robin. Oh. Want you. Want you."

Robin growled, deep in his chest. "Got me." Cas did—had him all.

Fingers pulling out, away from how Cas tried to keep him in, Robin moved up, his cock in hand. "Ready?" he asked, voice tight.

"Uh huh." Cas moved his legs up over Robin's shoulders, eyes huge, needy. "Ready."

"Thank God." Robin plunged into him, meaning to go slow but not making it. He slid in, all the way, and froze, breathing hard. "You feel so good," he said, bending his head to kiss Cas' mouth.

Cas didn't say anything, just latched onto his mouth, hands sliding around his waist and holding on tight.

Then Cas tilted slightly and he slid deeper inside the hot, tight body.

Robin shuddered and moved with him, hips circling slightly. "Now, baby. Hold on." He pulled back a bit, and then in again, starting a slow, heart-stopping rhythm. The drag on his cock was making him harder, the push and pull making his eyes roll. "Oh, God," Robin muttered, going faster, aiming to make Cas yell for him.

Cas whimpered—not a shout, but it was a start—body pulling him in, clinging to his cock every time he pulled out.

It wasn't long before the whimpers got louder, interspersed with gasps and moans. "Don't stop," muttered Cas.

"Won't," Robin promised. "Never gonna stop." He slammed into Cas, fingers tight on Cas' hips. He was panting, reaching for his orgasm, but wanting Cas right there with him. He dragged one of his hands from Cas' hip, down to his cock, and started jacking Cas with every thrust into his body.

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Cas did scream then, the shout loud as Cas' cock throbbed. Come shot up between them, Cas' body going impossibly tight around his prick.

"Yes!" Robin yelled, his eyes snapping shut as he tried to hold on for a few more seconds. He couldn't, though, not with Cas around him, the scent of him rich and strong in the air. With one more jerky, unschooled thrust, Robin came with him, body shaking as he spilled into his lover.

Cas moaned softly, hands petting him, soft on his skin.

"Oh, man," Robin whispered, trembling as he eased out of Cas and pulled him close. "God." He kissed Cas softly, never wanting to let him go.

Cas seemed of the same mind, arms going around him, body pressing up tight against his. "We've got a bit of time before we have to go to this meeting, right?"

"Not much," Robin had to admit. "But enough time for a little longer." He held Cas a bit closer and sighed, boneless and content. "We won't rush. Barston can wait."

Cas seemed content with his answer, snuggling in and lying against him.

It was going to be a hell of a meeting, and he'd hold onto his lover as long as he could before they had to face it.

Chapter Six

Cas put the finishing touches on his clean up at the lab. All he needed now was the equipment that was supposed to be coming in today, and he could rescue his data from the old hard drives and life could go back to normal.

Peters and Molly were under house arrest, awaiting the same transport Cas was, only they were being sent home on it to stand trial for sabotage and assault. The drill had been fixed and broken through to the underground lake. They couldn't actually do anything yet, because they were awaiting replacement equipment, but Cas knew his plan would work now, knew it was feasible. One day Hades would be a great planet, thanks in part to him.

It was pretty cool.

TerraFCorp was sending an actual police force in this time, too. As well as back up equipment for everything that was to be stored under lock and key. On top of that, they'd all been promised bonuses if they could make the original schedule work despite the several week setback. It was a good motivating factor, and it had boosted the morale, which had taken a hit thanks to Peters, and even more, to Molly.

Cas wished Robin was there. They could find a fun way to pass the time waiting for the cargo ship; he was sure of it. Of course, there was no guarantee they'd hear the ship arrive if they were otherwise occupied, so maybe it was a good thing.

Speaking of which ... Cas tilted his head and grinned. Oh, yeah, that was the ship.

He shrugged off his lab coat and his sweater, and hung them by the door. Stepping out into Hades' heat, he made sure he locked the door behind him, and then joined the throng jogging toward the landing pad.

He saw Robin standing near the front next to a security guard and talking to Dr. Moore. Cas wasn't sure why the security guard was right there, but it was probably a good idea; they'd be bringing Peters and Molly out, and Captain Barston hadn't been quiet about making sure Robin was to stay away from the two of them.

