



Seeing Love

A Torquere Press Single Shot by Sean Michael

Kay was curled up in the little window seat, watching the snowfall, warm and lazy after his shower. He was wrapped in the robe Barney had given him, all soft and plush, making him feel like a prince, pampered and cared for and...

Loved.

Loved.

Kay rested his head on his knee, letting the idea of that fill him. After so many months on the street, so many months turning tricks and being scared and hungry and alone, one day, almost a year ago now, a shelter worker saw him reading and mentioned a disabled businessman who needed someone to read to him. Someone to help out. Someone to be a friend, someone who didn't mind a little grumpiness, now and then. Barney made him feel needed and wanted and necessary. He loved it here -- loved the reading and the talking, loved the swimming and the dinners and the laughing. He loved...

A panicked scream came from down the hall and Kay was on his feet before he could blink.
"Barney! Barney, I'm coming!"

He pushed through the big double doors, making a beeline for the huge bed, the open arms, the tear-streaked face, moisture trapped in the little webs of scars. "Barney? I'm here. You okay? Do you hurt? Oh, Barney, I'm right here."

"I can't see! Oh god, I can't see." The voice was anguished, Barney shaking.

"No... You're blind, Barney..." Kay tilted his head, confused for a second before he caught on. "Oh, Barney..."

He crawled up onto the bed, wrapping his arms around the poor man, dropping his cheek on Barney's thick, black hair. "It's going to be cool, Barn. I'm here and you're okay, yeah? You're home."

Barney clutched at him, hands solid and clinging tightly. "'s horrible. The noise and the smell and now I can't see and ... " Barney too another sobbing breath. "Oh, God, I'm blind. Oh... it wasn't just a dream. Kay? Kay is that you?" The clutching fingers tightened. "Kay?"

"Yeah, Barn. 's me." He pushed in closer, humming soft. "'s just me and you're safe in your own bed."

"Oh, shit. Kay." Barney sank back against the pillows, hands loosening their hold so Barney could wrap him in those arms and hold him close. "It was the accident all over again. It was so real. I could smell it and taste it and hear it and feel it and see it. And then I couldn't see."

A shudder moved through Barney.

Kay curled against Barney's warmth, stroking the strong jaw, petting and touching. "I'm sorry, Barn. It's not fair at all, but it's a dream now and you're here and you're alive."

It hurt his heart, to see Barney so sad.

Another shudder went through Barney's body and a long sigh. Barney stroked a hand along his back. "Thank you, Kay. For being here. You make everything so much better."

"'s what you keep me around for, yeah?" He hugged Barney close, lips brushing the warm throat. "You feeling human now?"

Barney nodded, hand sliding into his hair, petting, stroking. "Almost my old cranky self."

"You're not cranky... much." He chuckled, grinned against Barney's skin.

Barney gave a short, surprised sounding bark of laughter. "Oh, Kay. What would I do without you?"

"Mope and grumble and not play near enough." He remembered all about that. "And have really old coffee in your cupboards." He settled in, quiet and warm, comfortable. "You want me to stay for awhile? Keep you company?"

"You wouldn't mind?" Even as Barney asked he was being pulled in closer, the covers pulled up over them both. "I can still feel the nightmare, waiting to catch me again if I let down my guard. At least that's how it feels, you know?"

"Yeah. I don't mind. You're warm and you smell good, Barn." He kissed the soft, stubbly cheek. "I don't take up much room."

"No you don't, do you?" Barney chuckled and nuzzled against the top of his head, hands still moving over him. "This is nice and soft."

"Mm-hmm... it's the most wonderful present ever, Barney. Keeps me warm all night." He was relaxed, so happy, comfortable and safe.

"I'm glad you like it. I hope it isn't orange with red polka dots or something equally horrendous. I chose it for the way it felt and the sales clerk assured me it looked nice. I guess I don't believe anything anymore unless I've had your assurance."

"Dark blue all through. It's perfect." He stroked the soft lines beside Barney's eyes, then smoothed the wrinkled brow. "I love it."

He got a warm smile, Barney's face following his touch. "Oh, good."

Barney hugged him tightly to the long body. "I would give you anything you wanted, you know that, yes?"

"I only want..." His cheeks heated and he buried his face in Barney's shoulder. He shouldn't. He was a street rat, a whore, a nothing. Barney was real and rich and smart. Barney couldn't... not with him.

Barney's hand reached for his face, fingers moving over his features. "What, Kay? Please, tell me what you want."

His eyes filled with tears and he kissed Barney's fingers. "You. But I can't 'cause I'm low rent, you know? And you should have someone cool with you, someone tall and sexy and smart, you know? Not a skinny whore."

"You want me?" Barney's voice was soft, wavering slightly. "Oh, Kay... I've wanted you for so long, but I've always thought... I could never ask because I didn't want you to think it was just because you used to sell... May I kiss you?"

He looked up, blinking, lips open in shock. He nodded against Barney's hand for a second before gasping, "Yes. Yes, Barney. Please."

Barney bent down, using the clever fingers to find his mouth. Sweet and soft, Barney's lips slid along his. Kay moaned, lips parted. He loved this kiss, so gentle, so warm, so full of promises. Barney turned, one hand sliding behind his head and tilting it slightly so that their kiss deepened, their tongues sliding together. The other hand continued its gentle stroking over him, fingertips sliding against the soft material of the robe. He found the place where their bodies fit together, fingers stroking through Barney's hair. There was a slow heat building inside him, delicious and sweet and new.

One of Barney's fingers slid against his neck along the collar of the robe and Barney cried out. "Oh. So much softer than the robe, Kay. Your skin is like silk, but warm and alive."

Oh...

He couldn't have blushed darker if he'd tried.

Without thinking or worrying, Kay reached for Barney's hand, put it on the tie of his robe. He was naked underneath, warm and clean. Barney moaned, fingers working the tie open, another moan flooding their kiss as those fingers stuttered over his skin.

Warm hands slid over his belly, stroking slowly up along his ribs. "So very soft, Kay. So warm and lovely."

"I'm warm because of you, Barn. You keep me warm." He was almost breathless, gasping as Barney's hands made him ache and want and tingle.

"Touch me, Kay? Please?" Barney's hand moved slowly up to his nipples stroking across them.

He reached out, hand sliding over hot, smooth skin, tracing a slow circle around Barney's bellybutton. "Oh..."

Kay pushed closer, moaning, licking at Barney's lips.

"Oh... yes. Kay. Please..."

Kay explored ribs and belly, the soft skin under Barney's arms, the hollows by his collarbones. So warm and fine. Barney gasped and moaned, hands stuttering against him. Relaxing against the pillows, Kay forgot about his own ache, about the heat in his belly, and focused on making Barney feel good, feel wanted. Barney's hands slid along his skin, circling his belly, fingers dancing through his bellybutton. Barney was making soft noises, beginning to shift restlessly. "What do you need, Barney? What do you want?"

His hand slid down over the silk-covered hip, his lips moving down over one shoulder.

"Whatever you want, Kay. This is your home, too and I don't want you to feel awkward here because of this."

"Do you want to touch me? I want to touch you. Be here with you and warm and naked. Together." He took a deep breath, stilling himself. Barney made him want to take, to tell, to touch and know. "It's never felt like this before."

"Oh, Kay..." There were tears in Barney's eyes. "Yes, lovely boy, I want to touch you and be warm and naked with you. I want to make you feel good and make you come and hear you cry out with joy."

Kay kissed the corners of those dear eyes. "I'll take off my robe, if you take off your pants. Then we can touch."

Barney nodded. "I can do that."

He giggled, taking a kiss, licking those open lips. "Cool." Kay shrugged off his robe, putting it at the end of the bed, before sitting just out of Barney's reach. "Your turn."

Barney nodded again, giving him that soft half smile he'd grown to love.

"Do you know how long it's been since I was naked with another man?" Barney asked as he pushed the silk pajama bottoms down and off. "So long."

"I won't tell." He reached out to stroke one finger down Barney's thigh, reassuring and petting. Stupid Frank, deserting Barney after ten whole years together, just because Barney was blind. Stupid, stupid man. "I won't go, not until you tell me to."

