



**August, 2006**

“What possessed me to do this?”

Seth chuckled and Robbie stared up at him.

“Something about lack of work in Baltimore, I recall.” Seth ruffled his fingers through Robbie’s hair. “Come on. Rise and shine.”

“It’s too damn early.” Robbie grumbled as he tossed back the covers.

“You’ll get used to it.” Seth gave him a grin and a once-over that set Robbie’s pulse racing.

“Keep staring at me like that, cowboy, and you’ll be *back* in bed.”

Seth grinned and bent, bringing their mouths together for a good-morning kiss. Robbie hummed his appreciation, slid an arm around Seth’s neck, and tugged. Seth made a surprised noise as he landed on his back on the bed. Robbie grinned down at him and licked his cowboy’s lips, receiving a guttural groan for his attention.

“Warned you,” Robbie murmured, moving down that muscled body. He pushed Seth’s shirt up, moaning when his hands and lips met warm, tanned skin. “So hot...”

“Robbie.”

Robbie nipped at Seth’s stomach, smiling when he felt his Texan’s cock flex beneath the jeans. Seth’s hands fell to his head, urging him lower. Never one to deny a sun god what he wanted, Robbie popped the button on Seth’s jeans and reached inside. His cowboy hissed when Robbie’s fingers touched hard, heated flesh.

“God, what you do to me.” Seth rumbled, fingers stroking Robbie’s hair.

“And what do I do to you?” Robbie pulled that long cock out and flicked his tongue over the tip.

“Make me need, Robbie.”

Robbie shivered; God, he loved hearing things like that. He finally gave in and slid his lips around the head of his cowboy’s cock. Seth’s satisfied groan met his own before both faded into random noises as Robbie sucked his lover to full attention. Seth’s fingers played in his hair, hips pushing up, fucking his mouth.

“Robbie. So fucking close...”

Seth’s movements quickened, thrusts growing stronger. Robbie reached up and plucked one of Seth’s nipples, giving it a good, firm twist as he swallowed his cowboy’s cock.

“Fuck! Robbie!”

Seth jerked and heat poured down Robbie’s throat. He swallowed every drop, then licked Seth clean before pulling away. Licking his lips, Robbie chuckled and shimmied back up Seth’s body.

“Do we really have to get out of bed?”

Arms slipping under Robbie's, Seth tugged him the rest of the way up for a kiss. "Yes."

"Dammit." Robbie sighed and kissed Seth one more time before getting out of bed. "I need a shower. Wanna join me?"

"If I do, we'll never make it out," Seth said with a grin. "I'll meet you downstairs."

Robbie stuck his tongue out and wandered into the bathroom.

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Seth shook his head and laughed as he tucked himself in and headed down to the kitchen. "Hey, boys!"

"Damn, looks like someone got lucky." Jack, one of the other ranch hands, sat down with a mug of coffee. "Lemme guess, Mack's nephew?"

"You know it." Seth got out two mugs and fixed two cups of coffee. "He's not used to this early morning stuff, though."

Ty snorted as he walked into the kitchen. "Guess we'll just have to change that, won't we?"

Seth lifted an eyebrow as he glanced over at the youngest of them all. "He learns quick. He'll pick it up."

Jack sputtered, spitting coffee across the table. "Yeah."

Ty looked from one man to another. "Did I miss something?"

"Keep your hands off the new kid," Jack explained as he wiped off the tabletop. "He's Seth's."

"He's...?" Ty's eyes went wide. "Oh."

"Yeah," Seth chuckled. "Oh."

"I didn't know you were..."

"He's queer as a football bat," Jack said, setting the coffee mug in the sink.

Seth rolled his eyes and looked back at Ty. "I just keep it quiet, ya know? Not many take it well."

"I can get that," Ty said, nodding.

"Get what?" Robbie padded into the kitchen in nothing but jeans, his wet hair clinging to his chest. Seth had to force himself to remain where he was, instead of going over to lick away the droplets of water skimming across that smooth skin.

"Well, well, speak of the devil." Jack's grin was wide and teasing. He got up and slapped Seth's

shoulder. “You gonna...show ‘im the ropes, Seth?”

Glaring at Jack, Seth just shook his head. “Get out of here. We’ll see y’all at lunchtime.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Ty grinned and left the kitchen with Jack.

“Did I miss something?”

Seth handed Robbie his coffee and took a drink of his own. He held out a hand and rumbled happily when Robbie stepped up to him, pushing close for a kiss. “Mm, morning again.”

“Morning. I take it we gotta be careful around the others?”

“Yes and no,” Seth said before finishing off his coffee. “Jack and Ty know, but some of the others who don’t live on-site aren’t too friendly toward us. Just be careful and you should be okay.”

“Cool. So what’s on the schedule first?”

“Need to check the board.” Seth set his mug in the sink and slipped both arms around Robbie’s waist. “But first...”

Robbie didn’t give him a chance to finish, just pressed right up to him and kissed him senseless. Seth hummed into the kiss, tongue sweeping through Robbie’s mouth, tasting coffee...and himself. That last element had Seth’s body reawakening in places that should’ve stayed asleep.

“We got time?” Robbie murmured, pushing a hand between them, cupping Seth’s hardening prick through his jeans.

“I don’t...” Seth groaned when Robbie squeezed his shaft. “Fuck. I can’t think when you do that.”

Robbie chuckled and licked Seth’s lips, nipping at the bottom one. “Not supposed to be thinkin’. Supposed to be moanin’ and begging me to ride that sweet-as-fuck cock of yours.”

Seth had to stop them both before they got going. He grabbed Robbie’s hand and lifted it to his mouth, kissing Robbie’s fingers. “I’d say ‘hell, yes’ any other time, but we got work to do.”

Groaning in what sounded a lot like disappointment, Robbie nodded. “Yeah, I know. Sucks.”

“No, you did that this morning,” Seth chuckled. He got a slap on the ass for it. He gave Robbie another kiss and let him go. “C’mon. Let’s see what’s needin’ to be done.”

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If there was one thing Robbie was quick to learn, it was that the day went by fast when doing manual labor. By lunchtime, he’d learned how to replace a fence section, where not to walk in a pasture, and how to build the world’s ultimate hay fort.

Okay, so the hay fort wasn’t exactly work. It was, however, ungodly amusing to see three grown

men argue over the strategic placement of a block of straw. Robbie leaned back on the grass, grinning like mad at the scene playing out in front of him.

“I’m tellin’ ya, it needs to be wide ‘n long.”

Jack shook his head. “You’re nuts, boy,” he snorted at Ty. “Tall, so’s ya can’t be shot.”

“I think you’re both screwed,” Seth said, legs dangling off from where he sat up on the monstrous tire of a tractor, just outside the barn door. He took a slow drag from his Marlboro and winked at Robbie as he blew out the smoke. “Tall an’ long an’ thick... that’s what you want.”

Robbie barely swallowed his groan. The image those words conjured up had his jeans tightening unbearably. Seth just flashed him a knowing grin.

Jake and Ty both looked up at Seth. “All right, cowboy,” Jack challenged. “Get yer ass down here and demonstrate your fine architectural skills.”

“Gladly.” Seth jumped from the top of the tire, booted feet kicking up dust when he landed. He waved both men away, mumbling, “Move on, move on...” He handed Robbie his cigarette.

“You realize a hay fort is the last thing on my mind now,” Robbie muttered under his breath. Looking up, he stared into too-green eyes.

“Gives ya somethin’ to look forward to come quittin’ time, baby.” Seth’s grin was wicked as he turned around, heading to the fort.

Robbie watched that sweet as fuck, denim-encased ass saunter away and he had to cross his legs to hide the terminal hard-on.

“Watch the Master,” Seth announced. Grunting, he lifted another bale and set it down on top of one of the others.

Fifteen minutes and countless bales later, a huge fort dominated the ground floor of the barn. In height, it was one bale taller than Seth -- well over six feet -- and it completely circled Ty and Jack, both of whom stood slack-jawed and staring. The walls were two bales wide and gave them both plenty of room to move around in.

“Well, I’ll be damn,” Ty said, scratching his head. “Guess he was right: tall, long, and thick.”

Jack smacked the back of Ty’s head. “Well, duh.”

“Hey!” Ty glared at Jack. “You wasn’t right either, asshole.”

“More right than you.”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake.” Seth rolled his eyes and stepped out of the barn to light up. The cigarette bobbed up and down, caught between those sinfully tempting lips as Seth talked. “You both were wrong.”

“Time to get back to work,” Robbie said as he stood.

“Yep.” Seth’s eyes never left his as Robbie met his cowboy halfway. “Got a new tractor Mack wants me to go look at. Wanna come?”

“Oh. Do I ever,” Robbie murmured. God, he wanted a kiss, but not in front of Jack and Ty. “Let’s go.”

“See ya boys later!” Seth waved, winking at Robbie when Jack and Ty both started yellin’ about a way out of the fort.

Robbie followed him over to the truck and climbed in, buckling as Seth slid in the driver’s side. “Will they ever stop arguing long enough to just take the damn thing apart?”

Seth held the cigarette in his lips as he started the truck. As he buckled, he just shook his head. He put the truck into gear, released the emergency brake, and started down the road leading to the highway. “Not a fucking chance,” he said finally, grinning around the cigarette.

“So what was that about ‘tall, long, and thick’?” Robbie asked, reaching over to slide one hand over Seth’s right thigh. He got a heated look from the corner of Seth’s eye.

“That an offer?” Seth didn’t wait for an answer, just reached down and popped the button on his jeans.

Oh, fuck yes.

Robbie said a quick prayer for no cops, unbuckled, and shifted until he could semi-comfortably get his head where it needed to be. He eased Seth’s zipper down and inhaled deeply, savoring the scent of sweat and need just pouring off his cowboy. When he pulled out Seth’s cock, he gave it a long, lingering look, loving the way the flared head oozed those sweet, clear drops when he squeezed it just so...

“Robbie...” Seth’s voice was deep and rumbling, full of need and a touch of warning for Robbie to hurry the hell up.

Robbie happily obliged.

Opening his mouth, he licked away the drops, and then dropped down the shaft, lips circling, throat working to swallow as much of Seth as he could. He got a low groan for his efforts, one of Seth’s hands combing through his hair, urging his head up and down. Breathing through his nose, Robbie gave his sun god what the man wanted. Up and down, in and out, he worked Seth good, tongue caressing the sensitive underside, teeth grazing just slightly, Seth’s hips pushing up just a bit.