Robin wasn't exactly glowering, but the security guard looked like he expected it at any moment. It was kind of funny, really, and Cas thought Robin might just start, if only to amuse himself and keep the guard busy. Instead, though, Robin looked around and saw him, and the wide smile aimed right at Cas dispelled any kind of glower.

"Hey, you," Robin said. "Got lots of stuff coming in. Keep us busy for a bit, yeah?"

He nodded, stopping close enough to Robin that their shoulders were touching. "Yeah. It'll be good. I've been going out of my mind the last few days with nothing to do." He bounced a little. "I can't wait to have everything set back to rights."

Grinning, Robin rested a hand on the small of Cas' back. "Yeah, it'll be good to get back to work, start pushing the schedule. Mind you, I'll miss the downtime."

His cock throbbed at that, and he gave Robin a smile, slow and easy, not caring who saw—he was beyond caring what

anyone on-planet thought. Or off-planet for that matter. "It's not like we'll be working twenty-four-seven."

"Nope, just twelve-seven. Leaves a few hours for eating and sleeping and ... the rest." Robin winked at him, and Dr. Moore laughed, wandering away. "I figure I only need about six hours sleep," Robin added.

"You need six whole hours to sleep?" Cas mock-pouted. "I don't need more than twenty minutes for eating."

Man, he was hard. Robin did that to him. With his eyes, with his voice. With those hands and that body, too, but they didn't need to be alone and touching for him to be all hot and bothered. Robin just did it for him. And kept on doing it for him, and he was starting to trust it. Well, okay, he was well beyond starting. He was into Robin all the way, and yeah, he believed the feeling was very much mutual.

The ship's hold opened up and a cheer went up, and Cas clapped enthusiastically along with everyone else.

"Gotta get to work," Robin said in his ear. "Get this stuff sorted out and where it needs to be. I'll meet you in the bunk ASAP, all right? We can eat later." Robin's tongue swirled around his earlobe for a brief moment. "Possibly much later."

Cas gasped softly and nodded, a shiver going through him. "As soon as I get my stuff in the lab and locked up." Much as he wanted to get everything unpacked and sorted and set up, much as he often skipped lunch altogether, if Robin was offering loving he was so there. He watched as Robin took charge, got everyone moving and sorting and hauling stuff where it was supposed to go.

It made him stand a little taller.

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That stud was his.

Epilogue

Cas was vibrating.

Over six months on TF-21 and the place was starting to look like a real world. Like a place where people not only could live, but where they'd choose to live.

And in a large part, he was responsible for that. It was his plan being put into effect. His.

Hades wasn't anymore. Oh, it was still hot, but it wasn't dry as hell, and there were small bushes and a few trees and lots of grass. A pool with a huge canopy covering it and lots of deck area around it.

None of that was why Cas was vibrating, though.

Nope.

He was vibrating because tonight was the night.

Robin had been hinting for ages. Okay, the man had been outright begging for Cas to do him. But it always came while they were in the middle of things, and Cas had to think about it. Had to plan it and work his head around it.

He hadn't told Robin that tonight was the night. He didn't want to jinx it.

He didn't know why it was such a big deal for him, but he supposed a part of it was he'd never done it before. No one had ever wanted that from him, and it kind of felt like a big step that Robin did. As big as admitting that he loved Robin.

And today he was ready.

He checked his watch—again—and decided it was close enough to quitting time for him to lock up and wait for Robin.

So that's what he did, almost jogging over to the mess.

He went into the kitchen, making sure he knocked loudly first—he never went in there without being loud about it anymore.

"Hey, Jenny? You got that meal for me?" He'd asked Jenny, Peters' replacement, who seemed to cook *real* food, to make him and Robin a special dinner.

"Uh huh." She smiled and pushed a lock of hair back under her hairband. "He's going to love it," she said, crossing to a table and picking up a loaded tray. "Got everything you wanted, and let me tell you, it was joy to make only a couple portions for once. You having an anniversary or something?"

He felt his cheeks flame up. "Or something," he murmured. "Thanks. I appreciate it."

