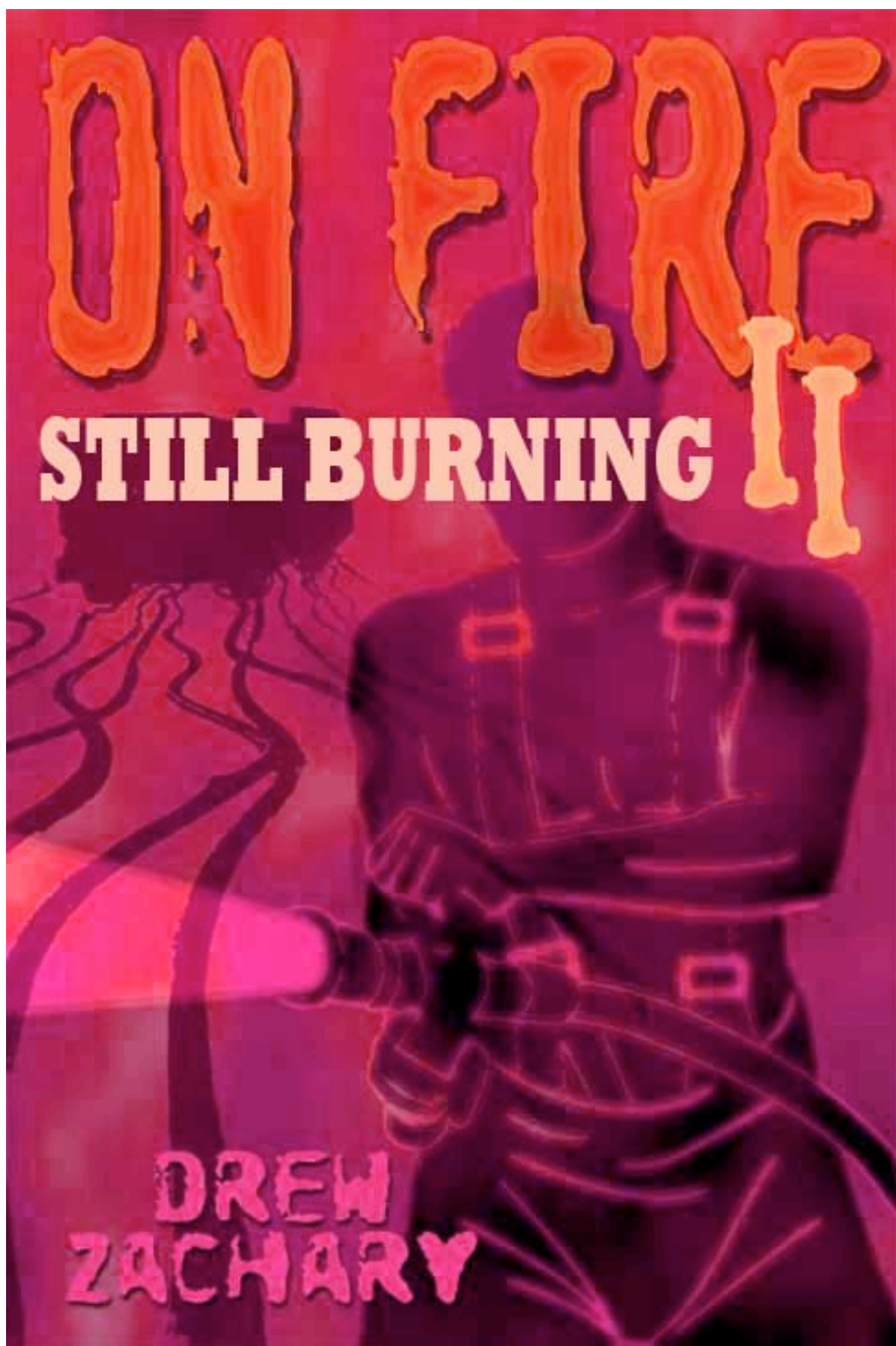


ON FIRE

STILL BURNING

II

DREW
ZACHARY



This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and beyond the intent of either the author or the publisher.

On Fire 2: Still Burning

TOP SHELF

An imprint of Torquere Press Publishers

PO Box 2545

Round Rock, TX 78680

Copyright 2007 © by Drew Zachary

Cover illustration by Brent Brown

Published with permission

ISBN: 978-1-60370-031-3, 1-60370-031-5

www.torquerepress.com

All rights reserved, which includes the right to reproduce this book or portions thereof in any form whatsoever except as provided by the U.S. Copyright Law. For information address Torquere Press, Inc., PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78680.

First Torquere Press Printing: May 2007

Printed in the USA

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware the this book is stolen property. It was reported as "unsold and destroyed" to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this "stripped book".

Chapter One

Robert loved his job.

He loved being a fireman, and more than that, he loved being the chief of the volunteer brigade at Port Wilson, a little town in northern British Columbia. Okay, there could be more fires to fight, though for the greater good it was a good thing that there wasn't, but other than that it was great. He didn't even really mind the paperwork.

And he got to teach classes and lead drills and he didn't have to share a dorm room with a bunch of other guys.

He and Sam lived in the house next to the fire station, and while he was on call pretty much 24/7, he really only worked from eight until three, coincidentally the hours that Sam was off teaching at the school.

Life was good.

Of course, at the end of a Saturday of drills he was singing a different tune entirely. He was hot and sweaty, filthy with soot, hungry, headachy and just plain growly.

"See you on Tuesday, Chief," Bill Anders called out, and Robert frowned.

"Tuesday?"

"Town Council meeting at four?"

"Oh, right. Yeah, see you then." He nodded and managed a smile or two as the last of his volunteers headed off. He had to check to make sure they'd put the equipment back properly, and poke the fire pit to make sure there wasn't even a hint of a spark left before he could finally strip off his gear. He hung it up on its hooks in the fire station, his clothing absolutely soaked with sweat. Man, they'd really worked it out there. Or maybe he was just starting to feel his age.

He had a birthday creeping up on him. The big four-oh.

Rolling his head on his neck, Robert locked up the fire station and walked over to the house, intent on a beer, a shower and collapsing. And if he was really lucky, maybe Sam had supper going and he could steal a bite or two.

He'd barely cleared the door, stepping into their bright little kitchen, when a lithe body grabbed at him, pushing him into the wall and almost climbing up his legs. "I was watching," Sam said, just before he started licking at Robert's neck. "Jesus, I thought you'd never get here."

Robert's chuckle was a little breathless, his arms going around Sam automatically. God, Sam was easy. And so, apparently, was he: as tired as he was, his cock perked right up. No surprise really, not with his arms full of Sam; short, slender, the blond hair tipped with pink just now, blue eyes hot and happy, his lover never failed to turn him on and make him feel good.

"You smell like smoke and sweat," Sam panted at him. Hands landed on Robert's shoulders, Sam actually trying for real to climb him. "God, come *on*. Want. Want now."

"Can we take this to the couch?" Robert asked, fingers wrapping around Sam's ass and squeezing. God knew, he was willing to forgo food, drink and showering for this, but he was pretty sure he needed to do it horizontally.

"Yeah, yeah, sure. Anything you want. Let's go." Sam wiggled, finally just hopping up and wrapping his legs around Robert's hips. "It's over there. Kiss me."

Groaning, Robert did, losing himself in the kiss, in the taste of Sam's mouth. Five minutes ago he would have said he was too tired to haul his lover around the house, but he pulled away from the wall and carried Sammy over to the couch and collapsed onto it, all without breaking the kiss.

Sam's groan was lost into the kiss, but Robert got the point. Well, the point was actually rubbing on him, Sam rocking like mad and making all kinds of noises. "Fast first," Sam said, like that was shock. Even with a few more years on his body, Sam still went off like a shot the first time. "Oh. God, gonna ruin my pants."

They had to do laundry anyway, so Robert didn't even try to get Sammy's pants undone. Instead, he encouraged the rubbing, hands still glued to Sam's ass. He latched onto the skin where Sam's shoulder met his neck, sucking hard, trying to help that first one along.

"Shit!" Sam went wild, his hands scrabbling and his hips jerking. "Yeah, yeah, there!" He rubbed faster and then froze, his cock pulsing against Robert's hip.

"Mmm..." Robert eased back the suction of his mouth, tongue sliding over skin gone hot. That was going to leave a mark. Then he pulled back and laid his head on the back of the couch, grinning. "I've still got it."

"You so do," Sam said, grinning at him. "Damn, you're hot. Wanna fuck me?"

Robert nodded and pushed up into Sam, letting his lover feel how hard he'd gotten from having a lapful of squirming Sam. "I do."

"You're my hero." Sam beamed at him and scrambled up, peeling off his clothes. "Ew, sticky."

"And I'm sooty -- we're a match." He started in on the buttons of his uniform, eyes on Sam as every lovely inch of skin was revealed. Sam was something else, lean, pretty, blond hair cut funny, but not sporting any color; Sam saved that for the summer, now, when he wasn't teaching.

And those blue eyes. God, he loved the way Sam looked at him.

"I like you sooty. Damn, do you have any idea what it does to me, watching you fight fire? Ordering those guys around?" Sam swiped at himself with his T-shirt, his cock not even going halfway down before firming up again.

"I have a bit of an idea, I think." Robert grinned, shrugging out of his shirt, his muscles protesting -- he'd carried that dummy up and down those stairs too damned many times, trying to get the guys to understand the proper technique. He was going to have to work out a little harder now that he was older.

"Okay, take that thought and double it." Sam waved an impatient hand at him. "Pants off. Now, now, now." Diving low, Sam grabbed the lube from under the couch and wiggled it at him.

Laughing, Robert shucked his pants off, his cock standing at full attention, drooling a little at the tip. "Come and get it."

Sam stared and absently fondled himself. "You know, I was just going to kind of... oh boy." He fell to his knees, chin and nose nuzzling at Robert's balls. "Mine," he said softly, just before he started licking.

Moaning from the first touch of Sam's hot little tongue, Robert let his head fall back and spread his legs wider, giving himself up and over to Sam.

"Yeah, that's it," Sam babbled, licking him all over. Root to tip, Sam licked and kissed and nibbled his way over Robert's cock. "Big and mine and tastes so good."

"Yeah, I know. Just like that." It felt so good he was babbling himself, not really paying attention to what was coming out of his own mouth. He was far more interested in what Sammy's mouth was up to.

Sam moaned and sucked on just the head of his cock for a moment, his tongue sliding and slipping, pressing and dragging. Then hands pushed Robert's thighs even farther apart and Sam went low, bathing his balls.

"Oh, fuck..." Robert knew what was coming, his whole body going tight, his hands finding Sam's head, fingers threading through the short hair.

"Yeah, that." Sam spoke against his skin, his voice vibrating and picking everything up a notch. "Gimme." Then his tongue teased around Robert's hole, delicate little licks that were like shocks.

Robert whole body jerked and he put one foot on the couch, giving Sam more access and he tried to catch his breath. One moan after another poured out of him, Sam blowing his mind.

One of Sam's hands curled around Robert's cock, squeezing him gently as the licks grew broader, dragging over the sensitive skin. He could hear Sam's noises under his own, but it was the steady puffs of warm breath and Sam's tongue on him that he paid attention to, and the very occasional brush of stubble on his ass.

It was sending him soaring pretty fast and he tried to warn Sam; no way was he getting it up twice without some food and rest. All that came out was a garbled, inarticulate noise as Sam's tongue stabbed into him.

Sam groaned, loud enough that Robert paid attention, and then a wet finger was sliding into his ass along with Sammy's tongue, and Sam's hand was jacking him even harder, almost distracting him from the finger and the licking. But not quite.

"Baby... I'm gonna." And soon. His hips started moving, working between Sam's finger and tongue and the hand around his prick.

Sam lifted his head long enough to bark, "Do it!" and then he went back down, finger fucking him faster and his hot mouth sliding over the head of Robert's cock.

Christ.

With a cry, Robert shot, come spraying up over his chest, his ass clenching down hard around Sam's finger. It was good and long, drawing shudders out of him, before he finally melted back against the couch with a groan.

"Oh *man*." Sam moaned, scrambling up next to him. "So hot. God, so good." He was rubbing again, his cock leaving a sticky trail on Robert's belly. "Damn, so sexy, Robert."

"Can't fuck you," Robert said by way of an apology, his hand landing on Sam's ass and encouraging the rubbing, his come making the way slick for Sam to rub on him.

"Don't care." Sam gasped, sliding faster. "Well, I care. Trust me, I care. Oh boy, do that again. Yeah, that. Fuck me after supper. Robert!" The last was yelled out, Sam grinding on him fast and hard before coming again, adding to the mess.

Chuckling, Robert pressed their mouths together, taking a nice, long, yeah we just came kiss.

"I love training days," Sam said, still licking at Robert's lips. "Seriously. Best part of your job."

"I thought the best part was when I hosed down the fire trucks?" And he had to admit, he was sloppy and got wet on purpose.

"That, too. But you hardly ever let me jump you around the trucks," Sam pointed out. "Some silly idea that people will walk in."

"Hey, that's not silly -- Abe Vintner damned near caught us at it." The town knew he and Sam were a couple, but that didn't mean they wanted to see stuff.

"I think he was trying to catch us." Sam sniffed. "He doesn't like me."

Robert chuckled. "What are you talking about, baby? Everybody likes you."

Sam shook his head. "The kids like me. The moms of the kids like me. Anyone who knows you can kick their ass likes me. But some people... well, they see a little fag, man. It's different, being me."

Robert straightened up on the couch, and used Sam's T-shirt to clean them both off. "All right, what exactly are you talking about? Who's been saying this stuff to you?"

"Oh, man." Sam sighed. "No one, Robert. It's not like that. No one says anything. It's just... small shit. Look, it's not important, okay? I got two pizzas in the oven, are you hungry?"

"What kind of small shit?" He didn't like the idea of his lover being harassed for being, well, his lover. "And yeah, I'm starving." His stomach chose that moment to growl loudly, emphasizing his point.

Sam laughed and patted at Robert's belly on the way to the kitchen, still naked. "Just your basic low level stuff, nothing to worry about. People talk to you, not me, when we're together. They take their time noticing me when I'm ready to buy stuff at the shops. They call you 'Cap' and me 'kid'. I teach the freaking third grade, for fuck's sake. You'd think they'd notice I'm an adult."

"It's not that they don't think you're an adult, you just look young next to this old man." Sam might say not to worry about it, but it had bothered him enough he'd said something, and Robert was going to keep an eye out, make sure people treated Sammy right. He headed for the kitchen and grabbed some paper towel, getting it a little wet and cleaning his skin off. "We got cold beer, baby?"

"Of course we do," Sam said with a laugh. He checked the oven and opened the fridge, getting two bottles out. "I'm going to drink mine in the shower. Pizza in ten minutes, okay?" He passed Robert one of the bottles and took a kiss on his way by. "Don't eat it all."

"Hey, I'll join you in the shower." Man, this thing had to be bothering Sam a lot more than he let on. There

was every reason in the world for Sammy to have tried for both of them showering together, beginning with him still being sooty and sweaty. He grabbed his beer and followed that pretty ass up the stairs.

"What if we miss the timer?" Sam vanished into the bathroom a few steps ahead of him. By the time Robert got there, Sam had the water flowing and was drinking his beer in long gulps.

Shaking his head, Robert went back downstairs and turned off the oven before draining his own beer and setting the bottle on the counter. He grabbed a Mr. Big and chowed it down as he headed back upstairs. Looked like he wasn't going to get any food until he'd figured out exactly what was going on with Sam.

Chapter Two

Sam sighed and got in the shower as Robert left. Shit. He knew he shouldn't have said anything. Robert was part mother hen and part dog with a bone to gnaw on with stuff like this.

He knew Robert would be back, worried and probably on the verge of getting cranky with hunger. Rinsing off quickly, Sam went over his inventory of slights and insults, mentally putting them in things that were okay tell Robert and things that would just cause trouble and were better left unsaid. By the time he'd gotten the shampoo worked into his hair, Robert was back, climbing into the water with him.

Robert crowded him, arms going around his waist. "Hey."

"Hey." Sam leaned into Robert, enjoying the smell of working fireman. There was next to no chance of getting things going again, but it sure was nice to have him there, anyway. "I don't suppose you'll just let it go?" he asked.

"You're upset, babe. I can't just ignore that." Robert picked up the soap and started soaping him down, even though Robert was the one who really needed it. That was that mother hen thing manifesting itself.

"I'm clean," Sam pointed out. He took the soap from Robert's hand and lathered up, stroking over the broad expanse of his chest. He loved how tall Robert was, and all those strong muscles. Topped off with short dark hair and the bluest eyes Sam had ever seen, and Robert was the perfect man for him. That he was a fireman, too, made Robert heaven. "And I'm not upset, really. It's just like I said: low level stuff that's their problem, not mine. It's not like I care." But he did, really. Sam hated to know that people didn't like him just because he was a little different than they were and wasn't huge enough to intimidate them.

"You wouldn't have said anything if you didn't care, Sammy." Robert's hands kept stroking him, even without the excuse of washing him off.

"Maybe," Sam said softly, turning his attention to Robert's arms. "But it's not like I'm going to get fired or anything. No one's throwing eggs at our house or writing filthy words on the car. Hell, not even prank phone calls." Sam shrugged one shoulder and smoothed soap off Robert's bicep. "I'm just being too sensitive, I guess."

Robert grunted. "I'll be the judge of that, Sammy. Tell me what's been going on, beyond the generalities you mentioned that could have been *anything*."

Sam looked up at him, blinking water out of his eyelashes. "I get called your boy a lot. But there's a tone, you know? Like I'm a.... like I'm only going to be around until you're bored. And things are fine at school, but a couple of the parents of the grade twos are asking Shannon to take their kids next year, instead of me. She can't, of course, but each year there's some parents that don't want the gay guy taking care of their kids."

"Oh, Sammy, I'm sorry." Robert's arms wrapped around him and drew him in close. "You know I love you, right? If anyone gets bored and goes, it'll be you. I'm in this for the long haul."

"How the hell am I going to get bored with you?" Sam asked, smiling against Robert's chest. "You're awesome. And hot. And a hero. And smart. And I love you so much." He squeezed hard, hoping Robert would let it go for a bit, at least until they were fed. And maybe even until after a good night's sleep.

Robert squeezed back. "Next time someone calls you my boy, you tell them it's the other way around. I'm yours, through and through."

Sam laughed, unable to keep it back. "Honey, you're twice my size. No one is going to believe me if I say you're my boy. Plus, there's the whole thing where I don't actual fuck you, although I'll keep that part to myself. They can think what they want, it doesn't matter to me. You matter to me. What we are together matters. Not small minds."

Robert froze for a moment, and then squeezed him again. "Does it bother you that you don't do me, babe?"

"What?" Sam jerked back and peered up at him. "No! God, I never think about it. It's a total non-issue. Nope. Un-unh." Of course the fact that he'd never done it at all, ever, might have been playing a part in that.

Robert was looking down at him, face serious. "You sure? I mean you did bring it up..."

Sam looked down between them, his face flaming. "It's not up," he said, aiming for a joke.

"Sammy... You know it's not because I think of you as the girl or anything, right? It's just not something I like. But I mean we could. If you wanted to. If it would make you feel better."

Sam shook his head violently. "No way, man. You don't like it, I'm so not going there." God, he'd rather die than ask Robert to do that just to try it out.

"I don't want you feeling like you're 'my boy', like you're somehow not as good as me." Robert growled a little and rinsed off, climbing out of the shower and grabbing a towel.

"I *don't*," Sam insisted, following him. "That's what I'm saying. They say stuff I know isn't true. Robert, stop. Look at me. Do I seem really unhappy to you? For real?"

Robert looked at him and shook his head, a little of the tension in the wide shoulders easing. "People need to learn to mind their own business. I don't go around checking out what's going on in their houses."

"I know." Sam agreed. "Besides, what they're doing is just perverted. Not like us."

Robert's mouth twisted and he started to laugh. "Goofball."

"Ah, but you know I'm right." Sam turned the water off and reached for his own towel. "They're all doing gross shit with breasts. Give me a nice hard cock to play with, none of that other weird stuff."

"Gross shit with breasts..." Robert shook his head and snapped a towel at his ass. "Come on. I'm *hungry*."

"Well, I made you pizza, jeeze." Sam grinned and toweled off, then started looking for his pants. "You go, I'll be down in a minute," he said, heading to their room for clothes. "Keep the towel on, I like it."

"What? You get to get dressed and I have to leave it all hanging out in a towel?" Robert followed him, leaning against the door jamb and watching his naked ass.

"Well, you could always just skip the towel, I guess." Sam tugged on a pair of jeans, skipping the underwear. "Makes it much easier on me."

"Like you without any briefs." Robert kept watching, looking at him. "You sure you're okay with every-

thing, babe?"

Sam nodded, not looking at him. "I'm fine. I promise. Hungry." He had a very bad feeling that if he didn't get a grip, and soon, they'd be talking about this for weeks. "Want to watch a movie tonight?"

"Pick something you've seen before and we'll make out while pretending to watch." Robert preceded him down the stairs, towel lifting just a touch, giving him glimpses of that ass.

"No distracting explosions, nothing with subtitles." Sam pondered movie choices while he got another beer, trying to figure out what they had that they'd seen a million times already. "We could skip the movie and just make out," he suggested, tossing the bottle cap into the garbage.

"Ah, and now we come to the truth." Robert bent over and pulled out the pizzas from the cooling oven and tossed them on the table. "You want that fuck."

"Duh." Sam slipped a hand under Robert's towel for a moment before going to get paper towels and plates. "I always want that."

Robert grinned at him and sat, but not before Sam got a glimpse of the front of the towel, starting to tent out. Looked like Robert was recovering. "That's why we got the extra big couch."

"I know." Sam beamed at him and took two slices of pizza, knowing that the rest would vanish damn fast. "I picked it out."

Robert chuckled and started chowing down, eating like he was starving. Which he probably was.

Sure enough, Sam'd barely finished his two pieces when the first pizza was gone, Robert snagging another piece of the next one and finally slowing down. "Did you see the guys out there today? I think they're starting to get the rescue carry down."

"I wasn't looking at them," Sam admitted. "I will next time. Want another beer?" He watched Robert eat, grabbing one more slice for himself. "Oh, hey, don't forget the kids are doing their play Friday morning. Can you come?"

"Yeah, I've just got that council meeting thing on Tuesday. You want me to wear my uniform?"

Sam blinked and then blinked again. "Do you want to have sex in the bathroom again that badly?"

Robert blushed, the color spreading up from his belly all the way to his ears. "I was thinking 'cause you said the kids liked it when I did," he mumbled.

"They do." Sam winked. "And so do I. Good thing I get to live with you, huh? I can even put your shirts on when you're not home." Not that he did that. Or would admit that he did.

One of Robert's eyebrows went up. "You put my shirts on when I'm not home?"

Sam nodded his head yes and said, "No. Never. And I certainly don't jerk off wearing them."

Robert's mouth dropped open. "You do not!"

"Exactly," Sam agreed, grinning broadly. "I totally don't. Except for when I do."

Robert shook his head. "How am I supposed to wear my uniform shirts now, knowing that?"

"I wash them after, jeeze." Sam rolled his eyes and took his plate to the sink. "And it's not like I lie around in your pants, too." He'd only done that once, and had almost killed himself by tripping down the stairs.

"Sammy... You tell me you roll around in my jacket too and I'll never be able to wear any of it without getting a hard on." Robert came up behind him, putting another plate in the sink and crowding him up against the counter. There was a nice, hard bulge pushing against his lower back.

"Only when you've been out fighting fire instead of cleaning up accidents." Sam grinned and wiggled back, knowing the towel was almost history.

"Pervert," Robert whispered, nuzzling his neck, hands sliding along his belly.

"I thought I already said we're not perverts." Sam arched his back a little, suddenly wishing he'd stuck with the towel for himself, too. "Feeling better? Full and clean?"

"Yeah." The nuzzling continued, and the towel disappeared, Robert's cock rubbing against his bare back. "You need to lose the jeans, babe."

"I can do that." Sam nodded, his hands already tugging at the buttons. "I really, really can." Except the buttons were being stubborn and Sam's prick was suddenly in the way, pushing things all out of shape. And Robert was laughing at him, fingers sliding down into his jeans and touching him, not helping *at all*. "You're going to make me one of those crazy people who talk to themselves all the time." Sam yanked at his fly. "Damn it, work! It's not a hard concept, you slip through the little holes in the fabric and I'll be free!"

Robert kept laughing, fingers sliding across the top of his prick. And then, finally, Robert was helping him, ripping the buttons open in no uncertain terms.

"Thank you!" Sam called out to the universe, doing a shimmy and a hip shake to get the damn jeans down his hips. "There." He kicked them away and stood there against the counter, beaming. "Now what?"

"Now you decide if you want me to fuck you right here or if you want to ride my cock on the couch." Robert's prick slid along his crack, up and down, rubbing. "Or I could do you on the table."

Sam shuddered, images crashing around in his mind. There were points of merit to each of them, the most important one of all being Robert's cock up Sam's ass. "Table," he finally gasped out. "Or couch. Oh boy. Don't care."

Robert grabbed a bottle of oil from the cupboard. Sam was pretty sure it was the extra virgin olive oil, but he didn't have time to see for sure before he was being manhandled over to the table, Robert kicking a chair out of the way and bending him over it.

Reaching for the other side with one hand, hoping for some kind of leverage, Sam made sure his cock wasn't about to get crushed and spread his legs wide. There was a time that the idea of sex in the kitchen made Robert a little shocked; Sam had pretty much fucked that out of him. Thank God. "Love this," Sam said, waiting and almost shaking for it. Rubbing off just wasn't the same as feeling Robert inside him.

"What? This?" Robert asked, two fingers pushing into his ass, making it burn just a little as Robert started stretching him.

"That, too." Sam went up on his toes. "All of it. You and me. You in me. Me on the table."

Robert leaned over him, warming his skin up. "I love how much you want it." The words were murmured against his neck. "I never feel like you don't want me."

Sam's breath caught in his chest for a moment and he moved back. "That's because I always want you. All the damn time. Every minute of every day. For the last seven years."

"God, Sammy." Robert's fingers disappeared, the heat and hardness of his cock pushing against Sam's ass. "I can't wait, babe."

"No waiting. Waiting bad. Fucking me is good. Now?" Sam was vaguely aware that sentences had gotten beyond him again.

"Now." Robert groaned, cock stretching him as it slowly sank into him. God, that was. It was. Yeah.

"Oh, *God*." Sam moaned. His legs really couldn't get much farther apart, but he tried anyway, hungry for as much of Robert in him as possible. "More. Please, more."

"So greedy." Robert pushed in a little farther, hands wrapping around his hips and tugging him back onto the big cock just a little more. "You ready?" Robert asked, fingers tightening.

"Uh-huh." He was so ready. Hard and aching for it, and he'd been waiting all damn day for this. Watching Robert work, wanting exactly this. "Now?" Sooner than 'now' would be good, too.

"Now," agreed Robert -- thank God -- and he started fucking Sam. Robert pushed in hard on every thrust, pulling Sam back on that wonderful cock over and over, nice and fast and hard. Just how he liked it.

Sam sucked in air and tried to hold onto the table, his fingers slipping with the force that Robert used. "Yes!" he yelled. "Like that!" He had a vague thought that he should try to move, try to shove back or squeeze tight or something, but he couldn't seem to summon the concentration. His cock was leaping with every thrust, his ass stretched wide, grasping.

"Yeah, like that." Robert sounded breathless, but his hips kept working, kept pistoning, the rhythm picking up just a little, getting a little harder. "Oh, fuck. Sammy."

"Right." Sam giggled breathlessly. "Fuck Sammy." Robert's cock slammed into his gland and Sam yelled, his belly going tight. "Robert! There, oh God, right there!"

"Gotcha." Robert kept hitting that spot, over and over.

Sam couldn't even make words after that, his entire body thrumming, nerves jumping. He sprawled on the table, arms out and chest heaving, just taking it. This was how he liked it best, when the entire world narrowed to just him and Robert and a good hard fuck. He could feel the pressure building in him, smell sex and heat; with a grunt he tried to push himself up on his arms, to give something back.

Robert didn't let up long enough for him to be able to do anything, though, and when one of Robert's hands unglued from his hip and wrapped around his cock, Sam knew it was all but over.

"Shit," he blurted, his body starting to shake. "Fuck, yes!" The shaking turned into a full body spasm, right from his toes to his shoulders as he started to come. He couldn't breathe, couldn't see, couldn't do anything but jerk and fly apart as pleasure coursed through him, his cock pulsing. Robert felt huge in him, bigger than ever and iron hard.

"Oh, babe." Robert stilled while Sam came, hand wrapped tight around his prick. And then it slid back up around his hip and Robert started thrusting again, a little faster, a little jerkier. "Almost... Sammy."

"Love you," Sam slurred, his body still twitching with the aftershocks. "Love you in me. Love you all the time. Love the way you fill me up and the way you feel inside me when you take what you need."

Robert shouted his name out, slamming in one more time and filling him with hot spunk. He could feel Robert's cock twitching, could hear Robert panting like a steam engine.

Grinning and panting, Sam let his head rest on the table, one hand looping back to rest on Robert's hip. "That's it," he said, still grinning. "That's my man. Damn. Good."

Robert leaned down over him, head resting between his shoulder blades. "Mmm... you always bring it out in me."

"Aw." Sam wanted to purr. Fed and fucked and with Robert still in him, he was utterly content. It didn't matter what anyone else thought or said; the only thing that mattered was that he and Robert loved each other. "Movie?" he asked, thinking that maybe a nap on the table was more his speed right then.

"That means moving," Robert pointed out helpfully. "Although I guess you're not the most comfortable -- I've got a Sammy pillow to keep the table from digging in."

"I got you, that's all I need." Sam's eyes closed. "Don't let go."

Robert rubbed a stubbled cheek against his skin. "Not gonna happen, babe."

Sam smiled, his eyes still closed. "I know. I like hearing it, though." He sighed, utterly content and realized that Robert was probably right; the table wasn't exactly comfortable, after all. "Think you can not let go of me if we're over there on the couch?" he asked hopefully.

Robert laughed, and then groaned as his prick slid out. "I think I can make it to the couch. Maybe." A kiss dropped onto Sam's spine and then Robert stood and hauled him upright. "I love you, Sam." Robert told him quietly, earnestly, eyes staring into his.

Sam moved slowly, his hand creeping up to rest over Robert's heart. "I love you, too. For always," he said, just as softly as Robert.

They stood like that for a moment, and then the mood was broken, Robert nodding and slapping his ass. "We got popcorn to go with this naked movie watching?"

Chapter Three

Robert tried paying more attention to how folks treated him and Sammy when they were out doing things together, but everyone seemed just like always: friendly, a little gossipy -- sometimes a lot gossipy. Just normal.

Sam didn't bring it up again, and he seemed just like normal, too, so Robert let it go.

He and Sam were headed off to the town fundraiser potluck dinner and rummage sale for the fire department. The thing started at noon with a big meal that everyone brought something to and then paid to get in, followed by the rummage sale where Robert was expected to be present and entice folks to buy stuff they didn't need. He hated that part of it, but it was the only way the fire station got any upgrades, the town really only having enough money in their budget for his salary.

It was only ten-thirty, but Mrs. Masterson liked him and his volunteer firefighters to be there a little early, so he started getting dressed.

Well. Truth be told, he knew the effect his uniform had on Sam and he was hoping to get jumped before he'd done up his last button and figured he'd better leave enough time for them to play hump the fireman. He tucked his shirt into his waistband and started working on the cuffs, wondering where the heck Sam was -- he'd *said* he was coming up to get dressed.

"Robert?" Sam's voice seemed to be coming from the stairs. "Have you seen my belt? I can't wear these pants without a belt. Well, I could, but they'd fall off and that wouldn't be good." Sam's steps fell heavy on the stairs and he came into the bedroom and stopped short, staring. "Well, hello there." Sam grinned.

Robert grinned back and gave up on his cuff links. It would be easier to get the shirt off without them, anyway. "Hey." He stood a little straighter, let Sam see the way he filled out the uniform. "I think your belt is... maybe behind the couch?"

"Who cares?" Sam advanced on him, his gaze roaming. "Oh boy. Do we have time? Say yes, please."

Robert made a show of looking over at the clock radio on the bedside table, but he was already grinning, reaching for his Sammy. "Yes, please."

"Thank God." Sam smiled as he stepped up to Robert and leaned in. "Kiss me," he ordered, one hand already cupping Robert's balls.

Spreading his stance to give Sam more room, Robert did as he'd been told, holding Sam's head in his hands and kissing his lover breathless. Sam's tongue teased at his own even as nimble fingers squeezed and massaged and traced his cock, almost but not quite jerking him off over his clothes.

"Want you," Sam said into the kiss.

"I know." Sam always wanted him -- he was one lucky bastard and he knew it. "Bed," he suggested. "And naked." Because coming in his uniform trousers when he had to spend the day in public wearing them was not a good idea.

"Naked is good." Sam looked down. "We can start with you." He undid Robert's fly and reached in, his hand warm as it curled around Robert's cock.

Groaning, Robert pushed his hips up, his cock sliding along Sammy's palm. "Starting with me is good."

Sam stroked him lazily, his fingers curling a little tighter. "It's always good." Sam sank to his knees. "Feels good, looks good... tastes amazing." Sam's tongue lapped over the head, wet and warm, Sam looking up at him, watching.

Robert shuddered, that soft, wet touch going right to his balls. Reaching down, he cupped Sam's cheek, thumb stroking over Sam's lower lip. He wanted to open Sam's mouth and slide his prick between Sam's lips, but he held back, let Sam do it his way.

Sam's way, at least this time, was a long series of tiny licks all over his cock. Up and down, around and back again, Sam bathed him, hands pushing fabric away and feeling his balls with too light a touch. "So good," Sam murmured, likely to himself. Then he licked back up to the tip again and opened his mouth, lips already wet and starting to swell a tiny bit.

That urge to plunge right into Sammy's mouth got stronger and he groaned. "Babe. Please, you're torturing me here."

Eyes sparkling, Sam licked him once more and then started sucking, just at the head. His tongue pressed against the top, just nudging into the slit, and then Sam moaned, his mouth loosening and letting Robert in. Hands on Robert's hips, Sam tugged him, head bobbing.

Oh, yeah.

With another groan, Robert sank right in, watching as his prick moved in and out between Sam's lips. That sent another shudder through him and he moved faster, the glide of Sammy's lips one of the best things ever.

Sam moaned around him, tongue busy and suction varying from light to so hard Robert was pulled in deep. Then Sam let go of Robert's hip with one hand, reaching down to press the heel against his own prick, his hips starting to rock with the same rhythm his mouth was using. And not once did he look away, his eyes wide as he looked up at Robert's face.

"Oh, fuck, babe..." Robert swallowed, fingers holding onto Sam's hair. He thrust harder, knowing it was going to be a race to see who came first. Good money was on Sammy, but that mouth... God.

Again Sam moaned, the sound reverberating around Robert's cock. He could see Sam's arm and hand move, his legs splaying wide as he rubbed himself, and then Sam's eyes closed and his head dropped. Robert's prick hit the back of Sam's throat, Sammy swallowing around him and groaning and sucking like mad.

"Sam!" His balls drew up and pleasure shot up his spine. And then Robert was coming, his spunk pouring down Sam's throat. If Sam's mouth hadn't been so busy with sucking and swallowing and licking, Robert was sure they'd have heard him yell clear in town. His hips snapped forward and back and the smell of his sex rose up, even though he couldn't see anything but the wet spot taking shape on Sam's pants. With a long, lingering suck, Sam came off Robert's cock and grinned up at him. "Looks like it doesn't matter if you find that belt or not -- you can't wear those pants."