Barney's arms reached out for him. He crawled up into them, pushing close with a happy cry. Barney's mouth found his, the warm hands sliding over his skin. Barney traced his spine, felt the curve of his buttocks, the angle of his hips. Each touch was soft, special.

"Oh..." He wrapped his arms and legs around Barney, rubbing and touching, his cock filling and pressing against Barney's belly.

Barney fed soft sounds into his mouth, gasps and moans and groans and whimpers. He could feel Barney's cock against his thigh, thick and hot and silky soft. He reached down to stroke it, just to rub his fingertips over the head, along the veins.

Gasping, Barney arched up. "Oh, Kay! Kay..."

"More?" He pumped once, slow and careful.

"Oh, God, please yes!"

He chuckled into that open mouth, beginning to stroke.

"Oh, God. Oh God." Barney murmured the words over and over, hands sliding down between them, fumbling and finding his cock and wrapping around it.

"Barney... Oh... Your hands..." His breath caught, hands and hips working now, whimpering into his... His lover. His lover. "My lover. Oh..."

"Don't stop, Kay. Please. So close, just... just.. oh! Kay!"

Heat splashed over his hand, the fingers around his cock tightening, moving faster.

He groaned, shivering and crowing into Barney's mouth. "Gonna make me... Oh, Barney... I need to..." His toes curled, he wanted so much.

"Oh, Kay-love, yeah, come for me. Let me hear your pleasure, let me feel it."

"Yes... Oh... Hot. So hot. Need you so much, want this so much!" He called out as he shook, coming hard, rocking up hard into that hot hand.

Barney held him close, hands stroking over his body, soft whispers falling around them, soft words of praise and happiness.

"I... Can I stay here, please? Please, Barney? I won't hog the covers. I just want to be close." He couldn't stop talking, stop touching, something hard and sharp inside him broken.

Barney, tucked him into a him shaped hole right under a firm arm and pulled him close to the long body. "Just try to leave. Oh! I didn't mean it like that, Kay. You don't have to stay if you don't want to. I just... you're wanted."

He cuddled in, nodding happily even as he yawned. "Want to stay, Barney. Been lonely and wishing for so long."

A soft kiss was pressed to the top of his head. "I know what you mean, Kay-love."

"Kay-love... Oh, that's nice. I like that." His eyes closed, one leg curling around Barney. "You gonna be okay now? No more bad dreams?"

"With you here to guard them? All my dreams are going to be sweet."

He giggled a little, the thought of his skinny ass guarding anything amusing him. Then a warm hand cupped the curve of his hip and he relaxed, sinking into sleep. Knowing he was wanted. Needed. Loved.

He was curled up in the arm chair in their room, reading. Barney was out at a party, something flashy and formal that meant tuxedos and caviars and speeches -- it also meant scrawny teenagers with long hair and no class stayed home.

He didn't mind at all. Crowds and loud talking and a monkey suit and weird food compared to a hot bath and his own robe and a good book and a pot of coffee? No question which one was cooler.

Still, he worried about his Barney a little.

What if his escort lost him? Didn't show him where the bathroom was? Didn't know now to set the plate up so Barney could eat in public and not be grumpy?

Kay sighed and turned the page, watching the snow fall and waiting for Barney.

The sound of the elevator door opening told him when Barney came home. "Kay-love?"

"In your room, Barn." He stood and stretched, putting the book aside. "How was your party?"

"Our room, Kay." Barney wandered in, moving confidently in their home. "It was loud and the food was dry and dull. Kind of like the company."

Kay chuckled, going to press a chaste kiss to Barney's cheek, taking a cuddle. "Would you like some pizza? Something not gross and dull?"

Barney's arms slid around him. "I was thinking maybe we could go out somewhere and get a nice greasy burger and some fries, after I change out of the monkey suit."

"Mmm... greasy." He giggled, snuggling close. "Sounds cool. Let me throw some jeans and a sweater on."

"Oh... are you naked under the robe, Kay-love?" Barney's hands began to search. "I have to get naked to change, too..."

"Yeah?" He moaned, rubbing up against his lover, reaching up to wind his arms around Barney's neck. "You know, that burger place on Sixth and Congress is twenty-four hours. We don't gotta hurry..."

"I like the way you think." Barney grinned, leaning down, searching for his mouth.

He pushed up into the kiss. It was still so new -- this wanting, the needing. He never didn't want, never didn't need Barney's taste or hands or skin. It would be scary, if it weren't wonderful instead. Barney's mouth opened, tongue sliding across his lips, teasing their way inside. He smiled, lips parting. Barney tasted of wine and mint and something he recognized but didn't know. It was addictive, sweet and a little sharp and so good.

Barney's hands slid beneath his robe, so warm against his skin. Pulling him close, Barney moaned into his mouth. He started unbuttoning and untying, shivering with every touch. "Feels good. Real good, Barn."

"Your skin is so soft and warm. You made me ache with wanting you, Kay-love."

"Never wanted like this, not before you." He unfastened Barney's fly, lowered the zipper, lips sliding down his lover's throat.

"Oh, Kay..." Barney shook slightly, hands tightening on his ass.

"Mm... if we don't stop, I'll ruin your suit. 'm naked." He licked along Barney's collarbone, humming at the sweet salt.

Barney chuckled. "If we don't stop, I will ruin my suit."

"Then we need to stop, or get you naked -- pick one." He wrapped his lips around Barney's nipple, sucking hard, knowing which one his lover would pick.

"Naked!" Gasped Barney, moving against him.

"Mm... yeah." He knelt down, fingers pushing the clothes away. Barney's cock popped out, thick and dark, smelling sweet and good and they hadn't ever... Not even once... Because he'd had to with so many guys and it was work, not fun. But he wanted to so he did, lips sliding over the hot flesh, tasting his Barney.

Barney made a soft noise, a surprised little sound and then his name. "Kay-love..."

He licked again, humming. "Yeah, Barn? You... oh, God, you taste good... You want me to stop?"

"No. No, I don't." Barney took a deep, shivery sounding breath, and one hand slid over his cheek, into his hair. "You know you don't have to."

"I know. I want. Can't hide forever." He stopped trying to explain, just took Barney in deep, humming as his head bobbed.

"Oh, God." Barney's hands slid through his hair, cupping his scalp, almost massaging.

He sucked and licked, hands stroking Barney's hips, those fabric-covered thighs. It felt different, easier, hot, doing this to someone he wanted to.

"Kay... oh God, Kay, I need to..." Barney whimpered and started to move his hips. He groaned, pulling harder, needed to hear another one of those sounds, needed to feel Barney's heat. Barney moaned and moved faster, hands holding his head in place.

Kay licked the hard shaft, tremors moving through him as he fought to trust, to not tense, to take his lover in deep.

"Kay!" It was his only warning before Barney came, the cock in his mouth pulsing on his tongue.

He swallowed once, then pulled away, the final pulses landing hot on his chest as they both panted. Barney's hands dropped to his shoulders, heavy as Barney gasped for breath. He rested his head on Barney's stomach, breathing hard. "Oh, man. Barn. Lo...love you."

"Oh... Oh, Kay-love." One of Barney's hands slid through his hair, stroking gently. "I love you, too. Thank you. That was... wonderful."

"Yeah?" He smiled, stroking Barney's thigh. "Was good."

"Oh, good." Barney trembled just a little, for just a moment. "Bed, Kay-love? Please?"

"Yeah. Hold on, lemme get your pants off or you'll trip." He untied the shiny black shoes and helped Barney with his slacks before moving them towards the bed.

Barney fell back onto the bed with a sigh, pulling him along. Warm fingers slid over his skin, slowly moving down his body. "Your turn, Kay-love."

Kay cuddled close, moaning and shivering. "My turn? You don't have to, you know."

"I have no intention of being the kind of lover who takes his pleasure and leaves his partner wanting. Kay -- I like making you feel good."

He kissed Barney's cheek, licking the skin gently, letting Barney feel his smile. "What kind of lover do you intend on being, Barn?"