"No problem," she said, passing him the tray. "Have fun! Let me know if he likes it."

He nodded. That he could do. "Thanks!" He hurried on off to their bunk, grabbing a few bottles of water on the way. He nodded and smiled at the people he met along the way. It felt good, knowing he belonged, that he was accepted, a part of the community. He let himself into the bunk and set up the food at the small table. Roast beef by the looks and smell of it. Mashed potatoes and gravy, carrots and peas. And two little chocolate cakes. Wow. Jenny had gone all out.

He wasn't there long before the door opened, Robin stamping his feet and sending dust everywhere. "Hey, babe." Cas watched as Robin bent to untie his boots and suddenly froze. "What is that fantastic smell?" he asked, righting himself almost immediately.

Cas grinned. "Me?"

"Sure. If you suddenly smelled like cooked cow." Robin grinned at him and sniffed the air. "What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything but carry a tray. Jenny, on the other hand, is a star." He stepped away from the table so Robin could see their feast.

"Oh, wow." Robin eased down the zipper of his jumpsuit as he walked toward the table. "She is, for sure. But you must have asked..." Robin turned to him, his eyes warm and more than a little horny. "What's the occasion, Cas?"

He felt his cheeks go hot, but he ignored them and shrugged. "I just wanted to do something special for you."

"You do that every day," Robin said, apparently with utter sincerity. He moved even closer and looped his arms around Cas, taking a soft kiss, then another. "Love you."

Cas melted into Robin with a small sound. "I love you, too," he said fiercely, giving Robin a tight hug. "You've changed my life."

"Ditto." Robin kissed him again and took a step back. "I have to shower. Really and truly. I'll only be a minute, all right? Don't want the food to get cold. Then I can say a proper thank you."

He wanted to go with Robin, get all slick and soapy, but he knew they wouldn't get to the food that way. Or the other stuff. "Okay," he said softly, watching that fine body disappear around the corner.

He made sure the lube was under the pillow and that everything looked just perfect while he waited for Robin to be done. He decided to change out of his orange jumpsuit and

had just slipped on a pair of Robin's sweatpants when Robin came back. "Hey."

God, he was nervous. It was stupid, but he was.

Robin gave him a long, slow once over, his smile turning to something hungry, and not just for the food. "Hey. Good idea," he said, dropping the towel around his waist and pulling on another pair of soft, loose pants. His cock, more than half hard, tented them out a bit and Robin adjusted himself unselfconsciously as he moved to the table. "I'm only eating this instead of jumping you because you and Jenny did something special, you know."

"You can't jump me. I'm supposed to jump you," he blurted out.

Robin blinked, his tongue suddenly flicking out to lick at his lower lip. There was a long moment of silence, and then Robin held his arms open. "Jump away," he said hoarsely. "Food can wait."

Cas nodded and didn't jump, just kind of moved slowly into Robin's arms. He hadn't meant to blurt it out like that, had wanted to kind of work up to it, but he probably couldn't have done the food justice, anyway, with it on his mind.

He brought their lips together, hiding his nerves in a long kiss.

Robin's hands smoothed over his back, from waist to neck and back again. "You sure?" Robin whispered between kisses, his breath warm and smelling like mint. "Are you really sure?"

"Don't you want to?"

"Oh, God, yes." Robin shuddered, his whole body shaking and his cock almost drilling into Cas' hip. "I want to. Don't doubt that."

"Okay, then. I'm sure." Nervous, but sure. He rubbed against Robin's hard on, trying not to get distracted. If he wasn't careful, he'd just roll over on the bed and beg Robin to fuck him.

Robin moaned again, hands suddenly hard on Cas' ass. "Bed," he insisted. "And naked." He didn't move, though, his hands kneading Cas and his hips working them together.

"Maybe we should take the edge off?"

"Oh, yeah," Robin breathed. "Good idea. What do you want, babe? Hand, mouth?"

What did he want? He wanted Robin to fuck him through the mattress. "Mouths?"

"Sixty-nine?" Robin's eyes were bright. "Fuck my mouth?"