"I guess not." Sam laughed. "Which means all I have are my black jeans. You know. The ones with the hole?" His eyes were still sparkling as he rolled onto the floor, trying to get his sticky pants off without standing up.

Robert groaned and his prick jerked, both at the memory of exactly where that hole was and at Sam's wiggling. "Maybe you'd better let me fuck you so I can't get it up at this thing."

"So, it's in the best interest of the community?" Sam asked, laughing harder. He managed to get his pants off and his shirt soon followed. "Never let it be said that I'm not civic minded."

Chuckling, Robert let his own pants slide down and stepped out of them. He hauled Sam up and rubbed them together. "It's in the best interest of *me*, the fact that there's less likely to be any embarrassing bulges for the community to try to ignore is just a bonus."

"Like they'd be able to ignore *that*." Sam nuzzled at Robert's neck and kissed him, once. "Gonna do this standing up?"

"No, I think the bed is calling our name. Nice soft horizontal surface..." He shrugged out of his shirt, letting it drop on the floor. He'd have time to iron it if it got too wrinkled. He hoped.

Sam nodded and scooted onto the bed, watching him. "God, you're beautiful." Sam's hand drifted down to his own cock, tugging slowly. "Come here."

He laughed at that, but flexed for Sam, showing off a little. He loved the look it put in Sam's eyes. "I'm coming. Or rather I came and I'm going to come again." He climbed onto the bed, kneeling between Sammy's sprawled legs.

"Yeah, me too," Sam said, his hand moving a little faster. "Maybe a couple of times."

"You're insatiable." He grabbed the lube off the bedside table and slicked up his fingers, pushing two into Sam without fanfare -- if he didn't hurry Sam was going to get *way* ahead of him.

"That's part of my charm." He wiggled, legs framing Robert and his ass working down on Robert's fingers. "Hurry, I'm good. Just get in me."

"I won't hurt you." He put his free hand on Sam's belly, holding Sam down as he scissored his fingers, stretching Sam out.

"Won't hurt," Sam insisted, his hands scrabbling on the sheets. "Jesus, Robert. Years we've been doing this." He gasped again, his hips lifting. "Oh, yeah."

"And I always stretch you out." Well. Mostly always. He pulled his fingers out, figuring that was probably more than enough and slicked up his cock before nudging the head against Sam's hole. "Take it."

"Give it to me," Sam shot back. "Hard."

Growling, he surged up into Sam's ass.

"Yeah," Sam yelled, his neck arching. "That's it. Fill me up." His hands fisted in the sheets for a moment and then grabbed at Robert's biceps, holding on. "Robert."

Robert just nodded and planted his hands on either side of Sam's head, fucking Sam as hard as he could. God, he loved this. Sam's legs curled around his hips, pulling him in close, Sam riding him right back.

"Oh boy, oh boy," Sam babbled, eyes wide. "God, you just... it's everything, Robert. Feel you everywhere."

Yeah, this never got old, never got boring. And he'd come the once, so he was pretty sure he could make Sam come a couple more times. He wrapped his fist around Sammy's cock, looking for pop number one.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Sam chanted, his eyes closing. "Tighter. Gonna--oh, *fuck!*" As soon as Robert squeezed him hard, Sam went, bucking wildly.

Robert grinned and let go of Sam's cock, hand planting back onto the mattress as he went back to just fucking. He found Sam's gland and stayed there, pegging it over and over.

"Robert." Sam breathed, his whole body relaxing. "Gonna drive me insane. Damn." His eyes opened and he looked up, his breathing ragged. "What the hell would I do without you?"

"Have a really strong right hand." He laughed at his own bad joke and kept pounding into Sam, each thrust sliding fire up his spine.

"I'd go broke buying dildos." Sam started to move again. Slowly, granted, but he was moving. "But my life would suck so much," he added, reaching up to touch Robert's face.

Robert nuzzled into the touch, hips working to help Sam get hard again.

Sam's legs shifted, his heels digging in as he lifted his hips. "You're amazing," he whispered, reaching down to his prick and starting to stroke. "Don't know what I did to deserve you."

"You're my energizer Sammy." Robert groaned as Sam's body tightened around his cock.

"I'm whatever you need me to be." Sam rolled his hips and gasped, then started to push himself up. "Roll over. Let me be on top."

God, Robert loved it when Sam got bossy. "Make me," he growled.

Sam grinned at him, just a fast flash, and started scrambling. His hands shoved at Robert's shoulders and his legs came down, looking for leverage on the bed. "Move." He laughed, still trying to shove Robert over. "I want to drive."

Oh, fuck, that was funny. Robert started laughing, too, letting Sam's shoving push him over. He wrapped a hand around Sam's ass, making sure they stayed together as they flipped positions.

"See?" Sam said, looking triumphant as he straddled Robert's hips and ground down on him. "You just lie there and let me do this." He lifted up, hands braced on Robert's chest, and sank down slowly, his eyes going wide. "Oh boy."

"Yeah, deeper." Robert pushed up a little with his hips, going just a bit deeper. "I'm all yours, babe. Take what you want." Sam was so sexy over him, moving on him.

"Got what I want." Sam's eyes narrowed in his classic look of concentration and he lifted himself again, speeding up. His thighs tensed as he rode, his breathing becoming gasps in moments, and then cries whenever he stopped long enough to make tiny circles with his hips, his ass tight against Robert's balls.

Robert just lay back and let Sam do what he wanted, loving every second of it. Or at least he did until he caught sight of one of Sammy's little nipples and he reached up, tweaking it.

"Shit." Sam moaned, his hips jerking. "Don't do that. Or do it again. Or something." He moved a bit faster, lifting higher and sliding back down on Robert's cock again, fucking himself.

"Again," he decided, twisting Sam's nipple again, and then moving over to do the other one, too.

Sam gasped and swore, his hands dragging across Robert's chest and his fingers teasing as he tried to return the favor. But he needed his hands for balance, and he couldn't seem to get his concentration right between the cock in his ass, the pinches and twists. "Robert." Sam moaned, shoving himself down and arching his back. "Please."

"You're driving," Robert pointed out, pinching again. He could feel it, too, though, that need to come.

Sam snarled, which was kind of cute, and then gritted his teeth. "I am," he agreed, staring down at Robert. He took a breath and seemed to gather himself. But instead of fingers at his nipples, Robert got a hot mouth as Sam leaned over him and attacked, his hips lifting and falling rapidly.

"Oh, fuck!" Robert grabbed onto Sam's hips and planted his heels, pulling Sam down hard as he thrust up over and over again. There was a line of fire between his nipple and his cock and he was going to come any second now. "Fuck," he said again by way of warning.

"Yeah," Sam said, snarling again. It was less cute this time, and more hot, then teeth dragged over his skin as Sam bit down.

Shouting, Robert bucked up and came, shooting deep and hard into Sam.

"Yeah." Sam praised him, leaning back and grabbing for his own cock. "Yeah, like that." He gave himself a couple of hard strokes and then his ass clamped down around Robert, squeezing and massaging him, dragging out his orgasm.

Robert collapsed down onto the bed, gasping and panting. "Mmm..." He'd meant to say something meaningful, but that half moan was all that came out.

"Uh-huh," Sam agreed, lying on top of him in a boneless heap. "Never moving again. All done."

"Yeah. Gonna stay here until-- oh, fuck!" He sat up abruptly. Shit, he was going to be late for being early and Mrs. Masterson was going to bitch him out. "I've got to get out of here, babe," he said apologetically. "You take your time, but if I'm not there to help put out chairs and shit, I'll have to hear about it until next year's fundraiser."

Sam moaned and rolled over, his arm over his eyes. "I'm coming," he said weakly. "Well, getting up. I mean.... I'll just take a shower. Meet you there, just a few minutes behind, okay?"

"Yeah, take your time." He grabbed his underwear and pants, and shirt, pulling everything on in record time. You'd think he was off to fight a fire or something. He shoved his cufflinks into his pocket and grabbed his jacket before leaning over and giving Sammy a nice long kiss.

"Love you," Sam whispered. "I'll be there soon. You look amazing, so be careful of all the grabby hands."

He laughed. "There's only one pair of grabby hands I'm interested in." He gave Sam another kiss, took a last look at all that naked skin, and made himself go before he wound up missing the dinner portion of the event altogether.

Chapter Four

"Hey, Mr. Mauger!"

Sam turned his head and waved to the kids barreling past him. "Hey, guys. Careful, now!" He winced as the pack of five children whipped around a table filled with items, not one of them slowing. Shaking his head and smiling, he reminded himself that he wasn't in school and that their parents were about somewhere. Let the parents take care of the kids. Sam had other things on his mind.

He walked past tables and said hello to a few people, nodding to others as he made his way toward where the food was set up. The sale hadn't started yet, despite the way people were eyeing up things to buy, and he was pretty sure Robert would be where the food was, if only because he was under orders from Mrs. Masterson to be where she could keep an eye on him.

It wasn't so much Mrs. Masterson eyes Sam was worried about; it was more the hands of other people. He knew Robert was his; he just wished other people were a bit more respectful of that, and of him.

Sam found Robert right where he'd expected, by the buffet. He was sitting in a chair and talking to the young woman beside him, nodding politely. Or maybe he was nodding at one of the other women. Damn, but that was a lot of ladies hanging around. Not that Sam could blame them -- Robert was in uniform, after all.

It looked like Robert's plate was filling up, too, each of the ladies putting a slice or scoop or spoonful of their food on the Royal Chinette. Sam hoped it was double layered or that cardboard plate wasn't going to hold up.

Robert laughed and nodded. Man had an awesome smile.

"Hey," Sam said, when he got closer. "Sorry I took so long. Kind of fell asleep."

Oh, wow, if Robert's smile had been good before, now it was just awesome, and aimed right at him. "Hey, Sam. You've got to try this food. The ladies really outdid themselves this year."

"I don't know," Sam said doubtfully, eyeing the food. "Last year was pretty spectacular. Hard to beat."

Robert laughed and got up, grabbing a chair from another line of tables and asking one of the ladies to shift over so the chair could be set near Robert's. "Come and help me -- this is my... well it's not my first plateful."

Sam nodded and chose to ignore the slightly disgruntled looks he got as he took the seat next to Robert. "Oh, man, who did the potato salad?" He reached for a plastic fork. "That looks incredible."

"It is. That was Annie, right?" Robert earned himself a beaming look from Annie. "And the meat pie was Marjorie. The coleslaw was... oh, dear I'm going to get myself in trouble here."

"Tracy," Sam supplied. It wasn't really a wild guess; he just remembered from the last year. "Gimme." He dug into the coleslaw and told himself that he was just trying to save Robert's arteries from clogging up. "Good."

"I've probably had enough," Robert noted, rubbing his belly. "Besides, I need to save a bit of room for that dessert table."

That sent the ladies scattering to be the first to bring him a plate with their offerings.

"What's it like?" Sam teased, watching them gather food. "Having your own fan club?"

"Are you kidding? Terrifying." Robert gave him a wink and stole a mouthful of the potato salad.

"That's my salad," Sam said. "And you're sure it's not just a little fun? I think you hurt Marjorie's feelings, putting me next to you." He forked salad into his mouth and grinned. "Careful, the kids will be all over you next."

"The kids are easier to handle, they just think it's cool that I'm a fireman." Robert's arm looped over the back of his chair. "And I don't care what anyone thinks, you're my man, I can have you sit beside me if I want." Leaning in, Robert kissed his cheek. "And I want."

Sam felt his cheeks heat and ducked his head. "Okay," he said, hating that he sounded so meek. "So, when does the sale start?" he asked brightly, reaching for a change in the conversation as the ladies came back with all kinds of goodies for Robert.

He caught an evil look shot his way from Brenda Lawson, who wasn't even single, so it had to be the gay thing rather than the him sitting next to the sexy fireman thing, but when he turned to look her in the eye she was smiling blandly and handing Robert a plate of pie.

Oblivious, Robert accepted it, digging in.

Sam sighed to himself and put down his fork, not sure if he wanted to leave or stay just to spite her. Them. Whatever. Knowing that Robert would be confused and probably upset if he took off, Sam stayed where he was and tried to keep his face neutral, even if he couldn't quite manage friendly right then.

"God, you have to try this pie, Sammy. It's like a slice of heaven." Robert pushed a fork with a slice of Brenda Lawson's rhubarb's pie toward him. Out of the corner of his eyes, he could see Brenda's lips purse.

Sam looked at her and grinned. "You made this?" he asked, taking the fork from Robert. "How kind of you to support Robert and his department this way." Still smiling, he ate the pie and made himself chew and swallow, almost daring her to say something. Really, he should go before he started something. But his patience was wearing thin and it hurt, damn it.

"My husband's one of the volunteer firemen," she reminded him tartly.

"Yeah, how is Charlie? I haven't seen him here today." Robert looked around, still obviously oblivious to the underlying tensions.

Sam handed Robert back his fork and nodded. "Why, so he is. I see him all the time at the station. He did a good job on the last training day, too. Didn't he, Robert?" If nothing else, spending all day talking to kids had Sam prepared to handle any subject with just about any person. Even one who seemed to have some wonky personal double standards.

"Yeah, he's one of my best guys." Robert moved on to the next dessert, making Marjorie flutter and several of the other ladies giggle as he moaned over what looked like a key lime pie.

Robert made him taste this one, too. At least Marjorie looked like she was hanging on his opinion as much as she had Robert's.

Sam nodded to Marjorie and smiled. "Good. Best one yet." He didn't even glance back at Brenda.

Robert ate, and shared, another three or four desserts before he groaned and patted his belly. "I'm gonna bust wide open if I have one more bite, ladies. Besides, I think Mrs. Masterson is trying to get my attention."

She certainly was, waving frantically at him from across two tables.

"Go on," Sam said, patting Robert's leg. "I'll find you later."

"Yeah? Okay." Robert squeezed his leg under the table, eyes dropping to his mouth for a moment, before getting up and heading over to Mrs. Masterson, leaving him with the ladies, all of whom were checking out Robert's ass.

Sam rolled his eyes and coughed. "Mine," he said under his breath.

Marjorie sighed and fanned her face with her hands. "You are a very lucky guy, Sam."

Brenda snorted. "Really, Marjorie, that's hardly talk for polite company." With that she stalked off. And Sam swore he heard Marjorie mutter "bitch" under her breath.

"Don't worry about it." He stood up. "It takes all kinds to make the world an interesting place." It was nice, however, to know that he wasn't alone in his opinion of Brenda.

"Did you sign up to work any of the tables?" Marjorie asked him. "Or are you just here for moral support?"

"Moral support." Sam looked around. "But I kind of thought I'd help out at the kid's craft table again, if they need a hand. It'll keep me from buying a ton of things like I did last year. Robert was unimpressed. He liked the movies, though."

"You're really good with the kids," Marjorie told him. "You want an extra piece of my pie first, honey?"

Sam smiled at her, genuinely pleased. "Thanks, Marjorie. That'd be great. And if you're selling any of them on the tables, I want at least two."

"I am. I'll put a couple aside for you because they're going to go quickly." She looked a little smug as she walked over to the buffet table to get him another slice.

The other ladies kind of drifted away toward the sales tables, and, as usual, he could see another crowd gathered around the table Robert was manning.

The town just adored their fire chief.

Sam smiled, watching. He was glad that they liked Robert, that he'd never been hassled for being gay. If the few who were so disgusted by it wanted to take it out on Sam instead, so be it. Sam would much rather put up with a few slights than have Robert's life made unpleasant, even if it did sting. For Robert, Sam would deal with just about anything.

Even doing kid's crafts on his day off. With another look at Robert, Sam went off to make sure the kids were

well supplied with glue sticks and glitter.

Chapter Five

Robert sighed and managed a last smile for Mrs. Masterson as he waited for Sam to wrap up the last of the bits and pieces at the kiddie craft table. Man, he would fight fire any day over doing these fundraiser things. It was damned hard work making nice all day to the entire town, and he thought maybe he was more tired than he was after training days.

Brenda and Charlie Lawson were headed his way and he looked back toward the craft table, hoping Sam was done and they could escape before the pair waylaid them. He liked Charlie a lot, but he really just wanted Sammy.

Sam was sweeping the last of the craft debris into a bag, but when he glanced up and saw Robert, his smile widened. He moved a little faster and, tossing the bag into the nearest box of things to be stored away, went right over to Robert. "Ready?" he said, leaning close.

Robert put his arm around Sammy's shoulder and dropped a kiss on the tip of Sam's nose. "More than."

"Really, Robert." Brenda Lawson sniffed; she was right behind them, having moved up faster than Robert had expected. "You might want to think twice about such public displays."

Robert frowned and turned, noting that Charlie looked like he'd rather be anywhere but at his wife's side. "It was a peck on the cheek, ma'am."

"And you've got your arm around him." Her mouth was tight, as if there was more she wanted to say.

"I'm not sure what the problem is."

"I just don't think it's a good idea for the fire chief to be flaunting his lifestyle like that. It isn't seemly."

Robert opened his mouth and closed it again with a snap, not quite sure how to respond to that. He'd been up front about his relationship with Sam when he'd taken the job, and no one had ever said anything to him about it.

"I'm sorry, Robert," started Charlie, but his wife cut him off.

"You don't have to apologize for me, Charlie. I have every right to say what I said and I've said my piece now. We can go." With that, she swept off like the Queen of fucking Sheba.

"What the fuck was that?" Robert muttered, staring after her ramrod straight back.

"That," Sam said quietly, "is what's been going on. She's just the only one with the balls to say it to you and not just me."

"You've been putting up with that kind of shit and not telling me?" Robert lowered his voice when his outburst had several heads turning toward them, the last of the stragglers. "Home. Where we can talk about this in private."

"Oh, goodie." Sam sighed. "Robert, it's not a big deal, really," he continued, following along. "Calm down."

"Calm down? She was bitchy because I kissed the tip of your nose! Her comments were offensive and you're telling me you get that kind of thing happening all the time?" It wasn't right. It wasn't fair. Just because Sam didn't wear a uniform like he did, or was smaller, those weren't reasons to be nasty.

"Not all the time, no," Sam said, but he was looking away, his mouth tight. "I can handle it."

"You shouldn't have to. And they know better or they wouldn't be saying it just to you." He strode toward their house, just down the road from the community center.

"Well, now they're not," Sam pointed out. "And shit, Robert, what do you expect? You're in an important position. I just teach third grade. Plus, it's not a lot of people, and some of them are damn nice. Marjorie, for example. She's cool. Most people are cool."

"*Just* teach third grade? Your job is important, too, babe." He unlocked the door and let Sammy in first.

"I know." Sam rolled his eyes. "I know. But I'm not the fucking chief of the fire department." Sam kept walking, right through to the living room, his voice getting louder. "I'm just his boyfriend. The kid he fucks. Never mind that I'm twenty-six." Sam turned and faced him, shaking and pale.

Well, at least he had proof now that this wasn't "nothing" and that it *was* bothering Sam. He went over and wrapped Sam in a hug. "I'm sorry." Maybe it was time to start looking for a new job. At least put his name on the lists in Vancouver.

Sam buried his head in Robert's chest. "It just... it doesn't matter, Robert," he said, his voice weary. "And at least we're not threatened here. It's a nice place. A good place. There's people like her all over, you know? I'm just tired. And I hate that she said anything to you."

Robert snorted. "I hate that anyone is saying anything to you. And have been for...what, since we got here?"

Sam shook his head. "Nah. Not for a while. And it isn't often. Just once in a while, you know?" He sighed again but Robert could still feel the tension in his body.

"Stop trying to make like this doesn't matter. *You* matter."

Sam pulled away and ran his hand through his hair, making the ends stand up. "I know. I'm just saying that in the larger picture of things, it could be worse. And it's not like we're going to change any minds, or anything."

"Why not?" Robert didn't see any reason they couldn't at least try. It wasn't right that they were willing to have him fight their fires and save their lives, but then looked down on him for who he loved.

Sam blinked at him. "Because people hold onto their prejudices? Because they've been taught one way for their whole lives and we're just two men? Because we've been here all this time and they haven't seen our truth yet? What would it take, Robert? I don't even know how to start."

He shrugged. He didn't know, either. This was the kind of thing that was already in place in bigger cities. Or maybe there was just enough of the loud and proud group in the cities to balance the assholes. "Maybe we need a sensitivity course or something. I could talk to the Town Council about it."

"Oh, yeah, that'll go over well," Sam said, rolling his eyes. "Robert, just let it go, okay? It's quiet, it's not violent. I don't *like* it, but I can ignore it. And there's no way in hell you'd actually get people to attend a

course; at least, not the ones who need it."

"I just hate you being unhappy, babe."

Sam nodded. "I know that, too." He looked around the living room and ran his hands through his hair again. "Want a beer? Then maybe you can work on making me happy. And kind of boneless and relaxed."

"You're trying to distract me from this with alcohol and sex."

"Yes."

He chuckled, and drew Sam closer nuzzling into the warm, Sammy scented neck. "You'd tell me if it ever went beyond what happened with Brenda Lawson today, wouldn't you?"

"Sure." Sam pressed closer. "You betcha." Somehow, he didn't sound particularly convincing.

"Has anyone done anything more than say nasty things to you, babe?" Hadn't they already had this conversation?

"Nope." Sam looked up at him. "They haven't. Can we move on now? If I get beaten up or something, I'll be sure to tell you. Promise."

He growled. "No. If you feel threatened, you tell me. I don't want it to get to the you getting beaten up part." He glared down at Sam. "I mean it, Sammy. You think someone's going to harm you physically or try to make you lose your job or something, you tell me." He glowered a moment longer to prove he was serious. "I mean it."

"I know," Sam said, rolling his eyes yet again. "And I appreciate it. Don't think that I'm not aware that one of the reasons no one has said anything truly hateful is because of you. If I was with one of *their* sons, it would be different. But you're not from here, you're saving lives and property, and in case you missed the new flash, you're kind of huge."

"Stop it. Stop making yourself out to be less than me." He let go of Sam and started pacing. He didn't like this at all. He was just an idiot fire fighter who went running in when sane people tried to get far away. Sam was the smart one, the one shaping kids' futures. "I can get a job somewhere else, babe, if the comments don't stop, or escalate."

"*What?*" Sam looked horrified. "No. No way. We are not running from here, Robert. We are not turning tail and going in search of something that doesn't exist. I *like* it here. I like my school, I like my kids, and I love you. I don't want to leave."

Huh. Well. That was pretty definite. More definite than anything else Sam'd had to say on the topic. "Well, all right then." He hauled Sammy in and took a kiss, the contact making him feeling better. "You said something about beer and couch sex."

"I said beer and sex. The couch is all you. But I can go with it." Sam kissed him back, almost clinging to him. "In fact, I'll even wait on the beer."

"Yeah, I think I can wait on the beer, too. And what did you have in mind if it wasn't the couch?" he asked, already tugging Sam's shirt up out of his waistband. He was gonna search out that hole in Sam's jeans next.

"Um, hadn't gotten that far," Sam confessed. "Just want to be close to you, close as I can get. And it doesn't

matter where. Never does. As long as it's you."

"Couch is more comfortable than standing or the floor," he noted, undoing the button and zip on Sam's jeans and then searching out the hole in the back, just below Sammy's ass. "Although up against the wall's always good." Not when he'd spend all day standing and making nice with the entire town, though.

"Couch." Sam wiggled against him. "Save the wall thing. I want do that sometime soon."

"Too bad we don't have a chandelier in here to swing from. Hey, we could requisition one. I mean that fundraiser's sure to have brought in a bunch of money." He found the hole, stroking Sam's ass through it.

"Oh boy." Sam moaned, his wiggling stopping for a moment. "Don't be silly, you'd look absurd hanging from a fancy light while I tried to get at your cock." The stillness turned into a shudder and Sam moaned again. "Don't stop."

He laughed, pushing Sammy toward the couch, fingers making the hole wider as he forced them in to get to the bottom of Sam's ass.

"I need new jeans." Sam fell onto the couch. "Remind me soon, okay?" His butt was in the air, face almost buried in a cushion. It would have been laughable if it wasn't Sam.

"I don't know, these ones have a certain charm." He bent and licked at the exposed skin, tearing the hole even bigger to get to more.

"Robert!" Sam shifted, would have jumped away if Robert hadn't held him where he was. "Oh *boy*. Yeah. That. Do that more. Please." Down to half sentences in record time.

He nibbled at the exposed skin, letting his teeth scrape over Sammy, just enough to sting.

"Shit," Sammy babbled at him, his whole body just vibrating and shifting. "God. Hardly fair, Robert. You're always -- " He paused to gasp, knees spreading. " -- getting me wound up so fast."

He wasn't sure if that was just because he was so good at it or because Sammy was easy. Probably a bit of both. "All's fair in love and war, Sammy." And he had to use every weapon he had, given how sexy Sam was.

Sam buried his head in the cushion for a moment, moaning. Then he came up for air again, laughing. "I surrender," he said, trying to balance his weight so he could free up a hand. "Take me as your prisoner!"

"God, you're crazy, you know that?" Robert tugged on Sam's jeans and got them down around his knees.

"So you say." Sam grinned wildly at him, his hands tugging and pushing at fabric. "Get naked with me. Come on, you know you wanna. Although I do like that uniform. Yum."

He stood up and started undressing, figuring with the mood Sam was in, the material would be safer in his own hands. "You're bossy, too."

"I am not," Sam told him, apparently in all seriousness. "Hurry up." Sam's shirt went flying over the back of the couch and then he started working on his jeans, wiggling around on the couch like a puppy and kicking his legs to get them off.

Robert would have laughed at the denial, but he was too busy admiring the way the wiggling had Sam's hard

cock swaying and bobbing. God, he was turning into as big a sex fiend as Sam was.

"Naked!" Sam snapped, grinning up at him as he kicked off his jeans. "I'm smaller, but I'm faster." His grin grew as he reached out to tug at Robert's pants. "Need a hand?"

He did laugh then, playfully slapping away Sam's hands. "I've got it. You decide how you want to do this."

"Oh, my choice, awesome!" Sam beamed at him and started stroking his own cock as he considered. "Well, let's see. Over the back? On my knees? On my back? So many choices."

Robert's own cock jerked and pushed up to meet his belly as Sam listed the possibilities. "I should have known you'd take this as an opportunity to torture me."

"You'd think you'd learn by now," Sam agreed, laughing. "You could sit and I can ride you, or you can put me over the arm, or maybe I'll just roll over like this and hope for the best." Sam did just that, rolling over to lie down over the length of the couch, one leg braced on the floor and his ass tilted up. "Are you naked yet?"

"Getting there." He tugged the pants off his legs, bringing his socks off with them, eyes on Sammy's pert little ass. "Someone keeps distracting me."

"Nice to know you still think I'm pretty," Sam teased, his butt lifting as he wedged a hand under himself to get at his dick.

"I don't think that's the word I would have used, babe." He put one knee on the couch and let the other leg stay on the ground, pressed up against Sam's. His fingers slid along Sam's crack, searching for Sammy's eager little hole.

"You don't think I'm pretty?" Sam pouted, obligingly lifting his hips a bit. "I'm crushed."

"No, what you are is sexy as anything." He teased at Sam's hole with his index finger, pushing it in a little.

Sam made a quiet noise and moved back, just like always, looking for more. "Flatterer." The word was muffled by the cushion under his face. "Not as sexy as you."

"It's the truth, not flattery. I don't need to flatter you to get some, remember?" He pushed his finger in farther and searched out the lube with his other hand; there had to be some on the table by the couch.

"Right." Sam squirmed to get one knee under himself, his ass lifting. "I'm always ready to go for you," he added, looking over his shoulder happily. "Right now, in fact."

He found the lube and grabbed it, then took a quick kiss. "I know. It's coming, babe, I promise."

"Coming is the part that goes after you shove that monster of yours into me," Sam pointed out. "Usually immediately after, followed by once or twice more before you get off. You're so good to me."

Robert just laughed. God, Sam made him feel good. He slicked up two fingers and pushed them into Sam, scissoring them open and shut as he slid them deep.

"That is not your cock," Sam bitched, arching up. "Although it is nice... Oh, yeah. *Nice*." He sighed, the sound turning into a moan pretty fast.

"Yeah, it is." He leaned over Sam again, licking the top of his spine and nuzzling along Sam's neckline as

his fingers searched for, and found, Sam's gland.

"Shit!" Sam cried, his body jerking. "Robert. Please." He rocked back and forth on Robert's fingers, his ass clenching and grasping.

Robert kept nailing that spot, his free hand sliding around to find one of Sam's nipples, to flick across it, tease it between his fingertips.

"Yeah!" Sam yelled again, and then once more, almost vibrating as he strained and moved. He said Robert's name again, then clamped down tight as he went off, gasping and moaning through it.

The smell of come, sudden and strong, made Robert moan. He rubbed his cock against the back of Sam's thigh, fingers nudging that tiny bit of flesh to keep the happy lasting as long as possible for Sam.

Sam's moans turned to whimpers until he finally relaxed, save for a few last aftershocks. "Robert," he said, voice tight. "Gonna fuck me now? Please?"

"Uh-huh." He slid his fingers out and grabbed Sam's ass, lining it up with his cock and pulling Sam back onto him, hard inch by hard inch.

"Oh boy." Sam gasped, suddenly letting go of his own prick and bracing himself on his hands. "Fucking huge, Robert. Come on, give me all of it. Want you all, fill me up."

"I've got you covered, Sammy." Groaning, he sank right in, shifting a little closer to push in that last little bit. Panting with the effort to stay still, buried deep inside, he leaned over and rested his forehead against Sam's spine.

"God." Sam groaned, panting hard. "I love this. Just... love it. Love you. Damn. You have no idea."

He kissed Sam's skin. "I think I have an idea about that." Then he kissed Sam's back again and straightened up, hands wrapping tight around Sammy's hips. "Gonna fuck you now."

"I love that part, too," Sam told him, his back arching a tiny bit. "Ready. Gimme."

"Love you, too," he whispered, and went to town on Sam's ass, letting Sam have it good and hard, fucking for all he was worth.

A couple of times Sam tried to talk -- because Sam *always* talked -- but the words were lost in the other sounds he made. He gasped and moaned and cried out, and with his back arching, his shoulders straining as Sam pushed back, it was impossible to miss how completely he was into it. When Sam's leg slipped a bit that tight little ass was wide open, begging for Robert's cock.

It was glorious and hot and wild and so fucking good that Robert was surprised they ever got anything else done. Eventually, he groped his way around to Sam's cock, wrapping it in his hand and jacking in time to his own thrusts.

"No, no, no," Sam protested. "Too soon! Oh *god*, Robert, harder! Gonna come, do it harder!"

He shifted just a bit, and managed to find Sam's gland on his next thrust. He kept nailing the spot, hand going tight like a vise around Sam's cock.

"Fuck, yes!" Sam yelled. "Robert!" His body went tight again, Sam's sounds suddenly reduced to grunts as

he spilled for the second time, his ass tighter than tight around Robert's prick.

Robert gritted his teeth and held on, determined to hold out and go for a third orgasm from Sam -- if he came now that wasn't going to happen.

Sam shook under him, his body twitching randomly. "Jesus." Sam panted, his shoulders sinking to the couch. "Done. All done. Have a good time, take what you need. I'm all used up."

"You are?" He slid a hand along the curve of Sam's spine, rubbing Sam's come in on his back. "Really?" He didn't mean to sound so surprised, he just... was.

Sam turned his head and gazed up at him, his eyes a little glassy. "I've had, like, five orgasms today. You think you can get another one out of me, you're welcome to try. And then we'll make you a medal of some kind."

Robert laughed and shook his head, hips starting to move again. He used long, deep strokes that he knew would get him off fairly quickly. "Too tired for heroics tonight, babe."

Sam groaned and nodded, but he did squeeze his ass a bit, helping out. "Damn, you're like a machine. A really big, wonderful, beautiful machine."

"You keep me... well oiled." He grunted the words out, moving faster, starting to lose the rhythm as his hips jerked through the start of his orgasm.

"Mmm." Sam rocked up a bit. "I can feel you. You're harder. Come on, honey. Come in me. Give me what you've got."

"Sam!" He cried out, hips snapping two more times as the come sprayed out of him, filling Sam's ass.

"That's it." Sam laughed weakly. "That's what I'm after. God, I love you, Robert."

Robert collapsed over Sam, hands on the couch to keep the brunt of his weight up. "Same here."

"That's good," Sam said, his voice getting sleepy. "Makes the world all right."

He gave a grunt as a reply and slipped out of the welcoming heat of Sammy's ass, sort of slid over onto the couch and holding onto Sam so he wouldn't knock his lover off onto the floor.

"Hungry?" Sam murmured, cuddling close. "We should eat. And wash the couch again."

"Do we have to move?" he asked plaintively. He was tired to the bone now.

"Nah." Sam laughed. "We can move when we're stuck to the couch and cold. Not like we haven't done it before."

"Cool. Because I'm pretty fucking happy right where I am, babe."

And he was.

Chapter Six

Sam got home from school and dumped his things on the dining room table, fully intending to get right to marking homework folders and then setting the math test he was planning for the next week. First though, he had to do his usual routine: get a glass of soda, an apple, and peek out the windows to see if the engines were in the garage next door or if Robert was out on a call.

Assured that the engines were both there and that he'd hear if Robert and his crew had to go anywhere, Sam went to the table and unpacked, chewing his apple as he went. Maybe he'd get supper going, too, see if he could sneak more vegetables into Robert. He'd just decided on a roast beef so there would be leftovers for sandwiches when the phone rang.

He answered it as he crossed the kitchen to take out the roast. "Hello?"

"Hey, Sammy."

"Dad, hey." Sam smiled. "Slacking off at the office again?"

"I don't slack off, I take appropriately planned breaks," his father said. "How was your day?"

"Pretty good. The kids behaved anyway. They have better manners than a lot of adults I know, sometimes."

"Really?" his dad asked. "Teachers being rude?"

"Nah, teachers are fine." Sam put the roast in the microwave and turned it on, set to defrost. "Not a big deal, anyway. So, what's up with you?"

"Not a lot." Sam could hear his father moving around his office and the sound of a filing cabinet closing. "Just wondering when your next break is."

"Not until Thanksgiving." Sam looked at the calendar. "October. Why? Are you going to come up?" That would be cool.

"I could," his dad said cautiously. "Or you could come down. You haven't been here in a while, Sammy."

Sam winced. It was true, he hadn't been south for a long time. It was hard, timing Robert's vacations with the school schedule. The fire department was a lot busier in the summer than in the fall and spring, and winter was a series of flue fires and accidents. "Maybe," he said, looking at the calendar. "I'm not sure if Robert can get free."

"You could come on your own for weekend," his dad said. "Not that I don't like Robert, I do. It's up to you, kid. Are you coming down for Christmas?"

"I thought you were coming up."

"Me, too. But I don't know if I can do both, Sammy. Think about it, okay?"

"Sure, Dad." Sam could feel a headache coming on. "I'll let you know soon."

"Sure. I miss you, Sam."

"I miss you, too, Dad. Take care, I'll call in a couple of days."

"All right, kid. See you later."

Sam sighed and hung up. He hadn't seen his dad in a while, that much was true. But he didn't like the idea of leaving Robert on his own, either. He'd live off pizza and chips and work too hard and -- Sam shook his head. He was being stupid, he knew.

He was so wrapped up in his thoughts that he didn't hear Robert come in and nearly jumped out of his skin when Robert's arms came around him.

"Hey, Sammy."

"Robert!" Sam looked over his shoulder and grinned, his heart pounding. "What are you doing here? I thought you were next door."

"I was. Now I'm home. You were a million miles away." Robert's lips pressed against his neck.

"Nah, not that far. Just several hundred kilometers." Sam leaned against Robert and sighed. "Dad just called."