"The kind that makes you happier than you ever dreamed possible, Kay-love." Barney turned, finding his lips and taking them in a soft, sweet kiss.

Kay leaned back, blinking. "Oh. Oh, I... I taste like you. Is that okay?"

Barney beamed at him. "I find that arousing -- is that okay with you?"

"Oh. Yeah." He grinned, pushed against Barney and took another kiss, this one long and slow and deep, making him breathless. "Wh...what else? What else turns you on?"

"Hmm... that's a tough one," Barney's tone was full of mischief and he got a wink from one sightless eye. "What doesn't?" Hugging him, Barney chuckled. "Seriously? The sound of your voice. The feeling of your skin. The little catch in your breath as you're just about to come."

"Yeah? I do that?" He ran his fingers through Barney's thick hair, puffing it up from the slicked-down, professional, not-really-his Barney look it had been in.

"Yeah, it's very sexy. It makes me..." Barney made a face and grew quiet, nuzzling into his touch.

"Makes you?" He kissed Barney's forehead, stretching out along his lover.

"Wish I could see your face as you came," Barney whispered, very quietly.

Oh.

He stroked Barney's cheeks, kissed the poor, fucked-up eyes. "It's probably way cooler in your head, Barn. I'm not like scary, scarred ugly, but I'm not pretty like Cream was or Thanny. I just have brown eyes and brown hair and I'm plain. But Barn, with you? With you I feel special. Real."

"Sweet boy, you are special. And I imagine you're a joy to look on."

"Nope. I'm just a kid. Promise." He leaned low, whispering. "And nobody heard that sound before you. Lots... lots of people have looked at me."

"Fools, the lot of them." Barney gave him a sweet, loving smile. "I suppose I should be happy about that though -- if any of them had, you wouldn't be here with me now and I'd be even crankier than I am."

"I think..." He swallowed hard. "I think I am very good for you. I think that sometimes things are horrible so that you're thankful when the right stuff happens, when you find your way home."

"Oh, Kay-love. You are good for me. The best thing that ever happened to me." Barney hugged him fiercely.

He curled around Barney, one finger drawing circles around one nipple, one knee nestled in the hollow of his lover's hip.

Home. They were home.

Barney liked the water and enjoyed swimming. At least he did if Kay was there with him and the door was locked. He didn't like wearing nothing more than a bathing suit with other people around, not since he became blind. It made him feel vulnerable.

Lucky for him, the pool officially closed at ten and he and Kay could come down and lock it up tight and he could swim and float and enjoy the water.

He was doing laps tonight, almost done his twenty-five in fact and so far he'd managed to keep them going pretty straight. He used to count his strokes going across the pool so he didn't hit the ends, but now it was more instinctive and he just kind of knew.

Reaching the far wall for the twenty-fifth time, he righted himself, shaking the water out of his ears. "Kay?"

There was a little splash from the far side of the pool and then a familiar inhalation. "Down here, Barn. I'm about five laps behind you. Damn my short little legs."

He waded over to Kay, hands reaching for the warm body. "Hey, I happen to like those legs you're cursing."

Oh, that laugh was bright, lovely, so rich and happy and saved only for him. "Good, 'cause they're sort of yours, aren't they?"

Kay's thin form moved into his arms, still skinny, but no longer gaunt, bones covered with lean muscles.

He wrapped his arms around Kay's waist, holding his sweet lover loosely. "Mine -- I like the sound of that."

"Yeah?" Another chuckle slid over his jaw, Kay kissing and nuzzling. "I like being yours."

He made a soft, happy noise, letting Kay know he liked the touching and kissing. "That works both ways you know. I'm yours, too."

He could feel Kay nod immediately, no hesitation, no worry. "Yeah. My sexy old man with the great smile."

He chuckled. Oh, Kay made him feel so good. He found his lover's lips with his own and shared a soft kiss. "Have you ever made love in the water?"

"No..." Wet, cold fingers stroked his face, Kay's body warming against him. "Have you?"

"A long time ago." He pressed kisses over Kay's face, prick filling.

"Yeah?" One hand slid into his trunks, moving slowly. "Then it doesn't count anymore, right?"

He moaned and pushed gently forward. "No... I guess it doesn't."

"Are you okay here? You want to be at the edge? In the hot tub?" That hand never stopped sliding, up and down and up again.

"Um..." He moaned, holding tight to Kay. "Maybe the edge?" He didn't know if his legs were going to hold out.

Kay tugged him towards the edge, teasing and playing, soft laughter echoing in the room, bouncing off the water.

Once he was leaning against the side of the pool, he slid one hand around Kay's neck, tilting his head for a kiss. He slid his other hand into Kay's trunks, returning the soft touches.

Soft, vibrating sounds slid into his lips, Kay rocking into him with a slow, steady rhythm that matched the lapping of the water against the tiles of the pool. He moaned, pushing Kay's trunks down, wanting to slide against the sweet heat.

"Oh! No one can come in, right? No one can see?" Kay's hands scooted his trunks down, want overriding worry.

"You saw me lock the door," he murmured. "And it's late."

"Yeah. Late. More, Barn. I want." The words were soft, whispered. Hungry.

Oh, that hunger was such a turn on -- that Kay so honestly wanted him. It was heady.

He deepened their kiss and put both hands on Kay's buttocks, pulling him closer and rubbing their erections together. Kay opened wide, legs parting and wrapping around him. Kay was stiff and hot, rubbing steadily. His lover weighed nothing in the water, so it was an easy matter to rock them together. It was like floating on pleasure.

"So good." Kay's lips tickled against his, vibrating with need, hands hot on his shoulder.

"Yeah." He dove back in for another kiss as the pitch of the pleasure grew, water slapping hard against the side of the pool now. The heat between them grew, flared, exploded as Kay cried out for him, sharp and sweet. His hands squeezed Kay's ass tight as he convulsed, coming in the water.

Kay floated against him, moans hot as they brushed against his skin.

"Oh, Kay-love... " He took another kiss, one hand stroking along Kay's back. "We should go home. I want to hold you in my arms all night."

"Mmm... yeah. Home." Kay nodded, voice sleepy, body curling near his heat.

He chuckled and kissed the top of Kay's head. "I'm afraid you're going to have to rescue our swimming trunks first."

"Oh, yeah. Right. Trunks." Kay moved away from him with a soft moan and then a soft splash sounded, Kay disappearing beneath the water.

He held his own breath, waiting for Kay to surface, to come back to him. He felt the brush of Kay's hands a second before he felt the brush of soft lips against his cock. He gasped, body shivering. Then the soft splash and a gasp and his Kay was in his arms again. "Found 'em."

He pulled Kay up for a kiss. "I suppose we should climb back into those before heading upstairs. Just in case."

"Yeah. Wet trunks. Ick." He got another soft, deep kiss. "Next time, we'll bring spares."

"Oh, Kay-love, I do like the way you think."

He lifted Kay out of the pool.

Kay's hand was there to guide him as soon as he left the water. "I love you, too, Barn. Let's go home."

"Yes, love. Home."

They had been lovers for awhile now.

Kay had been with him even longer, slowly growing from the voice that pulled him out of his darkness for an hour or so a day to an invaluable personal assistant. He had been in love with the boy far longer than Kay knew, the soft kisses offered in friendship had been the beginning of it for him.

He had never pushed, never asked for anything, knowing what Kay had been through, how his sweet boy felt about sex.

Now though... he wanted something from Kay and he was worried that asking would drive his sweet love away again, would turn the confident young man into the skittish boy who'd first graced his home.

He knew though that he would have to bring it up, could feel it in the way his fingers danced restlessly over Kay's spine as they lay together in bed.

Kay nuzzled closer, soft cheek sliding over his skin. "What is it, Barn? You okay?"

He sighed. "I want... I need to ask you something and you have to promise me if it upsets you, you have to say so and I won't bring it up again, all right?"

"Okay, Barn." He could hear Kay's frown. "Did I do something to upset you?"

"No, no, Kay, it isn't you at all. It's me. I..." He hugged Kay tight and dropped a kiss on the boy's head. Taking a deep breath, he just surged forward. "I want you to make love to me. Inside me."