He nodded and started shoving Robin's sweats down off his ass.

"Bed," Robin said again, wiggling and tugging, and getting rid of clothes with only a little stumbling. He lay down and pulled Cas to him, kissing him hard.

Cas let Robin kiss him breathless and then pulled away, smiling down. "We need to turn around."

"Well, one of us does, anyway." Robin grinned at him and licked his lips. "Gimme."

"Pig." Cas giggled and shifted, wriggling until he was face to face with Robin's hard, leaking cock. He thought he might have heard Robin say 'oink', but then Robin's tongue and lips were playing with his prick and it didn't matter. Wet and

warm, and Robin wasn't wasting any time, just sucking him in and teasing all his hot spots at once.

He took a deep breath and went down on Robin's cock, taking it all in and swallowing around the tip. Robin made a noise around him and pushed up, his hips twitching. He was so hard, harder than usual from a near standing start, and his kept trying to thrust, his feet sliding on the sheets. Cas grabbed hold of Robin's hips and pushed down on them, bobbing his head and giving it to Robin good without getting choked.

The mouth on his own cock stuttered and grew sloppy, Robin chasing his orgasm with single-minded enthusiasm. The head of Robin's dick became a little bigger, swelling, and Cas could almost feel the pounding of the man's blood as it started. "Fuck!" Robin cried out, his head turning to the side as he let Cas go. "Yes!" And then he was coming, filling Cas' mouth.

He swallowed it all down, greedy for the taste of salt and musk and his Robin.

Robin's legs shook, and he could feel tremors run through the body against him, but in moments Robin was back in the game, licking and sucking him like his life depended on it, one hand massaging Cas' balls.

Cas spent a few moments cleaning Robin's cock, but then he let it slip from his mouth and laid his head down on Robin's thigh, taking in the scent of his lover as his own hips moved, fucking Robin's face. The hand on his balls edged back a bit, rubbing at the skin behind, and Robin's mouth opened wider. Soft sounds vibrated around Cas' cock, the

invitation to let go clear. Whimpering, he did just that, pushing hard a few times before coming, filling Robin's mouth.

Robin swallowed and sucked, his hands gentle as they both kind of floated. Robin's fingers teased him, though, and his mouth ... Robin was going to keep him from going soft, just barely stimulating his already heightened nerves.

It was good—kept him from getting nervous again, kept him loose and horny and wanting.

They turned slightly, and Robin worked him, edging around so he was facing the right way again, and then kissed a path up Cas' body, lingering on his nipples. "Fuck me," he whispered into Cas' neck when he got there. "Please, baby. Want to feel you in me."

He nodded. "You're supposed to lie back and let me do it," he pointed out. He'd had it all planned out and they were definitely not following the plan.

Robin rolled over, flat on his back, and spread his legs. He was grinning, though, and looked like he might actually laugh.

"You laugh at me, Robin Trail, and the only thing getting fucked will be my hand."

"As much as I like watching that," Robin said, his gaze fixed on Cas' cock, "I'd much rather you fucked me. Really really." He grinned broadly. "Want me to slick my ass for you?"

"Oh. Oh, yeah, okay." That wasn't part of the plan either, but he'd bet it was really fucking sexy and he'd be distracted from getting nervous again that way.

Robin's eyes closed about halfway and he started rubbing his cock with the palm of his hand. "Hand me the lube?" he asked, bringing one knee up and letting his legs fall open. Cas could see Robin's fingers trailing over his balls, almost teasing his hole.

Cas whimpered, his own hole throbbing. "Okay," he said softly, reaching up past Robin's head, smiling down at him. "I was prepared." He pulled the lube out from under the pillow and handed it over.

"Good for you," Robin purred, smiling at him. "Take good care of me." He slicked up his fingers and dropped his hands again, one cradling his balls out of the way and the other sliding on the skin around his ass, the tip of his middle finger popping in and out of his hole. "Oh," Robin moaned. "Watch me, babe." Slowly, he sank a finger into his ass, his hips flexing.

"I'm watching," Cas whispered, eyes fascinated, cock throbbing. "I am so watching."