"Yeah? How's the old guy doing?" Robert asked with a grin. Robert was only eight years younger than his father; the spread between Robert and Sam bigger.

"Seems okay." Sam snorted a laugh. "Missing me. We were talking about Thanksgiving and Christmas."

"Yeah? Thanksgiving's coming up, isn't it?"

"Mm. Not long, yeah. He kind of wants me to go down. Can you swing the time off?"

"It's kind of short notice to arrange for time off, babe. But I can ask around, see if Charlie or George are available." One of the problems of being in a small town was that everyone was really into family. And only a couple of the volunteers were able to take over when Robert went away.

Sam shrugged. "It'll be fine either way. It's a long ass trip to make for what's really only two days. Dad's just... well, he misses us. On the plus side, though, it's already too cold for him to make us work in the garden and shit."

Robert laughed. "I'll see what I can do, okay? He's coming here for Christmas, though, right? I can't ask anyone to work that for me. Besides, it's usually fairly busy." Sad, but true; there were always several fires over the Christmas holidays.

"Yeah, I think so." Sam leaned forward, not letting go of Robert and checked on the roast, even though it would need to defrost for at least another twenty minutes. "He'll come up for one of the other. How was your day?"

Robert shrugged. "Paperwork."

"Well, I guess that's good," Sam said. "Means no one got hurt. I still have my paperwork to do, though."

Shouldn't take long -- the kids are smart, even if their parents can be difficult sometimes."

"What kind of difficult?" Robert asked. "You have parents talking to you the way Brenda did the other day?"

Sam shook his head. "Nothing so blatant. At least she's honest with her feelings." He looked at the counter. "And it wasn't said directly to me, which is probably worse. One of the kids asked me if me being with you is sinful. I had no idea what to say, and he said that he thought only married people were supposed to live together. So I grabbed that one and ran with it, just talked about how people sometimes have different ideas about right and wrong and sin and such. I pushed the whole 'respecting other's choices' bit and it blew over."

Robert snorted. "How many of the kids' parents are divorced and how come that's not sinful but you and me being committed and together for as long as we have been is?"

"I wasn't going to ask." Sam rolled his eyes. "I mean, the kid is only nine. I probably wouldn't have asked his parents, either, though."

"Yeah, that's gotta be coming from the kids, because I can remember being in the third grade and thinking kissing was just about the ickiest thing I could imagine."

"I always kind of liked kissing," Sam said. It was true. "My dad worried."

Robert laughed, and tugged him around, bringing their mouths together. "How come I'm not surprised?"

"Because you know me?" Sam grinned and licked at Robert's lips. "If you distract me now, you'll have to help me mark spelling tests later."

"Me? Distract you? You're the one rubbing up against me and licking my lips. And the last time I helped you mark spelling tests, everyone got 90s."

"The kids love you for that." Sam licked again, hooking one leg around Robert's calf. "They tell me to let you mark all the time." Sam put a hand on Robert's hip and tried to kind of shimmy up him, but then thought better of it and undid his own jeans instead. "No time for laundry tonight."

Robert laughed and grabbed his ass. "I thought you didn't want to get distracted?"

"You came home, thus it's too late already." Sam beamed at him. "You should be used to it by now." He tugged at his jeans and got his cock out, stroking a couple of times before going to work on Robert's. "Let me come and I'll suck you off, nice and slow," he offered. "Hell, let me suck you off and I'll come then." Just as long as he got to touch and play, it was all good with Sam.

"You can have whatever you want, Sam. Whatever you want." Robert's voice had gone husky, big hands sliding over his hair.

"Want you." Sam took a wet kiss, his fingers petting at Robert's cock through his pants. When he managed to free it from Robert's clothes, Sam licked Robert's lips once more and sank to the floor, legs spreading to make room as he nuzzled his prize. "Always want you."

Robert spread his legs just a little, hands dropping to his shoulders and holding on. "I know. It's pretty hot." Grinning down at him, Robert added, "It's going to keep me young."

"You *are* young." Sam licked delicately at Robert's cock, all the way up the left side.

Robert made an indistinct sound that might have been agreement, might have been denial. It might just have been a groan in response to what he was doing. "Don't stop."

Like he was going to do that. Sam grinned up at Robert and lapped at the head. "Have I ever stopped? Even once?" he asked, just before he opened up and started sucking lightly at just the tip of Robert's dick, gathering the flavor of him.

"Don't remember -- can't think when you're doing that." Robert's eyes twinkled down at him.

Sam rolled his eyes and didn't stop what he was doing to answer back. It was much more fun to give Robert a blowjob than just about anything else. He went back to licking for a moment, getting the huge cock all wet and glistening and then took him in again, going down on his lover like it was his very favorite thing ever. Which it was, mostly, being sex and all.

Robert moaned, hands squeezing on his shoulders.

Laughing softly around his prick, Sam looked up at Robert and winked, then sucked harder. Sure he had Robert's attention, Sam reached between his own spread thighs and palmed his cock, moaning as he dragged his hand over himself.

"Love watching you do that," growled Robert, hips moving a little.

Sam knew it. He tongued Robert's cock, let him set the pace with the slip-slide-drag of the blowjob, and started stroking off, nice and slow. He made sure Robert could see, and tried to time his hand to Robert's hips, his thumb spreading fluid around.

"Yeah, Sam..." Great noises came from Robert, each one sexy and hot, telling him just how good a job he was doing.

Nodding, moaning again, Sam licked and sucked and pulled, his body kicking up a notch. Ruthlessly, he squeezed hard at the base of his cock, making himself wait. He wasn't going to come this time until Robert did. He just wasn't.

With another low moan, Robert's hips picked up the pace, pushing the wide cock in a little faster, starting to really take his mouth. Sam grunted, then changed his angle a little by rising up on his knees so Robert could really fuck. He knew he'd just risked blowing his load faster, but he couldn't help it if he got off on that. Hell, he got off on everything, anyway. His hand sped, too, matching Robert's thrust until he felt his own cock twitch and throb, his balls pulling up. Then he squeezed hard again, holding off.

"Oh, fuck." Robert's hands slid up to grab his head and hold it in place and Robert went to town, thrusting hard for about thirty seconds before shouting his name and coming down his throat.

Sam swallowed, still gripping his own erection hard until Robert was done, every drop licked and sucked and swallowed down. Then he moaned, pulling away gasping. "I did it." He looked down at himself. "Holy shit."

Robert's laugh was husky, and he dropped to his knees, big hand joining Sam's.

Sam gasped, still a little stunned that he hadn't blown yet. "Oh, *yeah*," he said, feeling Robert's fingers on him. This was going to take about two seconds, but it was totally worth it.

Robert's mouth closed over his, tongue pushing into his mouth as their hands set up a hard, fast rhythm around his prick. It started in a fast pulse, from balls to cock, and it ended in a messy, wet rush, Sam pushing a cry into Robert's mouth as he spilled over their fingers. Coming like that left him twitching and moaning, pretty sure he couldn't get up off the floor of their kitchen, and with a huge grin on his face.

Robert rubbed their noses together and kissed him again.

"That was pretty good," Sam said, still grinning.

"It was great. You're great." Robert grinned back at him, looking happy and sort of dazed.

"I'm messy and kind of like a puddle of melted bones and fried brain cells," Sam pointed out. "But you're beautiful."

Robert rolled his eyes and shifted from his knees to his ass. "I'm stuck on the kitchen floor. But that's okay, because I'm not alone." Another grin and Robert was tugging him into the big lap.

Sam curled up with his man, content and warm. "Never alone," he agreed. "I'm stuck like... some sticky thing. Which is pretty much both of us, considering." He snuggled up a bit more and rested his head on Robert's chest. "You know, that was neat. Kinda hard, though. Maybe I'm not built to keep from going off like a shot. I'm *special*."

That had Robert laughing again, the wide chest moving under his head. "Babe, you are special. And not just because of that." Robert kissed the top of his head as the microwave pinged. "Does that mean supper's ready?"

"Nope. That means supper is thawed and ready to go in the oven. Can you do that while I start the kids' tests?" Sam didn't move, not quite ready to leave Robert's lap yet.

"Sure. We gonna have mashed potatoes and gravy, too?" Robert wasn't making any moves to get up either.

"If you insist. And two vegetables. Only one if you'll skip the gravy." Sam sighed and turned his head up for a kiss. "And don't drown them in butter."

"Skip the gravy?" Robert looked horrified. "I like veggies well enough if one's carrots."

"Carrots and green beans, then." Sam finally moved to get up. "I'll help, soon as I mark the tests. You know gravy isn't its own food or anything, right? It's just a little add on?"

"It's the add ons that make a meal, Sammy. Ketchup on fries, hot sauce on chili, gravy on roast and potatoes." Robert groaned as he stood, stretched, and then did himself up.

"You know, I was vegan once. For, like, a week." Sam washed his hands at the sink and wondered if Robert would panic if he teased him about maybe becoming a vegetarian.

Robert snorted. "You like my meat too much to go vegetarian."

Sam blinked twice and burst into laughter. "You know, you're completely right. I do." He dried his hands and gave Robert's meat a pat as he went to the table. "It's very filling, too."

Robert's grin lit the place up, his lover taking the roast out of the microwave and popping it into a roasting pan. The cupboards were searched for spices, Robert rubbing a few into the meat.

And Sam sat at the table, watching him and smiling, pretty sure that their home was a damn fine example of domestic bliss, just as good as any other in the town. Maybe even better, given that after seven years together they still made time for sex on the kitchen floor. No matter what anyone said, theirs was just as good a relationship, just as valid, as anyone else's.

Chapter Seven

Robert was pouting.

He was sitting and watching the hockey game and pouting as big as any five year old.

He hadn't been able to get anyone to cover Thanksgiving for him, so Sam had gone to visit his dad on his own, leaving Robert all by himself. Okay, so he'd insisted that Sam go because it had been ages since Sam and his father had seen each other, but the prospect of a second night alone in bed had him grumpy and not feeling the least bit thankful.

They hadn't even had a fire and he'd wound up sitting around the station and washing the trucks, catching up on his paperwork, and missing his Sammy in the worst way.

The phone rang and he grabbed it, hitting the talk button before bringing it up to his ear. "Hello?"

"Hey, you! Miss me?"

"Sammy..." He settled back on the couch, pouting completely forgotten. "How could I miss you -- you've only been gone two days."

"Oh, all right then. I'll just go watch TV with my dad, then..." Sam teased.

"Don't you dare!" He chuckled and turned off the TV, staring up at the ceiling. His voice lowered. "I have missed you, babe. A whole lot."

"I miss you, too," Sam said, his voice soft and serious. "I had a hard time sleeping last night."

"Yeah, me, too. I've gotten used to having my own personal teddy bear."

"You mean hot water bottle. Man, I was cold last night! Plus there was all this extra energy. Apparently, if I don't get off every day I tend to bounce."

That had him laughing. "There something wrong with your right hand?"

"Not at all." He could hear Sammy laugh, too. "I've been using it a lot. My left is jealous. And you?"

"I'm ambidextrous when it comes to that. Nobody's jealous." He just couldn't stop smiling. Not that he wanted to.

"See, that's what I like about you. I'm always learning new things. Tell me what you did today. What are you doing right now?"

"I spent the day cleaning the station house. It's never been cleaner. And right now I'm talking to you, Sam."

"God, you must be bored damn near to tears. I spent time with Dad, played some cards, missed you. And now I'm here. Dad says I don't get dinner until I stop moping."

"You're moping? Bad boy."

"Right, because you weren't sitting there pouting at all, were you?"

"I don't pout."

"You so do. You just don't notice, because when *I* notice I distract you."

"But you're not here to distract me," he pointed out, beginning to pout.

Sam laughed. "Says who? I'm all about the distracting, Robert. Would it distract you if you knew I called pretty much just so I could hear your voice while I stroke off? Left handed, maybe."

"Sam! Where are you?" God, his Sammy was shameless.

"Relax, I'm in my room. Jeeze. And Dad pretty much sent me in here, too. He didn't think the couch should vibrate, and my twitching was getting on his nerves. He says hi, by the way."

"How can you tell me you're going to jack off listening to my voice in one breath and say hi from your dad in the next?"

"Practice." He could hear Sam moving around and then a soft laugh. "Are you going to get off with me or what?"

"On the phone?" His mind was saying no way, especially knowing that Sam's dad knew exactly what was going on. His cock on the other hand, had a completely different answer.

"Well, it's kind of a long trek just to get laid, and I have to be ready for supper in an hour," Sam said. "Although, it would take a stronger man than me to turn down a chance at you. Luckily, I don't have to be strong. Hell, I don't even have to be naked. Although I am. Right now."

Robert licked his lips and spread his legs, giving his rapidly hardening prick room. On second thought, he popped the button and undid the zipper. It needed a lot of room.

"I heard that," Sam said in a sing song voice. "That's the spirit. Now, join in anytime. I'm probably a little ahead of you, what with the whole lotion on my hand thing, but that's okay. You can catch up." Sure enough, there was a hitch in Sam's voice already.

"No fair, babe -- you're faster off the mark than me to start with. I'm not going to be able to catch up." Of course that didn't stop him from wrapping his free hand around his prick and sliding it slowly up and down.

"You can meet me at the end of round two," Sam promised. "Man. I miss you. Miss your hands on me."

"Round two... You're going to go twice. On the phone. With me." He chuckled and settled in farther, legs spread wide. He found the lube and slicked up his hand, jacking nice and easy. "I miss you, too," he told Sam, voice husky. "It just didn't seem right this morning, waking up without you rubbing off against me."

"That's what I'm saying," Sam agreed, panting a tiny bit in Robert's ear. "A man gets used to things like that. Me humping your thigh in the morning. Waking you up with blowjobs. Getting fucked in the.... in the shower. Oh boy." The last was followed by a tight moan.

He groaned at the images, at the sounds coming through the phone. "Sammy... I want you."

"Want you, too." Sam moaned at him, his breath coming in the fast pattern Robert knew meant he was about to come. "Want you here, right here, hand on me -- Robert!"

Man, he could almost smell Sam's come.

"Oh boy." Sam groaned. "That was oddly... wow, way better when you're here for the after. And then you can just dump me over the edge of the bed and get your cock in me. I like that part, too."

He bit his bottom lip, a jolt going through him at Sam's words. "Uh-huh." He nodded, hand squeezing around the head of his cock. He liked that part, too.

Sam warmed to the topic, though his breathing barely slowed down at all. "I like it when I'm only half ready for it, like when you suck me off? My brain is way out there and suddenly you're in me, fucking me, and I'm all.... Hell, yes! It's like this huge, wonderful surprise."

He made a noise that was supposed to be "go on" but came out more "gun", his own breath catching, his heartbeat racing.

"It gets... like... primal," Sam told him. "Like we're driven. You driving. Always you, Robert. All I want. And you drive into me, fuck me, make love to me, hold me... it's all you." Sam gasped in his ear and he could hear bed springs creaking. "I'm fingering myself, Robert. Want your cock in me. Want it so much."

"Oh, fuck!" He went off like a rocket, come shooting up far enough to hit his chin.

If there was such a thing as a frantic silence, that's what was on the other end of the line until Sam finally grunted and gasped again. "Jesus." Sam panted. "You liked that one? I can do it for you when I get home."

His poor cock gave a little jerk, but without the benefit of an in person Sammy, he was pretty sure it would be staying mostly soft. "Speaking of coming home -- when are you?"

"Tomorrow," Sam said, his voice lazy and content. "Only thing that will stop me is weather. I'll be late in, though, close to midnight."

"If I'm asleep, wake me." He didn't need to think twice about that one.

"Can you see me letting you sleep? I'll wake you up with my tongue in your ass, if I have to."

Robert's cock gave another little twitch. "Love you," he murmured into the phone.

"I love you back," Sam whispered. "And Dad's yelling for me to come and have supper. Apparently he lied about the hour. Should I tell him you said hi?"

He rolled his eyes. "Sure. Bye, babe."

The phone went quiet in his hand and he sighed. He considered turning the game back on, but his heart wasn't in it and instead he grabbed the top of his pants to keep them from sliding down and headed up to bed.

By himself.

Chapter Eight

One big plane. One little plane. A lot of driving. Going to see his dad was never a small undertaking, but it had been fun, apart from the missing Robert thing. Sam didn't get home until almost midnight, just like he'd expected. Tired and really needing to pee, he didn't do anything more than grab his bag before he ran into the house. The outside light was on, and the one in the kitchen, but that was to be expected. "Robert?" he yelled, making a fast dash for the bathroom.

He didn't hear a reply, but he was too busy to really notice that for a moment. He washed his hands and zipped back up, yelling again as he dried them off. "Robert?"

The house was silent and still, and Sam suddenly realized that it was *late*. Like, really late, and if Robert had worked all day he'd be asleep. "Oops," he said with a grin, heading into the bedroom. Robert might be asleep, but Sam had made plans for the perfect wake up. He'd even promised, though he kind of thought Robert would be at least waking up a little, with all the yelling.

The light was off in the bedroom and Sam didn't turn it on. He crept in, making his way to Robert's side of the bed, intending to slip in with him and wake him up properly. As that kind of thing was best done naked, Sam figured he'd kind of help Robert out a bit by at least taking off a layer or two.

But he'd only gotten his sweatshirt off when he realized the bed was empty.

"Well, shit." Sam turned on the lamp by Robert's side of the bed and blinked at the sudden light. Definitely no Robert. Frowning, Sam went back to the kitchen and tried to see into the station garage.

There was a light on over there, and no engines. "Damn." Robert was out on a call, which not only meant no blowjobs, rimming or fucking, but a very tired fireman when Robert got back. With a sigh, Sam started turning on lights in the house; the least he could do was wait up for him, greet him properly when Robert got home.

Sam made sure there was coffee ready to go in case Robert wanted something hot, and checked to see if they had things for sandwiches if Robert was hungry. Then he settled at the table and got his lesson plans out of the week and pretended to work while he waited.

By one in the morning he was considering a nap. He did, after all, have to work in the morning.

By two, Sam had been lying on the couch and resting without sleeping for half an hour.

At three he gave up and started pacing. Unless Robert's call was a really bad accident, the length of time he'd been gone was more in line with a fire. There was no way to tell how long *that* would go. Or how dangerous it was.

"He's damn good at his job," Sam told himself. "Just get some sleep and he'll walk in the door and you can see him before you go to work in four hours. Shit. Four hours." Sam went back to the couch and closed his eyes.

At four-thirty Sam was back to pacing, worried and tired and trying very hard to keep his perspective. His imagination had always been good, unfortunately, and things always seemed to drag in the middle of the

night. It was a lot easier to have total confidence in Robert during the daytime; night seemed to bring the very worst scenarios to mind. Usually, Sam didn't worry; he wasn't made that way and he couldn't be partners with a firefighter without a way of coping. He was used to it. He really was.

But it was almost five in the morning and the night was black and there was no Robert.

Sam's eyes were gritty and his stomach was in knots. Sleep was an impossible thing, so he started the coffee and drank cup after cup, trying to keep his hands warm around the mug. And every few minutes he'd go to the window and look out at the empty garage, his stomach rolling.

It was almost six am when the phone rang, shrill and loud in the silence.

Sam scrambled, his feet sliding on the kitchen floor as he made a grab for the receiver. "Robert?" he said quickly, hoping.

"Sam? It's Charlie Lawson."

Sam blinked. "Charlie. Hey. Where's Robert?"

"We were out on a call. Bad fire. And there were people trapped inside and he went in after them."

"Uh-huh," Sam said slowly, holding himself very still. That's what Robert did. It was his job, his calling. "And?" he asked, pretty sure he didn't want to know whatever Charlie was about to say.

"Well, he was sharing his mask with them, like you're supposed to do, only there were about a half dozen people altogether and it was a really bad blaze so he wouldn't let anyone else go in and he collapsed." Charlie sounded miserable, like he didn't want to have to be telling him this.

Sam stared at the wall beside the phone. The wallpaper was starting to lift just a little at the edge. "I see," he said calmly. Collapsed. "Is he conscious now?" Robert was not dead. Collapsed was not dead, and he wouldn't get a phone call if Robert was dead. He'd get a knock at the door. Robert was not dead. Which didn't mean Sam wasn't about to throw up all the coffee he'd just drunk.

"He's okay! He's okay! Sorry, I should have said that to start with." Charlie sighed. "I'm sorry. This is my first time calling someone like this. We haven't. Well. He's okay. They've got him on oxygen and I don't think they want to let him go yet, but he's okay."

"Thank God," Sam whispered, suddenly leaning on the wall, dizzy. "Um. Thanks. I'll be over in a few minutes. Just need to call the school and find my shoes." He closed his eyes and breathed. "Did he get everyone out okay? Anyone else hurt?"

"He saved everyone. He was incredible! It was amazing." Charlie laughed. "It was like all those practice runs put into action. I'll wait around 'til you get here."

"Yeah, thanks. Although next time he decides not to let anyone else go in, knock him over the head and tell him you're trained too, by *him*. Jesus, I'm too old for this shit."

"You try telling him anything when there's a fire. Okay, Sam. I'll wait for you to get here -- my wife is anxious for me to come home, so see you soon, eh?" Charlie hung up without waiting for an answer.

"Be right there," Sam said into the dead air. Then, very carefully, he hung up and walked the three steps to the kitchen sink and vomited. "Jesus," he muttered, running the water. "Shit. I am so not cut out for that."

God."

Once he'd rinsed the sink and got his shoes on, he called the school and left a message on the voice mail; as an afterthought, he called his principal at home, knowing Michael would be up.

"Morning," came the chipper reply. Michael was a morning person and always disgustingly cheerful when he wasn't chewing someone out.

"Hey, Michael. It's Sam," he said absently, grabbing his coat and making sure his keys were in the pocket.

"Hey, Sam. You have a good Thanksgiving?"

"Yeah, it was good. Nice to see Dad, you know? Listen, I left a message at the school, so ignore that. Robert's in the hospital, collapsed at a fire last night, so I'm not going to be in today. I think Lynn can sub, if her little one is over that flu he had last week."

"Oh my God! Is he all right?"

"I think so." Sam pulled on his coat and zipped it up. "Charlie said it was smoke and they have him on oxygen. I'm on my way over there now."

"All right, Sam, I'll take care of the sub. Don't you worry about it. I'm sure he'll be just fine. Take care now." Michael signed off and there was nothing left to do but go to the hospital.

Sam drove fast, keeping an eye out for the rare traffic at that hour, wishing his hands would stop shaking. The hospital, such as it was, was small and easy to navigate; anything really serious required being airlifted to a larger center. But Robert hadn't been taken south, and that was good. Sam told himself that over and over as he parked and ran in through the emergency room doors, looking around for someone he knew or a nurse who could point him in the right direction.

Charlie was sitting in one of the chairs, looking like the adrenaline rush had faded. He nodded when he saw Sam and stood. "Hey, Sam. He's over this way. Curtain three."

Sam nodded and kept walking. "Thanks, Charlie. Go on home, okay? Get some sleep, man."

"Yeah. Shit, what time is it?" Charlie headed off, still muttering to himself.

"Almost six-thirty." Sam waved and lengthened his stride, dodging around a nurse to get to the curtain. He needed to see Robert.

Robert was alone behind curtain three, his bed cranked so that he was lying upright. He was still wearing his turnouts and the parts of his face that weren't covered in soot were pale. There was an oxygen line around his face, and his eyes were closed, his head lolling a little to one side.

Sam stood still for a long moment, just looking at him. It was like a bad dream, seeing Robert like that, something Sam had tried very hard to avoid imagining for seven years. Slowly, he walked to Robert's side and reached out a hand to touch his arm. "Hey," he whispered, not able to speak properly. "Baby. Are you awake?"

Robert tried to take a deep breath and wound up coughing instead, eyes popping open as he fought for breath.

"Hey, hey, shhhh." Sam pet him and tried to get him to ease back. "Don't, Robert. Shallow breaths." Oh, man.

Robert nodded, mouth snapping closed so he had to breathe through his nose, and hopefully was pulling in lots of oxygen. Robert's hand found his, and held on.

Sam clutched at him, tangling their fingers together and squeezing hard, fighting off tears. "Good," he said. "That's it. Calm. I'm here."

Robert nodded. "Sorry," he muttered, voice rasping, almost non-existent. "Smoke."

"I know. Charlie called. Hey, you're a hero, though. Got everyone out." He tried to smile, but it hurt and he knew he was dangerously close to sniffing.

Robert grinned and tugged on his hand. "Come here."

Sam went fast, getting as close as he could and feeling like he was going to shake apart. "Don't you do this to me again. I'll give you this one for free, though."

Robert put one hand behind his head and brought their lips together, taking little kisses. "Sorry, Sammy. I didn't mean to."

"I know that," Sam said. "It's okay. You're okay. I love you." He wanted to get right on the bed with Robert, but held off. Barely.

Robert nuzzled their noses together. He smelled like smoke and hospital and *Robert*. "Take me home, Sammy."

"Can't yet, honey. Soon though. We have to make sure your lungs are okay." He wanted to, though. Sam wanted to pack Robert up and take him home and see him in their bed, sleeping and clean and not so pale.

A nurse came in then, Sam thought maybe her name was Judi. He was pretty sure he'd seen her at school activities with a kid in kindergarten. "Oh, now, none of that. He's not up to sharing the bed just yet."

Sam sighed but didn't move very much. "It's not really big enough, anyway." He tried to smile again. "How long does he have to stay?"

"I think the doctor wants him overnight."

Robert shook his head, struggling to sit up. "No. No way."

While he agreed with Robert on general principle and sheer selfishness, Sam wasn't stupid. He put his hands on Robert's shoulder and tried to get him to lie back again. "Stop that," he scolded. "They're not going to let you go if you try to be pushy. Just lie back and try to convince the doctor. And you know damn well that right this moment is too soon." There, that was better. Apparently being bossy was a good way to stave off panic.

"Don't like..." Robert started coughing again and when he spoke next time, it was in a whisper. "Don't like hospitals. Could lie around at home."

Jodi -- not Judi -- chuckled. "But then you wouldn't get to see my pretty face every half hour checking your vitals."

"And we don't have oxygen at home," Sam pointed out.

"Details," muttered Robert, pouting, which made him look *really* pathetic, what with the pallor and the oxygen line and all.

"Important ones," Sam insisted. "Now behave or I won't give you that wake up call I promised." It was an empty threat; Robert wouldn't be ready for that kind of activity for a while.

"Wait for me to leave the room before you start with the naughty talk, boys." Jodi took Robert's temperature and his blood pressure and patted his arm. "And no strenuous activity of any kind. None. No kissing. As little talking as possible. Just lie there and let your lungs heal."

"I do most of the talking anyway," Sam said. "But tell me you're kidding about the kissing. Please." Robert looked like he was ready to get up and go again.

"Honey, he can't take a deep breath, do you really think he ought to be kissing?"

Sam slumped back into the chair beside the bed, still holding Robert's hand. "No," he admitted grumpily. "But it would make me feel better."

"He should be feeling better soon. And if you insist on crawling back into bed with him the minute my back is turned, just make sure you don't lean on his chest." She patted his shoulder. "I'll be back to check on you in a bit and the doctor will be doing rounds in a few hours. We'll get you moved to a proper room after he's seen you."

Perking up a bit, Sam smiled. "Thanks," he said softly. Implied permission to snuggle was better than nothing. "I'll be careful. He's kind of small and fragile." He even managed not to glance at Robert as he said it.

She gave him a half-smile at that even as Robert snorted, which sent him into a coughing fit. "He may not be small, but his lungs are fragile at the moment. Just don't forget that."

"Yes, ma'am," Sam said contritely. "Sorry." He stood once more and brushed Robert's hair off his forehead. "You gotta help me out here, babe. No laughing at my jokes."

"Usually only pretend to laugh anyway." Well, Robert couldn't be feeling too bad if he was up to teasing.

"Oh, that hurts, man," Sam teased back. "My dad thinks I'm funny." He lifted Robert's hand to his mouth and kissed the knuckles, thinking that had to be allowed, at least. "You should sleep."

"I could maybe sleep. Stay?" The pathetic pout was turned on him again, and Robert looked young and vulnerable.

Sam stared at him and held his hand tighter. "I will not leave you, Robert," he promised. "I'll be right here." His eyes filled up again and Sam blinked rapidly. He just wasn't used to Robert looking... well, small and fragile.

"Tell me 'bout your Thanksgiving," murmured Robert, eyes closing, lashes dark against his pale skin.

"There was food," Sam said promptly, watching Robert's face and waiting for him to look like he normally did, willing it to happen. "And TV. And Dad whipped my ass at cards because I let him win. I missed you. Like, a lot." He had. He was pretty sure he wasn't ever going to go away by himself again if he could help it.

Robert smiled, hand petting him. "Missed you."

"I know," Sam said softly. "I could hear it in your voice. Did you eat? I mean, really eat. Not that crap you insist is food."

"Is food!" The words were spoken loudly enough to sound indignant and Robert only coughed a tiny bit.

"It is not, and don't you dare try to talk. Jodi'll have my balls and I happen to be attached to them. Sleep, okay? I'll be right here. The sooner you're better, the sooner I get you home."

"Sam." Robert waited until he was looking into the blue eyes. "I want to go home. Make sure they know that."

Sam nodded silently. He would make sure the doctor knew that. And then he'd do his very best to make Robert happy when the doctor said no, as he was almost sure to. Robert didn't look good, and he sounded worse. As much as Sam wanted him home, he wanted Robert well. If that meant a day in the hospital, it did. Even if Robert hated it.

Chapter Nine

They'd finally moved him to a real room about an hour ago. A real production that involved making Sam wait at the first floor reception area while they moved him over to a bed with wheels. *Moved* him. They wouldn't fucking let him climb over himself, but insisted that they had to move him.

So four orderlies manhandled him onto the bed to move him, and then onto his bed once they were here.

He was hooked up to fifty billion machines and the fucking oxygen line had dried out his nose completely and Sam wasn't back with him yet. And to add insult to injury, the doctor insisted he stay overnight. A new nurse came in and he glared at her while she took his vitals. He knew none of it was her fault, but, damn it, he wasn't happy.

Finally she was done, returning his scowl with a sympathetic smile before she left, pausing in the door to say, "Oh, good. Cheer him up a bit for me; he's much more handsome when he smiles."

"I'll do my best," Sam's voice said, then his Sammy came in, blond curls a mess as he hurried to Robert's side. "Hey, you should growl more, they're not intimidated yet." Sam smiled, though, taking his hand again and sitting on the edge of the bed.

He growled a little for Sam, but it made him cough and struggled for his next breath. Damn it. He tugged on Sammy's hand, wanting Sam in the bed with him.

"Shhh," Sam soothed, obligingly curling up with him. "Don't try to do anything I tell you to. I want you home, honey, and if your lungs don't rest that isn't going to happen." Sam sighed, squirming to lie next to him and not on him. He sounded tired and worried, as well.

"Sorry," Robert murmured, feeling like shit.

"Don't be," Sam whispered. "Just get better." Sam snuggled a bit more and kissed his cheek. "What did the doctor say?"

"Overnight. Maybe out tomorrow." He hated being reduced to grunts and clicks, hated feeling so damned weak.

Sam lifted his head. "Really? Oh, man." He sighed again and settled. "That sucks. I'll bring you some real food later, okay? And maybe a decent pillow."

"Deal. Breakfast at Rosie's tomorrow on way home. Pancakes." He nodded. That was the plan.

"You got it," Sam promised with a yawn. "I'll call Michael in a bit and update him."

"Shit, work. You should be there." Damn it, he'd messed it all up.

"Don't be ridiculous," Sam said. "I should be right here. Don't worry about it, okay? Michael understood and this is exactly the kind of thing that supply teachers are for. It's fine, really."

Robert made a grunting sort of noise in reply. He wasn't supposed to be in the hospital. Hell, he and Sammy

hadn't even had a proper kiss yet, let alone a welcome back bedroom celebration. And the guys had had to finish fighting the fire without him. The captain from the next town over had showed up with his team and taken over. Those were *his* guys and he'd let them down. And now he was stuck in the damned hospital.

"You know," Sam said softly, apparently reading his mind, "Charlie said you were a hero, too. It's not just me and my bias. You're awesome, Robert. And in a couple of days, you get to go out there and prove it again."

He squeezed Sam tight, kissed the top of his head. "Thanks, Sammy." It did make him feel a little better.

"And I get to watch," Sam added, smiling against Robert's shoulder. "Lucky, lucky me."

"Yeah, so lucky you gotta help me get changed." He nodded at the hospital gown the nurse had brought in that he was supposed to change into.

"That could be fun." Sam eyed the gown. "We should steal it when you get out of here."

He raised an eyebrow at Sam. "What?"

Sam sat up and grinned, moving to help him get his gear off. "To use at home. You know. Open clothes can be fun." He wiggled his eyebrows and started studying Robert's pants.

Robert shook his head. "Bad enough to wear it here. Not at home." Naked was just fine and didn't look silly.

"If you say so," Sam said, and Robert was pretty sure he'd open a drawer someday and find a Johnny shirt mocking him. "Okay, let's get you out of these. Lift your hips, honey."

"Usually for a better reason." Usually when Sammy was undressing him, sex ensued.

"Well, yes, but that's against the rules for a reason." Sam tugged at the turnouts. "God, we need to get these cleaned up before you go back to work, too. And remind me to get a cloth so I can wash some of the smudges off you."

"Mmm... sponge bath." That had potential to be fun. He raised his hips again for Sammy and lay back down properly with a sigh. Damn, that hadn't been easy.

"That's an at home activity that I, for one, am looking forward to," Sam said with a grin. He grabbed a blanket and smoothed it over Robert, then got back on the bed. "We'll deal with the gown later. Rest, okay? If they bitch I'll just flip out at them until they run away crying."

He chuckled, and then coughed, wishing Sam was naked, too, and that he felt up to doing more than just lying here and that they were home and he was pouting again.

"I bet the kids are making you get well cards," Sam told him, petting his arm with a warm hand. "And I bet you're going to have a ton of visitors tonight, if the nurses let them in."

Oh, man. He tensed up. He didn't want people to see him like this, all weak like a kitten.

"Robert?" Sam looked at him, eyes worried. "What's wrong?"

"No visitors."

Sam tilted his head for a moment and then nodded slowly. "Okay. No visitors." He sighed and lowered his head again. "Just me. I'm not going any farther than the phone."

He relaxed a little. If Sammy said no visitors, there wouldn't be any. "Cept for food." He'd been promised real food. "Milkshake?" he asked. His throat hurt and that would feel so good.

"Yep." Sam yawned again, relaxing next to him. "Milkshake. Phone calls. Then right back here until you come home with me."

"Love you," he whispered, not wanting to think about how easily he could have been worse off, much worse.

"Love you back," Sam murmured. "So much. Sleep, okay? For me?"

"Okay." He could do that. He closed his eyes and did.

Chapter Ten

The doctor came around again before supper, so Sam took the time to go and stretch his legs, intending to call Michael and a few other people, then get Robert's milkshake.

Charlie was first, and the easiest; Sam filled him in and asked that he'd put the word out that Robert was going to be sleeping and that Sam asked for no visitor. Charlie didn't seem to think that was odd, so Sam fished out another quarter and leaned on the wall to call Michael, already thinking about how big a milkshake he could get for Robert.

He tried the school line, knowing that even if Michael had gone home someone would still be there and he could ask about his class, too.

"Sir John A Elementary."

"Hey, Ellen. It's Sam. How did things go today?"

"Oh, honey, how are you? How's Robert? Michael told us what happened. Is he okay?" Ellen was about fifty and tended to mother everyone.

"I'm okay, he's okay. Well, he's still in the hospital, but he *will* be okay. He got lots of smoke into his lungs, so he's stuck here for the night. Is Michael around? I'm going to need another day."