Kay stilled and he began to worry, when his lover spoke. "But Barney... I... I've never done that before. I mean, I've been... you know, but I never have... not to somebody else. What if I do it wrong? I mean, it can really bleed." Still, even with Kay's hesitant words, the slender body stayed nestled against him, shaft jerking and filling against his side.

"Oh, Kay-love... it doesn't bleed if you take your time, if you take care and use lube and..." He hugged his dear sweet boy tightly to him, hating that Kay had to go through the things he had. "You would never hurt me. And it's something I really want."

"You'll say if it doesn't feel good?" Kay's lips brushed his jaw, softer than anything he could imagine. "You promise?"

"I promise, Kay -- but that won't happen. Frank and I used to... and I miss it. I want it, please."

Those lips brushed his in a soft kiss that slowly deepened. Kay climbed onto him, spreading out atop his body.

He slid his hands up and down Kay's back, fingers tracing the length of spine. "I love you, Kay," he murmured into sweet lips.

"Love you, Barney." He heard the snap of the lube, felt the cool touch of slick fingers on his balls. "Open up for me?"

He nodded, finding Kay's head first and taking it between his hands. "Thank you, Kay-love. For doing this for me."

Then he spread his legs wide, trusting Kay with all of himself. Kay scooted down, lips fastening onto one of his nipples, those fingers slowly exploring, moving behind his balls, along his crease. Circling his entrance. Moaning softly, he spread his legs wider, almost trembling in anticipation. He hadn't realized how much he'd missed this, missed taking his lover inside him, until now.

"Is this okay, Barn?" As Kay spoke, one thin finger pushed inside him, touching gently, carefully.

A shudder moved through him, body tightening around the sweet finger. "Yeah, Kay-love. Okay -- better than okay."

"Oh. You're hot inside. So soft." Kay's lips were moving over his skin, little gasps tickling him.

"Imagine me around your cock, Kay. It'll feel so good."

The whimper Kay gave him was sweet, so was the jerk of that finger, scraping across his gland. He cried out, calling Kay's name as his body jerked.

Kay stilled, lips brushing his skin. "Good? That was good, right?"

"Yes. Yes, Kay-love. Very good." He chuckled, cock hard, body shivering in anticipation. "Do it again."

Kay nodded against him, one finger becoming two and then those fingers rubbed against his prostate again and again and again. Shudders and cries wracked him, his cock jerking hard. Kay's

fingers left again and again, returning slick again and sliding over that sensitive spot, making him need, making him ache.

He was shaking when he grabbed Kay's arm. "You have to stop, Kay-love. You're going to make me come and I don't want to until you're inside me. Please."

"Oh... okay." There was the sound of Kay slicking his cock, then the so-familiar but long absent pressure against his opening. "Now? Now, Barn?"

"Please, Kay. Now." He could hardly breathe and he had to force himself to calm down and relax. If he was too tense and Kay wound up hurting him, the dear boy would never do this again and that was not at all what he wanted. "I want to feel you inside me."

"Oh, God... Barn... Oh..." Slowly but surely, Kay pressed inside, rocking back and forth as little moans filled the air.

"Kay-love... oh, I can feel you inside me." He pushed up with his hips, meeting Kay's gentle motions, making them harder.

"B...barn... Tight. Hot. So tight. Barney." Kay was panting, moaning, hips meeting his.

"Is it good, Kay?" He hoped so; he hoped his sweet boy was enjoying this.

"Oh, God. I can feel you, Barn, feel you holding me." Kay sounded stunned, happy, a little overwhelmed.

He laughed, the sound almost a sob and he was going to start crying any moment now. To be able to give this to Kay, to have Kay give it to him, this closeness and trust and sharing between them...

"I love you," he whispered, hands sliding to find Kay's hips, pulling him in harder, letting himself get lost in the pleasure as Kay's cock nudged his gland.

"Love you. Oh, Barney, gotta... Gotta move." Kay started pushing harder, hips rocking into him, making him fly.

"Yes!" he cried out, meeting Kay's thrusts, sparks lighting in his eyes, along his spine.

"Fuck. Fuck, Barney. I can't... it's too good, too good. 'm gonna..." Kay's voice was a wail, full of a desperate need.

He grabbed hold of his cock, pulling hard, wanting to come with Kay still inside him. Shouting out, bucking up hard, he came, squeezing Kay's cock hard. His own name was screamed, Kay jerking, wild and uninhibited as heat filled his body.

He wrapped his hands around Kay's back, bringing his dear boy down for a kiss, breathless and happy.

"Love you. It was good, Barney? Good for you?"

"Oh yeah." He hugged Kay close, tears threatening again. "Thank you. Thank you so much. I hope you'll do it again sometime..."

Kay cuddled close. "Yeah, or..." The little voice trailed off.

"Hm?" He gently stroked along Kay's back, the movements peaceful now instead of restless.

"Or maybe you can do it. Sometime."

He froze for a moment, hardly daring to believe that Kay would even offer such a thing. Then he breathed again, slowly stroking Kay's skin. "Only if you ever really wanted it, Kay-love, not because you think you should let me." He kissed his sweet boy's head and pulled him closer. "I'm not sure what I did to be blessed with you, Kay, but I'm not letting go."

"Not going anywhere." He got another soft kiss. "I want to feel you inside me, Barn. Just you."

"Anything you want, Kay-love. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for you."

"Same here, Barn." Kay cuddled close. "Same here."

He squeezed Kay gently and felt around for the sheets, pulling them up over them both. "I love you," he said softly.

"Mmm... love you, Barn. Sleep now. We gotta have breakfast with those city people in the morning." He felt Kay's grin. "We get up in time, I'll wash your hair for you."

"Set the alarm," he said softly. Hair washing always involved long, slow lovemaking in the shower. A soft laugh sounded, then Kay stretched, clicks sounding. He ran his hand along Kay's side, fingers enjoying the feeling of his lover's warm skin.

He was a lucky man.

More blessed than most people would ever know.

Kay hurried in, determined to grab a quick shower and be dressed before Barney got back from his meetings. They were going out to dinner. Together. Just pizza, but still, it was a date and they'd never really done that so it felt special.

He'd almost made it through the bedroom to the master bath before he saw the man draped across their bed. He stopped, blinked, completely non-plussed. Well-dressed in a turtle neck and slacks, the guy didn't look like a burglar, and the alarms hadn't been tripped, the door had been locked.

The man arched dark eyebrows at him -- staring at him like he was a bug. "Who the hell are you and what are you doing in my bedroom?"

The words were right, but they came out of the wrong mouth -- those should have been **his** words.

"I live here. Does Barney know you?"

The man -- Frank. Oh, fuck. He'd seen a picture. Barney's Frank. Stupid Frank. Tall, dark, handsome, wealthy, been-there-forever Frank -- laughed. "Yeah, kid. Just a bit. I'm his partner, Frank Delgado, I've been away, but I'm home for good now. I'm sure he's spoken of me?"

Kay nodded. Yeah. Yeah, Barney had. Lots.

"Excellent. I assume you're another one of his brother Joe's little street-corner rehabilitation projects, Barney's seeing eye kid?"

Oh.

Oh, ow.

Kay nodded, words all dried up.

"Well, I hate to be the bearer of bad news, kid, but I'm afraid Mr. Coltrane isn't going to need a personal assistant anymore and he simply won't have time to play Big Brother either." The really sick part was that the guy looked almost like he regretted having to give bad news. "I'm home and I'll take care of him. And, let's be honest, even if we hire someone, he probably needs someone a bit more capable of dealing with business, someone who's not still waiting for their balls to drop, yeah?"

Kay didn't say a word, just stared, insides turning to lead.

Frank shifted and sat up, beginning to look uncomfortable. "Look. I know this puts you in a bind. I'll be happy to pay you a month's severance and once Barney gets home, we'll discuss writing you a reference, helping you find work elsewhere, but I'm afraid you're just not needed here. I need some time alone with him, to settle shit out and settle in again."