“Fuck...”

Robbie felt the truck veer off, and then stop. Then both of Seth’s hands were in his hair, his cowboy panting, moaning, pushing that sweet, thick cock deeper into his mouth. Robbie groaned

and humped the truck's bench seat. Seth's fingers tightened in his hair, the rhythm turning quick and sharp. Then Seth was coming, slick heat pouring down Robbie's throat, Seth almost chanting his name.

Oh, God...

Robbie moaned and jerked, soaking the front of his jeans as he came hard and fast. He licked Seth clean and pulled off the thick cock, dropping his head to his cowboy's thigh.

"Oh, damn," Seth groaned. "So fucking good, baby. So fucking good."

Robbie nodded, loving Seth's hands on his head, petting him. So fucking good.

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Robbie stayed off to the side, pretending to browse and trying like hell not to look bored out of his skull. He was so far out of his element that he felt like a newly-landed alien. Seth was still talking with the salesman, both men working each other over on pricing. If anything, Robbie figured his cowboy knew his shit. When he finally reached the point of running out of stuff to browse, Robbie settled back against an enormous tire and just admired the view.

Seth was a god. There was absolutely no doubt in Robbie's mind of that. The man could turn anything into gold with only a smile. Robbie felt the knot forming in his stomach before it really hit him: he was head-over-heels in love with Seth Ellis.

The men finally shook hands a few minutes later and Seth sauntered back over to Robbie, grinning like the cat that got the cream.

"That looked like it went well."

Seth nodded and pulled a cell phone from his jeans pocket. Flipping it open, he hit a couple of buttons. "Hey, Mack. Talked him down." He paused and waved Robbie toward the parking lot. "Yeah, here he is." Seth grinned and handed the phone to Robbie while tugging his keys from his other pocket.

Robbie took the phone and held it to his ear. "Hey."

"Robbie, your mama called."

Robbie felt that knot grow into something bigger, turning bad. "Everything okay?"

"'Fraid not, son," Mack said. "Kristy's in the hospital."

"What happened?" Robbie got into the truck and Seth closed the door for him.

Mack sighed. "Russ is on the run, Robbie. He beat her, bad."

The phone slipped out of Robbie's hand and landed on the floor between his feet. Seth picked it up

and started the truck. Robbie barely heard Seth's voice as they pulled out of the parking lot, his cowboy doing more listening than talking.

"I'll get 'im there, Mack. You sure you don't need me back?" Seth pulled out onto the highway and headed in the opposite direction of home. "We'll call. Bye." He snapped the phone shut and just reached over, fingers gripping Robbie's tightly, reassuring.

Robbie was just... numb.

The drive to Athens-Limestone Hospital was quiet, Seth's hand never leaving Robbie's. Once they were parked and the truck was off, Robbie just stared, not quite remembering the ride at all.

"Hey," Seth said softly. "We're here, baby."

"I'll kill him."

Seth's other hand cupped Robbie's chin, turning it until Robbie found himself staring into green eyes full of concern and sympathy. "I know. I would, too."

No talking him out of it, no lectures on getting arrested, just his cowboy nodding, understanding the rage. The words left Robbie's lips before he even realized it. "I love you."

Seth smiled and leaned in for a slow, soft kiss. "Good, 'cause I'm here to stay, Robbie. Love you, too."

A small, almost desperate sound escaped Robbie then and the pain, the rage, everything faded with Seth's kiss. When they came up for air, Seth gave him a little smile.

"C'mon, babe. Your mama and Kristy need you."

Nodding, Robbie got out and waited for Seth. They went in together, his cowboy's hand tight on his. Robbie walked up to the information desk, but before he could even open his mouth, he saw Mama. Her face was streaked with tears and she looked like she'd aged about ten years. Seth let go of him and Robbie went to her, pulling her close and holding her. Robbie just let her cry, his own tears threatening. When she pulled back, she smiled weakly up at him.

"Hi, baby. She's..."

"Shh, I'm here, Mama."

She took a long, ragged breath and smiled over at Seth. "Hi, Seth, darlin'."

Seth nodded and slipped off his hat. "Afternoon, ma'am."

"Can we see her?" Robbie asked.

Mama nodded. "Yeah. C'mon." When Seth tried to hang back, she grabbed his arm. "Oh, no, don't. You're a part of this family, Seth Ellis."



Seth's soft chuckle lightened the mood a little as Mama led them down a hall and to the elevators. "She's not in the ER?" he asked when she pushed the 'up' button.

"No. They got her into the ER and as soon as they knew the baby was good, they patched her up."

"How long has she been here?" Robbie couldn't believe it hadn't taken long.

Mama gave him a somewhat sheepish smile as they stepped into the elevator. "Since last night, baby. I wanted..." She took a deep breath before continuing. "I wanted to make sure she and the baby were okay first, before I called."

They all fell silent and a couple minutes later, the elevator dinged as they reached their floor. Robbie and Seth followed Mama down the hall, past the nurses' station, and into a semi-dark room with a single bed.

Robbie hated hospitals; hated the way they looked, the way they smelled. He hated the feeling of helplessness they instilled in him, and it got worse when he got his first look at Kristy. Seth's hand tightened on his, his cowboy feeling the white-hot rage.

Kristy looked bad, though Robbie figured it was an improvement from what the poor woman must've looked like when they first brought her in. Her nose was bandaged, as was her jaw. In fact, the white bandage was wrapped around her head. Her left eye was black and blue, swollen shut; and she was hooked up to all sorts of machines.

Robbie kind of tugged Seth behind him as he approached the bed slowly. Kristy was asleep and seemed to be breathing good. She wasn't on a ventilator of any kind, so that was a good thing. There was a heart monitor beside her bed, cords trailing under the blankets. He figured it was the baby's heart monitor. He watched and listened to each beep -- healthy and steady.

"She's doing good, baby," Mama whispered from where she stood on the other side of the bed. "She just needs rest."

"Where's she going when she gets out?"

"She's coming to stay with me. I need the company and she'll need the help the farther along she gets."

Robbie nodded, squeezed Seth's hand. "Okay. You know how to find me--"

"Find *us*," Seth interrupted.

Mama smiled. "I do," she said, nodding. "Y'all go on home. Get some rest. I'm staying here tonight. This chair behind me opens to a little bed."

"You'll call if you need us?" Robbie asked, looking up at her.

"I will." Mama walked around the bed and kissed Robbie, then Seth. "Go on. We'll be okay."

Robbie sighed, took another long look at Kristy, and nodded. "Love you, Mama."

"Love you, too."

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Robbie rested his forehead against the tile wall of the shower and let the steaming water cascade down over him, washing away the rage and pain. Seth's hands were all over him, soap slicking the way, those fingers easing the tension in his muscles. A kiss was placed on his shoulder, Seth's arms sliding around him, holding him tight.

"Thank you," Robbie whispered.

"I'd do anything for you," Seth murmured, mouth moving over Robbie's neck. "You know that, don't you?"

Robbie nodded, closed his eyes. "I know." He reached down and rested one hand over Seth's, just touching.

"What do you need?"

"I don't know," Robbie sighed. "Just know I need you right now."

Seth turned him around, fingers moving up to slide through Robbie's hair. "Do you trust me?" he whispered against Robbie's lips.

"Implicitly."

"I want to fist you, Robbie. I want to show you what it can be like to let go completely, to feel me deep inside you, filling you."

Robbie stared into his cowboy's eyes, those emeralds that took his breath away every time he looked into them. "Yes," he breathed, taking a kiss.

Seth groaned and pushed him back against the wall, tongue surging deep, sweeping through Robbie's mouth and stealing his breath, the last of his nervousness. He needed this; it was all he could think about as Seth's hands moved down to grip his hips, tugging him close to that long, hard body.

"I'll get things ready," Seth said, pulling back just enough for Robbie to see his face. "Love you."

Robbie smiled, body somewhere between needing and boneless. "Love you, too."

Seth leaned in for another kiss, then got out of the shower, wrapping one of the big towels around his waist. Robbie could hear him rummaging in the cabinet under the sink, getting things ready. Tipping his head back, Robbie exhaled slowly, eyes closed as the water sprayed down on his face. The depth of meaning behind what they were going to do was there, in the forefront of his mind. It

was probably the most intimate thing two people could do together, or at least that's what he thought. He shivered, already imagining Seth's fingers inside him, opening him up for more.

"Robbie?"

Robbie shook his head and turned off the water. He stepped out of the tub and saw Seth holding a hot water bottle set-up, though it sure as hell wasn't for relieving aches and pains. The nozzle was small, but still looked obscene. Goosebumps started to come up over Robbie's skin and he could feel himself blushing.

"Trust me?" Seth asked him, hanging the hook of the hot water bottle on the towel rack over the toilet.

Robbie swallowed. "Yeah."

"On your knees, and put your head and shoulders to the floor," Seth said. "You know I won't do anything to hurt you."

"I know." Robbie got down on the towel-covered floor, assuming the position as instructed. A minute later, he felt Seth kneel behind him, one hand on his left buttock. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

"Just my finger, baby."

Robbie's hips instinctively rocked back, pulling Seth's slick finger deeper. A soft moan escaped him and he shuddered as Seth moved the finger in and out, fucking him with it. Then Seth's finger was gone and slick, slender plastic was sliding in.

"Ready?"

He nodded and then there was a soft click. Water began trickling inside him, filling him. Seth held the nozzle in place with one hand and stroked the other over his stomach, soothing. When the pressure grew stronger, Seth stopped the water flow and removed the nozzle.

"Just let it set for a few," Seth said, leaning down to kiss the small of his back. "I'll be in the bedroom getting things together. Come out when you're ready."

"Kay," Robbie mumbled, groaning slightly when a tiny cramp set in.

After a few minutes, Robbie finished up. He got back in the shower long enough to give himself one more wash-over, and when he was done, he went into the bedroom, towel around his hips.

Seth was kneeling on the bed. Another towel was spread out in front of him and there was a bottle of lube on the bed beside him. But the one thing that set Robbie's heart racing was the latex glove on Seth's right hand. Robbie couldn't help but shiver as he let the towel drop to the floor. Crawling onto the bed, he lay down on his back, legs spread wantonly. He was so hard it hurt, and his body tingled everywhere, the anticipation unbelievable.