"He just left for the day, honey. I'll let him know you're taking another day off."

"Okay, thanks. Were the kids okay today?" Sam stifled another yawn and hoped sincerely that they had been.

"They were all worried about Robert. He's a real favorite with them. I think they made cards and stuff for him."

Sam smiled. "I knew they would. Have someone thank them for me in the morning, and tell them I promise Robert will get them as soon as possible."

"Okay, honey. You take care of your man there. He's a real hero."

"I keep telling him that," Sam said with a broad grin. "Thanks, Ellen. I'll be here at the hospital if anyone needs me. Well, right after I get Robert his milkshake." Sam said goodbye and hung up, imaging the wonderful creations his kids would have come up with. Ellen was right; Robert was a real favorite.

He went out for ten minutes, hunting ice cream for Robert, and came back with the most enormous milkshake ever built. For free. Everyone in town, apparently, knew what had happened, and he couldn't pay for it no matter how much he'd tried. Still smiling, he went into Robert's room and presented it with a flourish.

Robert gave him a wide smile. "Starving!" Then Robert made a face and pointed at the tray where his uneaten supper sat.

Sam passed over the milkshake. "Extra chocolate." He looked at the tray and studied it. "You will eat the...

yellow stuff. And the Jell-O. Okay?"

"Burger?" Robert asked, giving him that pitiful look.

Sam rolled his eyes. "You know me far too well." He sighed and lifted the paper bag he'd had hidden behind his back. "Are you allowed to have this?"

Robert didn't answer, just grabbed the burger and put the milkshake to his mouth, face turning to bliss.

"That's not a real answer. But I'll take it." He sat on the bed again and put his hand on Robert's thigh. "Feeling better?"

Robert nodded around a mouthful of burger and blew him a kiss.

Laughing, Sam nodded. "You are. Did the doctor say anything about getting out of here tomorrow?"

Robert made a face, and answered around the second half of his burger. "Said we'll see."

"Mm. That's a nice, non-committal answer. I suppose they're still saying you can't do anything strenuous too." Great, now *he* was pouting.

"Nothing that makes me breathe hard." Robert wagged his eyebrows, and drank more of his milkshake. "This feels so good, babe." Robert was talking better after having it, too.

"I'm glad," Sam said, carefully lifting his hand off Robert's leg. The no breathing hard thing pretty much meant that Sam wasn't to touch Robert below the waist and some of the above the waist bits were off limits, too. "They wouldn't charge me for that milkshake, you know. And the kids made you cards, according to Ellen."

"That's nice." Robert gave him a pointed look. "Hand back."

Sam put his hand back and grinned. "What if I start breathing hard?" he teased.

"I think you're allowed." Robert finished up the burger and gave him another pout. "Just the one? Haven't eaten since yesterday."

"Then you can eat the yellow stuff," Sam said, reaching for the tray. Honestly, keeping Robert full of hamburgers was so far away from the way he usually managed the food that it was a little scary. "And I promise that if I start breathing hard, you will, too."

"That sounds like fun. The breathing hard, not the yellow stuff." Robert downed another quarter of his milkshake like someone was going to take it away from him.

"Breathing hard at this point will not be fun," Sam said, rolling his eyes. "It will be painful." He patted Robert's thigh and told himself not to touch too much. It was counter-productive to say one thing while feeling up his man at the same time. No matter how much he wanted to.

"We shouldn't both have to suffer," Robert told him, helping himself to the yellow stuff. Sam thought it was creamed corn. Maybe.

"I am a grown man." Sam watched his fingers pet Robert's thigh without his permission. "I can wait until tomorrow."

"Sure you can." Robert stretched under his touch, shifted a little closer.

"Don't do that," Sam ordered. He wiggled, rubbing his own leg along Robert's. "You're going to get us in trouble."

"They might even kick us out," Robert suggested, hand reaching for his thigh.

"Are you using me just to get to your own bed?" Damn, this was a very, very bad idea.

"That's just a fortunate side effect," murmured Robert, fingers teasing the inside of his thigh.

Sam squirmed, his libido fighting with his good sense. "There will be very *unfortunate* side effects if you don't go easy on your lungs," he said, his fingers digging into the muscle of Robert's thigh so he wouldn't just slide his hand up and get to what he wanted.

"I just want to touch you, Sammy. Just my hand'll be moving." Of course the growing bulge tenting up the sheets said more than just Robert's hand was moving.

"And how are you going to do this without breathing heavy?" Sam asked seriously. But he didn't stand up, didn't move away, and Jesus, when had his own hands turned traitor? One was undoing the button on his own jeans and the other was tugging at Robert's sheets. "Shit," he whispered. "Don't let the doctor kill me, okay?"

"Nobody's killing anyone." Robert tugged the sheet back up. "Just you, Sammy."

Sam glared. "That is hardly fair," he said in as snotty a voice as he could manage while getting his jeans undone. "And I swear to God, you so much as take a deep breath, I'm out of here. Right into the bathroom."

"That's why it's just you, babe. You touch me and I will start breathing heavy. And I'm the one not getting any -- how come you're bitching about it not being fair?"

"Because I happen to get a great deal of pleasure from getting you off." He'd thought that was pretty obvious, really. With a look at the closed door he moved, lifting up a little and turning his back that way as he reached into his pants and pulled his cock out. "*Such* a bad idea," he whispered.

"When's the last time you got to come, Sam? When you got home last night? Or before you even left yesterday? You're going to explode of excess semen or something if you don't get off soon." Robert slid his fingers across the tip of Sam's prick.

Sam shuddered. "Um. The night before I left, I think. Couple of days." That couldn't be right. "Oh boy." Sam looked over his shoulder and then down at his cock, his fingers tight around himself and Robert's hand right there. "Help me." He pulled, fast and getting desperate, the idea that Robert had damn near been lost to him suddenly slamming into him. He'd put off that idea for hours and hours, and abruptly it was right there. Stuck. "Robert."

Robert tugged him down and took one soft, short kiss after another, hand sliding down to cup his balls.

"Oh, fuck," Sam whimpered, his body going tight. "Love you. Love you so much." His eyes squeezed shut and his hips jerked, balls tight and hot. He jacked himself until he started to come, then tried to catch it before he wrecked the sheets and they got in trouble. Being tidy was *hard*, and all he wanted to do was shove his tongue into Robert's mouth and kiss him for a hundred years.

Robert groaned, and then started coughing.

"Fuck." Sam twisted, grabbing for a box of tissues and getting out of Robert's way. "Lie back, honey. Oh fuck, I'm so sorry!"

"S'okay." Robert waved in his general direction and then grabbed for the milkshake, finishing it up, the coughs easing.

"Damn, damn, damn," Sam muttered, wiping at his hands. Still a little sticky, he got his pants done up. "Are you okay? I need to go wash." Jesus, how could he have been so dumb? "I'm sorry."

Robert frowned. "Stop that. I'm fine. I got to watch you get off. Got to smell you. Got to drink a milkshake."

"And you got to cough and hurt," Sam said with a sigh. He leaned over and kissed Robert's mouth. "I love you. I want you *home*."

"You and me both, Sammy." Robert's lips lingered on his, hand at the back of his neck to keep him there.

A throat clearing at the door announced that they weren't alone anymore.

Sam froze, his hands clutching tissues that were wet with his come. That was a lot too close for comfort. Hot, though. He sighed and straightened up, putting his hands carefully in his pockets and hoping the whole room didn't stink of spunk.

The nurse was giving them the evil eye. "You know you're not supposed to do anything to make your lungs work too hard, Robert."

"I didn't, I swear." Robert gave her his best innocent as pie look. It was a pretty good look.

"He didn't," Sam echoed. "Really." He cheeks got hot and he was pretty sure no one would ever believe him. "Um. I'll be right back. Need to hit the head." He was a man, but he could flee like a little boy when he had to.

"Coward," Robert called after him, the word followed by another coughing fit.

"BEHAVE!" he called back, dashing across the hall and into the bathroom. He had his hands rinsed off before he remembered what he'd stuffed into his pocket, so he had to wash them again. At least by that point he wasn't blushing anymore.

And he even hoped that Robert hadn't been lectured too much.

Smiling, he opened the door to go back to Robert's room, hoping that a miracle would happen and the nurse would be so pleased with Robert's progress that they could get it in writing that Robert would be released in the morning. He knew it wouldn't happen, but he could hope. But she was gone when he got back, and Robert was lying there glumly.

"I got lectured." Robert aimed the words right at him.

Sam bit his lip. "Sorry," he said, sitting on the chair. "I knew it was a bad idea. I'm just a slave to my dick, apparently."

Robert shook his head. "Lecture was about the burger and milkshake."

Sam blinked. "She didn't know about the sex?" He wasn't sure, but he thought he might be insulted.

"Well, I think she was just being polite, but it was the burger and grease she went on about."

"Which was also my fault," Sam admitted with a grin. "Mind you, it was way better than the stuff on that tray. Ew."

"That's what I told her. And I suggested if she wanted to kick me out for violating hospital policy..."

Sam laughed. He hadn't laughed in what felt like forever. "I assume it didn't work, though."

"Am I still lying here in the world's smallest hospital gown?"

"Yes. And you still manage to make it look good." Sam grinned and leaned back in his chair. "Will the doctor be back today or do you have to wait until morning?"

"Tomorrow," Robert told him unhappily. "I just want to go home. This bed sucks. It's too small. And it's hot in here."

Sam looked around and went to the window. "They don't open. Sorry. Um, I can run home and get the laptop, if you want. We can watch some movies."

"Yeah, that sounds good." Robert smiled at him, and Sam could see that Robert was fading again.

Laughing softly Sam stood up and kissed Robert again. "You have a nap. I'll go get the stuff. Okay? I'll be back really soon."

"Yeah, okay." Robert tugged him back for another kiss.

"You're going to get us in trouble again," Sam whispered, slipping him a little tongue.

"I'm too tired to get anyone in trouble," murmured Robert.

"I can manage that on my own anyway," Sam said, pulling back. "You nap. I fetch. We will stay out of trouble."

"Bossy, bossy."

Sam grinned and started for the door. "You love it."

Robert's chuckle ended on a cough. "Just go. I'm not going anywhere."

Sam nodded and went, glad that Robert was well enough to joke, but with an ache in heart because, sadly, it was true. Robert wasn't going anywhere. He was in the hospital and, even though he was going to be okay, it was terrifying and wrong. Sam had come too close to losing his man. He was oddly glad that he'd likely spend most of the night awake again; maybe the nightmares would hold off.

Chapter Eleven

They finally let him out around five the next day. Hospitals had an odd sense of what defined "tomorrow morning", Robert thought as he sat in the passenger seat while Sam drove them home.

He could have done it himself, it wasn't like he'd really been hurt or anything, but Sam had insisted and he hadn't had the energy to argue the point. It wasn't a long ride, but he found himself dozing, the hum of the car's motor lulling him.

"Hey," Sam said softly, one warm hand on Robert's shoulder, shaking gently. "We're almost there, okay?" The car was slowing, sure enough, and Sam pulled into the drive between the house and the station's garage. "Need help getting up?"

"I'm fine." He growled a little, blinking, feeling slightly disoriented. Shit, this dropping off at the drop of a hat thing was for the birds. Trying to get out proved to be harder than anticipated, though, when he forgot to undo his seat belt. With another growl he had hit the release button and hauled himself up out of the car.

Sam was right there by the time he'd extricated himself, worrying at his lower lip and looking vaguely upset. "Easy, okay?" Sam darted for the back of the car and grabbing the bag of Robert's things. "Let's get some food into you."

His stomach growled and he nodded. "Yeah. Something decent." Breakfast had sucked and the cafeteria'd already had him marked as gone, so he hadn't had any lunch delivered. And because they'd kept promising he could go "really soon", Sam hadn't gone to fetch him anything.

He went in and sat heavily at the kitchen table, feeling like he was swimming or something; everything was just sort of not quite right. Usually after a fire, everything was bright and sharp. He liked that better.

Sam rushed through the house and dumped the bag, babbling about getting things put away soon, and then parked himself in front of the fridge. "How do eggs sound? Bacon, we have some chicken? I can make you a huge sandwich, if you want, or something hot? Maybe you should go rest on the couch."

"Quit fussing, Sammy. I'm fine. You can make me a bacon and chicken sandwich." Sam was going to drive them both crazy if he didn't relax.

"Kay, 'kay. Bacon and chicken. And do you need pain pills or anything?" Sam grabbed the food and the griddle for the bacon, darting frequent looks at him, like he thought Robert was going to pass out or something. "Oh, and remind me to check the answering machine; it keeps filling up with calls wishing you well. I made a list."

Christ, Sam was making him dizzy. "Come here," he growled, holding his hand out.

Sam looked at him and carefully put the chicken down, then walked over to him. His brow was furrowed. "Are you okay?" he asked, taking Robert's hand.

Robert tugged him over and into his lap. He wrapped his arms around Sam and pressed their foreheads together. "Babe. I'm fine, okay? I'm not going to keel over or anything." He grinned and waggled his eyebrows which made their heads move against each other. "And as soon as I've eaten you can lay me out and check

out how okay I am up close and in person."

Sam blinked at him with huge eyes for a moment and then grinned widely. "Yeah? That's the best thing I've heard in days." Sam kissed him quickly, and then again, more gently and slowly. "Food first." After yet one more kiss Sam whispered, "I'm glad you're home. Don't do that to me again, okay?"

"I won't." He didn't want to get stuck in the hospital again anymore than Sam wanted him there. "Now get me some food before my stomach takes over and eats us both." he added as another grumble filled the air.

"Yes, sir," Sam said, still grinning at him. "Food, drink, bed. It's a plan." He bounced off Robert's lap and over to the counter. "Oh, and Dad called, too. He says to get better and back to work. And everyone you work with has called."

"Cool. They're good people. Gimme a beer, babe." A nice cold brew would go down perfectly and wet the way for the sandwich.

"Yeah, right." Sam didn't even look at him as he got to work on the bacon. "You can have juice."

"Haha. I'll have a beer."

Sam shook his head and eyed the bacon. "Orange or apple?"

"Sam. I want a beer. There's no reason I can't have a beer." And he'd get it himself if Sam wouldn't.

"You shouldn't have a beer," Sam said flatly. "You have been on oxygen, you've had antibiotics, and you're lungs are not in the best of shape."

He didn't need to be reminded that his lungs were not in the best of shape -- it still hurt a little to breathe and if he tried to breathe too deeply he wound up in a coughing fit. So he fucking knew he wasn't a hundred percent. "One beer's not going to kill me," he growled, getting up and going to the fridge.

Sam sighed. "Robert."

"I want a beer," he insisted, grabbing one from the fridge and opening the twist cap. There. It was open now -- him not drinking it would be a waste.

"Give me that." Sam rolled his eyes, his hand out. "Don't be so stubborn."

"I'm not a child, Sam." He leaned against the counter and took a drink. Oh man, it burned going down and tasted awesome.

"I didn't say you were. But I think I might use the words 'stubborn' and.... no, stubborn is about right." Sam started building the sandwich, shaking his head. "One. And only one."

"I only want the one." He shot a beaming smile at Sam, happy not to be getting anymore of a lecture, and went back to his chair. "That smells awesome, babe."

"You are so affectionate when you get your way," Sam said, grinning. "Table. It's almost done." Sam poked at the bacon and nodded. "Mayo?"

"Of course mayo." Though it was probably that light shit. Sam was always trying to make his diet more... veggified and healthy. "You can put lettuce in it too if you want." No reason he couldn't be more helpful

with that.

"I was planning on it." Sam grabbed a tomato as well. "You know, you should take multi-vitamins. I'll buy some."

He rolled his eyes and had some more beer. "You worry too much. I work out, I eat fairly healthy." Even if that was mostly because Sam made sure he did. "I'm in good shape."

"You're in fantastic shape," Sam said, leering at him. "Trust me. But you lived on pizza the whole time I was gone, didn't you?"

"Not *just* pizza." Though he imagined the fast food burgers were probably even lower on Sam's good for you list than the pizza...

"Pizza, burgers, and fries." Sam plonked a plate in front of him with his sandwich square in the middle. "And I'll bet the only vegetables you had were in the burgers or under the pizza cheese."

"You'd lose that bet -- I had a garden salad with the burgers and fries." He had nothing against vegetables, he just never remembered them. At least he hadn't before Sam -- the salad with the burgers was something he'd never have done before.

"Aw, you love me." Sam smiled and kissed him again. "Eat. I'm tossing in laundry. And then I want you in bed."

"I like the way that sounds," he told Sam. And so did his cock; he didn't get hard or anything, but it had twitched, let him know there was still life down there.

"It's been a while," Sam said, nodding. "I just... damn, man. Eat and get in there. Even just holding onto you would be good right about now." Sam left the kitchen, and in a moment Robert could hear him at the washing machine, starting a load up.

Robert ate quickly, wolfing down the food. Shit, he'd been hungry. He washed it down with the beer and sat back with a satisfied sigh. Now if there was chocolate cake, it would be perfect.

"Bed!" Sam yelled. "I'm naked!"

Better than chocolate cake.

Robert hauled himself up and put his dishes in the sink, rinsed his hands and headed for the stairs. He took them slower than usual and was still winded by the time he got to the top. Shit, how long was this going to last? He needed to be in top shape to work.

Sam was sprawled on the bed, definitely naked. But instead of doing his usual 'gotta have sex right now' wiggle, he was peering at the door, waiting. "All right?" he asked, looking harder. "In the bed, lie down. You're pale."

"I'm fine, Sam." He leaned against the dresser though as he started stripping and tried not to pant, as that was threatening to send him into another coughing fit.

"Right." Sam got off the bed and wandered over in something only slightly slower than a rush, helping him strip. "Nothing terribly active for you tonight."

"I just need to lie down for a minute and I'll be fine." He was also whining and pouting. He wanted some of what Sam had on display. He opened his jeans and tugged them down along with his boxers, his cock pointing right at Sam.

"Yeah, right," Sam said, but it was a lot less emphatic than before, and his gaze was right where Robert wanted it to be. "Um. Bed. Now?"

"Yes." He stumbled over, more because he wasn't quite out of his jeans yet than anything else and landed hard in bed, flipping over so Sam wouldn't lose track of the pointed bits.

To Sam's credit, he went right for the good parts, nuzzling and licking while he fought with Robert's pants. "You rest," he mumbled. "I'll do the work."

"Uh-huh." He could do that. He did help Sam out, kicking the final pant leg off his foot. Then he closed his eyes and let Sam and his body do their thing.

"No panting," Sam ordered, then he licked more, a wide, wet swath right up the length of Robert's cock.

He chuckled at Sam's words, and started coughing. "Don't stop," he managed between coughs.

Sam's head lifted up, leaving Robert's dick to cool. "Maybe we shouldn't..."

"Sammy..." he growled and managed to get his coughing under control. "Don't leave me hanging like this." It had been fucking days and now that he was home and fed, and in bed with a naked Sam, his body was remembering that fact.

"But maybe you're not well enough?" Sam didn't go back to licking him, but he did start playing with his hands, and Robert could feel Sam start to rock himself against the bed.

"I'm well enough." He grabbed Sam's arm and hauled him up, his hand sliding to wrap around Sam's prick. "I'm well enough to get blown and to jack you off, okay? I'm not broken."

"Not broken," Sam repeated, his eyes glazing over. "Okay. Oh boy." In Robert's hand, Sam's cock flexed. "I should suck you first. So I don't turn into pudding." Contrary to the words, though, Sam was just like always, pushing into Robert's hand and making soft sounds.

He grinned and tightened his hand, moving it slowly -- letting Sam do most of the work. "I won't let you forget about the blowjob."

"Okay." Sam nodded quickly. Whether he actually heard and understood was anyone's guess. "Oh *man*, it's been a while." His eyes closed and his hips got faster, the noises spilling out of him. "Robert. Yeah."

He watched Sam's face, loving the way Sammy threw himself into sex, into loving. When Sam started to pant, Robert knew it was almost -- already -- time. Sam's speed really didn't seem to be slowing down as he got older, but then thirty was still a couple of years away for him. And he still got it back up damn fast, too.

"Oh, God." Sam moaned, his hands moving restlessly over Robert and the bed. "Good. Oh boy, *good*." His hips jerked, picking up speed. "There, right there, oh --" When he started to come, cock twitching, his eyes opened wide and he stared down at himself, at Robert's hand, shuddering. "Ohhhh, yeah."

Robert tilted Sam's head and took a kiss, tongue pushing in. He remembered to keep it to a lot of short kisses rather than attempting one long one.

"Nice," Sam murmured, shaking a tiny bit. "Damn, I've missed you." He kissed Robert back as he came down, the trembles easing off. "Your turn. I've missed that, too."

"Yeah, me too." He grinned and wiggled a bit in anticipation. "Love your mouth."

"Love your cock." Sam laughed. "And the rest of you. But let's focus on one thing at a time." Sam kissed the corner of Robert's mouth and started moving, shimmying down the bed. "Gimme."

"All yours." He lifted his hips a little. As if Sam didn't know where it was.

"That's what I like best about you; you share." Sam grinned up at him and winked, then started licking again. "And you have so much to be generous with."

He gave Sam a wide smile and closed his eyes again, letting himself feel without distractions. "Love you, Sammy," he murmured.

"Love you, too." Sam hummed a little and started bathing Robert's cock and balls, moaning happily. He licked and kissed and nuzzled, and when Robert lifted his hips again, just a little, Sam sucked him in and started to slowly bob his head, hands petting Robert's thighs.

He tried not to breathe too hard, tried to just go with the flow, but Sam was pretty fucking good at sucking, and it felt better than anything had since before Sam'd left for his father's. He moaned, hips bucking up when Sam's tongue hit his slit.

He got another sound, Sam pushing his tongue a little harder, rubbing at the head of his cock before Sam's mouth slid lower, sucking hard before doing it again. Push, lick, suck, again and again.

Robert started panting, his hips pushing up and up, fucking Sam's mouth as his orgasm came barreling down on him, his body eager and quick off the mark after so many days without. "Sam!" It came out as a whisper instead of a shout, which was probably a good thing, and he came, shooting hard.

Sam groaned, swallowing and licking, lapping up the bit that tried to escape. He sucked gently, dragging Robert through the aftershock and bring him down; he'd started to wiggle against the bed again, but it wasn't frantic. It was just Sam and his natural reactions. Finally, Sam kissed his way up Robert's belly, rubbing the streaks of his own come into Robert's skin. "Hey," he said, when he was up close enough to kiss Robert's mouth. "Feel better?"

"Sleepy," murmured Robert. He needed a good solid night's sleep in his own bed. He pulled Sam to him, the slender body warm and familiar and just right against him.

"I bet," Sam said sympathetically. "Rest. All night long, okay?" Sam snuggled up to him, draping a leg over Robert's and getting as close as he could. "If you need anything, poke me."

"Oh, you're hopeful," he teased, feeling sleep pulling at his body.

"Pretty much always. Sleep now. Poke later." Downstairs, the phone rang, and Sam groaned. "Should I let the machine take it?"

"Yes." He wasn't going anywhere and neither was Sammy. He hugged Sam tighter and let himself fade away.

Chapter Twelve

Sam got up early, leaving Robert still conked out. Pleased that Robert had slept well, and even happier to see that his color was better, Sam headed to the kitchen to get breakfast going and took a few minutes to get the laundry back on track. He hadn't planned to just go to bed after he'd fed Robert, but frankly they'd both needed it.

It wasn't until he had breakfast going that he realized he'd skipped his own supper. Rolling his eyes at himself, he made a slightly larger breakfast, adding a couple more egg whites to the pan, and reached for the phone to call the school. He wanted one more day at home with Robert to make sure he wasn't going to relapse or collapse or anything, and he was pretty sure Robert didn't want anyone else watching him.

Hoping that Ellen would be at the school even if Michael wasn't in yet, Sam hit the speed dial button and listened to the ring while he folded vegetables into the omelet for Robert.

Michael himself answered. "Sir John A. Elementary."

"Hey, morning! It's Sam. You're in early." Sam flipped the omelet and praised himself for not breaking it open.

"Catching up with some paperwork. I hear Robert went home last night -- that's good news."

"Yep, got him safe at home," Sam said with a grin. "He's still not great, though. He's not breathing that well, and he's got to stay in bed for a bit. I'm going to take today to stay with him, but I should be back tomorrow."

"Tomorrow. So just the one day this week."

Sam blinked. "Yeah, I guess," he said slowly. "I mean, my partner's sick. That whole 'collapsed in a fire while saving people' thing. I have to take care of him."

"I know, Sam, and I sympathize." He could hear the 'but' in Michael's voice, loud and clear.

"I'm glad you do." Sam stared at the eggs in the pan. "Because he's everything to me. And if it was any other teacher I'm pretty sure you wouldn't say what I can hear you trying to find words for. Tell me I'm wrong so I can apologize, Michael."

"Most of the other teachers are married, Sam."

Sam sighed. "We're common-law partners and that's good enough protection for the school board." He really, really didn't want to have this conversation. Turning off the stove, Sam flipped breakfast onto a plate and went to sit at the table. "But it's not good enough for you personally?"

"I didn't say that, Sam. But I've got parents to answer to, and aside from the gay thing, the common-law partner thing is an issue for a lot of them." Michael sighed. "Look, don't worry about it, take the time, but you need to know there's been talk."

Sam stared at the table top. "What kind of talk? Robert doesn't hear anything. I mean, a few people seem to

have issues with me being gay, but everyone loves Robert. Is it mostly because we're not married?"

"That did seem to be the general gist of it, yes. It may be a smokescreen, especially with certain parents, but the truth is that you and Robert are living together, which isn't a good example for the kids."

Sam wanted to put his head on the table and just block it all out, but instead he merely swallowed another sigh. "I see," he said softly. "Well, I don't know what to tell you, Michael. Getting married to make other people happy seems like kind of the wrong reason. But in any case, thank you for telling me. I'll be in class tomorrow morning, okay?"

"Being a role model is important for a teacher and for a fire chief, Sam. You're both community leaders by virtue of your jobs and really, you should be thankful the community has been as welcoming as it has, given you're both gay. I'll see you tomorrow." The words were short, and clipped, and the line went dead when Michael was done.

"Shit." Sam disconnected and tossed the phone onto the table. "Shit, shit, shit." He'd known it was coming, really, but it still hurt. It was even worse, coming from his boss. His appetite gone, he looked at the food he'd made and hoped Robert would eat it.

As if conjured up by mere thought, Robert came down the stairs and padded into the kitchen wearing a pair of boxers and nothing else. "Hey. I wanted to catch you before you had to go to school."

"I'm staying home with you today," Sam said, trying to shake it off and bring up a smile. "You look good."

"I'm feeling way better. And I'd say you don't have to do that, but I can't think of anything I'd like better than a day with you." Robert bent over and kissed him.

Sam's smile grew a bit more genuine as he kissed Robert back. "Good. You're stuck with me. But I do have to go in tomorrow. Michael's... well. I have to get back to work, I guess. Sit. Eat. I'll put the coffee on."

Robert frowned as he sat. "They're not pissed at you for taking the time off to look after me, are they? I mean that's hardly your fault I got hurt."

"No." Sam dragged the coffee maker out from the wall with probably too much force. "They get that part. They're pissed because we're us. Gay. Living together. Not typical. Not fucking married." Sam shrugged, noting that he was a bit more pissed off than he'd thought.

"Living in sin, eh? I haven't heard that since my grandmother died." Robert dug into the breakfast he'd made and started eating. "So let's get married," Robert suggested around a mouthful of eggs.

Sam dropped the carafe in the sink, his hand just jerking open. "Shit!" he yelled, jumping back as it broke. "Jesus, don't do that to me!"

"Hey, are you okay?" Robert came over and pulled him away from the sink. "Watch your feet. We should both get some shoes on before one of us steps on something."

"I'm fine," Sam insisted. "Fine. I'm fine. You sit and I'll sweep this up. God." There wasn't really a lot of glass out of the sink, but Sam felt like he was walking on it anyway. Or maybe that was eggshells. "And we are not getting married just to shut them up. It's a crappy reason to do it."

"You're turning me down?"

Sam shook his head and went to get the broom. "I'm saying I don't want to get married just because of them. That's all I'm saying. I love you. I don't want ever to be apart from you."

"Well, then, I don't see what the problem with getting married is," Robert shot back, sitting and starting to eat again. "Just because it'll also relieve some pressure at work for you doesn't mean it's the wrong thing to do."

Sam swept carefully, trying to identify why he was suddenly feeling like he was in quicksand. "You never once said anything about getting married before this."

Robert shrugged. "I'm in this 'til you get tired of me, and then I'll likely make a fool of myself begging for you to stay some more."

Sam rolled his eyes and swept the glass into the dust pan. "I'm not going anywhere. Ever. But maybe just tossing the whole marriage thing around like it's a solution to a problem isn't exactly the way to go here."

"I thought it was something you might like to do, but whatever."

Sam stared. "You just went from "Marry me" to "whatever". What the fuck am I supposed to do with that, Robert?"

"How come I'm the bad guy here? I thought maybe you'd like to get married, but you seemed pretty sure it was a bad idea. Am I supposed to get down on my knees and ask, is that it?"

"I." Sam blinked, hard. "Yes. You are. Or I am. Something. And there's supposed to be thought and discussion and romance and it's a big deal! It's not supposed to be something that comes out of people having issues about us, damn it. It's supposed to be a huge thing that we decide because we want it for us." Sam's voice broke and he swallowed hard, willing himself not to lose control.

Robert's eyebrows drew together. "I wouldn't have asked if I didn't want to do it, Sam -- no matter what else was going on. And I'm not exactly going to go prancing around through a field of daisies holding your hand and then having a balloon skywrite 'Marry Me, Sam.'"

Sam shook his head. "That's not what I said. Look, I'm not. I just." He turned and dumped the glass, and held onto the broom with a shaking hand. "Fine. Let's get married. I'll call Dad."

"Babe..." Robert's hand slid around his arm and tugged him back so he was leaning against Robert's chair. "Whatever you want, okay?"

Sam nodded, blinking rapidly. "I want to be with you. I *want* to get married. But I also want it to be a huge fucking deal, Robert. I want being married to be something important and grand, and I don't want to do it just because it'll make life easier. Does that make any sense at all?"

"Yeah, I guess. Can't we have both?"

"That would be good," Sam said. "I mean, the making life easier thing being a happy coincidence that goes along with the big deal thing. I want more than just you and me at the courthouse, Robert. But mostly I want to know that *you* want to get married, that it's important to you and not just a way to make my life easy."

"I want to spend my life with you, Sam. If that includes a ceremony, three quarters of the town and the fire truck sirens blasting away, then that's cool. We can go shopping for rings and have a big meal after -- whatever you want. I just want you to be happy, Sam."

Sam nodded, one hand petting Robert's shoulder. "I want you to be happy, too. Will being married make you happy, Robert? Will not being married make you sad?"

"You getting hassled makes me sad. And angry. And I am happy, Sam -- you make me happy. Being with you makes me happy. Being married'll be that and a big party, right?" Robert kissed the top of his hand. "And presents."

Sam laughed, the sound shocked out of him. "Presents. We don't actually need anything. Maybe we should register somewhere good."

"Register? That sounds complicated. Just bring us stuff -- we're not picky." Robert winked at him, and looked pleased.

"You just like unwrapping shit." He kissed Robert and pulled back a bit. "We need a new coffee maker, though. Good thing I broke that one, we have a genuine need." And suddenly his body went tight all over and he was grateful Robert was holding him up. "We're getting married."

Robert gave him a slow smile that grew over his whole face. "Is that a yes, Sam Mauger?"

Sam tried to keep his eyes from going wide, but his heart beat hard and he found himself kind of shaking a little as he nodded. "Yes, Robert. I'll marry you. Happily."

"Cool." Robert put a hand behind his head and brought their mouths together, the kiss long and slow and deep.

Sam wished he'd stop shaking; it was kind of hard not to be seen as just as much a man when he acted all trembly and fluttery, but damn it he was getting *married*. With a moan, Sam fell into the kiss, barely remembering to keep it light because of Robert's lungs. Really, he wanted to climb into Robert's lap and swallow his tongue.

Robert broke the kiss with a coughing gasp, but dove back in for another right away, arms holding him close.

Sam gave up and swung his leg around, straddling him and pushing close. "Love you," he whispered around the kisses, his hands wandering freely over Robert's bare chest. Really, engagements should always happen when most clothes were already gone.

"That's good," murmured Robert. "Kind of silly to get married otherwise." Two big hands landed on his ass, Robert squeezing his cheeks tight and tugging him in close so their crotches rubbed.

"S'what I was saying," Sam pointed out, grinding against Robert as best he could. He buried his head in Robert's neck and started sucking, hard.

Robert's head went back, giving him more neck to work with, a low moan coming from somewhere deep inside the big body.

"Mine," Sam told him, growling a little. He scraped his teeth over the wet skin and sucked again, hips rocking. "All mine."

"Uh-huh." Robert's hips met his rocking, jerking up against him. "Skin," muttered Robert. "Underwear."

"It's in the way." Damned if he could do anything about it, though. He was busy. His hands clung to Robert's shoulders, fingers digging in, his whole body tingling and ramping up as he bit down on Robert again and started another mark.

"Fuck. Sammy." Robert let go of his ass and pushed both hands between them, knuckles knocking against his cock as Robert tugged his own boxers down out of the way.

Sam nodded. Fuck Sammy. Good idea. Robert was brilliant. Good thing Sam was going to marry him. "Hurry," he panted against the latest mark, wanting. "Need you."

Robert managed to get both their cocks free, one big hand wrapping around them both and jacking nice and hard.

"Yes!" Sam gasped, his hips pushing up. He tried to help, to get a hand down to touch and feel, but he couldn't seem to make himself let go. Instead he leaned back, grinding and humping, his heartbeat racing even faster as the first orgasm of the day snuck up on him. "Gonna go off," he panted, trying to warn Robert first.

Robert squeezed their cocks tighter, jacked them a little faster. "Lemme see, Sam."

Sam closed his eyes tight and shot hard, yelling loudly. He felt like he was going to fly apart, the mix of emotions he'd experienced in the previous half hour pouring out of him and being overwhelmed with love. He came in a rush, spraying and clinging, wanting nothing more than to stay exactly as they were for as long as he possibly could.

Robert's hips were still moving, but it was only a moment later that he grunted low, and more heat shot between them. Panting, coughing a little, Robert held onto him, making no effort to move or do anything but hold him close.

Sam leaned close, his head on Robert's chest as he panted. "I love you," he said, kissing whatever parts he could. "We need to pick a date and start planning. Later. After snuggling."

"Snuggling and a nap. And maybe breakfast." Robert kissed the top of his head.

"Breakfast would be good." Sam sighed and snuggled in more. "You had yours. You can have more, though. I should eat."

"You should." Robert paused for a moment. "Unless you're trying to lose weight for the wedding." Too bad for Robert, Sam was on top of him and he couldn't escape.

Sam sat back and gave him a long look. "You do know that the only reason I'm not tickling you until you cry is because of your lungs right? And just for that, I'm demanding an engagement ring. So there." If he was going to be the girl, he was going all out. A dress was a little further than he was willing to go, though.

Robert laughed anyway, which led to a coughing fit, which led to him getting up and getting some water and pounding on Robert's back for a few minutes before the man stopped, face red.

"Okay?" Sam asked, worried and at the same time a little smug. "That'll teach you. By the way, you need a shower." Sam grinned, eyeing Robert's sticky belly.

"Yeah, I probably deserved that. And if I need a shower then so do you." Robert looked him up and down, but there was no 'ew you're dirty' look on Robert's face; quite the opposite in fact.

"We could shower together," Sam suggested, smiling at him. "I can have breakfast after, when I call Dad. Oh, hey! You can call Dad and ask for my hand." The idea of *that* just cracked Sam up.