Kay shook his head. "No. I don't take money for work I didn't do." Not from Barney. Not ever. "I... I'll just go. Barney..."

"Mr. Coltrane." Frank interrupted.

He bit his lip hard, blood sharp on his tongue. "M...Mr. Coltrane is at a meeting with the City manager. He'll be home by five." We were going to have pizza at Papa Leone's.

"Well then, why don't you go, find a hotel for tonight." A crisp one hundred dollar bill was pressed into his hand. "We'll have your things packed for you to pick up tomorrow -- late afternoon, please. We'll most likely sleep in."

Kay nodded, fist clenched around the money. He backed out of Barney's room, backed away until he was at the front door.

"Take care of him. He was my... He's a good man."

Frank nodded. "I've been taking care of him for years, kid. No one can like I can."

Then Kay headed for the stairs and the street. He needed a smoke and a cup of coffee.

Desperately.

Barney flung what he thought was a twenty at the driver and got out of the cab, opening his walking stick. He was shaking. Part fear, part anger and part worry. He stumbled up onto the sidewalk and stood there a moment or two, trying to catch his bearings. He hated being out without Kay and this was somewhere he'd never been before.

He'd come home from his meeting with the city planning manager, eager to pick up Kay and go out for dinner with him. Instead, he'd found Frank -- fucking Frank -- lounging on his bed like he belonged there. Some stupid shit about wanting to start over, about having made a mistake. Frank had made a mistake all right, but Barney had moved on. After so long feeling like a leper, feeling dead inside, Kay had brought him back to life.

He'd finally gotten out of Frank that the man had handed Kay a hundred bucks and told him to come back tomorrow for his things. Barney shook his head. Tomorrow was too long. Frank wouldn't go and finally Barney had just left, threatening to call the cops if Frank was still there when he got back. He should have changed the locks when Frank had left, but he hadn't cared and then he'd forgotten about them. He'd take care of that tomorrow. His top priority was finding his Kay. It would kill him if the boy spent the night in the street.

He put out his hand, grabbing onto the first person he hit.

"Hey, fuck off, old man!"

"I'm looking for Fast Annie's," he said, ignoring the guy's ire. He didn't know if Kay would be there, but it was the only name he could remember from their talks. Fast Annies and Cream. He had a hunch the restaurant would be a better place to start.

"Right in front of you, asshole."

"Thanks," he replied wryly. He tapped out with his stick, feeling panic rise in his throat. It receded a bit as he found the door by some miracle of luck. He went in, sighing as the noises from the street were cut off. This place felt smaller than outside did.

He stood, just inside the door, wondering what the hell he was going to do now. He could call out for Kay, or describe the boy to the wait staff.

"Barney?" Kay's voice was husky, full of tears, but right there.

"Kay? Oh..." He sagged with relief, reaching out for his helper, his lover. "Kay-love..."

The small, familiar hands took his own, placed it on Kay's elbow. "I'm sitting in the back."

He nodded, following, feeling so much better already.

He was led through the diner, to a worn, cracked vinyl seat. "You... you want a soda?"

He shook his head, holding his hand out across the table. "Are you all right?"

"It..." Kay's hand slipped into his, trembling violently, palm hot from the coffee. "It's been a long day."

He nodded, both hands wrapping around Kay's. "I'm sorry, Kay-love. I don't know exactly what Frank said to you, but you have to believe that he doesn't speak for me. I've asked him to be gone by the time we get back." He looked in the direction Kay's voice came from. "It will be we, right? Please say you're coming home with me."

"You... You want me to come back? But... but he said to come get my stuff... He said he'd come back to stay..." So lost, so broken, Kay sounded shattered.

"He doesn't speak for me, Kay. My God, I haven't even seen him in almost two years!" He shook his head. "I don't know why he came back and frankly, I don't care. All that matters to me is that you come back." He squeezed Kay's hand. "I love you, Kay. You're all the good things in my life."

"Oh..." Kay's thumb moved against his hand, petting him. Kay did that constantly, little comforting I'm-here-and-you're-okay touches that settled him. "Oh, God. I was so scared."

"Me, too," he admitted, sighing, taking strength from Kay's touch.

"Yeah? You should be careful coming down here, Barn. It's dangerous. Someone could hurt you."

"I had to find you." He squeezed Kay's hand.

"You did a good job. This is just my sixth cup of coffee." Kay squeezed back.

"Do you still want to go to Papa Leone's? Or we could eat here. Or just go back home together." He didn't really care what they did, as long as they did it together and in the end Kay went home with him.

"I just want to be with you. I... I'm sorry that I'm short and stupid and not... polished. I bet you were proud to have Frank beside you."

"Kay-love..." Oh, it broke his heart to hear Kay say things like that. "I used to love having Frank beside me -- but he didn't stay there, did he? He broke my heart and treated me like I was half a man. You... Kay, you made me whole again. You loved me, blindness, crankiness and all. I can't see what you look like with my eyes, but you're a beautiful person. And your skin is so soft and feels right under my fingers. Your voice soothes me, turns me on, makes me happy. I am very happy to have you stand with me."

A soft sound floated across the table. "What do I tell you, Barn? You're not cranky... much."

Startled, he laughed, squeezing Kay's hand. "Thank you, Kay. So much."

"Wanna go home? Papa Leone's delivers." Kay's voice got firm for a second. "I don't like Frank, Barney. He's not cool and I'm not gonna share."

Pleasure filled him at Kay's words. "I don't like him very much either, Kay-love. Come on, I almost hope he's still there so I can introduce my lover to him."

Kay stilled. "You'd tell him about me? Really?"

"Of course I would. Kay, I'll tell him and anyone else we come across." He raised his voice. "Everyone, I'd like you to raise your cup and drink a toast to my lover."

"Barney!" Kay's fingers brushed over his lips as a series of chuckles filled the room. "You nut!" Soft, warm giggles bubbled up through each word.

He smiled and kissed Kay's fingers. "I love you, Kay. And I don't mind who knows that, okay?"

"Okay. I love you, too, Barney. Let's go home."

"That sounds wonderful." He smiled and stood, holding his hand out to Kay.

Kay took his hand and a soft kiss brushed his cheek. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. Thank you for staying. Coming back. Whatever."

"Yeah. Whatever." His hand was put on Kay's elbow and Kay guided him out so they could go home.

Together.

As soon as they'd come into the door, Kay had gone into the little bathroom down the hall and taken a hot shower. One of the men at Barney's meeting was... had been... Kay knew him. He'd stayed in the back, stayed out of sight, but as they were leaving the guy had asked Barney if Kay was for rent. Kay wasn't sure Barney'd understood, his lover just laughed and shook his head, but Kay had known. The man had known.

He scrubbed hard, not crying because he'd only sold what was his and Cream had told him that this would happen and he'd have to deal and he was good at dealing. He was.

The hot water finally ran out and he got out, wrapping himself up in his robe before heading to find his clothes. He needed to make Barney's dinner and he needed coffee and a smoke. Oh God, he really needed a smoke.

"Kay?" Barney was waiting for him. Sitting on the edge of the bed, still wearing the same clothes. He even still had his shoes on. Barney pet the bed next to him. "Come sit?"

His stomach fell to his knees and he swayed a little. Oh. Oh, this wasn't good. He nodded without thinking and went to sit, hands curled up together in his lap, head bowed as he waited.

Barney's hands searched for his, holding them both tight and warm when they were found. "Are you okay?" Barn asked softly.

He nodded again, holding onto Barney's hands. "Yeah. Yeah. Are you?"

"I'm worried about you." Barney's thumbs stroked his knuckles. "You were tense all evening and then that guy asked about you being for rent and you got even tenser and the way you high-tailed it into the shower... did he hurt you?"

"No. No. But he did rent me. Before. And now he thinks that you are. Renting me." The words tasted horrible in his mouth and he shifted. "You want supper? I'll cook your supper."

"Wait a minute, Kay. You're upset. We need to talk about this, not pretend it'll just go away."

He kept looking at the floor, at his reflection in Barney's shoes. "What... what should I say, Barn?"

"Well how about I tell you how I feel about it and then you can tell me if you're still upset and why you're still upset, would that be okay?"