“Wanna come now?” Seth asked him. “Take the edge off?”

Robbie shook his head, gaze riveted on Seth’s hand as his cowboy slicked it up. The sound was erotic as hell, that crinkle of latex as Seth coated the gloved hand in lube. Then the bottle was set aside and Seth scooted up, resting on his knees.

“I’ll go as slow as you want me to.”

Nodding, Robbie inhaled, then exhaled, but try as he might, he couldn’t get the tremors to stop. His thighs trembled as Seth’s finger circled his ass, pushed slowly inside.

“Look at me,” Seth whispered, working a second finger in.

Robbie licked his lips and looked into Seth’s eyes, hips rolling slightly as a third finger joined the first two. Three had been his limit; this was it...

“You okay?”

He nodded and let his legs fall apart, going slack as possible.

“Adding the fourth finger...”

Robbie never looked away, gaze locked onto Seth’s as a fourth finger pushed in, stretching him open. He drew in a breath when Seth scissored them gently, spreading him, working his hole.

“Seth...”

“Shhh, I’m here, baby.” Seth coaxed his body to open more, fingers moving, spreading, sliding.

Robbie began slipping off into another world then, the sensations too much to keep his eyes open. Seth’s fingertips grazed lightly over his prostate, but didn’t linger, just touching enough to make Robbie gasp, make his hips rock a little. In and out, in and out, Seth took things slow, working his body. Robbie steadied his breathing, in and out in an easy, calm rhythm, the world far away from this time and place.

“Let me in.”

Robbie heard Seth, though he seemed far away. A bit of pressure, a twist of Seth’s wrist, and the world disappeared entirely. Robbie’s mind shorted out as his body sucked Seth’s hand into him. His mouth opened on a soundless scream and awareness snapped back: Seth, him, Seth’s hand inside him. It was too much, too intense...

Tears streamed from Robbie’s eyes as he bucked, rocked, driving Seth’s fist deeper, fucking himself on it until his entire existence exploded. He jerked and squeezed Seth’s hand, sobbing out Seth’s name as he came.

Shaking and incoherent, Robbie slumped down onto the bed. He felt Seth’s hand ease out of him and then strong arms were around him, holding him tightly as he just fell apart.

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“How’s she doin’?”

Seth glanced up to see Mack Sexton standing in the stall doorway. “Best as can be expected.”

“Robbie?”

Looking out at the truck, Seth watched Robbie shimmy under it. Only God knew what the blazes Jack had Robbie doing.

“He’s taking it hard,” Seth said finally. “He cares a lot for Kristy and he’s lookin’ forward to being an uncle, I think.”

“Robbie always was a good kid.”

Seth looked over at Mack. “Did you know about him before?”

Mack chuckled. “I wondered a few times. Robbie never showed any interest in the girls.”

“You’re a unique man,” Seth said with a smile.

“Bah.” Mack shrugged. “I’m too old to get bent out of shape, payin’ attention to others’ issues. Besides,” he winked, “I might’ve been curious in college.”

Seth’s mouth just sort of dropped open and Mack walked away, laughing. Mack? Bisexual? Seth couldn’t quite get those words to form any sort of cohesive thought. No wonder the man hadn’t batted an eye when Seth had been upfront about his sexuality at the start. Turning back to the stall and shaking his head, Seth nailed the last support for the new trough into place. A few minutes later, something cold seeped right through his shirt, chilling a line up his back.

“What the fu--?”

A crotch, hard and demanding, pressed against his ass and a beer bottle was dangled in front of his face. Taking the bottle, Seth straightened back up. He glanced over his shoulder toward the truck where the others had been, saw no one, and reached back. Tipping his head to the side, he groaned when Robbie’s lips fastened onto the nape of his neck.

“Where’d the others go?”

“Lunchtime,” Robbie mumbled, licking a trail from Seth’s neck to his ear. “They’re inside.”

Seth grinned and closed his eyes, fingers still clutching the neck of the bottle. “What did you have in mind?”

“Sucking you.”

Robbie turned him around and pushed him back against the stall, tongue filling his mouth as fingers worked his jeans open. When Robbie took him in hand, Seth's legs weakened and he panted into the kiss as Robbie slowly fisted his cock. Pulling away, Robbie just winked.

"Keep watch."

Then Robbie was on his knees, sucking Seth down in one breath. Seth's eyes rolled back, but he fought to keep them open, intent on keeping watch even as he thrust into Robbie's mouth.

"Fuck, baby."

"Mmmhmm," Robbie hummed, the vibration rippling around Seth's flesh like water.

Fuck, that mouth... Seth moaned, fingers threading through Robbie's hair, catching when he reached the ponytail. He didn't pull it out, just held on, panting and groaning as Robbie worked his prick like the man was born to do it. Lord, that mouth was sweet, perfect. Lips and tongue and the slightest hint of teeth; Seth knew he wouldn't last long, not with Robbie sucking... just... like...

"Robbie!" Seth's hips snapped forward and he came, heat pouring down Robbie's throat. Robbie drank every drop and licked him clean when he was done.

"God, you taste fucking good."

Seth didn't have a chance to answer, just opened up for the kiss, groaning when he tasted the remnants of his come on Robbie's tongue. Hardness pressed against his thigh, Robbie almost humping his leg. Seth reached down and popped the button on Robbie's jeans, then pushed his hand inside, curling his fingers around that sweet prick.

"Seth..."

"Uh-huh." Seth took another kiss, his other hand moving up under Robbie's shirt to tweak the ring in Robbie's nipple. He was rewarded with a jerk of his lover's hips and a moan. Another twist and Robbie came, thrusting into Seth's hand.

"Damn." Robbie panted, breaking the kiss to let his head drop to Seth's shoulder.

"Mmm, I agree." Seth chuckled. He brought his hand up to wipe it on the towel hanging over the stall, but Robbie caught it and began licking and sucking it clean. Seth stared at him, cock threatening to grow hard again. "Fuck," he hissed.

"After work," Robbie muttered, tongue washing away every last drop of come. Seth just shuddered.

"Robbie? Seth?"

"Shit." Robbie scrambled to get himself tucked back in while Seth did the same.

"We're in here," Seth called out once they were both somewhat presentable.

Jack rounded the corner and stopped short. "I don't wanna know."

Robbie snorted. "No, probably not."

"What's up?"

"Uh, yeah..." Jack shook his head. "We got a new hand. Mason finally got that job in Birmingham, but he sent along a buddy to replace him. Mack says he's good."

Seth nodded. "Okay. We'll be there in a second."

Jack just rolled his eyes and wandered off, leaving them alone again.

"That was close," Robbie laughed.

Seth grinned and pulled Robbie into another kiss, taking his time. Robbie's arms went around his neck, holding on tight. When they finally came up for air again, Seth rested his forehead against Robbie's.

"How ya feelin'?"

"Better," Robbie sighed. "Yesterday fucking sucked... well, until last night, anyway."

Seth smiled, swearing he saw color rising into Robbie's cheeks. He closed his eyes for a moment, remembering what it felt like. For Robbie to allow him that... Lord, he loved this man so much it hurt.

"Come on," he whispered. "Let's go meet our new co-worker."

They kept a reasonable distance from each other as they headed back toward the house. Seth hated having to hide things, but until they knew this new hand, it was best to be casual. Mack's office door was open and Seth was just about to walk in when Robbie tugged on his arm. Mack was busy talking to the new guy, so Seth stepped back and turned around.

"Trust me," Robbie said, rolling his eyes, "this one is perfectly fine with us."

"You know him?"

Robbie snorted. "Know him? I lost my virginity to him."

Oh.

Seth blinked. "Damn. Small world."

"Yeah," Robbie sighed. "Lots of baggage there."

"Want to talk to Mack about it in private?" Seth could understand the uneasiness.

“No. I’m not gonna let my past interfere in my uncle’s business.” Robbie smiled up at him. “So I guess we gotta be the good hosts and show him his room, huh?”

“’Fraid so,” Seth said, wincing slightly. “You sure you’re okay with him being here?”

Nodding, Robbie leaned against the wall. “Yeah, I’m cool. He’s a good guy, really. We just split on...” He sighed, chewed on his bottom lip for a moment. “Not so good terms, I guess you could say.”

Before Seth could say anything, Mack came out, clapping the new guy on the back. “Oh, there they are! Jeremy, meet Seth Ellis, one of the other hands, and Robbie Sexton, my nephew.”

Seth tipped his hat in acknowledgement and shook Jeremy’s outstretched hand. “Nice to meet you.”

“Likewise.” When Jeremy looked to Robbie, his expression was unreadable. “Afternoon, Robbie.”

“Hey there,” Robbie said quietly, shoving his hands into the pockets of his jeans.

“Well, now that we’re all acquainted,” Mack announced, seemingly oblivious to the spike of tension in the air, “let Robbie and Seth here show you where you’ll be stayin’. Boys, can you do that for me? I need to return a few phone calls.”

“Sure thing,” Seth said with a nod. He caught the pained look from Robbie before it disappeared. “C’mon. We’ll show you the guest house.”

“Thanks.” Jeremy fell into step behind them.

Seth just glanced at Robbie, noted the neutral expression, and decided against talking until they were alone.

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Robbie kept quiet as Seth led the mini-tour of the guest house where the farmhands stayed. He couldn’t believe Jeremy was here. When they passed by his bedroom, Robbie ducked inside, closing the door after muttering something about needing to change clothes -- anything to get him out of that situation. A few minutes later, there was a knock, then Seth’s voice.

“Come in.”

The door opened and Seth walked in, closing it behind him. “Something’s eatin’ at you, babe.” He sat down on the bed beside Robbie, one hand rubbing his back. “What’s wrong?”

Robbie sighed and shook his head. “It’s water under the bridge. Jeremy and I were lovers for a few years. Back then, I was too young to know what the hell I was doing. I didn’t know what love really was. Then Jeremy told me he loved me.”

“Okay...” Seth stretched out on the bed beside him, still petting.



“My response, in the glorious wisdom of youth, was to cheat on him. He caught us.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah. We didn’t part on particularly good terms, and I haven’t forgiven myself for it. Lord knows Jeremy probably hasn’t forgiven me either.”