Robert's eyes narrowed and he stood slowly. "You, on the other hand, don't have any reason why I can't do whatever the hell I want to you."

Sam backed up, grinning. "I keep telling you that you can do whatever you want. But you'll have to catch me, this time!"

"Oh, I'll catch you." Robert kept the same pace as him, stalking toward him, eating up extra length with those long legs.

"So, you're not going to ask my Dad?" Sam grinned and moved back toward the wall, eyeing the way to the living room. "I'm so disappointed."

"You are so getting your ass spanked."

Sam froze and blinked. "I beg your pardon?" He didn't even have to glance down to know how that went over with the rest of him.

Robert didn't answer him, just kept coming at him, grinning and intent and about to catch him if he didn't do something and quick.

"You're not serious?" Sam looked wildly around, not sure if he wanted to run or not. Better safe than sorry, he made a break for it, lunging for the living room.

Laughing, Robert caught him around the waist, only coughing a little. "Not serious about what?" Robert asked as he sat on the couch, dragging Sammy along.

"About spanking," Sam said, tumbling down and trying not to land right on Robert.

"Oh, yeah, for that comment about asking your Dad." Laughing, Robert manhandled him so he was over Robert's lap.

Oh, this was a very bad idea. Or a very good one. Sam really wasn't sure. "Do I still get a ring?" he asked, trying to wiggle away before his cock made up its mind.

"Oh, the cock ring -- very good idea. Except it's all the way upstairs and I've got you in the position now." Robert's hand came down on his ass, not really hard enough to hurt, but hard enough to startle. And to feel it.

"I meant the engagement ring," Sam clarified, trying not to gasp as his cock went rigid. "Oh boy. Um."

"An engagement cock ring," suggested Robert, hitting his ass a few more times.

Sam nodded, not caring at all. "Sure, sure. Perfect." He bit back a moan and shifted his weight, looking for balance. "Whatever you say."

"Shit, Sam, this is turning you on, isn't it?" Robert hit him again, a little lower this time, catching the tops of his thighs as well as the bottom of his ass.

"Kind of." Kind of a lot. Like, a lot. "Oh *boy*." His legs drifted apart a little and Sam grabbed for leverage with his hands. "Sorry?"

"You are the biggest horn dog..." Robert hit him a few more times. "It's no wonder I love you."

"Just in it for the ass, huh?" Sam teased breathlessly. Damn, this was *hot*. All of it. The snap and tingle, the way his butt was getting sore, the feeling in his balls every time Robert smacked him. "Try it harder. Just a bit."

"You sure?" Robert asked. Still, the next smack was a bit harder, making his ass sting.

"Yes!" Sam yelled. "Sure! God." If he had any sense at all he'd be blushing.

The hand Robert wasn't using to smack his ass slid beneath him and grabbed his prick, the other kept on hitting him, palm and fingers landing hard on his skin; he'd bet anything they were leaving prints.

Whimpering, Sam held on tight and just went with it, lifting his ass to be smacked and pushing his cock through Robert's fist. "Jesus," he whispered, staring at the floor and feeling his balls pull up. He was almost there, just on the edge. He could hardly breathe and suddenly one crystal clear thought formed in his mind as Robert's hand spanked him again. He was getting *married* to this perfect, wonderful man.

Robert's hand hit him, the vibration ran through him, and the sound echoed, and Sam was caught there, flying high as he came again, babbling words he didn't even hear, giving it all up. Robert's hand stayed on his ass, rubbing gently as he came slowly down from it.

"God." Sam blinked slowly. "Didn't see that one coming." A shudder rolled through him, the last of the tingles floating down his spine, and then he was just there, draped and a little worn out. "Oh boy."

Robert kept petting him, his ass and his thighs and his spine. "You are something else, Sammy. Horniest guy I know." Robert chuckled softly. "All mine, too."

"All yours," Sam agreed, nodding. "And you're all mine. After I get my ring."

"One diamond encrusted cock ring, coming up. Even if I have to special order it."

"You know, that might kinda hurt." Sam hauled himself up and blinked when he tried to sit. "Ohhhh."

"Says the man who just had me spank his ass until it shone."

"Yeah," Sam said lamely, wincing a bit. "About that..." Damn, was his face getting warm? All of his cheeks were going to match.

Robert chuckled and cupped his cheek with a really hot palm. "What about that, babe?"

"Um." Sam closed his eyes, leaned into the touch, and took a breath. "Did it... do anything for *you*?" he asked in a rush.

"You getting all hot and bothered always does something for me, Sam."

Sam laughed, still blushing. What the hell was up with that? "Okay," he said, taking a quick kiss. "I guess that's good. I seem to have a few little kinks."

"You're just a perv," Robert informed him. "I am marrying a perv."

Sam's stomach did a flippy wiggly thing and he found himself smiling broadly. "You are. Oh, man! I have to call Dad and tell him. Well, the marrying part, not so much the perv thing. He's going to freak. In a good way."

"Yeah, I'm finally making an honest man of you."

"That goes both ways." Sam bounced up, about to run for the phone, but took a look around first. "We're sticky again. Shower. You need a nap. I need food. *Then* I'll call Dad. Or you can. That could be fun, too." He stepped away, in case Robert was going to smack him again; his ass really couldn't take it again so soon.

Robert snorted. "Let's get unsticky and then you can call him."

"Plan." Sam stood there, staring at Robert as they got mobile, his head reeling a bit. "I love you," he said softly, because he had to.

"Oh, good. 'Cause I kind of like that as a quality in the guys I marry." Robert's eyes twinkled at him and he had a feeling he was in for a *lot* of teasing over this.

"You seem a little fixated on the marry thing," Sam said innocently. "Does that mean I'm getting the big wedding of my dreams? With your dress uniform, half the town, and big parties?"

"I'll wear my uniform." Robert started looking a little worried. "We aren't turning this into a three ring circus though, are we?"

Sam grinned and headed to the shower. Oh, this was going to be fun. And if he could, he'd get a real circus to stop by.

Chapter Thirteen

Robert was easing back into things. Starting with paperwork. There wasn't a lot of physical activity involved with paperwork, it just annoyed the hell out of him.

Still, it was nice to be back in the firehouse, back to what passed for normal. He was feeling more normal, too: the stairs weren't such a trial, he wasn't tired all the time. Getting out of the hospital had made a huge difference.

He looked at the calendar while he had it open, wondering when Sam would want to get married. He supposed the summer would work out the best, though if they waited until then God knew how big a production it would have turned into. Maybe New Year's Eve... that was only a couple months away.

Robert chuckled and shook his head. He was getting married.

He wondered if he should break radio silence and let his mom know. Her biggest disappointment, supposedly, had been that he'd never be getting married, and now he was. Could be fun to call her bluff.

On the other hand, they got along just fine acting as if the other didn't exist.

Maybe it was time to break for lunch. He'd bet Sammy'd made him something up and left it in the fridge. He'd just decided that food was the way to go, had even started to get up, when the phone on his desk rang. Not the emergency line, just the station line for regular business, thank God. He sat back down and grabbed it. "Firehouse, Robert speaking."

"Hello, Robert. It's Tom calling. You know, I don't think I've ever called you at work before." Sam's father sounded just like he always did: vaguely amused and kind of like he was ready to show his teeth if he had to. Papa bear in full force.

"No, I don't think you have." In fact Sam's father usually called Sam. "Is everything okay?"

"Is everything...?" Tom laughed, the amusement taking over from the growl. "Well, let's see. I have to buy a tux apparently, and he said something about clowns and an elephant, but I think he was kidding about that. Mostly, I just want to say congratulations and good luck."

"Oh. That." Robert chuckled. He hadn't told anyone yet, letting Sam call his father and work and decide how things should proceed. They didn't even have a date yet, after all. "Thanks, Tom."

"You know, I kind of thought he'd do this a while ago," Tom said thoughtfully. "When the law changed. He's always been so gung ho about everything."

"I guess he was waiting for me to clue in." Must have been, because Sam'd never said anything to him about it.

"Maybe," Tom said. "Or maybe he was just disgustingly happy anyway. Hell, I never would have thought when he was eighteen that he'd found the love of his life, and I was wrong about that. So, what made you do it? Oh, wait. That was kind of nosy, wasn't it? Sam says I should learn to butt out, but then he's always doing stuff like having loud sex with you in the next room. Makes it hard to find the line."

Robert's face heated big time. "Sorry," he muttered, embarrassed to the core about the sex thing. He might never have sex in the same house as Tom again.

"At least one of you is." Tom laughed. "Listen, you should know that..." Tom cleared his throat and Robert heard him move around his... office? It was a weekday, so it probably was. "You should know that Sam's insanely happy. I haven't heard him like this since he called to tell me you two were moving north and he had a job teaching. Thank you, Robert."

Now he was blushing for an entirely different reason. "Well, the feelings are mutual, you know? He makes life good."

"He's made my life good," Tom said softly. "He's... he's my son. After his mother died, he was all I had, you know that. You know how close we are. And you've been a part of it for seven years or so, Robert. You're welcome; with us, in our family. I hope you know that."

"I remember a time when you weren't so happy with him bringing me home." He couldn't help but tease -- he'd been quite the shock to Tom, Sam bringing home a man in his early thirties.

"And I remember a time when you looked me up and down and wondered what the hell I was doing in his apartment," Tom shot back, laughing. "That'll be funny someday. I think."

"I think I'd managed to wipe that particular incident from my memory." He chuckled, leaning back in his chair and putting his feet up on the desk. "Thanks, though, Tom. I do appreciate the sentiment."

"I'm glad. I do have a bit of advice, though, if you want it."

"Um... sure?" He and Sam had been doing fine for a lot of years, and it wasn't like Tom was going to tell him about the birds and the bees. But he figured it was only polite to let your future father-in-law have his say.

"Sam's kind of giddy at the moment." Like Robert hadn't noticed *that*. "I'm reasonably sure that he'll calm down. But I think he's being pretty serious about a big wedding. Just... Well, my advice is to follow his lead on this one, Robert. It's not a huge deal in the greater scheme of things, and it seems kind of important to him. That's all. If he wants something outrageous, that's one thing -- but if he just wants lots of people and nice clothes, I suggest you go with the flow. I can help out, if you need it. Weddings aren't cheap, though you're saving about a thousand bucks on the dress, at least."

"Oh, you mean he hasn't told you about the dress?" Robert asked, managing to keep his tone even.

"Is this a sex thing?" Tom said, sounding choked. "Because I know too much about that already."

"Oh, shit, no." Robert started laughing, but that made him cough, and he was remembering the spanking, too, his face going red. If Tom knew he'd spanked Sam, he was pretty sure the man would kill him. He finally got the coughing under control. "No, there will be no dresses. And thanks for the offer, but I think I can give Sam the wedding he wants."

"All right," Tom said, sounding kind of relieved and a little concerned, too. "Are you back on active duty?"

"Not quite. They won't let me go into fires, yet, but I am allowed to supervise. The doc said it should be about another week and he'll clear me."

Stupid smoke.

"You take care of yourself, all right? And don't let Sam push you around too much. He's hell on wheels when he's taking care of someone, we both know that."

"He's just the guy you want to have around when you need someone to bring you lunch on a tray. Thanks for calling, Tom. I'm glad you're good with this whole marriage thing."

"I am," Tom replied firmly. "I'm happy for you both, Robert. Just don't kill Sam before the wedding, okay? That would piss me off."

He managed not to laugh this time, not wanting to go into another coughing fit. "Things get that bad and I'll kidnap him and we'll elope. No killing, I promise."

"Okay, then. That's good enough for me," Tom said brightly. "I'm not taking him back, so buyer's remorse is your own problem. Call if you need anything!" And then the line went dead, the echo of Tom's laughter still ringing in Robert's ears.

He grinned and shook his head.

It was really real now. He was getting married.

Chapter Fourteen

Sam ran up the stairs, taking them two at a time, hoping that he really did hear the shower going and that Robert wasn't using all the hot water. He'd gotten hung up with grading and talking to another teacher, and time was running out. Mind, they weren't about to be late, but it was a *party* for *them*, and it would be rude if they weren't prompt. Maybe they should be early. He honestly didn't know.

"Robert!" He knocked once on the bathroom door and blinked at himself. He never knocked. He was more the "walk in and watch" type. So he did. "There'd better be hot water." He walked into a cloud of steam and stripped off his shirt.

A groan was his reply and when he poked his head into the shower, there was Robert, leaning against the tile and jacking himself off.

"Jesus." Sam stared and blinked again. "Don't let me stop you." He almost fell over, trying to get his pants off without looking away. "Just.... don't stop."

"You sure?" Robert asked, voice thick. "Would be more fun with two." All those great muscles were wet, water landing on them and sliding off, and that big cock... it looked amazing sliding in and out of Robert's hand.

"Two." Two sounded good. Two would be awesome if he were one of the two. Pants off, Sam climbed in, pressing close. "Two. Yeah, two is good. God, you've been working this one for a while, haven't you?" Sam rubbed himself on Robert's thigh, catching up fast.

"Uh-huh. I expected you to show up sooner." Robert tilted his head back and took a hard kiss, tongue fucking his mouth eagerly.

"Stupid job," Sam mumbled, letting Robert in. He gave up talking in favor of sucking on Robert's tongue, his hands scrabbling for the lube in soap dish, wanting.

Robert's fingers were already sliding along his crack, teasing his hole but not going in. Sam groaned and hitched one leg up, trying to crawl right up to Robert's hips, opening himself wide. Damn, but Robert's abs were hard. So was the thigh Sam wanted to keep riding, too. "Gimme," he begged.

"Lube," Robert growled, pushing one finger in anyway.

Sam grabbed it, pausing to moan and push back, then had to force himself to focus enough to spread it all over Robert's cock, hot and hard and so, so ready. "Fuck me." They needed a bigger shower. But the wall was right *there* and the sooner he turned the sooner Robert could get in him, and that would be just perfect.

"In a second." Robert pushed another finger in, the water helping to ease the way as the big fingers stretched him. Then they disappeared and Robert turned him, spreading his legs with a sweep of one foot.

"*Hurry*," Sam insisted, ass out and head down. God, he could see the shake in his legs already, the water from the shower dripping off the tip of his cock.

"Pushy, pushy." Robert laughed, and then groaned, head pushing against his hole a moment, stretching it

wide before pushing all the way in.

"Oh, yeah." Sam moaned, lifting his head. "That's it. Pushy gets what pushy wants, I've noticed." He grinned and squeezed his ass around Robert's dick, making himself whimper.

Groaning, Robert started moving, fucking him with long strokes, hips pressing against his ass over and over. One of Robert's hands settled on his belly, tugging him back into the thrusts.

"Oh boy." Sam gasped, leaning back but keeping his hands on the wall for leverage. "Harder. God, you feel good. Always so good." He closed his eyes, felt Robert hit the right spot inside him and cried out again, hands slipping. He hoped to hell that Robert would keep him upright, keep fucking him just like he was.

Robert's hand hit the wall, arm solid alongside his head, and the hand at his belly almost lifted him, finding the perfect angle for Robert to peg his gland on every thrust. Oh boy, he wasn't going to last long at all.

"Robert," Sam managed to say, just before Robert did it again, shooting hard sharp joy right through him. "Again." But he didn't need again, didn't really need anything other than Robert in him, holding him. When he felt the drag of Robert's cock pulling out, stretching him before surging in once more, Sam shuddered and looked down to see his own cock pulse, come flowing out of himself in ribbons that matched the cramp in his belly and the way his ass tightened, keeping Robert in him. "Oh *God!*"

Another moan sounded like it was dragged out of Robert and he could feel the pulses inside him as Robert came, too, filling him with heat.

"Yeah," Sam whispered, leaning forward and keeping Robert where he was. "That's it. Want to still feel it when we're at the party."

Robert circled his hips a little, rolling and pushing against him.

"Like that," Sam said with a nod. "Want to walk funny. Want them to *know*." Well, maybe not that last part, but damn, it felt good.

Robert stilled. "You *are* a perv, babe."

"I am not," Sam protested. "You stopped. Why did you stop?"

"I'm not sure I want everyone in town looking at you and going, 'Oh, you got fucked right before coming here'."

Sam rolled his eyes. "I knew I shouldn't have said that. I don't *really* want them to know. But I don't want you to stop, either. Please."

Robert chuckled and started circling his hips again, nice and slowly. A kiss dropped onto his neck. "Anything you want, Sammy."

"Anything?" Sam's eyes drifted closed as Robert moved in him. It felt so good, just being there, coming down and going up at the same time.

"Uh-huh." Robert kept moving. "At the risk of whatever your mind does with the idea. Anything."

Sam nodded and felt his breath catch as Robert's cock got harder in him. "Cake. Need a really, really big cake. And other stuff." He reached down and curled his hand around his prick, tugging slowly.

"Uh-huh." Robert's mouth slid along his neck, up and down, nibbling and sucking.

"Uh-huh," Sam echoed, losing his train of thought. "Stuff. Oh boy." He tilted his head to give Robert access, his hand picking up speed.

Robert's lips grazed on his skin, lingering here and there, never enough to leave a hickey. At least not until his hand was moving good and fast, and then Robert's teeth joined in the fun, scraping along his skin, the suction increasing, pulling the blood up to the surface.

"Shit, yes," Sam breathed, his eyes open but unseeing. "Robert." He had to move, had to pushing back and ride and arch, and his hand was tight, tight, tight, stroking himself off until he was right there, ready to go. Again. "Ready?" He panted, trying to hold on.

Robert chuckled. "I'm done, babe. You do it. Come for me again." The words were punctuated by little thrusts.

Sam nodded, not really able to get words out. He was pretty sure Robert was going to get the point anyway. He bucked hard, his thumb stroking the sweet spot on his dick, and came again with a soft cry. It was mostly feeling with less show, but it was a good one, going on and on and Robert rocked in and out of him.

When he was done, Robert slipped out of him and leaned back against the tile on the other side of the shower, pulling him to lie back against the solid body.

Trembling and letting out one or two undignified whimpers, Sam cuddled up to him. He hoped the hot water would hold out just a little longer. "You're nice. I like you. And you're pretty hot. I think I'll keep you."

"Yeah? Good. Because I'm not planning on letting go."

"Awesome." Sam looked up for a kiss. "And I want a band."

Robert's eyebrows came together. "Huh?"

"You promised me anything. I want cake and a band and a shiny uniform. Did you tell your mother yet?"

"Oh, right, anything." Robert chuckled. "I'm going to regret saying that out loud, aren't I?" Robert sighed dramatically. "You can have a cake and a band and of course I'm wearing my uniform. Have you decided what you're going to wear yet?"

No mention of mommy dearest out of Robert.

"Tux, I suppose," Sam said, looking up at him. "We're going to need flowers and decorations, and help. So, no call to your mother, then?"

"Wait a minute. What do you mean by 'help'?" Robert straightened up and turned off the shower, that had started to go from hot to warm.

"I mean I can't decorate all by myself, is all," Sam reached for the towels. "But first, we need to pick a date and a venue, really. No sense in getting too far ahead of ourselves. And then figure out who to ask to witness."

Robert looked a little overwhelmed. "Whatever you want, Sam. Maybe we need a list, though."

"Absolutely." Sam grinned, passing a towel and using his own on his hair. "They make planners for this kind of thing. I wonder if I can get one without a bride on the cover?"

"We could put tomorrow aside for shopping and planning if you want." Robert rubbed the towel quickly over himself, which was distracting, bringing his attention straight to all those muscles.

"Sure," Sam said, staring. He was just itching to lick. He wondered if they had time, but figured not. It didn't stop him from leaning over though and trying. Clean fireman was almost as good as wet fireman.

Robert groaned as his tongue connected with skin, hand landing behind his head and holding him there. "Mmm... don't we have this party thing to go to, babe?"

"Uh-huh. You should get dressed." Sam licked again, heading for Robert's left nipple, peaked from the after-shower chill and the towel rubbing on it.

"You should stop using your tongue to stop me then." Robert's voice had gone all husky. "Because if we go again, I'm going to need a nap."

Sam thought about that as he licked over the nipple and tugged it with his teeth. Really, it wouldn't be so bad to miss the start of the party, would it? With a sigh he admitted to himself that it would, as they were kind of the guests of honor, and he pulled back. "Right after the party," he said firmly. "My mouth, your body. Okay?"

"There is no way I'm going to say no to that." Robert tilted his head up and took a kiss, their lips clinging, tongues slipping into each other's mouths.

Oh, that was nice. Sam moved a bit closer, temporarily forgetting about parties and weddings and even the fact that they were moving into "going to be late" territory. "Love you," he whispered into Robert's mouth.

"Me, too." They kissed a little longer, not going hard and needy with it, simply kissing until finally Robert pulled away. "Hold that thought, eh?"

Sam nodded, smiling. "Yep. Holding. Oh, man! We're going to be late!" He turned and ran to the bedroom, leaving his towel in a heap on the bathroom floor. "Did you iron, or do I need to wear the blue shirt again?" The blue one was made of some magic fabric that never, ever wrinkled. Sam often thought he should have bought about nine of them.

"No, I did not iron. I do not *like* ironing, Sam. And I'm wearing my uniform, okay?" It was easy for Robert. He had his uniform, and his dress uniform for really fancy occasions like the wedding, and so he never had to worry about anything else being clean or ironed.

"I don't like to iron, either," Sam said, pulling things out of the closet. "Tell me I at least have clean underwear, though." He yanked the dresser drawer open and looked in. "Yay! Thank God for that, anyway." He tossed his clothes on the bed and started to dress, pointedly not looking at Robert. He didn't need the distraction.

"You could have gone commando." Robert slid a hand in between his jeans and his ass, squeezing for just a moment before backing off again. "Is the whole town going to be at this thing? I thought it was just going to be our friends, but Charlie was making like it was this big deal with the mayor and everything."

Sam blinked, momentarily stilled by Robert's touch. "Uh, lots of people." He reached for his shirt. "I'm not

sure who, exactly. And me going commando is never a good idea. Remember the whole hiding in the coat cupboard at school thing? I should've been so fired. Good thing we didn't get caught."

"Uh-huh. I remember. Never again." Robert gave him a quick kiss. "We are being fed, right? Because if we're not, I'm going to have to grab a bite."

"In this town?" Sam's eyebrows shot up. "There's going to be so much food everyone will have leftovers for a week." He tucked in his shirttails and beamed. "Ready."

"Yep, ready as I'll ever be." Robert looked good in that uniform, filling it out in all the right places. The ladies were going to be drooling. Maybe even as much as he was.

Sam hoped he didn't look as starry-eyed as he felt; really, they'd been together far too long for him to be acting all dopey. "Damn, you're hot," he blurted, barely stopping himself from touching again. "Time to go. Now. Before we're late."

"Okay, babe." With a smile, Robert turned and headed down the hall to the stairs. The view from behind was every bit as impressive.

Sam followed, eyes firmly where they were supposed to be -- staring right at Robert's ass -- and grabbed his coat. "Drive or walk?" he asked, still looking. "I don't know if there'll be much to drink."

"Let's drive, it's still pretty chilly out there." And the cold was still making Robert cough and cough.

"Okay," Sam agreed, scooping up the keys. "My turn. Unless you want to take one of the engines." He was teasing; Robert wouldn't let him play on the engines very often, though the times he did were memorable.

Robert snorted. "No." He shrugged into his jacket and headed out, coughing as soon as he hit the cold air.

"Jeeze, maybe I should heat up the car first." Sam dashed ahead of him. Truthfully, he was worried about what real winter would do to Robert's lungs. They'd had frost and a few flurries, but the air was dry and cold and would be for months.

"Stop fussing, I'm fine." Pulling a Halls or something out of his pocket, Robert popped it in his mouth and the coughing subsided.

"If you say so." Sam was unconvinced. He started the car and blew on his hands, the steering wheel by far the coldest thing he'd touched in hours. "Maybe there will be some stew. Or that corn chowder Leslie's so famous for."

Robert's stomach growled loudly. "As long as there's food and lots of it, I'm good."

"Did you have lunch?" Sam demanded, pulling out of the driveway and glancing over at Robert.

"Of course I had lunch, but that was hours ago." Robert gave him a sheepish grin. "I was hungry and ate before noon."

Sam rolled his eyes. "Mid-afternoon snacks are good, you know. Think of it like a nooner, but with food." He grinned and drove, thinking he should come home for lunch more often.

Robert laughed. "You would put it in those terms."

"Of course." Sam winked at him and turned right, eyeing the parking lot down the street. "Christ. How many people *are* going to this thing?"

"Considering the lot's full and they're parked all down the street I'd say the whole damned town's here." Robert shook his head.

"They adore you," Sam told him, wondering if he'd find a space actually in the lot. "I'll drop you off at the door."

"We should have walked. Just find us a spot and park -- I'm not going in there without you. Wait -- there." Robert pointed to a spot near the door, obviously left open for them.

"Good eyes." Sam pulled in and shut off the car. "Kiss me first," he said, leaning over.

Robert obliged, lips cold, but warming up fast as they kissed. Sam gave him a little tongue, almost hitting the horn when someone knocked on the window. "Shit!"

Robert chuckled and undid his belt. "We'd better go in," he said, nodding and waving at the mayor.

"I guess." Sam opened his door. He hoped he wasn't turning red. He really hated that, and it occurred to him that for someone who didn't blush, he was doing it pretty often. Maybe it was the whole getting married thing.

When they walked into the hall Sam stopped short, staring. It looked like the whole damn town was there. "Oh boy," he said under his breath, reaching for Robert's hand.

Robert's fingers twined with his, squeezing and holding on. The whole hall erupted into applause and people started coming up to them, offering congratulations and asking questions and before he knew it, he and Robert had been separated.

Sam did his best, talking and being friendly and laughing when he was teased, accepting congratulations and best wishes from pretty much everyone. He just wished he could see where Robert had been taken, and hoped it was toward the food.

It was over an hour later before he was made to sit at the head table, a free chair on one side of him, the mayor on the other. A heaping plate was put in front of him, another at the chair next to him. "You look like you're starving," said Annie. "And Robert looks like he's going to eat Virginia's arm off if she doesn't stop jabbering at him and let him come eat."

Sure enough, there was Robert, about four feet away, fake smile pasted on his face, head nodding every few moments.

Sam rolled his eyes and hoped Virginia would either forgive him or miss his rudeness altogether. "Hey, Robert," he called, pointing to the food. "Come eat before it gets cold. I think the ribs are Virginia's, too." The last he added with a flirty smile at Virginia, praying he was right. The food should have name tags, in Sam's opinion.

Robert shot him a grateful look, ignored Virginia's pout, and came over and sat. "Thanks, Sam. I was going to faint if I didn't get fed soon."

"I know," Sam said, nudging Robert with his knee. "I think she *likes* you," he added, teasing.

Robert shook his head and dug in, talking around a mouthful of potato salad. "I'm already taken."

"Yeah," Sam looked at him and smiled. "You are." He was completely aware that he'd slid right into sappy, but he didn't seem able to stop.

Robert smiled back, and leaned toward him. Which seemed to be Mayor Griffith's cue to clear his throat and stand. "I'd like to make a toast."

"You mean a speech," someone called out.

"He did that on purpose," Sam whispered, laughing. He looked up at the mayor and grinned. "We don't need speeches," he said, hoping that the toast would be very, very short.

"It's a toast," the mayor insisted. It wasn't very short at all, either.

Robert went back to eating when Griffith started in on how they'd all fallen in love with Robert when they'd first hired him on as Fire Chief. The man droned on and on, as he usually did, the toast indeed turning into a speech. Sam saw a few fond smiles, some rolling eyes, and a lot of eating. No one really ignored the speech, and some people paid attention enough to nod at the right places. It was a very nice speech, all about how both Robert and Sam served the community and were valued. The mayor even said how nice it was that they were choosing to marry, and how historic the occasion would be, being the first gay marriage on record in the town. That part made Sam's stomach flutter a little, but he took heart from the fact that so many people were supporting them instead of making a fuss.

Robert's hand slid over his thigh under the table and squeezed.

There was lots of applause when the mayor was finally done, and then everyone wanted Robert to say something. Finally, he stood and the crowd quieted down. "I'm not much of a speech maker." He waited for the cheers to die down before going on. "I don't know about historic or anything, but the man I want to spend my life with has agreed to make it official, and to me, that makes it pretty damned special. And we just want to thank everyone for coming out tonight to help us celebrate that."

Sam looked up at him, smiling and *knowing* he was blushing. Damn it. He looked back at the room and nodded, reaching for Robert's hand and squeezing it hard. He saw a lot of smiles aimed back at him and he blushed harder. "What he said," he managed. "Thank you all, so much. Eat!" He tugged Robert's hand and pulled him down, kissing him lightly on the mouth, not caring if it was appropriate or not. Sometimes kisses just had to happen.

Catcalls and more cheers went up, and Robert was blushing just as hard as he was. "The wedding's going to be like this, isn't it?" Robert asked.

"Oh, yeah," Sam said, grinning. "With added flowers and a cake, and music, and fancier clothes. It's going to be awesome."

Robert chuckled and stroked his cheek. "We've got dessert here, though, right? You think if I look mournfully toward the buffet one of the ladies will clue in and bring me one of everything?"

Sam snorted. "All you have to do is glance that way and they'll thunder over there to meet your every need." He leaned into Robert's touch without really noticing and added, "Try it. See what happens."

Robert chuckled and looked down at his empty plate and then over at the buffet table and you could almost see the word dessert on his face.

Sam bit his lip to keep from laughing as Virginia, Marjorie, Annie and a couple of other ladies almost ran to the table. "See? I'll just steal some of yours; you'll have enough to share."

Robert just grinned and whispered, "It's good to be king."

Sam laughed, not able to stop himself. "Just don't let it go to your head," he said, watching the ladies pile up plates. "And if you're king, what does that make me?"

Robert's lips twitched. Then they twitched harder and he could *see* Robert bite his lip. It still came out. "My queen."

Sam glared at him for all he was worth, trying to look pissed while still keeping an eye on the people all around them. "Just for that," he hissed, "I *am* going to wear a dress. So there."

"That's your prerogative. I'm not sure white is your color though..." Robert winked, still laughing when three plates were suddenly presented, piled high with desserts.

Sam regretted he hadn't gotten in a dig about his lack of virginity, but then figured it would be lame, anyway. Robert knew full well all about *that*. Plus, there was chocolate to eat. He eyed Robert's treasures and only half paid attention to Robert thanking the ladies, then blinked when a dinner plate full of desert was put in front of *him*.

"Thanks," Sam said, looking up in surprise.

"You get to eat, too," Marjorie said with a grin. "Just because he's in uniform doesn't mean you're not cute, too." She laughed and stepped back, going back to her table with a wave.

"You know," Sam said thoughtfully, "She's a wonderful girl. I vote we keep her."

"You mean like as a pet?" Robert asked, grabbing a brownie and putting it in his mouth in one go.

"Yes, dear, exactly like a pet." Sam rolled his eyes and picked up a treat that seemed to be mostly cream and chocolate. "I meant in a more general sense. And I bet she'll be willing to help with the wedding."

"Oh, then we'll definitely keep her. Not in the house though. No girls." Robert gave him a wink and shoved more dessert into his mouth. He looked like he was actually going to do his best to clear all three plates all on his own.

"I don't know, I think a wife would help me keep you from eating your body weight in crap." Sam eyed the vanishing food. "You're going to make yourself sick."

"You two already sound married," Annie said, bringing them a pitcher of water.

Sam grinned. "I practice."

"We basically are married except for the piece of paper," Robert noted. "We've been together a lot of years."

"Yeah." Sam nodded. "But now I get to make him wear his uniform, kiss me in public, and dance."

"Dance? You never said anything about dancing."

Annie laughed and patted Robert on the shoulder.

Sam smiled innocently. "A dance. At the reception. It's going to be wonderful."

"Oh, man." Robert took a bite out of a piece of pie.

"Do not make yourself fat before the wedding," Sam said, one eyebrow up. "You'll need to get a new uniform, if you do."

"I'm just trying to be polite."

"You're going to polite yourself into a new waist measurement." He tugged Robert's plate away from him a few inches and kissed his cheek. "Have something to drink, then more cake. Or you know. We can go talk to people."

"Spoilsport." Robert leaned back and gave Annie his best smile. "Do you think there'd be enough left for some take-home?"

Annie eyed the food in front of them and the still laden table. "Robert, you'll have sweets for a week. I'll go make you two up some plates and hide them out back."

Sam rolled his eyes as she hurried off. "You know, she's not kidding. There's going to be enough sugar at our house to keep you happy for a month, I'm sure."

"You're going to make me stretch it out that long, aren't you?" Robert grinned and gave him a quick kiss. "Come on, let's go mingle. Together this time."

"Don't you dare let go of me." Sam stood up and tangling their fingers together. "And let's see if we can avoid anyone who wants to rain on our parade. Though I doubt they're *here*."

"Oh, I saw Brenda. Charlie no doubt dragged her along. I'm worried she's going to make him stop volunteering, and he's my best guy."

"Do you think he'd agree to that?" Sam asked, glancing up at Robert's face. "He loves it. And *he* doesn't seem to have a problem with us. He's the one who called me to the hospital, you know."

"I don't know. Things haven't been that great between them lately." Robert shrugged. "It's not our business. Just like what you and I do isn't any of hers." Robert smiled and nodded, going down to his haunches as a couple of Sam's kids came over.

Sam watched the kids shower Robert with handmade cards, and smiled. They had cards for him too, but they saw him five days a week and Robert a great deal less, so it really was a treat for them to admire him, the boldest of them reaching out to pat his uniform and badges. And Robert was damn good to them, too, reading the cards and making a fuss over each one.

Sam found himself looking around, distracted into a few conversations, most of them about if they'd picked a date yet, and where the wedding would be. The most Sam could say about that was that it depended upon the season and the weather; they really did have to make some choices.

They weren't going to be making any tonight, though. It seemed everyone wanted talk to them, to congratulate them and ask them about the wedding. It was nice. Even nicer was the way Robert's fingers stayed curled with his, or Robert's arm remained looped over his shoulders.

Sam found himself leaning in a bit more, happy to be near and touched and touching. There were smiles all around, lots of gossip, a bit of talk about the town and what was new. They belonged there, now, were a part of it. It felt good. Sam hoped that the wedding would feel as nice, as open. He looked around while Robert talked to someone about plans for the next training day, still holding his hand, and tried to count the bodies in the room. He gave up pretty quickly, right about the time he saw Brenda eyeing them from a table clear across the room, her mouth pinched up in distaste.

He must have stiffened up or something because Robert looked down at him, eyebrow raised. "You getting tired?"

"Not really." Sam turned his head to look away from her and up at Robert. "I'm good. Might get some juice, though. Do you want anything?"

"I'll take a beer if there's any going. Water if there isn't." Robert tilted his head and took a quick kiss.

"You got it." Sam kissed Robert again. He knew he was just making a point and being a child, but damn it, he was done with being someone who hid. He smiled at Robert and let him go, then made his way to the kitchen area at the back of the hall, nodding to people as he went.

And promptly got cornered by Brenda.

"What you're doing is still wrong, you know. Having a piece of paper saying you're married doesn't really make you married. You *can't* be married. Not really."

"The Canadian government says otherwise," Sam said evenly, not really stopping. He made sure to move around her, not touching. If he didn't touch, he wouldn't shove. "And that's good enough for me, honestly."

"Well, I think it's disgusting and Charlie and I are leaving town. We won't live somewhere where people not only allow but condone this kind of sick behavior." She leveled a look of disgust at him. "And you should be ashamed of yourselves. You really should."

"You're going to move out of the whole country, then?" Sam said, raising an eyebrow. "Have fun with that. We'll miss Charlie, though. He's a nice guy. You, on the other hand, I can easily do without."