Robin laughed, the sound tight and rough as he began to fuck himself, one finger becoming two within minutes. Cas moaned, reaching for the lube and slicking up his fingers. He shifted, moving so he could have a good angle to continue watching, and then slid one of his own fingers in with Robin's.

Robin groaned, and Cas watched his eyes roll back before Robin stared up at him. "Yeah, Cas. Like that," he said, his hips raising again, a little harder as he rode their fingers.

"Another one?" He asked, but he didn't wait to push it in, moaning at the sight of his and Robin's fingers pushing in and out of Robin's body. "Oh, fuck."

"You. You in me," Robin pleaded.

He nodded. About as ready as he was ever going to be for this. He slid his fingers out, and tugged Robin's out and settled between Robin's legs. He held his cock, guiding it to Robin's hole, watching, almost like he was watching someone else, as he pushed against that tiny, hot little hole.

Robin went still under him. "It's okay," he whispered. "Just push. It's okay, babe."

Cas shuddered and took a breath and just pushed, moaning as his cock was slowly swallowed up by the most amazing, tight, hot softness ever.

"Oh, yeah," Robin groaned, looking up at him like he was a god. "That's it, Cas. Fill me." He twitched, hard, and moaned again.

"It feels ... incredible." He couldn't believe how really, really good it felt. With a little whimper, he started to move, sliding in and out, eyes nearly rolling back into his head over the sensations.

Robin made a noise and clenched tight around him for a second before relaxing again. "Do that again," he said. Well, demanded.

So Cas did it again and it was still amazing. So he kept doing it, watching Robin's face, making sure it was as good for Robin as it was for him.

Robin's legs curled up around his hips, and Robin rocked with him, his eyes starting to glaze over a little. "Faster?" Robin asked, a little breathlessly. "Or harder. Harder could work." One hand slid down Robin's belly to his cock.

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"I can do both," Cas said, matching action to words. Oh, but he wasn't going to last very long, it just felt so good.

Robin cried out, his back arching and his hips lifting up to meet Cas'. "Right there! Oh, fuck, yes, Cas! Fuck me!"

Cas grinned, feeling like the biggest stud going. He just kept moving, pushing into Robin as hard as he could, over and over, feeling his orgasm barreling down on him. "Oh. Soon. Please."

"Soon," Robin echoed, his hand flying over his cock, pulling hard. "Oh, shit, yes!" He arched again, his ass clamping down on Cas' cock and spunk sprayed over his hand, pooling on his belly.

Cas screamed loudly, Robin's body milking his cock, making him shoot.

Still twitching and shaking, Robin slowly unwound his legs from Cas' waist, his arms coming up instead to keep Cas where he was. "Wow," he said, his breathing uneven. "Oh, wow."

Cas let himself collapsed against Robin, let Robin hold him, his cock still inside Robin's body. "That was ... it was really good, Robin. Thank you."

Robin laughed and then groaned. "That was better than good, babe. And thank *you*. Tell me you'll let me convince you to do it again sometime."

He nodded. "That could be doable." He snuggled against Robin, groaning as his softening cock slipped from Robin's body. "I think I still like it better when you do me, though."

"Mmm, that does have its perks, yes," Robin said happily. "I like being in you. Like the way you move, the way you feel

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... like the way you look when you're about to come on me." He snuggled in a bit, wiggling. "Nice for a change, though."

"Nobody ever wanted me to do it before. I even asked once, and he looked at me like I was crazy." He smiled and turned his face to kiss Robin's skin. "Thank you."

"He was crazy," Robin said, sounding sleepy. "Your cock in me felt fantastic—amazing. I don't get why someone wouldn't want that." Robin kissed him back, his lips landing somewhere near Cas' ear. "I love you."

He stroked Robin's belly, just melted and happy with this man. This good man. "Yeah, Robin. I love you, too."

"Good. Don't know what I'd do if you didn't."

"Doesn't matter, 'cause I do."

And really, in the end, that was all that mattered to him, too.

Seemed TF-21 wasn't the only thing that was fundamentally changed in this section of space.

And that suited him just fine.

End.

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