“I take it you two haven’t spoken since?”

Robbie peered up at Seth from the pillow. “Um, no.”

Seth nodded and kissed his shoulder. “Then maybe it’s time to get rid of those demons, Robbie. If you don’t talk to him, things are gonna get so tense ‘round here that no one will be happy.”

Robbie groaned, burying his face in the pillow again. “I know,” he mumbled.

Before he could say anything else, there was a knock on the door. “Robbie, your mama’s on the phone,” Ty said. “Somethin’ ‘bout Kristy?”

Seth got up and went to open the door. “Thanks.” Then he brought the cordless over to Robbie. Robbie rolled slightly and took the phone.

“Hi, Mama.”

“Hi, baby. She’s awake. She and the baby are doin’ good. Doctor says she can go home tomorrow. I’ve got your old bedroom set up for her.”

“What else does she need?” Robbie asked. “For the baby, I mean? Or for herself.”

Mama sighed, the sound stressed, but better than she had been at the hospital. “She’s gonna need new clothes, for her and the baby when it gets here. She’s not goin’ back to the place she had with Russ for anything but the really important stuff. And even then, I’m goin’ and with an officer.”

It was wrong, so fucking wrong, for Mama to be worried enough about her safety from her own son that she had to rely on the police. Robbie growled.

“I know, baby,” Mama reassured him. “It ain’t right, but she’s out of there now. She and the baby are safe, and in a few months, I’ll be holding my first grandbaby and you’ll be an uncle.”

Robbie nodded. “Yeah. And if I see Russ again, I’ll kill him.”

“No, you won’t, Robert Sexton. You’re a good man; don’t let this change you. You see Russ, you ignore him. If he comes around, I’ll call the police. But don’t you lay a finger on him. I don’t want you holed up in jail ‘cause of this.”

“Yes, Mama,” Robbie sighed, elbowing Seth when the cowboy chuckled softly.

“I need to go, baby. I’ll call you when we get home. Love you.”

“Love you, too, Mama.” Robbie pushed the ‘off’ button and handed the handset to Seth, who set it on the bedside table.

“Well?”

“Kristy’s going home tomorrow. She’s gonna need some stuff, or at the least, Mama needs some extra money for some stuff for Kristy and the baby. Oh, and I’ve been forbidden from even so much as looking at my brother if he comes around.”

Seth snorted. “Smart woman.”

“Shut up.”

Seth laughed and kissed Robbie’s head. “Love you, if only because you’re stubborn as shit and determined as all get out.”

“Thanks... I think.” Robbie rolled over and smiled. “Love you, too.”

“Good.” Seth’s hand inched under Robbie’s shirt slowly. “Now fuck me so we can get back to work.”

Robbie sat up, dropping a quick kiss to the cowboy’s lips. “You’re hopeless.”

Seth’s other hand cupped the back of his head and tugged Robbie down. “I’m horny.”

Robbie didn’t have a chance to respond, just opened up for the tongue pushing between his lips. He moaned into the kiss, shifting until he was settled between Seth’s legs, rocking slowly. This was what he was made for: this man right here.

He slid his hands under Seth’s shirt and up the muscular chest to tweak his cowboy’s nipples. Seth hissed, hips bucking a little, both hands falling to Robbie’s hips to tug him against that warm, long body.

“Come on,” Seth murmured, head tipping back as Robbie kissed a slow path over his neck, “fuck me.”

Robbie pulled away long enough to rummage in the table drawer, grinning when he came up with the half-empty bottle of Wet. They both made quick work of their clothes and then he knelt between Seth’s legs again, probing that hot hole with two fingers. As he pushed them in, he latched onto Seth’s left nipple, flying on the way Seth opened for him, chest and hips thrusting for more. He worked his fingers in and out, curled them forward, and groaned when Seth jerked, shouting as he pegged his cowboy’s gland.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck.” Seth panted, hips rocking and grinding. “More, Robbie.”

Nodding, Robbie pulled his fingers out and slicked up his cock. Then he was sliding into tight,

blazing heat, their mouths coming together as he filled and stretched Seth's body. Robbie pulled out and sank back in, bringing Seth's arms above his head and pinning them to the pillow. Their fingers entwined, Robbie thrust and rocked, one kiss moving into another as he pushed them both closer to the edge. Seth was meeting every stroke, groaning and filling the kiss with sounds that set Robbie's pulse racing.

"Don't stop," Seth breathed. "Robbie..."

"Come on, baby. Come on my cock. Need to feel you." Robbie didn't give his cowboy a chance to say another word, just pushed his tongue into Seth's mouth and swallowed the moans as heat spread between them. Several quick, deep strokes and he followed, panting and shaking as he filled Seth's body.

"Oh, fuck." Seth groaned, body going limp.

Robbie nodded and kissed him again before pulling out slowly. "Fuck, yes." He started to roll over, but Seth's arms went around him, holding on tight. He nuzzled Seth's neck, breathing the man deep into his lungs.

"We can make it through this."

He nodded. "I know. If there's anything in this world I don't have doubts about, it's us."

Seth kissed his shoulder. "Good."

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"Never, in a million years, did I expect to see you again."

Robbie stopped just as he was reaching for the wire cutters. Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath. "Hi, Jeremy."

"Thought you were up in Baltimore."

Turning his head, Robbie glanced up at his former -- his *first* -- lover. "I was. How'd you know that?"

Jeremy shrugged and leaned back against the wall of the chicken coop Robbie had been repairing. "Hearsay. Stopped off at the Seven Nations parlor a few times, shopping for ink."

Robbie nodded, turned back to his work. "New ink, huh? Anything good?" He reached back blindly for the wire cutters, only to have them handed to him. "Thanks."

"Yeah, I'm happy with him. Rogue did the work. Didn't know it 'til after he'd started that it was one of yours."

That got his attention and Robbie nearly cut the wrong damned bit of chicken wire. "Mine?"

“Yeah. The fallen angel. Wanna see him?”

Robbie started to ask where the tat was, but before he could, he heard Jeremy moving. He turned and watched as Jeremy lifted his shirt up, back to him. There, on the man’s right shoulder blade, was his favorite piece he’d ever done. Robbie wasn’t sure if he was proud of how good it looked, or if the slight nausea that started was something other than the heat outside.

“Looks good,” he said finally.

Jeremy sighed and let the shirt fall back down. “Robbie...”

“Look...” Robbie dropped the wire cutters into the toolbox. “I’m sorry, Jeremy. I know what I did can’t be excused, but please believe me when I say that I’m sorry for hurting you.”

Wandering over to the fence, Jeremy leaned on the railing and looked out at the pasture where the cows were grazing. “I loved you.”

Robbie winced; fuck, that hurt. “I know.”

“But you know what?” Jeremy continued, “I forgave you. We were both young, didn’t really know what we were doing.”

Robbie went up to stand beside him. “Yeah, we were.”

“So, this new man... you love him?”

The question caught him off-guard and Robbie stared at Jeremy. “How did--”

Jeremy laughed and shook his head. “C’mon, Robbie. It would take an idiot to not see how you two look at each other.”

“Oh. Yeah, I guess so.”

“Promise me something?” Jeremy turned to face him, hip cocked against the fence, arms crossed.

“What?”

Jeremy smiled, the expression genuine. “Love him with everything you are, Robbie. He seems like a good man. We both fucked up back then, but we’ve grown up, moved on.”

“I do love him. Friends?” He extended a hand to Jeremy, but was surprised when he was pulled into a tight hug.

“Friends.”

“Robbie!”

“Yeah?” Robbie looked toward the main house where Mack was standing on the front porch,

cordless phone in his hand. "Coming!" He patted Jeremy on the shoulder and headed up to the house, taking the phone from Mack. "Hello?"

"Hi, baby!"

"Hi, Mama. How's Kristy?" He walked across the porch and leaned against the railing.

"She's good. We're home now." Robbie heard a door close quietly, then she continued. "She's..." She sniffled. "She's talkin' about giving up the baby."

"What? Why?"

Mama sighed. "'Cause she's afraid she won't have the money to care for it now. Russ was bringin' in the money, what little there was. I mean, the baby and her are under Medicaid right now, and the baby will stay on it once it's born, but Kristy won't be able to work and care for a baby, too."

Robbie closed his eyes, fought back the anger at Russ and swallowed the pain. "Will you let me give you some money, to help 'til the baby's born?"

"Baby, I can't..."

"Mama, please. It's not fair to you to shoulder the expenses and it's not fair on Kristy that she's been abandoned. I want to help. Please?"

There was a good bit of silence and Robbie began to wonder if she'd keep arguing. Then she finally let out a long breath.

"All right."

"Good. Now what do you need right now? I don't know a damn thing about babies."

Mama chuckled. "You wantin' a list?"

"Sure. You got one? Does Kristy have one of those baby registry things somewhere?"

"Actually... hold on a sec, baby." The sound of her rummaging through a drawer followed, and then she came back. "Yeah, here it is. She's registered at JC Penney, under Kristy Sexton."

"Wishful thinking, huh?"

"I think so. She's doing good, though. She's madder than a rattlesnake, so she'll be okay."

"Cool. Now tell me what she needs or wants."

Robbie spent the next twenty minutes listening to Mama rattling off a list of general items -- blankets, bottles, sheets, a crib, clothes; whatever babies needed. He made a mental note of things, said his goodbyes, and hung up. He'd need to sell some flash to cover the crib, but everything else was pretty much covered by savings. He took the phone back into the house and hung it up just

inside the kitchen. Then he went searching for a newspaper. For what he had in mind, it'd take a new place to live.

Finding a newspaper, he grabbed it and headed back to the guest house. He got a Coke from the fridge and settled down at the table, flipping to the want ads. He heard the front door close a few minutes later.

"Apartments for rent. You leaving?"

He stopped reading and pushed his chair back. Twisting, he tugged Seth to him, the cowboy straddling his lap. "Not leaving you, babe."

"But..."

"Mama called, said..." Robbie looked up into those green eyes. "She said Kristy was thinking about giving the baby up, something about not having money to pay for everything."

"Oh, damn."

"Yeah." Robbie rested his forehead on Seth's chest.

"Don't tell me you're thinkin' about adoption," Seth chuckled. Robbie whacked him on the thigh. Hard. "Ow!"

"Smartass."

"Okay, okay. Seriously, what's with the ads for apartments?"