"You are a nasty little faggot and I don't have to listen to you speak to me like that!"

"Brenda!" Charlie stood in the doorway, looking shocked. "Go out to the car, we're leaving."

Sam stared at her, any pretense of keeping her hate out of his heart gone, utterly washed away by her parting shot. "I hope your God forgives hate," he said, backing up. "Because I don't."

She shot him one last look, like he was something she'd scrape off the bottom of her shoe, and swept out past Charlie.

"I'm sorry, Sam. If I'd known she was going to say something, I wouldn't have come."

Sam shook his head slowly. "We would have missed you. We *will* miss you, if you're really moving. But I gotta say.... That's totally not cool. Especially here and now." He shoved his hands into his pockets, hoping to hide the way they were shaking. He really hoped he got his shit together before Robert saw him.

"I know. I really am sorry, Sam. I'm not sure if we're going. I'm not sure if there's a we to go." Charlie

looked miserable. "Congratulations, Sam. I hope you and Robert are really happy together."

Sam winced. "Thanks, man. We are. I wish you were. Thanks for coming out and for wishing us well -- it means a lot to us."

"Thanks. Give my best to Robert." Charlie turned and headed off, shoulders hunched. He was a good guy, but he had lousy taste in women. Really lousy.

Sam sighed and went to the fridge, grabbing a beer for Robert and a soda for himself. On his way back, he stopped to talk to as many people as he could, hoping he'd be calm and back to normal before facing Robert. The man always knew when there was something up.

One arm looped around his waist, Robert leaning over him and snagging the beer. "I was about to send a search party for you!"

"Heh, you mean for the beer," Sam corrected. "That's the only one you get, so make it last." There was, of course, more beer in the fridge, but it wouldn't do to make Robert think there was a *lot*.

"I was thinking I'd finish this and then we could head off." He looked at his watch, apparently surprised by how late it had gotten. "Besides, you look wiped."

"Maybe a little tired." Sam was willing to admit to being sleepy but not upset and hurt. "But awake enough to live up to my duties and promises and commitments." He wiggled his eyebrows for effect, ignoring the giggle from behind him. Marjorie really *was* cool.

Robert gave him a slow grin and downed half his beer at one go. "Let's start saying our goodbyes."

"Oh, man, that could take *ages*," Sam said, looking around. "Think they'll notice if we just yell it from the door?"

"Yes." Robert looked around and then smiled beyond him. "Marjorie. Would you be a love and let everyone know we've gone? If we announce we're leaving it'll be another hour before we can get away, and poor Sam here is just exhausted."

"Sam's not exhausted *yet*," Marjorie said with a grin. "But I have faith that he will be. You just shoo, and I'll take care of this. Oh, and Sam, I'll bring leftover food by tomorrow, if you'll be there. Okay?"

Sam blinked and nodded, grinning broadly. "That'd be great. Go easy on the desserts, though."

Robert shook his head. "*Lots* of desserts, Marjorie -- Sammy deprives me if left to his own devices. And we owe you one."

"You don't owe me anything but a good seat at the wedding," Marjorie said, waving them off. "Run away, before someone traps you. See you soon!"

Sam grinned and dragged Robert toward the door. "We're keeping her."

"But not as a pet," Robert teased, following happily.

"Not as a pet. Maybe as someone to run interference, though." Sam got them outside and froze. "Get in the car," he said, passing over the keys. "I'll go back for the coats! Damn, cold! Promise you'll warm me up?"

"I will." Robert let himself in, just starting to cough.

"Shit," Sam muttered, running back in and grabbing their stuff before anyone could see him. He really hoped Robert wasn't going to wind up with a series of colds. He hurried back out and climbed in the car, praying it would heat up fast or they get home quickly -- which was more likely, given the short distance.

Robert waited only long enough for him to get the seat belt clicked into place and they were headed home. "You okay?" Robert asked.

"I'm fine." Sam threw his coat over himself backward and scooting close to Robert to share. "It's cold."

"It is. It's going to be a hard winter. I just hope everyone's cleared out their flues properly. Maybe I should suggest a door to door campaign."

"That would be good," Sam said nodding. "Right after we get home. Because we have nothing else to do."

Robert snorted. "You made me a promise."

"I did?" Sam looked at him with wide eyes. "Oh, right! The one about letting you have desserts more often."

"I was thinking about the one that put my body and your mouth together." Robert turned into their driveway and stopped the car.

"Ah, that one!" Sam nodded wisely and gathered up the coats. "As soon as we're in and warm. Naked would be good, too. I need *my* dessert." He laughed, knowing that Robert would roll his eyes at that one.

"Horndog," Robert accused. And yet, it was Robert who'd brought that promise back up, Robert who was hustling him up the stairs and into the house.

"Uh-huh. You like that part about me, remember?" Sam dumped their coats and his shoes just inside the door. "Even if it does mean you wind up doing things you'd never thought about."

"That just means it's never boring, babe." Robert smiled and tugged him close, tilting his head up for a kiss. This one wasn't like the pecks they'd shared at the community hall, this one was all out and full of tongue.

Boring. As if. As if *ever* if. Sam leaned in closer and buried a hand in the soft hair at the back of Robert's head, urging him to move to a place they could sprawl.

While he was thinking couch, Robert obviously had thoughts of his own and one big hand landed on his ass, Robert guiding him to the stairs as they kissed and kissed.

Sam held on, as close as he could get and let Robert move them. He trusted Robert to keep them from falling and put all of his own concentration into tasting Robert's mouth and feeling his body move, muscles shifting and cocking growing harder against him. He palmed Robert through his uniform, moaning as they went up the stairs far too slowly.

They were finally in their bedroom, and Robert got them to the bed, the two of them lying there, fully dressed and making out in the moonlight. Sam pet Robert and held him close, their legs tangling together. He kissed Robert as completely as he could, gently, sweetly, with every bit of love he had inside him, almost mesmerized by the way the light fell on Robert's face. He was absolutely the most beautiful thing Sam had ever seen.

Robert's fingers slid over him, content at first to touch him through his clothes, and then moving to undo his shirt buttons, searching out his skin. Nodding, staring to feel breathless, Sam did the same, carefully unbuttoning Robert's shirt and slipping his hand under the fabric to smooth over his chest.

Groaning, Robert pushed into his touches, their slow explorations and languid kisses starting to pick up steam. Sam tugged at Robert's shirt and bared a shoulder, kissing and licking it before biting gently. Robert wanted his mouth, he'd get it. All over. And there was just so much to taste. Robert made an appreciative noise, fingers still working his clothes off, but slower now that Robert was distracted.

Smiling against Robert's skin, Sam made his way a little lower, licking one nipple and teasing the other with his fingers. He was pretty sure that if Robert wanted naked they'd get there. Eventually. For himself, Sam was content to rub against the bed, Robert's thigh... just about anywhere, really. If he ruined yet another pair of pants, that was okay. That's what stores were for.

Every kiss and touch was met by a moan or a groan, Robert shifting and pushing up for more, hips moving restlessly against the bed.

"Shhh," Sam soothed, the words going directly against the way he twisted Robert's nipple. He let go and reached down to fight with Robert's fly, groping and squeezing the thick cock while he did it, licking his way south.

"Sam. Oh, yeah. Want that." Robert nodded, legs already spreading for him, which was just going to make getting Robert's pants off harder. It wasn't stopping his own shirt from coming off any, though, Robert finally getting it off his arms and tossing it over the side of the bed.

Sam laughed, tasting Robert's belly and getting his zipper down, Robert's cock pushing out at him. "Lift up," he coaxed, sitting up enough to tug at Robert's pants.

Robert did as he was told, and even helped by getting his legs back in the right position and wriggling. Which, okay, did interesting things to his cock and probably wasn't really that much help.

Sam watched Robert's prick lift and sway, enticing him, and moaned. He licked his lips, too, one hand over the bulge of his own erection, then gave up whatever relief he would have had by stripping and dove down to nuzzle Robert's balls and to mouth his cock.

Robert's attempts to get him naked ended right there, the big hands fisting into the sheets, low noises coming from his lover. Sam didn't care much, far too busy enjoying what he was doing. He could feel the flex of Robert's cock as it stiffened even further, his balls shifting in their sac, and he licked there, too. He hummed a bit, his hips pushing against the bed, and lapped his way up to suck at the head of Robert's erection. He tasted the slit, dragged his tongue over it a couple of times and moved back down again, going slow.

"So good, Sammy." Robert's hips bucked and pushed, eager to help him out.

Sam merely moaned again and scooted down to suck on Robert's balls, one hand jerking him off slowly, his thumb rubbing over the head and smoothing fluid around. But the words made Sam push harder against the bed, his own prick heavy and hot in his pants.

Robert started panting, words becoming incoherent noises, and one hand dropped his head, fingers pulling through his hair. Hungrily, Sam licked and sucked, his hand getting tighter and faster as he drew first one ball into his mouth and then the other, his shoulder pushing at Robert's leg to get him to open up wide. He moaned, feeling Robert start to leak faster into his hand, and sucked harder.

Robert's legs finally spread for him as Robert dug his heels into the bed and began rocking up into his hand, pushing hard along his palm. Sam humped the bed and let Robert's sac go, his attention lower. One handed, he jacked Robert's cock and with the other he pushed Robert's ass open, licking over the tight little hole only once before tongue fucking Robert's ass.

Robert's whole body went tight as rocks and he cried out, cock pulsing in Sam's hand as he came. Sam groaned, licking him again and again while he shot, barely holding onto his brain cells until he had to shove a hand down between himself and the bed. He squeezed hard and yelled, bucking as he trashed his pants.

"Man, I love your mouth." Robert petted his head.

Sam mumbled something that even he didn't understand, then wiggled as close to Robert as he could get, resting his head on his stomach. "I love your cock," he managed with a contented sigh. "And your ass, and your hands. But mostly I love your heart and how kind you are. And funny. And kind. And hot and smart."

"And I love you for your generosity, Sam." Robert's hand wrapped around his arm and tugged him up so they could kiss.

Sam almost purred as he curled against Robert's body, held in strong arms. They were home, they were in love, and there was no bad there. Not one little bit, and certainly no shame. Smiling, Sam snuggled up against his man and kissed him again. No shame at all.

Chapter Fifteen

Robert sat at the kitchen table while Sam got them each paper and pens. They were going to make lists and then go shopping. Not really his idea of a fun Saturday afternoon, but he knew this stuff was important to having the big wedding Sam wanted, and that made it important to him. He waited until Sam sat across from him. "So I guess the first thing we need to do is set a date, right?"

"Yep. Really, that leaves us with two options. Christmas or summer. I want it to be easy for Dad to come." Sam doodled on his paper, making squiggles that threatened to turn into hearts. "And are you or are you not going to invite your mom?"

Robert sighed. He'd been thinking about it, even if Sam thought he was avoiding the question. "I'll call her as soon as we set the date and invite her. But I have no idea how she'll react. I haven't spoken to her in years, babe. She might show up and be a bitch. She might not come at all. She might be happy as hell for me and cry and say how sorry she is we haven't talked in so long."

Sam nodded and gave him a sympathetic look. "Well, we can hope for the best. So. When do *you* want to have the wedding?"

"I like the idea of getting married New Year's Eve, actually."

Sam tilted his head and nodded thoughtfully. "Yeah, that could be fun. Huge party, a week off before school starts." Sam wrote it down. "Okay. New Year's Eve. Next is the hard one: where?"

"How about the station house?" It seemed fitting given Sam's love of all things fireman.

"Is it big enough?" Sam turned to look out the nearest window, which didn't even face the garage. "We'd have to pull the trucks out."

"Yeah, we'll pull the trucks out onto the road. We'll want to ride on the back of the engine up to wherever we're having the party. It's that or do it the same place we're partying. Maybe as it's the middle of winter that would make more sense. People wouldn't have to go anywhere requiring coats and crap."

Sam shook his head. "I don't want to get married at the community center. If we were having a church wedding they'd have to shift venues anyway. Fire house is my vote."

"Cool. I'll have to check with the fire chief, but I hear he's a good guy -- I bet he'll let us get married there."

"Will I have to suck him off?"

Robert grinned, his cock twitching. He did love Sammy's mouth. "You don't *have* to, but a little goodwill never hurt."

"Hmm." Sam eyed him and suddenly there was a foot in Robert's lap. "I don't know. What will *you* do for this guy, if I'm providing sexual favors?"

He tried not to groan. "Well, if you're providing sexual favors, then I should make sure you're well taken care of, so you can provide the sexual favors."

"Ah, I'm finally going to be a kept man." Sam wiggled his toes around the root of Robert's cock. "Awesome. Will you buy me presents and fancy things?"

Robert couldn't help his groan this time. "No, but I'll throw you a party and other people will buy you presents and shit."

"And you'll let me get a band and buy me a wedding ring and let me order a huge cake?" Sam's toes shifted, rubbing all along his shaft, the arch of Sam's foot fitting around the curve of his balls.

His eyes crossed a little. "Uh-huh."

"And help me pick a menu? And a color theme?" Sam grinned at him, his foot moving and rubbing, grinding against his prick.

"Whatever you want, babe." And that was the plan even without Sam's magic foot making him lose his mind.

"You are so easy," Sam said, grinning at him. "Can you seriously get off from this?" The other foot joined in, one on either side of his cock, rubbing up and down, pressing on his balls.

"Shit, yes." He couldn't believe Sam even needed to ask. It felt amazing, and just a bit dirty, Sam working him through his pants like that.

"Cool." Sam beamed at him, one foot going up, the other down. "I wonder if it would be as hot naked?"

"That would depend on when you last showered," he pointed out, eyes closing, his tongue licking his lips.

"My feet are always perfectly clean and odor free," Sam said, laughing. When he laughed, he shook, and little vibrations did interesting and fun things. "But if I was naked I could do this and jerk off at the same time. That would be good."

"Wouldn't be the first time you came in your pants." Of course if they were naked then *he* wouldn't come in his. Of course they had *just* sat down to do this planning shit. "What about the list?" he asked, shifting so Sam's foot rubbed just where he wanted it to.

"What about the orgasms first? We picked a date and a place, it's break time." Sam seemed to be breathing a bit faster, and his feet for pressing harder, all along Robert's cock, one toe flicking at the head.

Groaning, Robert nodded. "Yeah. Okay. Yes."

"Okay," Sam echoed. He shifted in his seat, one foot rubbing just exactly right. "I want to see you come from this. Wanna feel it."

He reached down and pushed Sam's feet away enough to get his zipper down. "You'll feel more if I spray over your feet." And didn't that have his prick throbbing -- something sexy about the unusual words.

"Oh boy," Sam breathed. "Gimme." Sam's hands were white knuckled on the table, for the moment.

Robert suspected that would change. He spread his pants open and tugged his cock out of his underwear, pushing it against Sam's foot.

"Hot," Sam said with a gasp, though Robert didn't know if he meant physically or in the other -- equally true -- sense. Not that it mattered. Sam's foot rubbed up, dragging against skin and giving him friction.

He closed his eyes and gripped the edge of the table himself, a low groan coming from him. God, that felt really good, and naughty.

Sam made a sound too, soft and silky. Sam's other foot joined in, both of them stroking and curving around his cock, so different from hands.

Robert pushed with his hips, bucking into the strange touches, getting off on it. "Sam..."

"Do it," Sam begged. "Oh *boy*." Sam let go of the table, his feet stuttering as Sam fought with his fly. "Come on." The heel of one foot pushed hard against the root of Robert's cock, the arch of the other sliding faster.

"Damn." He met Sam's eyes, coming hard.

Sam's mouth parted slightly, his eyes huge. "God," he whispered, his feet still moving, slick and slippery with come. "Robert." His arm moved, jerking as he stroked himself, and then Sam shuddered, his feet falling away as he came with a moaning, breathy sigh.

"Man, we're a pair of pervs."

"Nah," Sam said, utterly relaxed. "We can't claim that, yet. Maybe someday. We're kinda stuck at horndog, though."

Robert grinned at Sam. "No, *you're* stuck at horndog. I'm just along for the ride."

"I didn't just get a footjob," Sam pointed out, grinning. "Seems like you're sharing my title."

"You started it, though." He was thinking every discussion about the wedding should be accompanied by really hot sex. It didn't even have to be of the kinky variety.

"Did I?" Sam smiled innocently and got up. "Oh, ew! I can't even walk without leaving your junk all over the place. Next time, we do this in bed and with a towel handy. I'm going to have to wash the floor after I wipe off all the mess on *me*." Sam reached and grabbed a tea towel. "So, let's pick colors. No pink."

Laughing hard enough he set himself coughing again, Robert decided that asking Sam to marry him had been one of the best decisions ever.

Chapter Sixteen

Sam had notes taped up all over the house, and his binder was full of price quotes and choices. Of course, most of them had been made, but there was still so much to do. He was going to need a new list, and soon, so he didn't lose track of anything.

The invitations were ordered and should be at the house in a day or so. Then a late night getting them all addressed, and a small fortune in postage to mail them. The hall was settled, the fire station was easy -- though he wanted it cleaned -- and then he absolutely had to get a tux. He'd have to call his dad, too, to double check the whole vest or no vest thing.

Mostly though, Sam's stress was taken up by music. New Year's Eve was an awesome time for a wedding unless you wanted a band, apparently.

"Next time," he said out loud to himself as he jotted down yet another name to try, "We're leaving more time for planning."

"There isn't going to be a next time," growled Robert, coming in from the station. "This is it. Once and only once. Next time we elope."

"No, we don't," Sam said, not even looking up. "Weddings are fun. And I need you to help me figure out the flowers for the hall. The things for the station can be all white and red, but I want more color at the hall. Oh, and I have to go see about the cake topper tomorrow; apparently two grooms is getting easier to find and we have actual choices. Do you still want the yellow ribbon things on the cake, or are we back to blue yet?"

"Does it really matter? Blue, yellow -- I don't really care. You pick." Robert opened the fridge door and stared into it. "Why is there no food in here?"

"Because I haven't had time to shop and you didn't do it, either. Christ, I work, too, you know. And if you won't make any choices about the wedding I'm doing that, too, and honestly I think the grocery list is lost under the one I left for you about cleaning up the station and finding chairs for the guests, and really, just order a pizza, okay? I'm busy."

Robert slammed the fridge door closed and glared at him as he made his way over to the phone. "I'm getting the meat lovers with extra cheese."

"Fine. And when you have a heart attack and *die* I can plan you a nice funeral, seeing as how I'm doing all this by myself. I'll be in practice." Sam glared right back and started gathering up his notes and catalogues and flyers. "I'll be in the living room. Making calls to find us a band."

"Hey, you're the one who wanted a huge fucking wedding. And I thought this was supposed to be fun. Well I stopped having fun ages ago, Sam. And I highly doubt you're enjoying any of this, either." Robert clomped after him, phone in hand. "I don't understand why we can't just invite all our friends, have a party and be done with it? The town throws potlucks all the time!"

"Because this isn't for the fucking town," Sam snapped, grabbing the phone as he headed to the couch. "It's for me and you. And it *would* be fun if you even tried to get into this instead of leaving it all to me. I know the wedding isn't important to you, but it is to me, and I thought *that* mattered."

Robert snatched the phone back out of his hand. "Marrying *you* is important to me, Sam. And so is you being happy. But this isn't making you happy, it's making you insane." Robert started punching numbers on the phone.

"Who are you calling?" Sam demanded, almost reaching to grab the phone back. "I wouldn't be like this if you'd just *help*!"

"The fucking pizza place. Food? Supper? Nothing in the fridge, remember? Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot, it's got nothing to do with the wedding, so it's not worth your notice." Robert turned away from him and growled into the phone. "I want the all-dressed meat lovers with extra cheese. Make it an extra large and I want some cheesecake for dessert and two liters of Coke." Robert rattled off the address and clicked the phone off, flinging it onto the couch next to him. "Maybe I'd be more willing to help if we could occasionally have a conversation that *didn't* revolve around the wedding."

Sam stared at him. "I am not a housewife, Robert. If you expect me to do all the food shopping, maybe you should have mentioned that. As for the rest, fine. I won't talk about it any more. You just show up on the right day. It might be good idea for you to let me know who your best man is going to be, though." Sam clutched his binder and notes and went to get the phone, fighting off tears. Damn it, he would *not* get upset.

"Hold on a fucking minute -- I have never called you a housewife or expected you do everything around the house. Goddamn it, Sam, the wedding does *not* have to be our every waking thought."

"It might be nice if it was even on your radar!" Sam yelled. "It might just be a piece of paper to you but it's a hell of a lot more than that to me." He heard his voice crack and regretted yelling; it was hard to appear calm when he wanted to shake apart.

"I keep telling you it's more than just a piece of paper to me, Sam. But if I don't care about what fucking color some goddamned ribbons are or whether the caterer uses fucking elegant or refine silverware somehow that translates to I don't care about getting married at all. Goddamn it." Robert glared at him, starting to cough.

"Shit." Sam dropped everything onto the couch and went to get Robert a glass of water. "Look," he said when he came back. "I *do* care about those things. A lot. It's important to me. Here, drink this."

Robert took the water and took big gulps, needing to finish the whole glass before he stopped coughing. "Why? What does the kind of silverware we use matter? What's important is that you're there, and I'm there, and our friends are there and everyone has a good time. The rest is just... details."

Sam sighed. "Because I never thought I'd get a wedding. Because my mom didn't get to see me grow up. Because I used to watch her wedding on a VHS tape so I'd remember what she looked like. Because it just *matters*. I'm not normal, Robert. Never have been. But I want a wedding and I want it to be perfect."

Robert was shaking his head. "I don't want normal -- I want you. And this whole thing is stressing you out. All this wedding needs is you and it *will* be perfect. I'm not just saying that, Sammy, it's the truth."

"Then why won't you help me? Seriously. An hour or two of you actually paying attention and having an opinion would be nice."

"But I've done that. Shit, babe, I did that for weeks. It's never fucking ending!"

"There are deadlines! There's money to lay out, there's people who need to know! And the ending is when

it's all finalized, and so help me God if you bail on helping me address the invitations I'll be pissed."

"So you're saying this is going to suck until the day we get married?" Robert threw up his hands. "Just tell me what you want me to do and I'll do it, okay? You want decisions? I want the blue ribbons and the elegant silverware and my best man will be Charlie, who's getting a divorce, by the way, and I want steak for supper and we don't need a stupid band, we can use a DJ who'll play eighties stuff. Anything else?"

"No. Nothing at all," Sam said stiffly. "I'm going upstairs. Enjoy your pizza." He turned and walked to the stairs, part of him trying to remember what Robert had just said so he could make sure it happened, mostly out of spite, and part of him wanting to run away. Everything was going to crap and it was just stupid. A wedding. All he wanted was a nice wedding. What was so hard about that?

"Wait a fucking minute here -- you said you wanted me to help, to make decision, so I did. And now you're still pissed off at me! Christ." Robert stomped over to the door. "I'm going back to the station house."

"Fine. I'll have them take your fucking supper over to you. Or maybe I'll just *eat* it all." Sam shook, hurt and madder than he'd ever been at Robert before. "Blue ribbons, elegant silver, steak, DJ who plays eighties. Got it, thank you so much for your help."

Robert didn't answer, just slammed the door hard on his way out.

"Fuck!" Sam yelled at the door, throwing his binder to the floor. "Stay out there for all I care." And giving in to weeks of stress, he sat at the table and tried his very best not to cry.

Chapter Seventeen

Robert stomped all the way back to the fire station. He started coughing about three quarters of the way there, which forced him to slow down and detour for the bathroom instead of his office. He drank two glasses before the coughing eased and popped another fucking lozenge. He was living on the damned things it felt like.

The cold just set his lungs off, as did running, which meant he hadn't been doing the practices with the guys lately, just supervising. Which is what he'd done at the last fire they'd been called to, and he'd still had to wear his mask, because just being next to the burning building had made every breath hurt.

He'd been to the doc earlier in the week, and his advice had been to relax and give it time. And to give him a prescription for an inhaler for when it got too bad. The prescription was still crumpled into a ball in the pants he'd been wearing that day.

What did the doctor know?

He slammed the glass down beside the sink and stomped off to his desk, throwing himself into his chair. And now Sam was pissed off at him. If he'd known getting married was going to create so much stress...

He'd what? Not have asked?

No way.

It might have been a spur of the moment question, it might have been prompted by stupidity, but he wasn't taking it back. Not for one second.

He really should have pushed for an elopement though. Was that even a word?

His stomach growled and he sighed; he should just go back and apologize. He was hungry and tired and stressed out, and so was Sam.

"Hello?" a voice yelled. "Anyone here? Got a pizza delivery!"

"Yeah, coming." He went down, pulling his wallet out. "Sam send you from the house?" Man, Sam was really pissed if he sent the guy over instead of paying for it and bringing it over.

"Nah, no answer at the door." The delivery guy looked kind of familiar, which wasn't a shock. "We all know you live there, though, so I thought I'd try here."

He frowned, and handed over the cash. "Thanks, I appreciate it." Where the hell was Sam?

"No problem. Thanks, and you have a good night." The kid stuck around long enough to make sure Robert had the pizza, the bag with the bottles and the cheesecake, then took off, whistling and giving the station a long once over. Everyone liked the fire station.

Balancing it all, Robert headed back to the house. He wasn't going to be able to eat anyway, not until he'd made sure Sam was all right. He managed to get in the door and dump everything onto the kitchen table

without dropping it. "Sam?" There wasn't any answer, but Sam's binder and stuff was all over the place, looking like he'd tossed it on the floor.

Robert made a face and started picking shit up, trying to organize it back together again. He wasn't sure he got *why* Sam wanted all this shit and needed every little detail to be perfect, but Sam did. And they were only going to do this shit once, so maybe he should just deal. It was less than two months away anyway. It wasn't like he was going to have to deal with this for ages.

He got things into some semblance of order and went looking for Sam. He wasn't sulking on the couch, which was kind of where Robert had expected him to be, so he went up the stairs. "Sammy? You up here, babe?" He hadn't noticed if the car was in the driveway or not.

From the dark bedroom came a snuffling, "Yeah." Shit. Sam sounded like he was crying.

Cursing under his breath, Robert went in. There was a lump on the bed, that coalesced into a curled up Sammy as Robert came near. He sat on the bed with a sigh, hand going to Sam's back. "Oh, babe. I'm sorry."

"Don't be," Sam whispered. "I'm being a jerk." But the breath he drew in was shuddering and under Robert's hand, Sam's back shook.

Robert tugged on Sam, pulling him into his arms. "Yeah, well I was doing a pretty good job on that front myself."

Sam curled into him, which was better than pulling away. "We just have different ideas about this," Sam said, sounding weary. "I'm sorry. I just... I got caught up in it, I guess. It's not important."

Robert snorted. "It is too important or you wouldn't be stressed out to the gills from it and we wouldn't be fighting about it."

"I suppose." Sam sighed and wiped at his eyes. "But what do we do about it? Maybe we should just forget the whole thing and go to the courthouse or something."

"No, you want a big wedding. I should stop being such a jerk and help."

Sam looked up at him, his eyes dark in the dim light. "I can... relax a bit about it," he offered, voice tentative. "Or at least *try* to."

"That would be good. I know you want everything to be perfect but spending the next two months stressed out over this... well, when we look back that's not what I want to remember, you know?" He stroked Sam's back.

"I know," Sam told him, still quiet. "Now I see why people take a year to plan weddings. Somehow I thought it would be easier, not having to deal with the whole wedding dress thing. Silly me."

"Well..." He took a breath and bit the bullet. "I do think you're maybe going overboard a bit with some of this. I mean you're micromanaging this down to the smallest details and while it's cool you want everything to be perfect, stuff like the kind of silverware we use really isn't going to impact it all that much, is it?" He didn't want to come off as not caring and insensitive, again, but honestly, he didn't see the point in stressing over those kinds of details.

"I guess. But the other stuff like colors and music and flowers *is* important, and I'd like your opinions. Even if you do want a DJ to play stuff that was released when I was about four years old."

"Hey, I *like* eighties music. Besides, it's the in thing these days." He kissed the top of Sam's head. "And I'll try to be more involved, okay?"

"Okay." Sam nodded and curling in a little more. "Thank you. I'm sorry I lost my temper."

"Me, too. I don't like fighting with you." They didn't do it much, but then they'd never gotten married before.

"Yeah, it sucks," Sam agreed, one hand going up to slide on Robert's jaw. "I vote we avoid doing it."

"I'll second that. And maybe... well, I wouldn't mind having a conversation that *didn't* revolve around the wedding now and then, you know?" He nuzzled against Sam's hand, figuring if Sam was touching him, then he'd been forgiven.

"What do you want to talk about?" Sam asked, his fingers caressing and then tracing Robert's lips.

"Well, there's the fact that Charlie's leaving Brenda. Or rather refusing to leave town with her. There's your kids. The Canucks aren't sucking this year. Hell, we can debate the merits of pop music versus 80's rock. I don't care."

"Okay," Sam said, one finger still on Robert's mouth. "I'm sorry Charlie's hurting," he offered. "Even if I do hate Brenda. She called me a faggot at our party. Charlie was really upset."

"She what?" Anger went through Robert and he got up, headed for the phone. That bitch did not get to call Sam names.

"Hey!" Sam followed in a rush, grabbing at his arms. "Let it go! God, she's leaving right? I told her off, Charlie *left* her, what are you going to do? Just leave it. Please."

"Why didn't you tell me when it happened? I thought you were going to let me know when people hassled you?"

"Because I *handled* it. And because Charlie was so upset and because it was a party. I didn't want a huge scene, and Charlie made her leave, had to leave himself." Sam looked up at him. "I didn't want to ruin the party. I didn't want to upset you."

"Damm it, Sam, you don't have to handle that kind of thing on your own! You shouldn't have to. Why do we keep having this discussion?" He hated that Sam tried to protect him from this kind of thing.

Sam let him go and turned around, shoulders hunched over as he went back to the bed. "Because you want to protect me all the time. And because I want to take care of my own shit sometimes."

"Aw, Sam, come on. Taking care of people is what I *do*. I swear I don't think you're the wife, okay? And you shouldn't have to deal with that kind of thing by yourself -- we're in this together." He went back over to the bed and started rubbing Sam's shoulders.

"Yeah," Sam said mildly. "You take care of me, I take care of you. But let me be big enough to handle some of this, okay? While you work on handling some of the other stuff -- like the wedding. Call it personal growth."

"Oh, no. I will help with the wedding, but it's your show, Sam. I wouldn't even know where to start and you'll wind up without flowers or music or any of that shit. Stuff. Any of that stuff."

Sam laughed, finally starting to relax. "I'll just give you choices, okay? You pick A or B and then we'll move on. I promise not to put you in charge of anything vital. Except for getting the station house ready. That's all on you."

"Oh, that I can handle." He sat next to Sam and put his arm around his lover's shoulders. "So we're good? We can get to the making up part?"

"Yeah, we can do that." Sam smiled at him. "Unless you want to eat first."

His stomach growled loudly. "Oh, yeah. Maybe that would be best." He gave Sam a kiss first, though, and squeezed Sam's cock through his pants. "To tide you over." Grinning, he got up and headed for the kitchen.

Chapter Eighteen

Sam got home from school and tossed his bag on the couch, then spent ten minutes in the kitchen making a grocery list. He'd toyed with the idea of making Robert do it, but after the fight they'd had, followed by the most God awful supper, he figured that buying a lot of vegetables was the best way to deal with the whole thing. He'd run out to the store, get food, and then check at the post office to see if the invitations had arrived yet.

Then he'd hide until Robert had gotten over the shock of how many there were.

List done and stuck in his coat pocket, Sam made a fast dash around the house, gathering up laundry. He could get a load washed while he was running errands, and then more later that night; he kind of liked folding laundry while they watched TV, though he had no intention of letting Robert know that. Or his father. Or anyone else.

Humming to himself, Sam went through the pockets of every pair of pants as he tossed them in the machine. When he was done, he scooped up the change -- not quite beating his best take, but getting close at ten dollars and fifty three cents -- a fist full of his own pens, and the random slips of paper that he invariably found. As the washer started up he took everything to the table, except for the change which he simply put in his current pocket.

The pens were easy, he left them on the table so he'd know where they were, and then he sorted out the papers. Two gas receipts, a note to himself about calling Marjorie, a phone number that belonged to one of his students, and something he hadn't seen before. Sam looked twice at the piece of paper before it made sense, and then he went to the phone, his mouth a thin line as he dialed Robert's desk.

"Fire department."

"Hey, it's me," he said, hoping he didn't sound pissy. Even though he *so* was.

Robert's voice softened. "Hey, Sam."

"I have a question." He wondered if there was any truth in that thing about smiling when you were on the phone so people could you being friendly. He didn't really feel like trying.

"Blue. I want the blue one." Robert chuckled. "Sorry, go ahead."

"Can you please explain to me why you've been walking around with a prescription that you haven't thought important enough to fill? So you can get *better*? So you can be healthy?" Whoops, that was pissy. And bossy and probably rude.

There was silence for a moment, and Robert cleared his throat. "Before you get all ticked off, I'm only supposed to use it on an as needed basis."

"And you haven't needed it at all." Sam rolled his eyes. "You need to take care of yourself, Robert."

"I'm fine, Sam."

"Yes, I can tell that by the way you cough." Sam frowned. "I'm going to the store, and I'm going to fill this for you."

Robert sighed. "Thanks, Sam. I appreciate it -- I'd forgotten about the prescription."

Sam shook his head. "I would have thought you'd remember in the middle of one of those coughing fits."

"They haven't been that bad." Robert sounded defensive.

"The ones I've heard don't sound fun." Sam sighed. "Never mind, I'm going to just go get it and do the groceries. I'll bring it by, and I'd like it if you'd use it if you need to, okay?"

"All right, all right. I'll use it when I need it, okay? Everyone's making too big a deal over this -- it's just some coughing."

"It is your *health*," Sam said, resisting the urge to roll his eyes again. "There is *nothing* more important to me than that, so please treat yourself well, okay? Or I'll follow you around all the time, hovering. I'll have to quit my job, and you'd never get any work done. Is that what you want?"

"I can think of worse things than you being around all the time, Sam."

"Me, too. And they mostly involve you damaging your lungs, at the moment."

"They're not in any danger of that," muttered Robert.

"Really." Sam seriously doubted that, but he didn't want a fight. "Look, it's something the doctor thinks you should have on hand. So you will. I'll come by the station in about an hour, okay?"

"Okay, okay. I'll be here." Just before the line went dead he heard Robert mutter something about the 'motherfucking doctor'.

Sam shook his head and got his list, making sure he had the prescription with him as well. Really, he might just wind up following Robert around, anyway. The man as stubborn was all hell, sometimes.

Just over an hour later Sam got home and took all the groceries into the house, taking only long enough to get the frozen things into the freezer before he headed to the station. He had a serious bone to pick with the man he was getting ready to marry, and having him use the damn inhaler was only part of it.

He went in through the garage, pleased that the engines were both there; maybe no one else would be around to hear him bitch Robert out. He went to Robert's office, the bag from the pharmacy in hand, and leaned on the door frame. "So," he said, making sure his voice was calm. "I got your thing."

Robert looked up and gave him a smile. "Hey, Sam. Thanks."

"You're welcome. How come you didn't tell me you even saw the doctor?" Sam stayed where he was, though he did fold his arms across his chest.

"What do you mean? I had follow up appointments, you knew that?" No, what he knew about was a follow up appointment. One.

Sam shook his head. "Nope. I knew about the one a few days later. Not last week. Have there been more? Is there something I should know about?"

"Until the doc signs off on me going back on active duty, I have to keep seeing him."

"I would have liked to know that," Sam said. "So. *Is* there anything I should know about?"