"Oh... okay. Yeah." He scooted a little closer, twining his fingers with Barney's.

"Let's pretend you never worked the streets. Look at us. I'm almost fifty and you aren't quite twenty yet. People are cynical assholes, they think the only reason an old guy like me could have a young good-looking guy like you on my arm is because I'm paying you." Barney squeezed his hands. "I

don't like that it's like that, but that's the way people are. Now the fact that you used to work on the street? For most people that just confirms what they already think and really, quite honestly? They can go fuck themselves because I know the truth. I know that you're here because you want to be and because I want you to be. I love you, Kay."

"I love you, Barn. I do, but..." He swallowed hard. "I've seen how guys look at you -- You're smart and rich and funny and sophisticated and I'm low-rent and short and sorta stupid, you know? And what if they're making fun of you, Barn? I don't want that, not because of me."

Barney went pale. "Are you saying you want to leave over this?"

"Leave?" He blinked and held on. "Oh! Oh, Barn, please. Please don't say that. I don't. You... you're my home, Barney. Don't say that. Please."

Barney sagged with a sigh, hands pulling out of his to wrap around him. "Thank God. I thought you were saying you were going to... I don't want you to go, Kay-love. I'd be lost without you." Barn stilled suddenly. "And you know that isn't because of the personal assistant stuff, right? That's not why I love you. If you wanted, I could hire someone else to do that stuff, except the reading." Barney blushed. "That's special between us, isn't it?"

"That's mine, Barney. I'm here to love you and take care of things and read." His chin lifted and he bristled a little. Barney was his lover, his life, his responsibility. His. And he wasn't sharing, either. Barney's smile was beautiful, it really was.

"So what do we do about the idiots who can't see past my wallet and our age difference, Kay-love? I say fuck 'em and their opinions, we know what we've got and that's all that matters, but I don't want you upset either."

"It'll always ache a little, seeing the ones that fucked me before, because they think badly about you because of me and they'd push me against a wall for twenty bucks 'cause I was hungry." Kay sighed. "But that's just how it was then, you know? I was real hungry, Barn, and real scared."

Barney kissed his forehead, well, the top of his eye and a bit of his forehead, but the second kiss was right on his forehead.

"I know, Kay." Barn chuckled just a little. "You realize we never would have met if you hadn't been doing that?"

"You would have found me." He smiled and scooted so he was in Barney's lap. "You're very resourceful, Mr. Coltrane, and you needed me to make you happy again."

"It's true -- I did." Barney's hands slid along his back, wrapping around his butt and pulling him close against the lean body. "I can't remember a day that's gone by that I haven't smiled since you started coming to read to me."

He stroked the lines beside Barn's eyes, laugh-lines, Barney said. "I love you. You remember our first kiss? You looked so surprised, so shocked and I just had to try again. Then you smiled at me and I wanted to be yours forever."

"Remember? How could I forget? I had never expected to be kissed again. You brought light back into my life. And laughter and love and the sweet sensation of skin on skin. The taste of another person's mouth in mine."

He pressed closer. "And waking up in bed together and snuggling. And making love. And swimming."

"Mmmm." Barney kissed him, soft and slow. "Feeding someone with your fingers or your mouth. Dancing. Arguing about silly things. Arguing about serious things."

"Showers and sexy stories. Boat rides and going on airplanes." He started working Barn's buttons open, just the first few. "Going to the mall and getting slurpees."

"Oh, I like slurpees," murmured Barn. "Especially the part where you lick the drops off my chin."

"Mmm..." He shifted, cock starting to get hard. "Yeah. The cherry kind. Makes your lips red."

"Yeah? Is that why you always get me cherry?"

"Nope. I get you cherry 'cause I get Coke and when we kiss it's cherry Coke and yummy."

"Yeah, it is," said Barn. "Of course it's pretty yummy even without the slurpees." As if to prove his point, Barney's lips slid across his face, finding his lips and kissing him. He opened wide, pushed close so Barney could feel how bad he wanted, and held on tight. Oh, he loved the flavor of Barney's mouth.

"Oh, Kay-love," Barn whispered. Then the hands holding his butt pulled him closer, rolling their groins together, dragging his want alongside Barney's.

"Hmm-mmm. More, Barn. 'm all clean for you." He blushed at himself, took another kiss, fingers buried in Barney's thick hair. Barney made a soft sound and the hands on his ass slid around, sliding into his robe to move over his skin. Barney's fingers were always so warm. "Oh..." He shivered, snuggled towards the touch. "Want you, Barney. Didn't know I could want so much."

Barney nodded, pushing the robe off his shoulders. "I'm so glad you do. So glad you learned about wanting, Kay."

"Learned about needing, Barn." He shivered, wriggling out of the soft robe and pushing against his lover. "You taught me."

"Did I? All I've done is loved you." Barney's hands returned to his ass, warm and good. "One of us is wearing too many clothes."

"That would be you, Barn." They laughed together, fingers working jointly at the buttons. Soon enough they were both naked, Barn pulling them back down onto the bed as they kissed and rubbed together. He dug his fingers into Barney's hair and kissed hard, straddling his lover's waist.

Barn's hands slid up and down along his back, soft moans pushing up into his mouth. His cock rubbed against Barn's belly, Barney's prick sliding along his crease as he rocked back and forth.

"Oh, God, Kay. Kay-love." Barney moved and arched under him.

"Mm... Want you so bad, Barn." He moaned, pushing back again, rubbing with his hips.

"Yeah, Kay. Do you want to do me? There's lube in the side table."

"No. Want you in me. There... there's lube in the side table."

Barn's hands stuttered and then slid up, cupping his face. "You're sure, Kay?"

"Yeah." He nodded. "Do you want to?"

Barney nodded and reached up toward the side table.

He leaned down and sucked a nipple into his mouth, pulling hard. Barney gasped, body jerking, pushing up against him. He hummed, sucking harder, tongue sliding over the tip again and again. Barney made a sweet noise, fingers fumbling with the lube, trembling against his ass.

"You okay? You want me?" He looked up into Barney's face, into those unfocused eyes.

"Yeah, Kay-love. Just don't let me hurt you, okay?"

"You wouldn't hurt me, Barney. I know you." He grinned down, took a quick kiss. "You love me."

"I do, Kay. I do." One of Barn's fingers slid along his crease and pushed into his ass.

"Mm..." He closed his eyes, focused on how good their bodies felt together, how warm Barn was.

"Kay... so hot. Tight." Barn pushed another finger in, stretching him, taking his time. There was no hurry, no spit and fuck, Barney was loving him thoroughly.

"Oh... Oh, Barn..." He purred and rocked, panting a little as Barney touched him, stroked him. Barney found his sweet spot, fingers stroking across it again and again. He pushed back, groaning low. "So... so good. So good. Barney. God! Barn!"

"Love you, Kay. You ready?"

He nodded, cheek resting on Barney's chest. "Yes. Yes, I need, Barney. Now."

Barn's cock nudged at his hole, hot and hard. He pushed back, moaning at the heat, the sweet pressure. Barney's cock slid into him, nudging his gland as it went deep.

"Oh..." He pressed back until he was resting against Barney's body, filled with his lover's heat. "Barney."

Shaking hands slid over his thighs, one wrapping around his cock, the other stroking his belly. "Kay-love."

He moaned, hands fastening on the headboard. "I... I've never. Not like this. Not like this, Barney. Is it good? Can you feel me?"

"Oh god, yes, Kay. So good. I don't think I'm going to last long, Kay. You're so hot. So tight. Oh god."

The hand on his cock started stroking, Barney pushing up with his hips. He just closed his eyes and started moving, let Barney have him, let himself feel it all. Each stroke in, each long pull out. Each time his ass met Barney's thighs, each motion of Barney's hand on his cock. Everything.

Barney was whispering, murmuring, soft words of love and telling him how wonderful he was. It wasn't long before the words lost their meaning and Barn was just moaning. Kay sobbed softly, toes curling, body growing tight as his cock jerked. "Gonna come soon. Gonna... Barn..."