"Well..." Robbie turned his head and glanced over at the newspaper on the kitchen table. "Was thinkin' maybe... we could find a place close, one with two or three bedrooms." He didn't look up, didn't have to; a finger under his chin tilted his head up.

"Mack was right," Seth said quietly.

"About what?"

Those eyes sparkled, reflecting Seth's smile. "You're a good man, Robbie Sexton."

Oh.

Robbie smiled slowly just before his lips were captured, the kiss soft. He slid his arms around his cowboy's waist, 'bout the same time 'I love you' was breathed into him.

"So, you find anything?" Seth asked, lips moving over his jaw.

Robbie tipped his head. "Huh?"

"Apartments, baby."

“Oh!”

Seth chuckled and nipped his throat. Robbie shivered.

“Um, y-yeah...” He groaned. “Fuck. Seth.”

“Should I stop?”

“Fuck, no.” Robbie let his hands slip down to cup that tight, denim-covered ass.

“Keep talkin’.”

Robbie’s eyes rolled back when the light nibbles turned to outright bites. His hips jerked, cock filling and pressing against that firm ass. God, if Seth kept that up, he was gonna...

“Want my nipple pierced.”

Robbie gasped, bucked, body shaking as he soaked his jeans and underwear. When he realized he hadn’t swallowed his tongue, he croaked out, “W-what?”

Seth’s movements sped up, panting breaths filling Robbie’s ear. “Want my nipple... oh, shit...”

Robbie pushed a hand up under Seth’s shirt and gave his cowboy’s left nipple a sharp twist. He was rewarded with a shout, then his name wrapped in a moan as his own personal sun god shuddered and came.

“Jesus.” Seth’s head dropped to Robbie’s shoulder. “That was not my initial intention.”

“Uh-huh. That why you started grinding on me?”

“Well...” Seth rocked slightly. “Okay, so maybe it was part of the plan.”

“That’s what I thought.” Robbie leaned his head back just as Seth raised his up. “So... you serious about the nipple piercing thing?”

“Yeah. Yeah, I am.”

One eyebrow rose. “Out of sheer curiosity, what gave you the idea?”

Seth grinned and kissed him, then stood up. “I know how sensitive yours is and after thinking about it for a bit, I decided I wanted one.” He shrugged. “Call me nuts.”

“You’re nuts.” Robbie looked up at his cowboy, all disheveled, even with his clothes on. “But you sure as shit won’t hear me complainin’.”

“I’m assuming you know a good, safe place then?”

Robbie nodded and stood as well, groaning when he was reminded of the sticky mess in his jeans. “Ugh. Gotta change clothes. But yeah, I do. Seven Nations in Huntsville. I used to work there.”

“Cool. Now let’s go play in the shower.”

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“Well, I’ll be damned. Robert fucking Sexton.”

Robbie laughed, letting the shop door close behind them. “Long time, no see.” He shook Archie Mathis’ hand, then turned to Seth. “Archie, this is Seth Ellis. Seth, this is Archie Mathis, owner of Seven Nations Tattoos.”

“Howdy,” Seth said with a grin. “Fine shop you have here.”

“Thank you, thank you.” Archie beamed, the man’s joy and pride contagious. “So, y’all... together?”

Smiling, Robbie glanced at Seth. “Very much so.”

Archie snorted. “Lord, boy, you’re smitten.” Robbie turned ten shades of red. “So what can I do for ya?”

“Well...” Seth grinned and took off his hat, raking his fingers through his hair. “I’ve decided to get my nipple pierced.”

Archie nodded and reached behind the counter for the consent forms. “Know which one yet?” He ripped off a sheet and handed it to Seth, along with a pen.

“No clue.” Leaning against the countertop to fill out the form, Seth looked over his shoulder briefly. “Robbie?”

Robbie blinked, tore his gaze from an ass so tight he swore he could bounce a quarter off of it. “Uhh... left?”

Seth winked and flashed him a grin, then turned back to the form. Once he was done, he set the pen down and Archie took the form, filing it into the file cabinet behind the counter.

“All right, let’s go!” Archie’s grin was wide as he clapped his hands, rubbing them together like a mad scientist.

As they followed him down the short hall to one of the rooms, Seth muttered, “I’m never gonna live this down.”

Clearing his throat, Robbie fought like hell to bite back the chuckle. “Nope.”

“Just have a seat and take off your shirt,” Archie said as he pulled the black curtain across the doorway.



Crossing his arms, Seth tugged his shirt over his head, then handed it to Robbie. Leaning back against the wall, Robbie draped the shirt over his arm and watched Archie puttering around, setting out the tools on a paper towel-lined tray. Archie reclined Seth's chair a little bit and pulled the tray over beside him.

"Okay, this is just alcohol."

Archie rubbed Seth's left nipple with an alcohol-soaked cotton ball. The little nub stood at attention, drawn tight. Robbie resisted the urge to lick his lips, which was a feat in and of itself when his cowboy's eyes rolled back slightly. He shivered and remained plastered against the wall, gaze riveted to that bit of flesh as Archie set the clamp on it. Seth's hands tightened on the arms of the chair with the tug of the clamp.

"Just breathe for me," Archie said. "One, two, three..."

"Fuck!" Seth's hips jerked the second the needle pierced his flesh. Robbie's knees nearly gave way then, the room spinning slightly. Seth panted and hissed through his teeth when Archie slid the ring through the hole.

"No playing with it for eight weeks," Archie instructed. He took away the clamp and set the bead in place, tightening the ring. "Clean it twice a day for the next three to four days, using fresh, clean water. No soap or shampoo or anything like that. Use a high-quality anti-bacterial soap and be sure to rotate the ring during cleaning and when rinsing."

"Looks..." Robbie shifted, tried to will away the terminal hard-on. "...damn fucking hot," he said quietly. Seth's gaze was nothing short of smoldering. Oh, man... he was so getting fucked.

"No Neosporin or the like," Archie continued. "After the first three or four days, you only need to clean it once a day as instructed." He stepped back and grinned. "All of this is on the After-Care Instructions sheet I'll give ya."

Seth looked down at his newly-skewered nipple, then up -- past Archie -- and right at Robbie. "Thanks, man."

Archie chuckled. "I'll be right back." He left the room, patting Robbie's shoulder and smirking.

Once they were alone, Robbie found himself flattened against the wall, Seth's tongue down his throat. He hadn't even registered the man moving, but damned if he could miss that hard-as-diamond cock pressing against his own through denim and cotton. Seth made sure to keep the left side of chest back a little, but those rough hands were working up under Robbie's shirt, making him forget he even had a name.

"Home," Robbie panted for a brief second when they came up for air. "Need you to fuck me."

"Yeah, fuck, yeah..." Seth kissed him again, hard and deep, then stepped back. "Goddamn." He put his shirt back on slowly and opened the curtain. "Home. Now."

Robbie nodded and left the room, Seth right behind him, gaze moving over him like a caress. After paying and thanking Archie, they hurried out to the truck. Robbie almost had his hand on the door handle when a hand wrapped tight in his hair, jerking his head back. Seth's mouth latched onto the side of his throat, hot and determined.

"Seth. Please. Fuck..." His eyes rolled back and when Seth bit down, Robbie's hips jerked, heat seeping into his jeans. He slumped back against his cowboy, shivering at the moan that slid over his skin. "Sweet fuck."

"Now... we can go home," Seth whispered. "I want you naked and spread out for me."

Swallowing hard, Robbie opened the truck door. "Any-fucking-thing."

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To say he was a fish out of water was an understatement. Hell, judging by the blank look on Robbie's face, Seth was pretty damned sure he wasn't alone. The sweet, young salesperson was patient, though, asking only the easy questions once she realized that here were two gay men who didn't know the first damned thing about shopping.

"Okay, any idea what the baby is yet?"

Robbie shook his head. "Not yet. So I guess we need gender-neutral type stuff."

The amused but patient Julie smiled and nodded. "We can work with that." She led them further into the baby section of JC Penney. "She have a baby registry account?" She stopped at a computer terminal of sorts and started speed-typing as Robbie spelled out the name. "Here she is! This makes things so much easier."

Seth moved up to stand behind Robbie, arms sliding around Robbie's waist as he peered over his lover's shoulder. Julie scrolled through the four pages of baby items that Kristy had picked out, only one or two of which had been bought. He knew Robbie's Mama didn't have the money to be shellin' out for this stuff, and it wasn't fair for her to do it anyhow, seeing as how she'd raised two boys herself.

"How much are the basics all together? The crib, the car seat, the mattress, and the sheets," Seth asked, chin resting lightly on Robbie's shoulder.

Julie checked off the items, then hit the total button. "Roughly four hundred and ten dollars."

"Ouch."

Seth chuckled softly, then patted Robbie's hip. "Didn't you see a diaper bag you thought she'd like?"

"Yeah."

"Good. Let's start with that. Can you go get it?"

Robbie turned his head, one eyebrow raised. "Okay..."

Soon as Robbie was out of ear- and eyeshot, Seth pulled his wallet out. "Pay for it now before he comes back." He grinned and handed Julie his Visa card. She laughed and rang up the basics, swiped his card, and had his signature all before Robbie returned, pink camo diaper bag in hand. Thankfully, the delivery instructions had already been changed to Robbie's Mama's house in the registry.

"It just screams Kristy," Robbie laughed.

"Cool. Okay, Julie, we'll take this." Seth was grateful Julie was the type who could keep from giggling at a secret. She rang up the diaper bag for them and handed Seth the receipt, conveniently slipping the previous one into his hand as well. "Thank you, ma'am." He tipped his hat and gave her a quick, discreet wink.

"Thank you," she said, beaming a smile.

"Come on, love," Seth said, draping an arm around Robbie's shoulders. "Let's get to your Mama's and check on things."

"You're hiding something."

How the hell he kept a... well, 'straight' face, Seth had no idea. "Hidin' somethin'?" He gave Robbie his best 'who, me?' look. Robbie just rolled his eyes.

"Fine, don't tell me," Robbie chuckled. "But see if I tell you what you're getting for Christmas from Mama."

"That's still a little over four months away."

They got to the truck and Robbie climbed in, sticking his tongue out. "Asshole."

Grinning, Seth closed the door and went around. As he got in and buckled, he said, "I can think of things to do with assholes and tongues..." He started the truck up. "...and they have nothin' to do with babies or Christmas."