"He hasn't given it to me yet. I go back there every two weeks and he keeps telling me the same thing. Not yet. You've got to give it time." Robert sat back with a growl. "So I'll be going back next week and hoping to hell this is the time he gives me the all clear."

Sam looked at him, suddenly worried. "Why didn't you tell me?" he asked softly, walking to the desk. "I would've listened. You must be getting frustrated."

"I didn't want to worry you. And I..." Robert sighed. "I figured he'd have approved me back to work already."

"Mm." Sam sat on the desk, close enough to touch Robert. "Couple of things come to mind. The most important one being that if you use your inhaler, that might happen soon. There's a reason for it, you know?"

"The inhaler is because my lungs aren't getting better and I keep coughing from stupid stuff like the cold. How the hell am I going to get cleared for fire if I can't even handle the cold?"

"By using your inhaler when you need it to reduce the stress on your lungs, thus helping them heal." Sam reached out a hand to touch Robert's arm. "Has he said anything about how your breathing sounds? Made any noises at all about damage? It could easily just be the climate, baby. Things like croup in the school kids leave a cough for a few weeks, even months, and they heal up perfectly fine."

Robert nodded. "He keeps saying I just need to give it time." Robert wouldn't look at him. "How long is the town going to be willing to put up a fire chief who can't go into fires?"

"For as long as you need, Robert." Sam put a finger under Robert's chin and forced him to meet his gaze. "One, they love you. Two, you got hurt on the job, saving the lives of their people. No one will say anything at all. Three, I'm pretty sure you're covered by your contract for exactly this kind of thing. The real question is, how are *you* going to handle it if it's another month?"

"I don't know, Sam. I don't know how to be anything but a fireman. I don't want to sit on the sidelines and watch." He could see the worry in Robert's eyes, could tell that it had been eating at him.

"You're still a fireman. Will always be one." Sam moved closer, wanting to hold him. "You'll be back on active duty soon. I know you will." He wished Robert had talked to him about this earlier. With a flash of guilt, Sam realized how much the wedding plans had eaten at his brain; he should have *noticed* this. "You are the Chief. You are *the* fireman."

"What if I'm not, though? What if this lung thing never gets better enough that I'm cleared for active duty? What if you're marrying a lie?" Robert wasn't looking at him again, voice gone soft, quiet.

Sam gave up on the sitting on the desk thing and got right on Robert's lap. "I am not marrying a fireman," he whispered. "I'm marrying you. Only you. You could go back to school and come out a floral designer and I'd still feel the exact same way about you. I love you, Robert, not your job. It's in your blood, yes, but it's just a part of you. Please, don't worry about that. Don't doubt me."

"But you are marrying a fireman, Sam. It was the first thing you asked for, for the wedding -- that I wear my uniform."

"Because you look so handsome in it, and it's yours. All I'm saying is that you don't need to worry about me loving you any less. Because *nothing* is going to change the way I feel. And because you *are* going to get better and be back on active duty soon." Sam would do just about anything to take the ache out of Robert's voice, but if Robert wasn't going to listen to him, he didn't know how to, exactly.

Robert leaned their foreheads together. "I hope so, Sam. I just..." Robert's eyes closed, but he held on to Sam, hands cupping his ass. "I'm scared I'm never going to get better and they're going to fire me and I'm not qualified to do anything else."

"It's not going to happen, honey," Sam promised. "It's just not. And you *are* qualified for other work. For one, you can teach at the academy. You can set up training and be in the classrooms, and boss rookies around. You can design courses. But that doesn't matter, because your lungs are *fine*. It just takes a bit of time."

"You sound like the doctor. Just give it time."

"I hope that my bedside manner is better." Sam said, nuzzled Robert a little. "Time is good, honey. Really."

"I hope so, Sam. I really do." Robert tugged him in a little closer.

"It is." Sam wiggled, shifting close and kissing Robert gently. "Please try not to worry. Share it with me."

"You've got enough on your plate with the wedding."

Sam sat up and raised an eyebrow. "I know I've been freaky about the wedding but you cannot possibly think that it's more important than *you*."

"All I'm saying is you don't need worry about me. I'm fine."

Sam sighed. "You are stubborn, stressed, a control freak, and all mine. If you say you're fine, I'll go along with that. I would kind of like to point out the nice little parallel here, though, between you not wanting to worry me about this and me not wanting to worry you about the homophobic shit I got from Brenda."

"That's not the same thing." Robert's jaw set stubbornly.

"Why not?" Sam asked, looking at him steadily. "How is it different?"

"Because... Because it *is*."

"I don't see how," Sam said mildly. "Unless you really do think of me as someone needing protecting and coddling."

"You know I don't think you need coddling, Sam. And I keep telling you that protecting people is what I *do*. It's who I am. You can't expect me to stop when it comes to the people I love."

"Me neither. So, if you don't mind, I'll just make sure you tell me shit I need to know. Like about doctor's appointments, inhalers and stress." Really, the man was being positively thick about it.

"I'm fine," Robert growled again, standing suddenly, bringing him up as well. "See?"

"Uh-huh. You are. Fine and huge and all mine. So let me just do what I'm gonna do and worm my way into

every little thing I want to. You know I will anyway." Sam grinned at him and held on, years of practice climbing this body coming in handy.

Robert covered his grin with a kiss, tongue pushing into his mouth, hands tight and hot on his ass.

Looked like the conversation was over.

Really, there were worse ways to end a conversation, and if Robert started to cough Sam had the inhaler right there. He moaned softly, letting Robert in, and decided not to mention where they were. Robert might stop and that would be bad.

Robert turned and pushed him against the wall, using it to keep him up as Robert's fingers shifted from his ass to his front, tugging open buttons and pulling down zippers. The only sounds were soft moans and heavy breathing.

"Oh, yeah," Sam moaned. He loved it when Robert went caveman on him, loved being against the wall, Robert's bulk holding him there. It made his cock hard and his balls ache. Robert got his prick out and started jacking him with hard, fast strokes, Robert's teeth scraping at his lower lip, nipping at it.

"Shit." Sam panted, his back curling. He kissed Robert hard and tried to return the favor, tried to do anything all, but his hands didn't seem to work and everything about him was focused on his cock. "Please."

"Show me what you've got, Sam. Show me how much you need it." Robert's thumb slid across the tip of his cock, rubbing his slit.

Sam bucked, his body clamping down hard as he sprayed, his head falling back to hit the wall. "Yes," he yelled. "God, yes, Robert!"

"Yeah. Yeah." Robert moved them, pulling him away from the wall and setting him on the edge of the desk. "Want you."

"Do me," Sam ordered breathlessly. His legs wobbled, but he stood up and shoved at his jeans. "Please. Need."

Robert pushed him back down and took over getting his jeans off, yanking his boots off at the same time. Using his come, Robert slicked up and spread Sam's legs, cock pushing at him.

"Yes!" Sam yelled, trying to help by thrusting back. His hands reached for something to hold onto, and he reminded himself to keep quiet, but damn it, Robert was fucking him. Hard. In his office. In uniform. And while Robert was definitely more than his job, his job kind of played to Sam's tastes and he wasn't about to let a good turn on go to waste. Hell, he was still hard, not even going soft after coming all over Robert's hand.

Groaning, Robert pushed all the way in and grabbed hold of his hips, tugging him just that little bit farther onto Robert's amazing cock. "Ready?"

"Uh-huh. Ready. Fuck me." Sam took a breath and squeezed, holding on tight. "God, I love you."

Robert grinned wildly down at him. "Love you, too."

Then Robert started fucking him.

The huge cock stabbed into his ass and Sam gasped and groaned each time, loving the feeling of being stretched wide, crying out every time Robert hit his gland. Shocks were racing through his blood, up and down his spine and making his balls hot and tight. "Come on. You can do better than that. I know you can. Make me walk funny, Robert."

Half laughing, half moaning, Robert moved harder, faster, pushing into him like there was no tomorrow. Sam tried to make another smart ass comment, but Robert's cock was drilling him steadily and he had neither breath nor sense to form words. Instead he wiggled, opening himself as wide as he could, and just took it for as long as possible. The heat from his balls was spreading, curling around his cock, and he was pretty sure he'd fire off before Robert got there. As usual.

One of Robert's hands slid around his prick, tugging with every thrust. "Fuck!" Sam yelled, his body going tight. Robert's thumb pushed into the slit and that was it. Sam yelled and came, his hips rocking and every nerve on fire as he shot.

Robert kept moving, pushing into him over and over until he closed his eyes and jerked, filling Sam with heat.

Panting, Sam watched his face, loving the way Robert looked when he gave it up. "God, you're so beautiful," he said softly, reaching up a hand to touch.

Robert smiled down at him, nuzzling into his hand. "You're just a touch biased."

"I am not. I tell every man I love with my heart and soul that he's beautiful. Just because there's only one doesn't mean that I'm biased."

"There better be only one," growled Robert, mock-glaring at him.

"Just you and the puppy I'm going to start begging for in a few months." Sam smiled innocently.

"Puppy?" Robert frowned and pulled out, doing himself back up. "Puppy? This is not pillow talk, Sam."

Sam blinked. "I was teasing." He sat up slowly, watching Robert warily. "I'm sorry."

Robert grinned. "Well... still not pillow talk." His lover sniffed. "It smells like people had sex in here."

"Shame on them!" Sam relaxed again. Seriously, he was going to have to pay better attention to Robert's moods. "You should do something about that. Give them a stern talking to."

"All right." Robert frowned at him. "Young man. This is an office. A public place of business. Not a whorehouse."

"Yes, sir," Sam said, grinning. "I understand, sir. Good thing I'm not a whore, just a lucky civilian."

Robert rolled his eyes. "Goofball."

"You love me." Sam finally got his pants back on. "Admit it. And you love having sex at work."

"I do love you. I thought that was pretty clear." He noticed a lack of any admittance by Robert on the sex at work thing.

"It is," Sam grinned. "Wanna do it on the engine again, after the wedding."

Robert rolled his eyes. "Babe, the engines will have been sitting outside on the road during the ceremony, on New Year's Eve in northern BC. You'd freeze your ass right off."

"Blowjobs in the cab?" Sam suggested hopefully.

"No." Robert shook his head. "We do not want to follow up 'I do' with 'you're fired'."

Sam grinned. "I know the chief."

"He's the one who's going to get fired if we get caught doing the nasty on the fire engine." Robert pointed at him. "Just keep it in your pants, Maugher."

"It was in my pants until you fished it out," Sam pointed out, laughing. "And I'm pretty sure you were the one with his cock up my ass over your desk." Damn, even just talking about the sex he'd just had was enough to get Sam's dick to wake up again. "I better go to the house and get supper on," he said, looking down at himself. "Just to be safe."

Robert laughed. "Horndog. I'll clean up here and be down in a few minutes."

"Okay." Sam grinned and made sure to get a long kiss before he turned to go. "The inhaler is here, and don't forget to air this place out," he said with a wink. "Tacos for supper. I love you."

Robert squeezed his ass. "Love you, Sam."

"Good thing." Sam headed out. "I don't know what I'd do with out you." He really, really didn't. Fireman or no, Robert was his rock and Sam needed him. Good thing he was going to keep him. And maybe get a puppy.

Chapter Nineteen

Robert was whistling as he made his way across to the house. Big white flakes were falling softly to the ground, and the bitter wind that had plagued them the last two weeks had died down.

And it was Christmas Eve.

He opened the back door and was hit by amazing smells. Groaning, he pulled off his boots and his coat. "I'm home," he called out, trying to decide if he should give Sam his gift tonight or tomorrow morning.

"Hey!" Sam called, his voice cheerful. "Just in time. The food's still hot, and Dad's just getting ready to put the cider on to mull. How are things at the station? Quiet?"

"Nice and quiet for now." Overnight might be another story, and the next night. "Hey, Tom, how was your trip up?" He held his hand out to Sam's dad.

"Long." Tom rolled his eyes and shook Robert's hand firmly. "But there wasn't any bad weather and everything ran on time, so I can deal with that. Truth be told, I would have walked if I had to."

Sam snorted and said something under his breath that sounded like "Get you a dogsled," and then smiled innocently.

Robert chuckled. "Sam's going to take it personally if even one person has to miss the wedding because of the weather. I sure hope it's a good day." He reached out and touched Sam's cheek in lieu of the kiss he wanted.

"The weather will cooperate," Sam insisted, stepping close and tugging him down for a kiss. Nothing shy about his Sam. "I put it on the list. The list is God."

Laughing, Robert got his kiss, his tongue sliding slowly along Sam's before he stepped back again. He was more shy than Sam when it came to doing stuff in front of Tom. "I'm having a ceremony to burn the list on New Year's Day, Tom. It'll be fun, we'll roast marshmallows."

Tom laughed, going to the fridge and getting out a couple bottles of beer. "He showed it to me. I especially liked the color coded bits dealing with pick up and delivery of flowers, food and people."

Sam sniffed and reached for one of the bottles in his father's hand, but was neatly side stepped as Tom handed it to Robert. "Hey!"

Tom grinned and looked at Sam in mock surprise. "If you're going to be a good husband, you should be greeting him at that door each evening with a treat."

Sam eyed Robert, his eyes gleaming. "I intend to."

"Sam!" Robert shook his head, cheeks heating. He couldn't look at Tom as he thanked the man for his beer.

"Get used to it," Tom said, shaking his head. "He's been trying to embarrass me since he was five. It's your problem now."

"So are we eating soon? It smells amazing in here." He wondered if he should share his good news now or wait until they were sitting around the table.

"Yep!" Sam bounced his way into the kitchen and started putting things on the table, chattering with his dad about what to put in the cider and if how long they should let it heat. "Robert," Sam said as he put the bowl of potatoes on the table, "Did you invite Charlie over for a bit over the holidays?"

"Huh? Was I supposed to?" This was the first he'd heard of it, he was sure. He wasn't the keeper of the list, but he wouldn't have forgotten something like that.

Sam raised an eyebrow. "His wife just left him. He's your best man, and your best volunteer. It would be nice."

Tom hid a grin and whispered, "Just like his mother..."

Robert did grin and whispered back. "But he's not the wife." He gave Tom a wink and turned his attention back to Sam. "Okay, I'll call him. When do you want him to come over? Tomorrow?" The fact that he hadn't thought about it just proved how distracted this whole wedding thing was making *him*.

"Sure. It's Christmas, so he's probably got family stuff, but I trust you to work out something. Just not the thirtieth, 'cause that's when you're cleaning the station and getting the chairs." Sam sat and beamed at him. "Do a good job, okay?"

"No, I'm going to make sure everything's a disaster." He rolled his eyes and sat, too, reaching for the roast.

Tom snickered. "Careful. You'll invoke the power of the list if you don't take this seriously."

Sam huffed and started dishing out potatoes. "Everything will be fine, as long as the station is warm and there's no grease. If anyone has a fire, I'll simply kill them. That's all."

"I've arranged with Bill and Jim, they're the fire chiefs for the counties on either side of us," he added for Tom's benefit, "to cover us from the thirty-first until the third. It's not much of a honeymoon, but I figured it would give us some time to recover. So it doesn't matter if there's fires or not, I won't be called upon. Speaking of which..."

Sam raised an eyebrow. "What?" he said, inching the gravy out of Robert's reach.

"I saw the doctor today." He made a hole in his mountain of mashed potatoes and boarding house reached past Tom to get the gravy.

Sam's eyes widened and Robert didn't miss the glance he shot at his father. "Good news, then?" Sam asked. It said something that he didn't steal the gravy back, though Robert wasn't sure exactly what.

"Yep. He signed my papers. I'm back on full duty." He could go into fires again.

Sam's chair scraped on the floor, the sound buried under the delighted yell as Sam launched himself into Robert's lap, almost knocking the roast and the dish of green beans to the floor. "That's fantastic!"

Tom calmly saved the roast and put it down near his own plate, not even flinching. "That's great, Robert. Load off your mind, I bet."

Robert wrapped his hands around Sam and took a celebratory kiss. Then he patted Sam's ass. "It is. Good timing, too. Now it won't be a distraction."

"Awesome. I will now permit you to get the flowers to the hall and make sure Annie has enough streamers." Sam grinned and kissed him once more before going back to his own chair, taking the gravy with him.

"You'll permit me, eh? I'm ever so grateful." He gave Sam a wink and took the gravy back, making sure to pour a bunch into the hole in his mashed potatoes before setting it down this time.

"It was either that or make Dad do it," Sam said, wiggling in his chair. "I'm a little pressed for time that day."

"Me?" Tom said, looking startled. "I thought I was down for a hair cut and that was it."

Sam gave him a pitying look.

Robert chuckled. "Just smile and nod, Tom."

"Has he been like this since you proposed?"

"Oh, no, he's calmed down a lot." He took a large mouthful of potatoes with gravy and hoped Sam didn't kick him.

Tom shook his head and started eating. "You're a stronger man than me."

"Hello, still here," Sam said, pouting. "Be nice. It's Christmas and I'm getting married in six days." His eyes did that funny thing Robert sometimes saw, kind of getting swimmy and distant. He half expected Sam to sigh dreamily.

It was a little funny.

"Hey, you're not the only one." He took some green beans and some carrots, adding another spoonful to make Sam happy.

Sam beamed at him. "Why, no," he said. "I'm not the only one." He began to eat too, rattling off things they had to do in the two days before the wedding, and finally finishing with, "And tomorrow, we sit around and watch TV movies."

"Thank goodness," Tom murmured. "We'll need the rest."

"Amen to that, Tom. You'll notice the tree is little this year." He'd insisted they have one, though; it was tradition and they had a really nice collection of fire truck related ornaments.

Tom laughed and nodded. "I thought it looked a little naked. Sam told me you were making him decorate it with leftover blue ribbons from the wedding."

Sam almost choked on his beans. "I did not!"

"Oh, don't joke about those ribbons, man. You might cause another war." He gave Sam a wink.

Sam sniffed disdainfully. "The ribbons for the tree are silver."

Tom rolled his eyes.

"I swear, I never realized he was so anal until this whole wedding thing."

Tom stared and Sam choked again, grinning wildly.

"Sam!" Tom managed. "Behave!"

"I didn't do it!" Sam protested, reaching for his water glass.

It took Robert a moment to realize what had set Sam off and when he did, his cheeks heated. "That's *not* what I meant!"

"It's really not," Sam agreed. "He just didn't know I have such awesome organizational skills."

"He meant you're picky and fussy," Tom corrected. He looked at Robert and nodded his head toward Sam. "He once sorted all *my* clothes by season, color and formality. He was nine."

It was Robert's turn to choke on his food as he tried not to laugh with a mouthful. "You were precocious," he told Sam once he'd swallowed. "Hey, you want your Christmas gift tonight?" he asked, changing the subject, thinking of Sam's Christmas present all alone in the firehouse.

"What will we do tomorrow morning, then?" Sam asked, nodding happily. "And we should probably do yours tonight as well. Dad's can wait."

Tom's eyes rolled. "Just for that, I'll make both of you wait."

"Oh, there's some stuff under the tree for you, too, but there's a special gift I want to give you tonight." Robert held up his hand. "And I don't mean what you're thinking on that, either!"

"Rats," Sam said cheerfully. "I have a couple to give you in private," he added with a wink.

"I'm too old for this." Tom sighed. "Finish eating so we can drink cider until I get drunk enough to sleep soundly."

Robert chuckled and concentrated on his meal, helping himself to seconds on the meat and potatoes and gravy. "Is there dessert?" he asked hopefully when they were done.

"No," Sam said, even as Tom said something about Butter Tarts. "You had gravy. You don't need dessert."

Tom shook his head and looked at Robert with a grin. "Don't let him get away with that. There's sugar stuff on the counter."

"Dad." Sam sighed. "Be careful or I'll make you sleep at the station."

"Hey, babe. It's *Christmas*, don't be a Scrooge, okay?" Robert pouted at Sam and offered his best kicked puppy eyes.

"Oh, for God's sake." Sam got up, fetched a box from the counter and put it in front of Robert. "Butter tarts. Don't make yourself sick," he said, leaning down to kiss Robert with a lot of tongue. "I really want to give you those presents."

Robert wrapped a hand around Sam's waist and let himself enjoy the kiss, totally ignoring Tom for a moment. "I'll just have one. For now. We can have more with cider later this evening. After your present." He grabbed a butter tart and shoved it in his mouth. "Be right back."

"Yay present!" Sam bounced to the counter and grinned. "I need to get yours from upstairs. Dad, can you bring the thing from the guest room?"

"The box?"

"Yeah, that." Sam nodded and ran, thundering up the stairs.

"He's a little excited," Tom deadpanned, snaring a butter tart.

"You have no idea, man. No idea at all." He gave Tom a half wave and headed back out to the station, sprinting through the snow.

When he got there, he opened the lid on the box carefully and grinned down at the Lab/Dalmatian mix puppy sleeping curled up on one of Sam's T-shirts. "You're a good boy, aren't you? Sam's going to love you." He checked to make sure the box hadn't been peed on and closed the lid back up, carrying the box back to the house.

He could feel the puppy wake up and start wriggling, whining a little. Man, Sam was going to fall right in love. Unless he'd been joking about the puppy hints, and then it was Robert who was going to have a dog. He got in and put the box down, shushing the puppy as he took off his coat and boots.

Then he put the box on the floor in the living room. "Okay, Sammy, here you go."

Sam was quietly vibrating on the edge of the couch, a small box in his lap. "And this is for you," he said, pointing. "Should we do them together?"

"One at a time," Tom said, grinning from the easy chair. "I don't want to miss the look on Robert's face."

"You go first," Robert said, holding the top of the box closed. If Sam didn't come open it himself, the puppy was going to come barreling out on his own.

"Okay," Sam said, eyeing the box. "Here, Dad. Hold onto this for a moment." He passed the package in his lap to his father and knelt beside the box, peering at it. "No paper? Just lift the lid?"

"Just lift the lid. Before it lifts itself." He watched Sam's face.

Sam looked confused but he reached for the lid anyway. "A box that opens itself is a bit odd," he said, glancing up at Robert instead of down into the box. "Oh my God!" he yelled as the puppy licked his fingers. "Puppy!" Sam scooped the dog out and held it up, laughing. "Are you a boy or a girl?" he demanded, letting the puppy lick his face.

"Oh boy," Tom said quietly.

Robert laughed, watching as the pup wriggled and loved on Sam. "He's a little boy. Labrador and Dalmatian mix, so he's going to be big. And just look, he already loves you."

"Of course he does," Sam said, playing with the puppy and flipping him over to rub his tummy. "We need a name for you."

Tom cleared his throat. "Sammy."

"No, that's my name."

"For God's sake." Tom rolled his eyes and poked Sam with his foot. "Deal with this, will you?"

"It's okay, Tom, I can wait for my gift while he and the pupper bond." Hell, just seeing Sam with the puppy was gift enough.

"Oh, no, no, no, no," Sam said, picking the pup up and moving over a bit. "Dad's right. It might be urgent, actually. Dad?"

Tom stood up and leaned over, holding the box out. "Careful," he said. "And you might want to sit."

Robert raised an eyebrow and sat on the couch, accepting the box. And if it wasn't his imagination, it moved. "This is too small to be another puppy."

Sam beamed at him. "Bruce? Nah. Maybe Fred. Open the box, honey." The puppy wiggled in Sam's arms, going right for the box in Robert's lap. "Hurry."

"Not Bruce or Fred. Milo's a good name." He'd been calling the puppy Milo the last two days he'd had him in the station house and he wasn't sure he could stop very easily. He opened the box, blinking at the tiny kitten staring up at him. It meowed pitifully and he jerked, surprised. "It's real." He reached in and picked the smoky gray bundle up, the little thing fitting in one hand. "You got me a kitten. A little tiny teeny kitten."

"Yep," Sam said, tugging Milo the puppy back to a safe distance as he tried to sniff out the kitten. "It's a girl."

"Oh, good, one of each. I expect lots of photos for my office," Tom said. "And wallet sized ones for showing off to my friends."

"She's the smallest alive thing I've ever seen," Robert said, holding her against his chest, and petting her little head. "No eating my girl, Milo. She's a present for me, not for you."

"Her name is Daphne," Sam said, rolling on the floor with Milo and laughing. "They'll love each other. Give it a week. Oh! We need to dress them for the wedding! I bet Marjorie will hold them for the ceremony."

"Whoa, whoa. We are *not* dressing them for the wedding. They aren't even *coming* to the wedding." He gave Sam a stern look which he thought was probably seriously derailed by the bundle of cute in his hand.

"I only meant matching collars that are the right color. Hell, ribbon will do. And they are totally coming to the wedding." Sam and Milo started growling at each other, Milo's tail wagging fast and Sam's face split in a huge grin.

He was grinning himself, watching Sammy with the puppy. That look, right there. That's what he'd been going for -- making Sam as happy as humanly possible.

"As long as I don't have to hold a leash, I think my grandchildren should be there," Tom said, watching Sam just as carefully as Robert. "And I demand time with each of them tomorrow."

"Grandchildren?" Robert shook his head. "You're nuts. The both of you."

"Welcome to the family." Tom settled back in his chair, and smiled at them both. "This is the way it's supposed to be."

Chapter Twenty

Milo went out three times, and peed four times. Really, it wasn't a bad ratio, and better than Daphne who sniffed her litter box and promptly pooped on the floor next to it. Sam had tried not to laugh too hard, knowing full well that Daphne would be house broken long before Milo. Still. It was funny.

Both pets were currently sleeping, thank goodness; Daphne was curled into a box by the closet and Milo was in a huge crate by the door, but not locked in. He just liked the crate, or maybe the T-shirt in there. Sam kind of thought it looked familiar, but didn't really care. If his dog wanted a daddy scented bed, that was okay by him.

What Sam wanted was a Robert scented bed.

"So, I got a present from Marjorie," Sam said, crawling over the bed to get to it. "She said it was for both of us, that we're not allowed to hate her, and that the real gift is coming at the wedding. I'm scared."

One of Robert's eyebrows went up. "Should we open now just in case its something we don't want to open in front of your father? Or at least that *I* won't want to open in front of him?"

"I *know* we don't want to open it in front of him," Sam said. "She gave it to me at my bachelor party when we were both drunk. And she winked. In Marjorie-speak, that means sex."

Robert's other eyebrow went up. "Marjorie got us something for sex?" He growled a little. "It better be lube or *The Joy of Gay Sex*."

"I don't know what it is." Sam shook the box. "It's really light. And I didn't tell her anything, so don't look at me like that." He grinned. "We were drunk. She had a couple of boxes with her. Wouldn't it be funny if she gave us the wrong one?"

Robert shook his head. "I'm not sure I want to know. Go on. Open it before you die of curiosity."

Sam snickered and sat on the bed, picking at the tape. "Get naked. I don't want to waste time." He felt the tape let go and wiggled harder, then peered into the box. "Um."

Robert started stripping, watching his face. "Um? I'm pretty sure I don't want to know."

"I kinda didn't mean it about her giving me the wrong box," Sam said, poking the gauzy material around until he found a tag. Men's medium. "Huh. Nope, not for her." Seriously though, what the hell has she been thinking? Sam lifted out the filmy fabric and started at it. "It's.... kind of a nightshirt? Maybe?" Jesus, it better not be a nightie. He was going to kill Marjorie. Unless Robert liked it.

Robert stopped with his pants halfway down his legs. "She does know you're not the girl, right?"

"I think it's for you to wear," Sam said sweetly.

Robert snorted and went back to stripping. "No."

Sam grinned, fingering the material. "It feels nice. I bet it will look really cute on you, honey."

"I'm not wearing girl's fluffy, floofy nightwear, Sam."

"It's not a girl's." Sam showed him the tag. "See?"

"Okay. I'm not wearing men's fluffy, floofy nightwear, Sam."

Sam laughed. "There is no fluff, no floof. Look." He got up on his knees and held the thing up to himself. "Just like a short sleeved shirt. Only kinda see through, and wow, this is soft fabric." He picked up the edge of it and rubbed it between his fingers. "Neat. Feel this, man. It's cool."

Robert sat down next to him and rubbed his fingers over the fabric. "Yeah, it feels nice." Robert shrugged. "Is it supposed to be a gag gift, babe? 'Cause I don't think I get it."

Sam rolled his eyes. "Of course it's a gag gift, in the sense that Marjorie was being silly. But not in the sense that it's a throwaway thing. In fact, it was probably kind of expensive." Sam loved Robert with all his heart, and he adored how sweet the man was, but getting him to go with the unexpected was always an adventure. So Sam just put the shirt on and stood up, letting the smooth fabric tumble down him. "It's a little long," he said thoughtfully, turning around and tugging at the hem, which was a couple of inches below his butt.

"But I'm just going to take it off you again in a second."

"Let's not be hasty," Sam teased, wiggling. "Oh." The fabric slithered over him, warming up and feeling kind of neat. He could feel his nipples perk right up, and that was neat, too.

Robert rolled his eyes and lay back, hands behind his head. "You let me know when you want to make love, Sam."

"Ready!" Sam threw himself back on the bed. "Always ready. Jeepers, you know that. Kiss me."

Robert obliged, mouth meeting his, tongue pushing between his lips. "Let's get this off you," murmured Robert, fingers pushing beneath the material and working it up.

"If you insist," Sam said, trying not to roll his eyes. He kind of liked the way the fabric felt, but if it really bothered Robert, he could give. If he had to. Pushing slightly closer he hooked one ankle around Robert's calf and tugged, looking for a thigh to rub on.

"I like the way your skin feels, Sam." Robert pushed the nightshirt up and off, one hand grabbing his ass and tugging him even closer, that thigh he wanted suddenly right there against his cock and balls.

"Oh boy, me too," Sam said, gasping as he got what he needed. "Skin good." His hips rocked and he slipped his own hand around to Robert's back, and then down to his ass, clinging.

"Uh-huh." Robert's lips slid over his face before settling on his mouth, tongue pushing in and out, fucking his lips.

Sam opened wide, letting him do whatever he wanted. He loved the way Robert tasted, the way the big body held him. And he loved the thigh that was hard as rock against his dick. With a long series of moans Sam wiggled and shifted, his whole body heating up.

As Robert held tight to his ass, one finger slipped to push at his hole.

"Oh, yeah." Sam groaned, holding still for a moment. "Want that. Want *more*. Wanna be on top of you when you're in me. Okay?"

"Oh, yeah. Uh-huh." Robert nodded, finger pushing in deeper. "Come first, Sam."

"Not going to be a problem," Sam managed, his hips rocking again and his legs shaking and shifting. "Oh boy." He rode Robert's finger and humped his thigh, thought about having Robert's cock inside him as he looked down, body spread wide, and came with a grunt, sticky warmth spreading between them.

"Love that smell," murmured Robert, finger still pushing in and out of him.

"Love you," Sam said, still shaking. "God, that feels good. Don't stop."

"No plans on stopping." Robert went back to kissing him, slowly working a second finger in with the first, using his own come as lube.

Sam moved slowly, languidly, into a sprawl on top of Robert. Legs spread on either side of Robert's torso, his ass open, Sam took as many kisses as he could, feeling drunk on them. "More," he whispered. "Want as much of you as I can get."

"All of me," Robert told him, reaching up with his free hand to grab the lube. Moments later Sam had three fingers in his ass, Robert finding his gland and pegging it nicely.

"Shit, yes." Sam braced his hands on the bed for leverage. "Like that. Oh, *fuck*."

Robert grinned at him, looking smug and happy and horny.

Sam would have grinned back except he'd rolled his hips and everything had lit up behind his eyes again. "Harder," he begged. "Or more. Or something." Damn, there was never, ever going to be a time that Robert didn't get him like this, hot and willing and needy.

"More would be my cock, Sam. You want that now or you want to wait a little longer?"

"Whatever you want." Sam pushed down hard on Robert's fingers and lifted again. "Anything you want."

"That's my line, babe." Robert pulled him down for another kiss, fingers pushing up hard.

"I can use -- *Robert!*" Sam's second orgasm slammed into him before he was ready, his arms giving out as he shook, his ass twitching and his cock spurting.

"Wow." Robert's fingers wriggled inside him and then slowly pulled out. "You going for a record or something?"

"Didn't mean to." Sam moaned, resting his head on Robert's chest. "Oops?"

Robert chuckled. "You still up to riding me?" Robert was definitely up for it, his man's cock was hard and hot between them.

"Don't be silly, of course I am," Sam said, panting. "Might not come again, though." He pushed himself up, hands on Robert's wide chest. "Help me out here, honey. Want you in me."

Robert tugged his legs up, and one hand slid behind him, getting the big cock lined up with his hole. "Just

rock back, Sam, and take me in."

Sam did as he was told, shifting his weight back and letting himself sink down, breathing with the stretch. God, Robert felt good; solid and warm and just perfect in him. Sam's fingers dug in a little on Robert's chest and he let them wander a bit to pinch and tease Robert's nipples.

Robert's hips jerked as he teased, pushing deeper into him. With a low groan, Robert's hands wrapped around his hips, and started bringing him down to meet Robert's upward thrusts. Damn, he was strong. Sam sucked in a breath and moved with Robert as best he could, tugging one nipple and then the other. He loved the way Robert filled him, the slippery glide of his cock dragging sweetly and plowing back in.

"God, you feel good." Robert's eyes met his, hot and wanton.

"You feel better," Sam said, looking down at him and trying to squeeze the next time Robert filled him. "Nothing feels better than you."

Groaning again, Robert bucked up hard. "Faster."

Sam nodded, shoving himself down and using his thighs to lift back up. "This?" he asked, setting as quick a rhythm as his legs would let him, bouncing up and down on Robert's cock. "Oh, God." He gave Robert's left nipple one more tight pinch and grabbed at his own prick, jerking himself roughly as he rode. He wasn't all the way hard again, but he could get there if he tried. He knew it.

"Yes!" Robert shouted and bit his lip, hands tightening and pulling Sam down with more force.

Sam didn't even bother trying to reply. He worked himself up and down, clenching and squeezing and starting to sweat, his thumb worrying the hot spot under the crown of his cock. Panting, watching Robert's face, he kept moving, waiting for it.

Robert's movements became jerky, uncoordinated, telling him his lover was about to go off.

"Do it," Sam slurred. He felt his balls tighten and his own rise and fall become ragged. "Come for me. Come *in* me."

"Sam!" Despite obviously trying not to, Robert shouted out, bucking hard as he came deep inside Sam.

In contrast, Sam barely made a sound as he held still, feeling Robert's prick throb inside him. Usually the more vocal, all he could say as he started to come again, his body giving up almost no fluid at all, was Robert's name in a low moan.

Robert tugged him down against the broad chest, hands sliding around him, holding him tight. "Love you," Robert murmured, panting.

Sam nodded, borrowing and breathing hard. "Love you back. Oh boy, so much."

"Good." Robert kissed the top of his head. "You make me happy, babe."

Sam hummed and nuzzled closer, utterly spent. "I hope so," he said. "It's all I want to do."

Robert tugged the covers up over them both, hand sliding along his back and settling just above his ass. "Merry Christmas, Sam."

"Merry Christmas, Robert," Sam whispered, his eyes closing as sleep stole over him. From far away he could hear one of the animals stretching and settling down again. Just before he fell asleep he thought how cozy that was, how perfectly wonderful, and then he knew nothing at all, for hours.

Chapter Twenty One

Robert wanted to know whose stupid idea it had been that he and Sam shouldn't see each other the night before the wedding.

Sam was over at Marjorie's while he was at home with Tom and Charlie. The station house was scrubbed down clean, the engines sitting out on the road, and there was row upon row upon row of chairs. He and Charlie had spent most of the day setting it up.

But now that he was home, and Sam wasn't around, and the wedding was tomorrow afternoon, and he was starting to get nervous.

He really wished Sam was here.

Tom came out of the kitchen and passed both him and Charlie bottles of beer. "Chin up," he said to Robert. "He can't be getting in *that* much trouble."