"Me, too, Kay-love. Wanna feel you on my cock first."

"Oh!" He cried out and shuddered, Barney's words making him shoot hard. On his cock. Oh. Oh, yeah. On his lover's cock.

Barney sobbed, pushing up hard and coming inside him. He leaned down, lips fastening over Barney's for a sloppy, boneless, overwhelmed kiss. Barney's cock slipped out of him as Barney's arms circled around him, holding him tight and close.

"Love you."

"Yeah? Good. I love you, too." He grinned and took another kiss. "So... you wanna come get wet with me and then eat peanut butter sandwiches and make love again?"

"I can't think of anything I'd rather do, Kay-love."

Barn looked happy. Sated and happy.

He nodded to himself, satisfied. That's why he was here. Just that.

Valentine's Day.

He was going to buy a card and write Barney a note, then started thinking. He thought about flowers, chocolates, candy, stuffed animals...

Oh, this relationship stuff was hard.

He finally found a book of sexy stories -- not dirty, but not... clean. He put it on the shelf and waited for Barney to ask for his daily reading.

They had lunch together and then Barney settled in the big chair, holding his arms out. "Come and read to me, Kay?"

He grabbed the book with sweaty hands and then settled into Barney's lap. "Okay, Barn. I can do that."

He opened the book and picked a story and began to read. "He settled at the bar, asking for a draft as the bartender went by. It was delivered on the next pass and he grabbed the bowl of beer nuts, munching as he drank."

He continued on, telling Barney a story about a schoolteacher and the twins that he picked up in a bar. Barney didn't say anything, but he was pulled closer against Barney's body, his lover's breath coming quicker as the story became... interesting.

"'Oh...'" His eyes closed and he was breathing heavy. Hands slid over his stomach, his crotch, his nipples, breath hard on his neck. Grey's voice growled low and rough, 'Going to make you come first, then we'll play.'"

Kay was shivering a little, his own cock hard and hot.

Barney swallowed, breath hard on his neck. One of Barney's hands was sliding along his thigh, moving up and down and up and down as he read.

He moaned a little, continuing to read, although his voice had a catch to it now. "Drawn to it, his fingers slid over Raine's bejeweled nipple, playing with the hot flesh and the shiny metal shot through it.

"'He came when the barbell slid in, so beautiful.'" Raine gasped as Grey spoke, hard cock pushing out the open fly of his jeans. "The woman who pierced him wept."

"Oh, God, Kay..." Barney's hand slid up and touched one of his nipples through his t-shirt. "Can you imagine?"

Kay nodded, chest pushing into the touch. "Yeah. Yes. I... I know someone who does that. Would you... would it make you hard, too?"

"I think it would," Barney told him, one hand finding his and bringing it down to Barney's crotch. His lover's cock was hard and hot, straining at Barney's pants.

"Oh..." He stroked the long line of heat, moaning. His own hips started to rock against Barney's thigh, electricity tingling through him. "Would you come with me, hold my hand?"

"Yes. As tight as you want." Barney shifted them, the book falling down beside the chair, forgotten as their cocks were lined up. "I can just imagine touching you, all that warm skin and then the sudden shock of metal against my fingers," Barney whispered against his lips.

He whimpered, lips parting as he shuddered. "You could lick it, too. P...pull it when you sucked..."

"Oh, Kay-love..." Barney groaned, closing the distance between their lips, taking his mouth in a warm kiss. Barney's hands slid over his ass, moving them together. His hands were buried in Barney's hair, soft noises falling into Barney's lips. Oh. So hot. So hot. Barney managed to get a hand between them, freeing both their cocks and holding them together, hand stroking them together.

"B...barney! Oh! Oh!" He thrust, gasped, arching toward that hand. He was burning. Barney's mouth latched onto his throat, lips and teeth and tongue pulling up a mark as Barney stroked harder, faster. He sobbed, head falling back to offer more skin, coming hard over Barney's hand. Whimpering, Barney's mouth slid along his neck, hand still moving, slick and easy now and then Barney was shuddering, more heat splashing between them. He relaxed against Barney, head on the wide shoulder. "Oh, Barney. I never knew before you... I mean, I just never got it..."

"What didn't you know, Kay-love?" Barney asked, one hand sliding gently down his back.

"I didn't... Remember I told you how sometimes I couldn't get hard, how it was just okay?" He blushed hard, snuggling close. "With you, it's so much better than good."

"Oh... oh, Kay-love, it makes me happy to hear that. I want it to be so good for you, I want you to feel the pleasure I do when we touch, when we make love."

"You make me happy, Barn. Make me..." He grinned, leaned forward to whisper. "You make me want you, too. Happy Valentine's day. Love you."

Barney's smile was beaming, the arms around him pulling him tight against his lover. "I love you, too, Kay."

The kiss was soft and sweet and good.

It was funny how much easier this relationship stuff was when he was in Barney's arms.

Barney used to hate waking up.

Not the actual morning part, the being awake part, but the slowly opening his eyes to the same darkness as when they were closed part. It was like he became blind again each morning after a night of seeing. Dreams, nightmares, imagination, it didn't matter what it was -- while he slept he could see. And when he woke, he could not.

Now though...

Waking up, even waking up blind, wasn't so bad when there was a sweet, warm body curled up around you. Kay's head was on his shoulder, his sweet lover's arm and leg thrown over him. It was quite a wonderful thing, waking up like this.

He slid his hand along Kay's spine, fingers moving over the knobby bones. Kay gave the softest giggle, still sleeping, still relaxed. It made his heart sing -- when they had first begun sleeping together, the slightest touch would result in a gasp and a panicked, wide-awake boy with a furiously beating heart.

Now? He got a sweet laugh and a snuggle.

He slid his other hand to Kay's face, looking first, finding the sweet smile. Finger beneath Kay's chin, he tilted Kay's head and kissed softly, letting his fingers find a sensitive spot along Kay's ribs.

Kay's mouth was warm, lips soft and open, his lover waking with a lazy stretch and a purr. "Mmm... Barn... Love..."

"Yeah, Kay-love, it's me." He slid his tongue along Kay's lips, dipping it into the soft mouth.

Kay hummed, body plastering against his, fingers curling in the hollow of his hip. The warm tongue slid against his, the kiss long and easy, lazy. His prick grew hard, half interest becoming full need. Kay always made him feel so good. Fingers wrapped around his cock, cool and gentle, tempting and teasing and arousing all at once. Gasping, he pushed his hips, his heat sliding through Kay's hand.

"Mm... hot this morning. Good." Kay's whisper tickled his lips, his tongue traced that soft smile.

He chuckled, feeling happy right down to his toes. "It does seem to be hot, doesn't it?"

"Mm-hmm." Kay laughed, an answering heat sliding against his belly.

He murmured happily, hand sliding around Kay's cock, returning the favor.

"Oh... Barney... I was... for you..." Kay's gasp was sweet, almost as sweet as the shudders that rocked the thin body. The fingers against his cock stuttered, the rhythm faltering.

He licked at Kay's face, reaching what he could, focus on their cocks. "It feels better when it's both of us, Kay-love. Pleasure is always better shared."

Kay moaned, fingers pumping again, mouth finding his in a deep, long kiss. He shifted, pulling Kay more fully onto him and wrapping both their hands around both their cocks. He shuddered as their heat came together. Kay moved against him, soft little moans brushing his throat, his jaw. It was Kay's pleasure that pushed him over the edge, the obvious need and joy his sweet Kay-love found in their coming together.

He pushed up hard, heat splashing between them. His name was whispered, Kay shuddering. In a few more jerking thrusts, Kay's heat joined his, a sweet cry filling the air.

He slid his hands around Kay, holding the sweet buttocks as he raised his head for a kiss. Kay's lips met his again and again, soft and sweet, tongue licking at him with a lazy hunger.

It felt good. It felt right. It felt like waking up was good again.

He was sitting on the balcony, reading and smoking, cup of coffee beside him. Barney liked to rest in the mid-afternoons and he tended to take himself outside, read and watch and sort of relax in the sunshine. Felt good. Today's book was good, a thriller about a voodoo master and his zombie assassins. Kay shivered, whether it was from the book or the clouds and winds starting to move across the sky, he didn't know.