Those blue eyes went dark, Robbie licking his lips. "Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah." Seth pulled out of the parking lot. "Oh, fuck yeah."

They both fell silent on the way home, and Seth could feel the tension, the need, radiating between them. His thoughts drifted back to that one time when they'd caved in, Robbie's mouth dropping down over his cock as he drove to the tractor dealership. The memory made him groan out loud and when he glanced at Robbie, he found himself the sole focus of a gaze hotter than Hell.

"Robbie..."

The button popped on Robbie's jeans.

"Babe..."

"Take the back way."

Seth just nodded, saying a silent prayer that he wouldn't put them in the ditch. He heard Robbie shift, heard the sound of skin sliding on skin, and risked another look. Oh, fuck him. He looked back to the road, cock jerking and pushing against his jeans, and groaned when he heard Robbie's breath catch.

"Fuck..." The word was whispered, Robbie sounding needy as all fuck. "Seth..."

Shifting on the bench seat, Seth gritted his teeth, hands tightening on the steering wheel. "God, Robbie..."

"Wanna feel you," Robbie said, voice deep, rough, laced with want. "Want your cock deep inside me, Seth." He moaned softly. "Please..."

That was it. Seth started looking for a good place to pull over, somewhere off the road, out of sight. He needed Robbie in the worst way and couldn't wait any longer. Finding a heavily-wooded road, he took it, going only God-knew-where and not caring in the least. Satisfied they wouldn't be seen, he stopped the truck and set the emergency brake. Robbie wasted no time in stripping off his jeans, then Seth had his lap and hands full of hot, horny male.

"Fuck me," Robbie panted. "Please, Seth, fuck me hard. Here. Now."

Seth managed to scoot over to the passenger's side. "Lube. Glove compartment." As Robbie twisted slightly, Seth latched onto the nearest bit of flesh: Robbie's right nipple.

"Seth!" Robbie jerked, snapped the glove compartment shut. "Now, goddamn it."

Without relinquishing the nipple in his mouth, Seth held up his right hand. Once his fingers were slick, Robbie guided them down and back, body going tight as Seth pushed both fingers deep inside that sweet, hot ass. He worked them in and out, cock throbbing, Robbie working his jeans open. Soon as he was freed, he pulled his fingers out and lined up, hands tight on Robbie's hips as he slid on home.

"Oh, fuck. Robbie..." Seth's head fell back, a deep shudder rolling through him as Robbie's mouth moved over his throat, breath warming him.

"Come on, baby," Robbie whispered, hips rolling. "Fuck me."

Raising his head, Seth gripped Robbie's hip in one hand and cupped the back of Robbie's head with the other. Diving into a deep, hungry kiss, he started thrusting hard, cock piercing Robbie's body over and over. Robbie fed him moans and gasps, riding and bouncing on his prick, pushing them both closer to the edge.

“Don’t stop, don’t stop,” Robbie chanted. “Oh. Fuck. Seth!”

Seth gasped, Robbie’s ass clamping around him hard enough to take his breath away. Heat shot between them, soaking their shirts, and then he was following, growling as he filled Robbie with his load. Fighting to catch his breath, he held on tight and smiled when Robbie let out a contented sound.

“Better?”

Robbie nuzzled his neck. “Much better, babe. Love you.”

Seth chuckled and kissed the disheveled brown hair spilling over both of them. “Love you, too.” He held on, eyes closed, loving the way Robbie felt against him, around him. Only when he went soft and slipped out did he even think about moving.

“Need to be gettin’ to your Mama’s, baby.”

Groaning, Robbie nodded. “Guess that requires movement, huh?”

“’Fraid so.”

Robbie grumbled, but rose up just enough for Seth to scoot over. Using a rag from the ‘emergency’ box behind the bench seat, they both cleaned up. Once they were tucked in and buckled, Seth stole a quick kiss and got them back on the road toward Athens.

What had started out as a nice day ended up dark and stormy by the time they reached Mama’s. The front door opened just as they pulled up to the house, Mama shaking her head and laughing at them. Robbie was out first, JC Penney bag in his hand, and ran to the door. Seth just barely made it to the porch before the sky opened up and dumped a year’s worth of rain in less than a few minutes.

“Lord, Lord,” Mama chuckled, eyeing the bag as she held the door open for them. “What did you two get?”

Seth took off his hat and stood to the side while Robbie hugged Mama. “Oh, just a little something for Kristy, ma’am.”

Mama glared at him playfully and gave his arm a rather weighty smack, then pulled him into a tight hug. “You call me ‘ma’am’ again, and I’ll beat you to death, Seth Ellis. Call me ‘Mama.’”

Robbie snorted and ducked out of the way before Seth could swat him. “Yes, Ma’a--Mama.”

“That’s a good boy.” She stepped back and grinned. “C’mon, Kristy’s in her bedroom, putting together a baby book.”

“Robbie!”

Seth rounded the doorway with Mama just in time to see Kristy throwing her arms around Robbie’s

neck as he leaned over the bed. Robbie laughed and somehow managed to sit down on the bed beside her before gingerly pulling her into a hug.

“Hi there, sweetie.”

Kristy finally released him and flopped back down onto the bed. The bandage on her head was gone, though her eye was still slightly swollen. The bruise had turned to dark yellow and there were a few stitches here and there on her face. Still, for a woman who’d been beaten, Kristy looked none the worse for wear. For that matter, she looked... stronger.

“Seth!” She reached out and Seth bent, giving her a gentle hug. “Oh, I didn’t know you were coming, too. So, y’all finally out?”

Glancing at Robbie, Seth just laughed. “More or less. How ya doin’, kiddo?”

“Oh,” Kristy said with a shrug, “not bad. Tired of being in the damn bed.”

Mama cleared her throat and Kristy blushed, ducking her head. “I’m gonna leave y’all to chat. Robbie, Seth: you thirsty?”

“Coke if you got it, Mama,” Robbie answered. “Babe?”

“Same. I’ll help you.” Seth patted Kristy’s leg and stood to follow Mama into the kitchen. Soon as they were out of earshot of the bedroom, Mama turned to him and surprised Seth by giving him a tight, tight hug.

“Oh, thank you, Seth,” she whispered. “I know it was you who bought the stuff. They just called to confirm delivery.”

Seth smiled and closed his eyes, holding her tight. “You’re more than welcome.”

Mama pulled back and smiled up at him, teary-eyed and sniffing a little. “You’re a beautiful man, Seth Ellis. My baby did good.” She reached up and patted Seth’s cheek. “C’mon, let’s get those drinks.”

Two glasses of ice-cold Coke in hand, Seth went back into Kristy’s bedroom. Robbie was lying on the queen-sized bed beside her, both of them looking through the in-progress baby book. The JC Penney bag sat on the floor on Robbie’s side of the bed. Seth set their drinks on the bedside table and pulled up the little rocking chair.

“Hey, baby.” Robbie looked up and grinned. “You oughta see this thing,” he said, pointing to the book. “She’s goin’ all out.”

“Yeah?” Seth leaned over Robbie, swallowing the moan when Robbie’s fingers caressed the back of his neck. “Oh, nice,” he said when Kristy twisted the book to show him.

“Thanks. Mama’s been helpin’ me put it together. Wanna show ya both somethin’.” She flipped through to the beginning, stopping at the family tree page. Starting at the top, she read out each

name, beginning with the blank space for the baby's, and when she got to the father's family side, her finger rested on the 'aunt' and 'uncle' spaces. 'Aunt' had been whited out; 'uncle' written in its place.

"Damn."

Seth just nodded, silently echoing Robbie. Those fingers pressed just a little harder, turning into somewhat of a one-handed embrace.

"Thought y'all might like that," Kristy said quietly. "This is baby's gonna grow up to know there's no difference between a 'man and woman' and a 'man and man' couple. Or 'woman and woman'."

"Love you, sweetie," Robbie said, kissing Kristy's forehead. "This baby will drown in love, too."

Seth looked up at them both and smiled. "Sure is. Being a part of this family would bless anyone."

\* \*\*

"Guess you know all about Russ?"

As he closed the refrigerator door, Seth nodded. He handed one of the beers to Jeremy and motioned toward the living room. "Yeah. First introductions were interesting, guess you could say."

They went the living room, settling on opposite ends of the couch, somewhat facing each other. Seth glanced up at the clock on top of the entertainment center. Robbie wasn't due from Mama's for another half hour. Two days ago, Kristy had been itching to get out of bed when they'd visited. Robbie went today to help her along a little while Mama ran a few errands.

"Russ was always trouble."

"Just hard to believe that he came from such good people," Seth mused.

"You mean Robbie didn't tell you?"

Seth looked up, blinked. "Tell me what?"

For a moment, Jeremy looked like a deer caught in headlights. "Umm... that Susan and Gerald Sexton adopted Russ at the age of two months. Robbie was ten."

Beer forgotten, Seth just shook his head. "No, he didn't tell me that. Guess that explains the lack of love there."

"Pretty much," Jeremy said, taking a sip of his own beer. "So what about you? I've not had much of a chance to get details from Robbie."

"Me?"

“Yeah. Where are you from? Brothers? Sisters? That sort of thing.”

“Oh.” Seth stared at his bottle and began picking at the label. “Well, I’m thirty-four, born and raised in Taylor, Texas. Only child; mom died six years ago. I left Texas shortly after.”

“What about your dad?” Jeremy asked. Then he quickly added, “I’m sorry. It’s none of my business.”

“No, no. It’s okay.” Seth gave him a slight smile. “Dad didn’t take too kindly to having, as he put it, ‘a faggot in the family.’”

Silence reigned for a moment, then Jeremy said, “I’m sorry. Really.”

Seth shrugged and took a drink. “No love lost. We never got along.”

They fell into a companionable silence until Jeremy announced he was heading to bed about fifteen minutes later. With a pat on Seth’s shoulder, Jeremy left the living room. Seth sat staring at the blank TV screen for another fifteen minutes, gaze occasionally wandering to the cordless phone on the coffee table. Another ten minutes were spent debating and he finally pulled a crumpled piece of paper from his wallet. Taking a deep breath, he dialed the number.

“Hello?”

“Hi, Dad.”

The line went dead.

*No love lost, Seth.*

“Seth?”