That surprised a laugh out of him. "I don't know, Tom. He's got Marjorie to egg him on. That woman's a menace."

"Sam seems to like her a lot." Tom laughed. "That's probably why. Was she in on the color picking stuff? By the way, I got the collars for the kids." Tom's eyes twinkled and he winked at Charlie.

Robert rolled his eyes. "She was, though I got final say and vetoed the screaming hot pink and the lime green. And Tom. The kids? The animals and are not coming to the wedding. They'll be just fine here." More than fine, the two beasts having become fast friends. Daphne even let Milo lick her. In fact she seemed to like it, and returned the favor often, little tongue scraping over Milo's paws.

"They are going to the wedding," Tom said firmly. "If they don't, it will be the day they pick to start destroying things. But they should skip the party, I suppose. They're kind of young for that sort of excitement." Tom scooped Daphne up and let her bat his finger around for a moment before putting her down with Milo again. "What do you think, Charlie?"

"I think I'm staying out of this." Charlie laughed from where he was lounging on the couch.

"Gee, thanks, bud. You're *supposed* to be my best man."

"Nah," said Charlie. "You're marrying him, right?"

Robert grinned, nodding. "Yeah. Yeah, I am at that."

Tom laughed softly. "And it's a damn good thing, too. Sammy needs you. You keep him calm."

He gave Tom a *look*. "Calm's the last adjective I'd use to describe your son."

"You should have seen him at sixteen," Tom said, rolling his eyes. "Seriously. Remember the first time I met you? He was eighteen and I never once thought that you'd stick around. Not because I didn't trust you, but because he was so young and *so* full of.... something. But you did. And it didn't take long to realize how

you affected him, how you got him settled so he could do what he needed to do. School. His job here. How content he is with you."

Robert felt his cheeks heat and he cleared his throat, shrugging. "I just love him, Tom. He makes my life good." He couldn't imagine his life without Sam. It would be boring and sad.

"And he loves you and you make his life good," Tom replied with a smile. "Which doesn't mean he isn't going to drive you crazy. Now that the demon has been released with the wedding planning, he's going to get a taste for it. It happened with his mother, too."

Robert frowned. "A taste for what exactly?" He and Sam never fought, not really, but they'd had one or two doozies over the last couple months.

"Organizing. Sorting. *Labeling*. Everything you own will now have a place and Lord help you if you don't hang up your jacket." Tom looked at Charlie for confirmation. "My advice? Don't let him get away with it. Rent movies, eat dinner in front of the TV and basically keep him acting like he did six months ago. Wedding planning is a hard habit to give up, but it can be done."

Robert chuckled. "Sam'll be fine." Besides, Sam had been a dessert Nazi six months ago, he was going to continue being a dessert Nazi now, Robert was sure.

"Maybe you can eavesdrop on the puppy training class he should take Milo to. Get some pointers."

Robert laughed. "Are you saying I should treat him like a puppy, Tom?" And why did he suddenly get the feeling he was getting the "new father-in-law" speech from Tom. Hadn't he already gone through this when he and Sam'd first moved in together?

"Only if it works," Tom said with a grin. "Don't tell him I suggested it. Please."

"It'll be our little secret." He took a long swig of his beer and paced over to the window, looking over at the station house. Less than twenty four hours and he'd be there with Sam, doing something he'd never ever thought he would. Of course it was only recently that gays could get married, but it wasn't like it was something he'd ever wished he could do.

He was glad he was doing it with Sam, though.

But nervous. Shit, Sam had invited the world and they'd all be there, watching.

"You know what?" Tom said softly, coming to stand next to him at the window.

"Hmm?"

"Tomorrow, when you're standing next to him and you're looking at him, and saying words that have meaning, it won't matter that there's people there. You won't even see them. What colors are on the ribbons, how many flowers there are.... it'll all just go away. Because you're doing what your heart knows is right and he'll be looking right back at you, knowing the same thing. There's nothing to be nervous about because it's good. See what I mean?"

Robert chuckled. "See, that's what I told him when we were having that fight over the flowers and ribbon colors. None of it matters."

Tom laughed softly. "It matters. But it won't at that moment. Trust me, the fact that you survived all that is

something he'll remember and love you even more for. And the flowers will matter to him again, right after the ceremony is done. But when you're marrying him, when he's promising to be *your* husband... you won't be nervous."

"As long as I don't forget my vows." They'd written their own and he had no idea if Sam was going to be happy with his or not. He'd gone for the simple truth rather than anything fancy or poetic.

"You won't. And if you do, you can always do what I did when I married his mom."

He raised an eyebrow. "And what's that?"

"I said I loved her and I promised to always be there for her and to never, ever let her forget that she was my best friend." Tom nodded and looked away from Robert, out the window. "She's be so pleased with this, Robert. She really would."

He reached out and put a hand on Tom's shoulder. "I would have liked to have met her, Tom."

Tom smiled and nodded again. "You two would have gotten along. Although she would have invited even more people than Sam."

"Oh, man, I don't think that's possible -- you weren't the one helping Sam address all those envelopes." He laughed and clapped Tom's shoulder again. "Seriously, though. I might have bitched about the list and the million and one things to do for tomorrow, but I'd do it all again if I had to."

"I know you would. But let's assume that just the once will do. If he starts talking about renewing your vows on your anniversary, take him south, please."

Robert laughed. "I'm marrying him the once, he'd better remember it and not need to renew anything."

Tom grinned. "He might start begging for a proper honeymoon, though. I suggest you jump the gun and start asking *him* about it. He's not a girl, after all."

"Oh, I've already put the vacation request in to coincide with his March break."

Tom sighed and rolled his eyes. "And where are you taking him?"

"Alaskan Cruise." He even had the tickets.

"Oh, Robert." Tom shook his head, his eyes sparkling. "At least tell me he begged you for this trip. That you're not being a big pushover. Lie if you have to."

Robert's spine stiffened. "I'm not a pushover." And Sam had no idea this was coming. Hell, Sam hadn't asked for a honeymoon at all.

Tom grinned. "Relax, I'm teasing. You're just too good to him, is all. But then, you're not his father and you can be, I suppose."

"I would do anything for him, Tom." He looked away, looked out at sky.

"I know you would, son. And that's all that matters to me." Tom's hand rested on Robert's shoulder, just as Robert's had when Tom had spoken of his late wife. "Take care of my boy. Same as you have been for the last few years. That's all a father could want. You're a good man, Robert."

"And Sam makes me want to be an even better man." He grinned suddenly, looking at his bottle. "I need another beer. And something sweet. I think we've got stuff in the fridge."

"That whipped cream thing with the candy canes," Tom said with a firm nod. "And I'm pretty sure he didn't take the ice cream with him."

"Excellent. Come on, boys. My future husband has abandoned me for the night. Time to eat sweets."

Chapter Twenty Two

"Ready?" Marjorie asked, doing a little last minute pacing.

Sam grinned. "Of course I'm ready." He looked down at himself and nodded. "Shoes are shiny, tie is straight, and there's a scary sharp crease in these pants. I'm way ready."

Marjorie rolled her eyes and stopped pacing suddenly, the fabric of her skirt swishing and rustling. "You're not even nervous!" she accused, looking annoyed. "You're supposed to be feeling a little queasy or something, and muttering your vows to yourself."

Sam laughed and shook his head. "Nothing to be nervous about," he said. "I'm doing the exact right thing. How does my hair look?"

Marjorie stepped closer and fingered the tips of his curls. "Be better if you'd grown it a little longer, but the blue is exactly the same as your tie and the ribbon on your boutonniere, and there aren't any wayward streaks on your face. You'll do."

"Awesome." Sam beamed at her and kissed the tip of her nose. "Okay. You're a fantastic best girl. Are the animals ready?"

Marjorie sighed and pointed to where Daph was chewing on Milo's ribbon. "If they don't puke, they'll be fine," she said. "Okay. I'll carry the kitten and my flowers, you take Milo's lead. Where's your dad?"

"Probably sneaking a smoke out back. He's a little rattled, I think." Sam looked around and almost bumped into his father, dressed in a matching tux and looking a little pale. "Hey, there you are."

"I do not smoke. It was rum. Ready?"

Sam laughed and nodded at him. "Poor Dad. Okay. Let's go in. There's no processional because I am *not* a girl, and if Robert and Charlie see us there they'll get a move on."

His father nodded and Marjorie gathered Daphne up, rolling her eyes as Milo tried to go with the kitten.

"Stop that." Sam picked up Milo's lead. "This could be interesting."

"Robert would have a kitten, if you didn't already give him one." Sam's father sighed. "Hey, Sam. Come here."

Sam and Milo wandered over and his father gave him a long steady look; Sam returned it with a grin and wink. "You're impossible," his father said with a laugh. "I'm trying to have a moment here."

"Don't need a moment, Dad." Sam gave his father a hard hug. "Had years of them. Now, come on. There's a wedding happening in there!"

"All right," his father said, hugging him back. "Let's go. Marjorie, let's try to keep him from running, shall we?"

"You know it, Tom." Marjorie grinned and held her flowers with one hand, Daphne in the other, and with Milo leading the way the three of them went into the station house.

The garage was decorated with blue ribbons on the walls, and on each row end chair, and big pots of flowers sat at the back where the minister waited for them. Robert and Charlie were up at the front, but to the side, waiting for him and Marjorie. The four of them were to make their way to the minister together. As soon as Charlie saw him, the soft music was turned up, Pacabel's Canon filling the station house.

Robert looked a little nervous, at least he did until their eyes met, and then a smile lit his face and he beamed at Sam.

Sam beamed back at him, his father's hand suddenly on his elbow to keep him from speeding up. It was hard not to, though; Robert looked so incredible in his dress uniform, the very picture of Sam's perfect man. Which made sense, since it was *Robert*. He was brilliantly handsome, and Sam let Milo pull him closer as his father took his position in the first row of seats.

Robert held out his hand, twining their fingers together and holding on tight. "I love your hair," Robert whispered, grinning at him.

"I thought it was fitting," Sam whispered back. "And it even coordinates." He wondered if he'd be able to sneak in a kiss, but then the four of them plus the pets were moving forward, Milo not even tangling them in his leash. He had to hand Milo over to Charlie when they got to the minister, and then he and Robert were standing in front of the minister, hand in hand, about to get married.

The minister smiled at them both and then opened his hands, arms lifting in greeting to everyone there. "Friends and family, we are gathered here today to celebrate love and to joyfully witness as our friends, Robert and Samuel, join together in marriage. This is a day of significance, of rejoicing, and it is our honor to be with them as they declare their love for each other and share with us their promises."

Sam squeezed Robert's hand tightly and listened as the minister spoke. What he said, Sam was pretty sure he'd never really remember, but there was a feeling of peace and acceptance and actual pride in the man's voice that Sam clung to. That was what he'd been after. This was easy, really; just being them and taking a step that was theirs to take.

There was a prayer, a short reading from two of Sam's students from a book of poetry that the class had found at the library -- they picked that one because it was about love and didn't have any pronouns to mess up the sentiment -- and then the minister was smiling at them both.

"Robert and Sam have written their own vows, and I invite them now to share them with us," he said, looking at Robert, his smile growing into more of a grin.

Robert cleared his throat and turned to Sam, taking both of his hands, and clearing his throat again. "Hey, Sam," Robert began with a smile, eyes looking right into his. "I know the joke is that guys are no good at this, the writing your own vows thing, but I found it pretty easy. It's not fancy -- I just went with the truth.

"I love you. You make my life complete. And I don't ever want to be without you. So, whatever the world throws at us, I promise to face it by your side. I get to share the good stuff and the bad stuff with you and that makes the good stuff better and the bad stuff not so bad. And I love you."

There was a brief silence, before Robert added. "Um, that's all of it."

Sam smiled at him, blinking rapidly, his heart pounding in his chest. He wasn't nervous, knew exactly what

he was going to say, but still. What Robert had said made him all fluttery and shy, and he didn't doubt a word of it. "I love you," he whispered. Then he cleared his throat and brushed his thumb over the back of Robert's hand. It was his turn.

"You're my best friend," he said, trying to keep his voice clear. "I love you. I promise to be true to you, to support you and to be your friend and partner both. I will always be there for you, through thick or thin, and I promise to keep our marriage first in my heart. I thank God for the day I met you, and I will always, always love you." His voice didn't crack until the very end, and he didn't look away from Robert's eyes, not even when Marjorie sniffled beside him.

Robert leaned toward him. "This is where we kiss, right?"

The minister chuckled. "I usually pronounce you officially married, but I can wait if you're eager to get to this part first."

Their friends and family laughed, and Robert looked a little sheepish, but he was still leaning in for that kiss.

Sam laughed softly and kissed him, keeping it short and respectful. The big kiss would come a little later, and he intended to make it a good one.

"Do you have rings to exchange?" the minister asked, and Robert nodded, fishing his out of his uniform pocket.

Sam glanced at his father, who was slowly standing up, waiting for Sam's nod, and Marjorie was easing back to let him take her place.

Robert looked from him to his father and back to him again.

Sam tried to look innocent, but it really wasn't worth the effort. "Robert," he said, looking up at him. "The ring I have for you is special. It's a gift and we give it freely, and hope that you will wear it in joy, knowing that you're my husband and our family."

Sam looked at his father, watching as he removed his wedding band. "Thanks, Dad," he said softly.

His dad nodded, holding it out to Sam. "Honor it, son. Wear it with love, Robert. I did." He reached to shake Robert's hand, tears standing out in his eyes.

Robert tugged his Dad into a hug. "Thank you, Tom. I know how much it means to you."

Sam felt his throat close and made himself blink rapidly.

His dad stepped back, smiling and nodding. "We had it resized," he whispered quickly, holding up his own hand, smaller than Robert's. Then he grinned and moved out of the way so everyone could see Sam put the ring on Robert's finger.

"Thank you," Robert repeated, voice thick as Sam pushed the ring onto his finger. It fit perfectly.

Sam looked at it and nodded to himself, touching the band on Robert's finger before smiling up at him again. "It's beautiful on you."

Robert cupped his cheek, the ring warm against his face. "Your turn." Robert smiled and took the band he'd had made, yellow and white gold twisted together, and slipped it on Sam's finger. "I hope you hear me say I

love you every time you see it."

"I will," Sam whispered, staring at the ring. "I promise." It was gorgeous and unique and exactly right. Everything was right, everything was perfect, and Sam suddenly realized that his calm and cool attitude had disintegrated. They were married. Well, almost. He tore his gaze from his wedding ring and looked at the minister hopefully.

Lifting his hands again, the minister addressed the entire congregation. "By the power vested in me by God and the province of British Columbia, and in front of all these friends and family who bore witness to your vows, I now pronounce you married. You may kiss your husband."

Sam launched himself, arms winding around Robert's shoulders, his head tilted up, needing Robert to hold him close before he shook apart. "Love you," he said, just before his mouth found Robert's. His *husband*.

Robert's arms went around him, pulling him close to all those big muscles as their mouths met and clung. They kissed for a long time, long enough that the guests started whooping and catcalling and Robert didn't seem to care, just kept kissing him.

Laughing into the kiss, unable to keep his happiness contained, Sam kissed him back for as long as Robert -- or his father, or Marjorie -- would let him, only letting go when Robert eased off. "Married," Sam said, beaming at him, laughing harder when Milo barked, pawing at his trousers.

"Yep. We are. You're stuck with me now." Robert gave him a wink and then turned to their guests. "Okay, everybody. The party's over at the community center."

There was a round of applause and people stood up, most gathering in small groups and many coming to shake their hands or pet the animals. Marjorie and Sam's dad stood with Charlie, taking turns with Daph and Milo, and Sam happily clung to Robert, grinning so much he knew his face was going to hurt. He couldn't wait to see the pictures.

Robert just stood there with him, beaming proudly.

It was a great start to married life.

Chapter Twenty Three

It was late.

They'd had speeches. They'd had food. They'd rung in the New Year.

He'd danced with Sam more than they'd probably danced in all their lives together up 'til now.

It had been a great party, a brilliant celebration.

But now it was late and he was ready to go home. To show Sam just how happy he was to be married.

"Do we have to make a big announcement that we're going, or can we just slip out do you think?" he asked Sam as they slow danced to Stairway to Heaven.

"I bet we can sneak out," Sam said, nuzzling at him. "Most everyone is happy and busy. God, I love this uniform on you."

Robert grinned and grabbed Sam's ass. "You've shown remarkable restraint this evening."

"My restraint is quickly dwindling. Plus, assorted people promised me public humiliation if I dragged you into the bathroom." Sam rubbed against him, showing just how dwindled his restraint was becoming.

"Let's get out of here. I have something for you back at the house." Robert rolled his eyes the minute the words were out of his mouth. "Okay, two somethings."

"That sounds promising." Sam grinned up at him. "As long as one of them is what I hope it is." He rubbed again and stepped back, taking Robert's hand. "Home. Now, please."

They nearly made it out, too, but Tom cornered them right at the door. Robert pasted a smile on his face and offered a polite, "Hey."

"Hey." Tom smiled broadly at them. "Don't tell me you were trying to get away without any fanfare?"

"Dad," Sam said in what was very clearly approaching a whine.

Tom's grin grew. "Aw, Sammy. Let me have some fun. I wore the tux."

"You *wanted* to wear the tux," Sam pointed out. "Go dance with Marjorie again."

"Don't make me growl at my father-in-law in the first twenty-four hours that he *is* my father-in-law, Tom." Robert grabbed Sam's hand and tried to push past Tom.

"It's a little known tradition," Tom protested. "My father-in-law did it to me when I tried to bail on our party, too. We were kind of eager to get away from everyone and--" Tom stopped dead and grinned even wider. "But then, that's kind of usual for you."

"Dad!" Sam laughed and let go of Robert long enough to hug his father. "See you in the morning. We're

leaving."

"Love you, Sammy," Tom said, hugging him back. "Congratulations."

"Thanks, Tom. We'll see you in the morning." Robert wanted to get out of there and give Sam his gift and then make love. Not that he hadn't enjoyed the party, but he wanted Sam all to himself for a while.

Sam took his hand again and started pulling. "Home, Robert. Man, I hope the car isn't full of Silly String."

"We'll walk if it is." He didn't care if it was twenty below -- it wasn't that far.

Sam shivered as they stepped out and looked around. "Well, it looks okay," he said, peering at the car. "Let's get home. I want to get rid of this tie. And a few other articles of clothing."

"I may need your help getting out of this uniform," Robert noted as he slipped behind the wheel. "I don't think I've taken it off by myself in, oh... eight years or so?"

"I was thinking I'd leave it on you for a bit." Sam slid over, as close as he could get.

Robert put his arm around Sam and drove out of the parking lot, groaning as the noise of cans dragging along the road behind sounded. "I guess they got us after all."

Sam laughed hysterically. "I never even thought to check that. Who *does* that, these days?"

"Your father," Robert answered with absolute conviction. If Tom hadn't done it on his own, he was certainly the ringleader.

"Or Charlie!" Sam laughed and shook his head. "Nah, you're right. Dad. Which is why he stopped us at the door, I'll bet."

Robert chuckled, pulling into the driveway. "Come on. I'm eager to get to the next tradition."

Sam scrambled out of the car and came around to meet him, taking his hand. "Tell me you're not going to carry me over the threshold."

"No, I have been kind of banking on you carry me over it though." He gave Sam his bet pout.

"How about we skip that part?" Sam eyed him and reached down to adjust his trousers.

Robert rolled his eyes and pushed Sam's hand away. "How about we just hold hands while we go in or something," he suggested, suddenly finding that he wanted to do *something* symbolic.

"Okay." Sam smiled at him, his voice soft. "Let's go in, honey. First time as married men."

Robert bent and kissed Sam softly, and then they went in. Together.

"I don't hear the critters," Sam whispered, turning into Robert's arms. "Kiss me."

He pushed Sam up against the back of the door, mouth finding Sam's just like that, tongue pushing in to plunder. Sam fed him a moan and opened wide, warm hands sliding under his dress jacket to smooth over his shirt. He rubbed against Sam, and then remembered that Sam's tux was only rented and it wouldn't be the best for him to go off before the tux came off.

So he went to his knees and started opening the trousers.

"Robert?" Sam whispered. His hands fluttered over Robert's shoulders and brushed at his hair. "Oh *boy*. Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy." Sam's head thunked on the wall and he started whimpering even before Robert got his pants undone or his cock out.

Sam *really* liked this.

Grinning, Robert wrapped his hand around Sam's already hard and leaking prick. *Really* liked it. Robert didn't get fancy or anything -- he figured Sam was going to pop pretty damn quickly, so he'd better just get on with it. He wrapped his lips around the head of Sam's cock and started sucking.

"Robert." Sam whimpered. "Uniform. Oh *boy*!" His hands finally settled, one on Robert's shoulder and the other loosely petting his hair. Robert could feel the shake in Sam's legs already, and Sam's hips jerked, not pushing in as much as twitching hard, like he was in overdrive.

Robert grabbed Sam's hips and tugged, encouraging Sam to go ahead and fuck his mouth.

Sounds filled the room, Sam's whimpers and moans pouring down around them as Sam moved, rocking his hips and thrusting into Robert's mouth. He was leaking, hard and swelling even harder, and by the grip Sam suddenly had on his hair, Robert knew he was close. "God, oh, God, oh, God," Sam chanted, his breath catching on every word. "Robert! Gonna. Oh, God, now!"

He took Sam in all the way, swallowing around the swollen head, his hands holding Sam deep in his mouth. Sam yelled, his legs shaking hard enough that Robert knew the only thing keeping him up as he came was the wall and Robert's hands. Sam shot, Robert swallowed, and Sam trembled for him, still moaning long after he was done. Well, Robert assumed he was done; it wasn't like he was going soft or anything, but he usually didn't when Robert went down on him while wearing his uniform.

He tongued Sam's prick for a bit, and then pulled off, grinning smugly up at his husband. "Liked that, did you?"

"Uniform," Sam said intelligently. "*Dress* uniform. Blowjob." He whimpered again and almost slid down the wall. "Best present ever."

"No, that's still to come." He stood up and grabbed Sam around the waist. "Come on, it's in the bedroom. You can collapse there."

"No, no, I'm good," Sam said, grinning like a fool. "*Lots* left in me." He let Robert get him to the bedroom, though, with only a minimum of groping.

Grinning, Robert went over to his underwear drawer and dug the tickets for the cruise out from the bottom. "You want to get naked before you pop again and spoil the tux?"

"I suppose I should." Sam laughed and started working on his shirt buttons and tried to see what Robert had in his hand. "You can just unzip, though," he said with a leer.

"I'll let you take care of that. After my present." He made Sam wait until the tux was off and back on its hanger, though, and then handed the tickets over, suddenly worried Sam might be pissed off he'd done this without consulting Sam at all.

Sam stood there, naked, and looked at the tickets for a moment with a confused expression. Then he looked at Robert, eyes wide. "For real?" he asked, bouncing up to his toes, which had an interesting effect on his cock.

"Yeah. I know you were disappointed we couldn't take any time after the wedding for a honeymoon, so I booked off the week of your spring break and bought the tickets and. Well. Happy Wedding Day."

Sam looked at the tickets again, blinking. "Wow," he said softly. "Oh, *wow*. This is fantastic!" Still holding the tickets, he threw himself at Robert and kissed him hard. "Thank you."

Robert wrapped his arms around his naked, wriggling husband and kissed back with all he was.

"So fantastic," Sam mumbled between kisses, writhing against Robert and pushing him toward the bed. "Can't wait." He shoved his tongue into Robert's mouth and his empty hand between them, trying to get at Robert's belt. "Love you."

"Love you, babe." He let Sam push and shove him, let Sam take over as they fell back onto the bed together.

Sam crawled over him to put the tickets on the night stand and then wiggled his way back down, rubbing as he went. "Kiss me more," he demanded, getting Robert's zipper down. "Want you."

"You can have me any way you want me, Sam." He wrapped his hands around Sam's face and brought their mouths together, tongue sliding against Sam's.

Sam sucked on his tongue and his hand found Robert's cock. Long, warm fingers curled around it, teasing and stroking while they kissed, and Sam's hips rocked, pushing against Robert's thigh. "Make love to me," Sam whispered. "I want you any way I can get you."

"You want me to keep the uniform on?" he asked, hand landing on Sam's ass, kneading it.

"Just want you," Sam whispered. "Only you." His hand was gentle, teasing up and down Robert's length.

He pushed up into Sam's hand, his fingers fumbling with buttons. "Help me get it off then."

Sam licked at his mouth once more and then sat up to straddle Robert's hips. He smiled as he worked at Robert's shirt buttons and pushed the fabric away to kiss Robert's chest. "You're so beautiful," he whispered. "All mine."

"Yours for eternity, Sammy." Robert's hands slid over his head and his shoulders, and the big fingers tickled his spine.

"Uh-huh. But I knew that anyway." Sam kissed the center of his chest and moved down to get Robert's pants undone and off. "But I like the piece of paper. And the wedding." He kissed the head of Robert's cock, tonguing it a little as he dragged Robert's pants off.

Groaning, Robert bucked up, cock wanting more than Sam was giving. Sam obliged, opening up and taking him in with a soft moan, licking and sucking gently. He went up one side of Robert's prick and down the other before sucking him in once more, lips wet and glossy as they slid all the way to Robert's root.

"Sam!" He bucked, unable to help himself, his whole body going tight, his balls pulling up. He buried his hands in Sam's hair, holding on. Groaning, Sam sucked hard, lifting his head and sinking down again, taking Robert into his throat. Robert's back arched and he shot, coming hard and fast.

Sam swallowed around him, over and over, then sucked and licked his way back up Robert's shaft, sending tingles dancing along his spine. Sam was panting when he lifted his head, one hand gently petting Robert's belly. "Beautiful," he whispered again. He kissed Robert's hip and once more crawled up him, rubbing and breathing heavily.

Robert kicked off his pants and shifted to half sitting to get his shirt and jacket right off and then he rolled over, putting Sam beneath him. "Love you."

"Love you back." Sam wiggled and shifted, holding on to him. "Make love to me?"

"All night long, Sammy. All night long."

After all, how often was it that he got to make love to his husband?

Hopefully a few million times.

Epilogue

Alaska was amazing. The ship was amazing. The ice floes, the scenery, the food... Sam thought he'd spent the whole time taking pictures and eating. Well, almost the whole time.

"This is, like, the best trip ever," he told Robert again. "I can't get over how... inspiring the whole thing is."

Robert looked relaxed and happy. He looked amazing. Okay, so Robert always looked amazing, but he looked even more amazing than usual. "It's so big, isn't it? All that ice and snow..."

"Uh-huh. Big sky, huge view." Sam smiled and shifted closer. "And then there's you. Also inspiring."

"Oh, you're a bit biased there, babe." Robert ginned down at him, arm going around his shoulders and bringing him even closer.

"That hardly matters," Sam pointed out, snuggling in. "It's the effect that matters. Besides, I'd be cranky if you went around inspiring this sort of thing in random strangers."

Robert laughed. "How do you know I don't?"

Sam looked up at him and tried to glare. "Do you?" he demanded before he giggled. "Doesn't matter if you do. You're mine and I don't share. Leave 'em wanting."

"No, I never act on that inspiration in others. Just what I inspire in you." Robert frowned. "Or something like that -- you know what I mean."

Laughing, Sam nodded. "I do." He moved closer, almost climbing Robert, and kissed him. "This is the best honeymoon ever," he said happily.

"You've got a lot of experience with honeymoons, do you?" Robert asked, giving him a kiss and peeling him off. "Come on. Let's get to our cabin before we get arrested."

"They won't arrest us." Sam followed along, holding his hand. "They keep giving us sappy looks reserved for honeymoon couples. Unless, of course, that's how other people look when you inspire them."

Robert chuckled. "I have a feeling their looks will be less sappy and more arresting our ass if we were to do what I plan to do out by the railing instead of in bed."

"That sounds promising." Sam sped up, hurrying Robert along. "Are you going to tell me or make me wait?"

"Oh, it's nothing fancy or spectacular. Just the usual."

"A personal favorite!" Sam grinned at him and fished around in his own pocket for the key to their cabin. "I'll get naked, you grab the lube."

"See? The usual." Robert was laughing as they went in, searching in their bags for the new tube as they'd decimated the old one that morning.

"I *like* the usual," Sam said fervently. "A lot. Like, a lot." His sweater and T-shirt went flying at the same time his shoes were coming off. "See?" He pointed to his groin, then ripped his button-flies open.

Robert threw his head back and laughed before jumping onto the bed and lying back, hands under his head, watching him.

"You are not naked," Sam pointed out, shoving his jeans down and off. "You're falling behind on the usual."

"Oh, I figure you need to come at least once before I get too far along..."

"Oh! You mean the *usual*." Sam grinned and stood at the end of the bed, leaning forward slightly. "Are you going to help with that, or should I just..." He reached down and touched himself, glad that his hands weren't cold.

"Oh, man... if you want to put on a show, I could handle that." Robert popped open the top button of his jeans and yanked down the zipper, pushing his hand into his underwear and rubbing as he watched.

Sam groaned, his stomach cramping as he looked at Robert. *That* was a good show. His hand tightened and he started stroking, pushing against the head of his cock with his thumb. "No fair," he said, rolling his balls with his other hand. "I can't see." His legs spread a bit for better balance and Sam tugged himself a little more tightly, gaze fixed on the lump of Robert's hand in his pants.

"But you're giving *me* a show," Robert pointed out reasonably.

"That doesn't mean I should be deprived." Sam closed his eyes for a moment, the rub of his hand on his cock doing nice things to his spine. "Oh boy."

Robert's chuckle was rather husky. "You're not even watching anymore."

"I will," Sam said, jerking himself faster. "I promise." He pushed his thumb against the slit at the head of his cock and groaned, then opened his eyes. "See? Watching." He gasped, though, and his tongue darted out to lick his lower lip, his balls heavy and hot. "Show me?"

Robert stopped stroking and lifted his hips, tugging jeans and underwear down together, and kicking them off. It made his full cock bob and sway, hitting his belly a few times before Robert had his shirt off, too, and had settled again. One big hand wrapped around Robert's cock, and he started stroking. "All for you."

Sam's mouth went dry and his hips jerked into his fist. "Mine," he said. "For you." *Damn* Robert was big. Sam got his knees onto the bed and jerked himself rapidly, one hand on Robert's leg, watching. He knew he was whimpering, but there some things in the world that just needed to be whimpered at. Robert with his hand on himself was one of those.

Robert kept his movements slow, so Sam could see it when that big thumb slid across Robert's slit, making Robert's hip jerk. "Gonna ride me when you've come, babe?"

"Uh-huh." Sam licked his lip again and nodded. "Want you in me." His stomach cramped again and Sam's eyes closed, his skin too tight and hot. "Shit," he whispered. He held on tight to Robert's leg and jacked himself rapidly, his hips thrusting into his tight fist. He cried out when he came, his head tipped back and his cock pulsing in his hand.

"Mmm... look at you," murmured Robert, free hand rubbing Sam's come into his skin.

Sam panted and kept himself from falling over, though he did kind of lean a lot and sort of sprawl on top of his husband. "Don't gotta just look," he said weakly.

Robert chuckled, both hands sliding on him now. "Not gonna just look. I'm gonna make you come again."

"That'd be nice." Sam grinned and nodded happily. "I'd like that a lot." He wiggled a bit and reached to stroke Robert's prick. "With this?"

Robert nibbled at his face, lips warm and soft. "Yep. As long as you don't make it go floppy before I get inside you."

Sam let go and rolled over. "Ready!"

Robert rolled his eyes and tossed the lube over. "Slick up a couple fingers and really get yourself ready. I'll watch." Winking, Robert went back to slowly jacking himself off.

"Oh, you are in a mood," Sam said, completely delighted. He fumbled with the tube and got to work, splaying his legs wide and teasing his hole with the tip of one finger. "Watching?" He tried to see Robert's hand and cock as he slowly pushed two fingers into himself.

"Fuck, yes." Robert's hand sped up and he could hear each breath Robert took.

"Don't come," Sam whispered, fingering himself slowly. "Not until you're in me." He added another finger, tugging his cock and balls with his other hand, getting lube all over the place. "Oh, yeah. That feels good." It did, it felt hot and naughty, and he was getting hard again, his hole twitching.

"That's the plan," muttered Robert and he shifted, moved to kneel between Sam's legs, giving himself a better view.

Sam moaned and shifted his hips a little, fucking himself a little faster. "Love it when you're in me," he whispered. "Fill me right up." His fingers brushed against his gland and he twitched. "Fuck. Yeah, there." He did it again on purpose, reaching and pushing hard, his body thrumming.

"Okay, stop. Right now. Stop." Robert was growling, eyes on his ass.

Whimpering, Sam made himself stop, freezing in place. "Please, Robert," he whispered. "Need you."

"Uh-huh." Robert grabbed his hand and yanked his fingers away, and then lined up, hands wrapping around his hips and pulling him back onto the thick cock.

"Yes," Sam yelled, his legs wrapping around Robert's hips. So much better than his own fingers, bigger and longer and huge. "There."

Robert's hands landed on either side of his head, their mouths crashing together as Robert began to move inside him. Sam kissed him frantically, his hips rising to meet every thrust. He could feel Robert's teeth, could hear the growls and panted breaths, could feel Robert's skin start to sweat. Robert pushed closer, pressing down on him and trapping his cock between them. Robert's belly rubbed tightly against it with every movement.

"Yeah." Sam broke the kiss to breathe. "That's it. Gonna make me come like this, honey. Feels so good." He dug in with his heels and bucked up, yelping when the head of Robert's cock banged into his sweet spot, the friction on his own dick getting intense.

"Love it when you come while I'm inside you." Robert shifted a bit, and started fucking him hard, nailing that spot over and over again.

Sam gave up on words and clung, gasping out his breath in grunts and moans. His back and neck both arched and he stretched himself taught, lightning racing up and down his spine. His cock was slipping and sliding, slick with Robert's sweat and his own precome, and he was so very, very close.

"Love you," Robert whispered, ring brushing against his cheek as one hand cupped his face.

Sam spasmed and came, eyes squeezed shut as he turned his face to nuzzle into Robert's touch. The ring was warm like Robert's hand.

Robert's groan filled his ears, making him shiver. Two more thrusts and Robert was coming, filling him up with heat.

"Love you back," Sam whispered, his own ring glinting as he lifted his hand to touch Robert's face in reply. "So much." He held Robert to him and kissed him, overwhelmed by love.

Robert rolled to his side as they kissed, bringing Sam along, still buried inside Sam's ass.

"Keeping you," Sam said, snuggling in and touching in random places. "All mine."

"All yours." Robert gave him a wide, sappy grin. "We make a pretty good married couple, don't we?"

"Of course we do." Sam returned the grin with possibly even more sap. "I knew we would."

"Now everybody knows. I'm proud to be your husband, Sam. And happy and..." Robert chuckled. "Man, look at us. Sugar overload."

"Mmhhh." Sam smiled at him and nodded. "But we can be as sweet as we want; no one here to say a word, just us. And even married, I still kind of like it best when it's just you and me."

"There's one thing you miss out here, though."

Sam raised an eyebrow. "What's that?"

"My uniform."

Laughing, Sam whapped him lightly on the arm. "I tried to pack it," he teased. "Next time. But then, I do have a pretty good imagination."

"Not to mention you're still the horniest guy I've ever met." Robert didn't look particularly put out by that though.

"Ah, but that was the very first thing you noticed about me," Sam said. "So. Uniform. Sex. Blue hair. I think we did pretty good, keeping the first sparks alive."

"Pretty good? Sam we didn't do pretty good with those sparks, we turned them into a huge fire that's still burning strong. Good thing I'm a fireman."

Still burning strong. Yeah, that was them. That was always going to be them.

Life was good.

End.