"Kay?" The sound of his name seemed to come out of nowhere.

"On the balcony, Barn. You okay?" He closed the book and pushed the glass door open, leaning over to look inside.

"Yeah, just had a bit of an odd dream. Left me a bit unsettled. Needing you." Barn looked apologetic.

"Oh. I'll be right there." He put out his smoke, grabbed his coffee and his book and hurried in, heading straight for his Barn's arms.

Barney's arms came around him, holding him close. "Oh... You're just fine, aren't you, Kay-love?"

"'course I'm fine, Barn. I was just outside reading and having a smoke. No biggie." He cuddled in, burying his face in Barney's chest and hugging.

Barn nodded. "You know what dreams are like though. You aren't left terribly rational."

He nodded back, squeezing tight. "Yeah, I know. There's a storm coming in. We're going to have rain and thunder." He leaned up and kissed Barney's jaw. "You going to hold me and listen to it hit?"

"Sounds good, Kay." Barn turned, kissing him back, making it a little longer. "Do we have time to make out first?"

He giggled, nodding. "Yeah. First, during, after. We got lots of time."

"Oh good." He got another kiss, longer and needier before Barn raised his head again. "Where's the best spot to enjoy this storm of yours?"

"Either our bed or we can pull the big chair around by the balcony doors." They both had possibilities, it really depended on what Barn meant by necking.

"That chair is big enough if we happen to fall asleep in it we won't wind up with too many cricks... And I like having you in my lap."

"The chair it is, then." He walked over to move it, positioning it so he could see and Barney could feel. "You want anything to drink before we settle?"

"Let's have some juice -- you know, for after." He got a wink, Barn's unseeing eyes twinkling mischievously.

He giggled again and went to grab the pitcher of juice along with some fruit and cookies and a nice warm blanket. For later. Barn was already sitting when he got back, wearing only pajama bottoms and his robe, head cocked to one side as he listened to the growing storm.

"Looking good, Barn." He sat the tray down and leaned down for a kiss. "I love you."

Barn reached out, sliding a hand around to his back. "You wanna get changed? Wear your robe, too?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I do. Find us some music and I'll be right back." He handed Barney the remote for the stereo and hurried off to brush his teeth and run a cloth over his body, sliding naked into the wonderful, soft robe that was second only to Barney's touch in the feeling good department. Then he hurried back, eager to find his spot of his lover's lap.

Barney had found some classical music and it was playing softly, muted beneath the sound of the rain. The balcony doors were ajar, letting in that just about to storm smell.

"Mm... sky's getting dark now, Barn. Clouds are coming in, too, all rolling and black. Makes me shivery." He touched Barney's hand, waiting to be invited in.

Barn's hand wrapped around his, tugging gently. "Come sit. Help me make us a nice nest."

"Sounds good." He settled on Barney's lap, putting the blanket on one arm. It wasn't chilly enough for it yet, but it would be. As soon as he made sure everything was in reach, Kay settled, cheek on Barney's shoulder.

Barn's hand slid beneath his robe, wrapping around his waist. The warm fingertips played gently along his skin. He hummed and snuggled, tilting his head to slide a kiss along Barney's jaw. "Love you."

Oh, he liked saying that, being able to say that.

He loved meaning it.

Barney's smile was slow and warm and the arm around him squeezed. "I love you, too, Kay."

Barn nuzzled and then found him mouth, kissing him softly but deeply. Kay just sort of melted, inside and out, lips parting and inviting his lover in. They kissed for a long time, Barn exploring him thoroughly.

His eyes were closed, completely focused on the smells and tastes and feelings of his lover. Kay had fallen in love from these kisses, sweet and clinging, so different than what he'd felt before. Barn had always been happy to just kiss, to spend ages doing this without anything more.

The rain started falling, the wind cooler now and sharp. Kay snuggled closer, letting his robe fall open a bit, letting his skin touch Barney's. Barney moaned quietly, tugging him closer, hands starting to explore. Their passion was building with the storm, those clever, searching hands warming as the wind cooled, their moans fighting the thunder and the slap of raindrops.

"You feel so good, Kay-love," murmured Barney, licking at his lips.

"I never imagined anything could be so good before you showed me, Barn. I never even knew to wish for you and you found me anyway."

"We found each other, Kay. I wasn't looking either -- grouchy old man, remember?"

He giggled, he couldn't help it. His Barney? His laughing, happy lover -- grouchy? "Not any more. Not for me."

"No -- you brought the laughter back, Kay-love. Made me believe in life again." Barn nuzzled into his neck, starting to lick.

Kay pushed his fingers into Barney's thick hair, head falling back as he shivered. "Barn..."

Barney murmured something indistinct, mouth moving warmly over his skin. His body responded, cock and nipples growing tight, breath catching, goose bumps spreading over his skin.

"Oh, Kay-love... are we going to make love? Ride out the storm together?"

"Yes, please." He shifted, straddling Barney's lap. "I could ride you, just like this."

A gasp met his words, Barn shuddering. "Oh. Yes, please, Kay-love."

"We have something slick around?" He undid the tie at Barney's waist, easing the pajama bottoms down over the thick, full cock. Barney tilted his head a moment and then grinned and searched beneath the seat cushion, coming up with a small tube. He giggled, applauded, then raised up a little. "Get me ready?"

Barn moaned, getting the long fingers all slippery. "Guide me, Kay-love?"

"For always, Barn." He brought those fingers down, rubbing his cock and balls against them before sliding them behind. Barney took a sobbing breath, fingers sliding along his crease, teasing his entrance before one pushed slowly in.

"Oh... Oh, Barn... So good." He leaned in, took a kiss.

"So tight, Kay. Gonna feel so good." He started moving, sliding slowly, gasping as heat filled him. Barn whimpered, hand moving with him, driving that finger deep inside him. He took a kiss, tongue sliding over Barney's lips as his body tightened around Barney's finger. Barney jerked and then another finger pushed in with the first, his lover's tongue touching his own.

"Oh..." He moaned, purring happily as they moved together, those fingers stretching him easily.

"I love you," Barney whispered into his mouth.

"Love you, Barn. I do."

"Are you ready, Kay-love? I don't think I can wait much longer."

"Yeah, Barn. Ready. I need you." He leaned back, shifting until Barney's cock rubbed against his hole.

"Oh. Oh, Kay..." Groaning, Barney pushed up with his hips, blunt heat pressing in.

He pushed down, rocking and taking that heat inside, taking Barney deep. "Good..."

Barney's hands slid over his skin, wrapping around his hips and helping his motions.

"Feel good? Do I feel good around you?" He was gasping, biting his lip, moaning.

"Oh, Kay -- yes. So good." Barn's breath hitched, Barn pushing hard.

"Yes. Oh... Oh, Barney!" He gasped at fire lit inside him, his body jerking. "There! Again, please!"

Barney's hands pulled him down to meet the next thrust and the fire hit again. The lightning flashed and he bucked, the intensity overwhelming and sharp. "Oh, God! Kay-love!" Sweat beaded along Barney's skin.

"Yes! Gonna make me come! Please, Barn! Love you!" He threw his head back, grinding down hard.

One of Barney's hands slid down from his hip, finding his cock and wrapping around it. "Do it, Kay-love. Let me hear you. Let me smell you."

He cried out when it happened, entire body convulsing as he shot, heat spraying between them. "Oh!"

Barney went stiff, filling him with heat. Kay relaxed in Barney's arms, limp as spaghetti. "Oh. Wow."

Barney's arms slid around him, tugging him closer and covering them both with the blanket. "Yeah. Wow." A soft kiss dropped on his head. "You always make it wow, Kay."

He cuddled close, watching the rain fall. "Love you, Barn. I do."

"Oh good. Because I love you." Barney's hands slid randomly over his skin, warm and gentle as the storm raged.

Eventually he reached for the book they were reading and started in, reading until Barney's soft snores tempted him into dreams.

When they woke, the storm was over.

End

Seeing Love

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