“In the living room.”

“Hey, babe. Sorry I’m...” Robbie stepped around the couch and crouched down in front of him.

“Seth? What’s wrong?”

Seth shook his head and let it fall back against the couch. “Nothin’, babe. Just... tired.” He looked down at Robbie, who was looking at the phone still in Seth’s hand. “Yeah, I tried. Pointless, but I tried.”

“Damn.” Robbie took the phone, set it on the table, and got on the couch beside Seth, sitting sideways and facing him. “Wanna talk about it?”

“Not really. Nothing to tell. I said hi; he hung up.”

“It’s amazing how family can cut so deep.”

Seth rolled his head to the side. “Why didn’t you tell me about Russ?”



Sighing, Robbie stared down at the cushions, finding them utterly fascinating all of a sudden. "Guess I didn't want to think about it," he said quietly. "Mama and Dad adopted him when I was ten. He was only about two months old. They couldn't have anymore kids because Mama had trouble after I was born and ended up having a hysterectomy. I tried, I really did."

"Was he always like he is now?"

Robbie shook his head and scooted close, just cuddling. "No. He didn't get bad 'til he hit puberty. Hormones went fucking crazy then. They tried putting him on medication for teenage depression, but he never took it."

"Did they ever find out if it was caused by anything? Or was it just a random chemical imbalance thing?"

"We thought it was a random thing, just a teenage boy's hormones way out of whack. Things really got bad when he was sixteen. That's when they told him he was adopted. He was pissed off at Dad from then on out."

Seth wrapped his arm around Robbie and kissed his hair. "What about your Mama?"

"I think Russ was... is... simply ambivalent toward her. It's me he hates, though. We never got along, always felt like a constant competition in everything we did."

"How did he find out you were gay?"

Robbie groaned and burrowed closer, arm sliding around Seth's waist. "He saw me kissing Jeremy."

"Oh. Yeah, I guess that was a shocker."

"You ain't kiddin'. It was the first physical fight Russ and I got into. Thank God Mama wasn't at home. Not sure what the hell kept him from telling her."

Seth growled, remembering the fight he'd broken up when Robbie's Dad died. "Well, sure don't matter anymore."

"Nope. Oh, speaking of Mama..." Robbie sat up and twisted around to look at him. "She needs us to help move some stuff tomorrow. Someone bought Kristy some baby furniture."

"Damn. Cool." Seth was proud of himself; his mouth didn't even twitch. "What time?"

"The guy from JC Penney told her they'd deliver it around noon."

He nodded and fought the urge to grin. "That works. Does Mack know?"

"Yep. So we have the rest of the night and all day tomorrow and tomorrow night off." Robbie grinned slowly.

“Whatever will we do to pass the time?”

“Oh...” A finger traced just around Seth’s left nipple and he shifted slightly, the sensations sharp thanks to the piercing. Robbie leaned in and licked just below his ear. “I’m sure we could think of something.”

“Upstairs,” Seth rumbled. “Now.”

Robbie slid off the couch and started for the doorway. “Coming?”

Seth watched that sweet ass walk away. “I will be,” he said as he got up.

“Mmm, promise?” Robbie went up the steps, ass moving in those tight jeans.

Licking his lips, Seth just nodded. “Uh-huh. Want to taste, Robbie.”

He followed Robbie into their bedroom and closed the door, locking it. Robbie went to the bed and pulled his shirt off. Seth leaned back against the door, thumbs hooked in the waistband of his jeans.

“You’re not undressing,” Robbie said as he popped the button on his jeans.

“Watching.” And watch Seth did, gaze riveted as that beautiful body was slowly revealed to him. “Fuck, you’re hot.”

Robbie kicked off his boots and jeans, and then started toward him. “Want you.”

Seth nodded, drinking in the sight. “Got me.”

“Inside me.”

“In every way possible.”

Soon as Robbie was within reach, Seth reached out and caught a wrist, jerking Robbie up against him. Robbie groaned, pushing closer.

“Want to feel you everywhere, Seth.”

Seth bent and bit down on the nape of Robbie’s neck, shivering as his lover cried out. Pulling away, he said, “Shower. Want to get slick and taste.”

“Fuck yes.”

Robbie stepped back and went into the bathroom to start the water while Seth undressed. Once it was going, they both stepped in, Seth crowding Robbie up against the wall. The water was just on the hot side, spraying down over them as he moved Robbie’s hair to the side, kissing a path over the slick skin. Robbie’s fingers curled to his hip, holding Seth against that ass.

“Seth...” Robbie groaned and turned his head, meeting Seth in a kiss.

Seth slipped a hand between them and lifted Robbie’s leg. With Robbie’s foot propped on the little ledge, Seth had just enough access to play. Plundering Robbie’s mouth with his tongue, he swallowed the moan as he slid a finger into that tight hole.

Robbie shuddered and bore down, driving Seth’s finger deeper. The fingers on Seth’s hip tightened, digging into his skin. He broke the kiss and slowly moved down Robbie’s spine, finger still buried inside. As he neared Robbie’s ass, he started nipping the skin, loving the gasps, the way Robbie’s hole clamped down on his finger.

“Fuck... Seth...” Robbie shifted and rose up a little on his foot, pushing his ass out and down. “More.”

“Uh-huh...” Seth settled on his knees and finally pulled his finger out. Gripping Robbie’s asscheeks, he spread them apart, mouth watering. “Hell, yes.”

He leaned in and flicked his tongue over Robbie’s hole, growling when a moan met his ears. This wasn’t the best position to do what he wanted, but he made do, tilting Robbie’s hips at just the right angle. Then he dove in, pushing his tongue as deep inside Robbie’s ass as he could.

“Seth! Oh, fuck...” Robbie gasped and groaned, thighs shaking. “Don’t stop. Oh, fuck, don’t stop.”

Seth had absolutely no intention of stopping. He held Robbie wide open, feasting, drowning in the taste of his lover’s body. He could smell Robbie’s arousal -- musky and sharp. He opened Robbie even more then, groaning as he plunged his tongue in and out. Robbie was shaking in his hands, words completely degenerating into moans and grunts, hips moving, pushing back. Seth was hard as a rock, cock aching and balls tight. He reached around with one hand and wrapped his fingers around Robbie’s prick. Robbie’s hips jerked suddenly.

Seth’s name started raining down over him, mixing with the water and the steam. He twisted them both slightly, never letting go of Robbie’s prick, until Robbie was bent over, hands braced on the back of the tub. The position afforded him more leverage and Seth took full advantage, sucking on the puckered hole before thrusting his tongue back inside. Robbie’s hand joined his, both of them stroking.

“Seth... shit... gonna come...” Robbie panted. “Oh... fuck!”

Seth groaned as Robbie’s ass clenched around his tongue and heat spilled over their fingers. He didn’t give Robbie a chance to catch his breath, just stood quickly and thrust his cock into that hot ass, free hand grabbing Robbie’s hip.

“Yes!” Robbie’s other hand went to the tub rim and he rocked back, meeting Seth’s thrusts. “Come on, babe. Fuck me.”

Seth didn’t last much longer, giving Robbie’s ass several hard thrusts. Burying himself deep inside, he grunted, filling that gorgeous body. Breathless and boneless, he leaned down, resting his forehead on Robbie’s back.

“Damn.” Robbie panted and reached back to pat Seth’s hip. “Bed, babe. Need to get horizontal.”

Laughing, Seth slipped out. “Good idea. This position only works for so long.”

Once they were rinsed, they got out and dried. Seth crawled into bed and waited, holding the covers up for Robbie to slide in with him. Gathering Robbie close, he leaned down for a kiss.

“Love you,” he whispered.

“Love you, too, baby.” Robbie snuggled against him, smiling contentedly. “Rest... then more playing.”

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“Mama, the truck’s here,” Robbie called out. He propped the screen door open and headed out to meet the two men who’d come to deliver the baby stuff. Before he could say a word, however, a single question from one of the men stopped him cold.

“Mr. Ellis?”

Robbie blinked. “Huh?”

The guy looked at the clipboard in his hand. “Yeah, Mr... Seth Ellis,” the guy said. “Just need him -- or whoever -- to sign.”

Nodding, Robbie took the pen and clipboard. There -- in barely legible chicken scratch -- was his cowboy’s name. It wasn’t Seth’s handwriting, but it sure as hell was his name, and below it, Seth’s cell phone number.

“I don’t know what to do first: kick his ass, or kiss him,” Robbie muttered as he signed Seth’s name. He handed the clipboard back to the delivery guy, not missing the odd look he got, but not giving a damn either.

“Thanks,” the guy said. “We’ll just... uh... get this stuff inside for ya.”

Robbie hung back while the guys unloaded the stuff. When he realized what all they’d brought, his mind flashed back to that day in JC Penney. Seth had asked the saleslady how much the basics were, then sent Robbie for a damned diaper bag.

“Seth Ellis!”

Turning on his heel, Robbie went back inside, heading right for Kristy’s room where Seth was busy rearranging things to make room. Robbie waited until Seth was done, then grabbed one broad shoulder and spun his lover around, giving Seth’s other arm a good whack.

“You are the sneakiest, most...” Seth’s unabashed grin undid Robbie before he could really get going. “...wonderful man I’ve ever fucking known.” Then he proceeded to kiss his lover dizzy,

swallowing Seth's laughter in the process.

Seth's arms went around him, holding Robbie close. "You're welcome," his cowboy chuckled.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because it was more fun to surprise y'all." Seth leaned in for another kiss, this one softer.

"Besides, every time I felt like I couldn't hold it back anymore, you'd make me forget."

"Mmm... really?"

Seth nodded, tongue sliding across Robbie's lips. "Oh, yeah."

"Lord, y'all are hopeless."

Robbie nearly jumped out of his skin, which only made Seth and Kristy burst into fits of laughter. "Oh, yes... fun at my expense," he grumbled, seconds before his own grin broke through. He held out a hand to Kristy. "How ya feeling?"

She took it and let Robbie pull her into a hug. "I'm good. Still stiff and the headaches are a bitch, but at least my face doesn't look like I got into a paint fight. God, those bruises were fucking awful."

"Shh," Seth whispered, "don't want Mama to hear you talkin' like that in her house."

Kristy rolled her eyes dramatically. "Oh, believe me... I've slipped up enough for the three of us combined, and I've only been here for less than a week."

"Yeah..." Robbie twisted until his back was to Seth, those strong arms closing around him again. "I love her to death, but she's not easy to live with sometimes."

"Ugh... tell me about it. I mean, I'm beyond grateful, cause she sure doesn't have to do this, but... yeah..."

Robbie nodded. "Believe me, I know."

Mama's voice filled the hallway and a few minutes later, as the delivery men carried in the big box that was obviously the crib. Mama carried in a shopping bag behind them and set it on Kristy's bed.

"You want us to put it together?" one of the guys asked.

"No, no, hun... just bring it all in. My son and son-in-law will do the rest." Mama flashed Robbie, who just kinda stood there with his mouth hanging open, a grin, and left the room.

"Son-in-law?" Leave it to Kristy to beat him to asking.

Robbie shook his head. "Lord... you'd think we were getting married or something."

Seth kissed the curve of Robbie's ear and whispered, "Nah, babe. She's a Mama: hopeful and determined."

"Uh-huh..." Kristy patted her growing belly. "And I've already got the grandkid thing covered. Guess you boys oughta start the wedding planning." She squealed and left the room before Robbie could go after her.

"What in Heaven's name has gotten into everyone?" he laughed.

"Like I said: hopeful." Seth nipped his ear, nodding slightly when the delivery guys brought in the mattress and the car seat box. "Thanks, guys. We'll take it from here."

Both men waved and seemed to make a quick beeline down the hall. Robbie snorted and shook his head.

"Heaven forbid they should see two men together."

"The South isn't known for its progressiveness," Seth said. "C'mon. You hungry?"

"Yeah. I'm craving the hell out of a good, thick steak."

Seth turned Robbie around and grinned. "That all you're craving that's thick?"

"Oh, fuck no." Taking a quick peek at the door, Robbie slipped a hand between them and cupped Seth through his jeans. "If I wasn't actually hungry for food, I'd be begging for something else entirely."

"Mmm..." Seth hummed, hips pushing forward, pressing harder against Robbie's fingers. "Let's go eat, and then we'll see what we can do about your other cravings."

"Yeah, before we manage to come up with worse lines." Robbie laughed. "C'mon, babe."

They met Mama and Kristy in the living room. The delivery truck was just pulling out of the driveway.

"Y'all hungry?" Seth asked as he picked up his hat off the coffee table. "We were thinkin' about steak."

"Oh... steak..." Kristy groaned and nudged Mama with her elbow. "You up for it, Mama?"

Mama slid her purse strap over her shoulder. "I'm always game for a nice steak. There's a new Lonestar opened up off 72."

"Then let's go!" Robbie kissed Mama's cheek, whispering, "our treat, Mama."

"You sure, baby?"

"Absolutely." He patted her shoulder and joined Seth at the front door. "We'll meet you there."

Whoever gets there first, gets the table.”

Robbie followed Seth out to the truck and a few minutes later, Mama and Kristy walked out of the house.

“You still thinkin’ about finding a place for all of us?” Seth asked, backing out of the driveway.

“Yeah.” Robbie glanced over at him. “You cool with it?”

Seth smiled and put the truck in first gear, then started down the road. “You know it. Besides, who’s gonna warm my bed if you’re gone?”

Robbie reached across the bench seat and traced a line up Seth’s thigh with his fingertip. “No one’s warming your bed but me, Cowboy.”

The look that Seth shot him was hot as Hell. “You got that right.”

By the time they pulled into the Lonestar Steakhouse parking lot, Robbie’s prick was arguing with his stomach. He was hard as a rock, with a growling stomach to boot. He grumbled about damned sexy Texans under his breath and unbuckled, but before he could open the door, one big hand grabbed his arm and hauled him across the seat. It took all he had not to crawl into Seth’s lap right then and there as his cowboy’s tongue pushed into his mouth, the kiss hard and promising much more to come later. When Seth finally let him up for air, Robbie was practically dizzy.

“Fuck.”

“Yep.” Seth unbuckled and adjusted his prick in his jeans. “We get done here, and that’s the idea.”

Robbie groaned and shifted his cock slightly so the zipper wasn’t pressing into it. “Okay. Food. Fucking. Now.”

They were still laughing when they opened the restaurant door, Seth holding it for a group of young women who all but tripped over themselves staring at him and giggling. Robbie made a point to get himself a handful of genuine Texan ass, in plain sight... just in case it wasn’t clear who this particular Texan was going home with tonight.

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Mama sighed, though she tried to hide it. “Baby... I don’t see why you should have to do this.”

Robbie switched the phone to his other ear and took the offered plate from Seth. “I know I don’t have to do it, Mama, but I want to.” He gave his cowboy a smile, mouthing ‘thank you’ as Seth sat down across the table from him.

“Robbie...” Mama paused and sighed again. “Are you sure?”

Spearing one of the roasted red potatoes, Robbie blew on it to cool it off. “Yes, I’m sure. We both are.” He popped the potato in his mouth and hummed appreciatively. If anything, he sure as hell

wouldn't starve with Seth's cooking. Seth's barbeque and red potatoes beat the steak they'd had at Lonestar the night before.

"All right," Mama conceded. "Want me to tell her now? Or wait 'til you've got a place?"

"Up to you. We found some promising places in the paper."

"Okay, baby. I'll let her know. Love you, Robbie. And Seth."

Robbie smiled, glancing up to meet his cowboy's eyes. "We love you, too."

"She argue too much?" Seth asked as Robbie turned off the phone.

"Nah. Just bein' Mama. She's cool." Robbie leaned over the table and gave the cook a kiss. "Dinner's good, babe."

Seth shrugged and tried to hide a grin. "Thanks. Bein' on ranches, you eventually learn to cook relatively well."

Robbie nodded and started on his spare ribs. They were basted in tangy barbeque sauce, thick enough to warrant a wet towel instead of napkins. It was how you knew ribs were good: when they stuck to everything. He was sucking one finger after another, moaning at the unbelievable sauce, when he looked up to meet Seth's gaze. Those green eyes were riveted on him, rather... on his mouth.

"Don't suppose you want dessert," Robbie teased, sliding a bare foot up Seth's calf.

"Not down here."

Oh, that look was fucking hot.

Seth stood, gathered their empty plates, and set them in the sink. Judging from the heat in that stare when he returned to the table, Robbie figured the dishes would wait. Seth reached down and all but hauled him up and into a kiss that shot fire up Robbie's spine. Breathless, Robbie stepped back and grabbed his cowboy's hand, dragging Seth out of the kitchen and up the stairs to their room.

The second the door was closed and locked, it was no-holds-barred. Robbie spun and pushed Seth back against the door, mouth crashing down for another hard kiss as he worked Seth's jeans open.

"Fucking want this," he breathed into Seth's mouth, inching his way beneath denim and cotton to get to skin. His fingertips skated over the tip of Seth's cock, spreading the pre-come over the crown.

Seth groaned and his head fell back with a thud, fingers threading through Robbie's hair and tugging out the ponytail. "All yours."

Fuck yes, all his. Robbie dropped to his knees and pulled that beautiful cock out. The head glistened with the clear drops and he licked them away, moaning as the taste of Seth exploded on



his tongue. Then he took Seth in slowly, inch by inch, until his nose was buried in curls. Seth's fingers tightened in his hair, his Texan fighting the urge to move. Robbie swallowed around the hard flesh in his mouth and worked Seth's jeans the rest of the way down. Grabbing Seth's hips, he let his cowboy know to move, to take what was needed.

"Oh, fuck..." The words were groaned as Seth began moving, hips pumping slow and easy, that thick cock fucking Robbie's mouth. "Robbie."

"Mmm," Robbie hummed. Seth's prick jerked on his tongue, flexing. Robbie ran his hands over Seth's tight ass, down to the creases where buttocks met thighs, then to the inside. His fingers skimmed across the tight hole there, pushing a little. Those muscled thighs spread for him and Robbie drew back, sucked his finger to wet it, before sliding it inside.

"Robbie!"

Seth jerked, thrust back into his mouth, and heat shot down Robbie's throat, thick and salty-sweet. He swallowed every drop, and then licked Seth clean before sitting back on his heels, palm pressing against his jeans. Once Seth had his breath back, he stepped out of his jeans and kicked them to the side.

"Please... I need."

"What are you needin', babe?" Seth asked, big hands sliding under Robbie's arms to pull him to his feet. "Want me to suck you? Want to fuck me?"

Robbie didn't know what the fuck he wanted; he just knew he needed. "Anything."

Seth swatted his hand away and within seconds, Robbie's jeans joined Seth's on the floor. Then Seth started working him backward, toward the bed, tugging Robbie's shirt off as they went. Robbie barely had time to get Seth's t-shirt off as well before he was shoved back, that fine Texas body following. Legs spreading automatically, Robbie's body made up his mind for him.

"Fuck me?"

Without a word, Seth reached for the bedside table and the lube sitting there. A squirt of gel and then those big fingers were pushing inside, taking Robbie's breath away. He opened his legs as much as possible, bracketing Seth between them, hips rocking.

"Seth, please!"

Seth withdrew his fingers and wasted no time in sinking his cock in to replace them. Robbie shouted, hands scrabbling to grab Seth's shoulders. "Love you," Seth whispered.

Beyond words, Robbie could only nod, body going out of control as heat built up quickly along his spine. "Now," he gasped, eyes rolling. "Fuck me."

His hands were caught, pinned to the pillow above his head, and then Seth gave him exactly what he'd asked for. Their sounds were muffled by a hard kiss, Seth's hips slamming into him, over and

over, that thick cock pushing past his gland with every thrust. Sparks shot behind Robbie's eyes and he jerked and bucked, heat spraying between them. Seth was right behind him, one, two quick, deep thrusts and then filling him.

It took several more minutes before the world returned to normal. Robbie groaned as Seth pulled out slowly, and then he turned and curled up against his cowboy, hands petting the firm belly.

"So you think you can live with this?" Seth chuckled.

"You fucking kidding me?" Robbie kissed the smooth skin just to the right of Seth's right nipple. "We'll be lucky to see anything but the bedroom."

Seth's arms went around him, holding Robbie close. "Mmm... sounds like a plan."

Robbie nodded, eyes closing slowly. Sounded like a damned fine plan to him, too.

Hearth and Home: Well Laid Plans

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