

A Sip...



A Torquere Press Short

Heating Up
By Anah Crow & Dianne Fox

"Hey, Sully!"

Sully whipped around to see Jay Burgess pulling his car into the garage. A quick glance told him Jay hadn't driven it into the wall again. He raised his eyebrows, waiting to hear what Jay needed.

"Car's too loose." Jay crawled out of the window and dumped his helmet on the counter. "See if you can work a little magic?"

Sully gave him a nod and found him a smile. "Bring her in," he said.

Sully wasn't in the mood to be working any damn magic today, not on cars, anyway. He'd been gonna take the day off, go with Denny to the hospital, but Denny'd put his foot down -- the good one -- and said no.

Goddamn Denny and his goddamn pride.

Denny was at the hospital, talking to the surgeon, a check-up to see how his leg was healing up after the last operation. Sully was at the track, staring at a big damn hunk of metal and grease and wondering what the hell he was doing with himself.

He didn't even have the car all the way up on the lift when he gave up. He turned to Mack and Tucker and waved at the car. "I gotta take off. I ain't feelin' so good. You guys take good care of Jay's car, okay?"

He had sick days, vacation days if the boss called him on it. He hadn't taken a single day off since he'd started this job months ago. He figured he had a damn good reason now.

"You got it," Mack said. "You looked like shit all day, man. You go on home. Take care of yourself. Track'll still be here tomorrow."

Sully drove himself on home to an empty condo. Denny was still up at the hospital. That gave Sully time to do some of the cleaning that they'd been letting slide lately and to get a nice dinner in the oven.

Sully put together a roast, with some carrots and potatoes. They could eat the leftovers for a couple days, he figured, and it would make a nice treat for Denny to have a good dinner all cooked up and ready for him when he got home. No beer or anything like that, not with Denny's pain pills, but Sully found the candles Denny'd bought a while back and set them up at the kitchen table and on up in the bedroom, too.

When everything was ready, Sully settled down on the couch. All he could do was wait. Sully was damn good at fixing things, but he was shit at waiting.

Denny was late. It had been a hellish day, and he didn't want Sully to know about any of it. When he saw Sully sprawled on the couch, watching a race, he did manage to smile. "Hey." He let his backpack slide off his shoulder.

"Hey there, sugar." Sully got up off the couch and came over to give Denny a hello-kiss. "You wanna come on in and tell me how'd it go?" He cupped Denny's cheek and gave him a real sweet kiss, like he'd been thinking about Denny all day long.

"It went fine. Just a lotta waitin'." Denny kissed him back and, damn, that was the first time he'd felt good since Sully had left the house this morning. "Nothin' much to tell." Nothing except how

his nerves weren't talking to his foot and maybe it was scarring and maybe it was because they cut up his nerves when they were trying to save his leg. Then he realized Sully was home awful early. "Is somethin' wrong? How come you're home?"

"Came home t'see how you were doin'. Made up some dinner while I was waitin'." Sully kissed him again. "Hope you're feelin' hungry."

"Yeah." Denny wasn't hungry, but he nodded. "Yeah, I am. It all smells real good. But you shouldn't be worryin' about me, Sully. You can't go missin' work." Last thing they needed was for Sully to lose his job. Denny leaned on his damn cane -- the cane hardly cut it; he needed the crutches -- and headed for the couch. "I'm just fine."

Sully disappeared into the kitchen and came back a few minutes later with plates for both of them: slices of steaming roast beef laid over mashed potatoes, with chunks of carrots scattered all around. "Don't you worry 'bout me missin' work. Mack an' Tucker, they're good guys, and I got me some time off I can use up when I need to."

"You save that for when you need it." Denny shook his head. Sully made him about want to cry from frustration some days. "You get sick, you'll need a rest." He finished propping his throbbing leg up and took the plate Sully offered. "This looks real good, but you don't hafta be makin' me my dinner. It's not like I gotta go to work."

"I was home anyways." Sully shrugged and settled down on the floor, across the little coffee table from Denny.

Denny was too tired to fight. He didn't want to eat, but Sully'd done such a nice job that Denny wasn't going to let him down. The pain medication didn't help that none; he always felt sickly, but he wasn't letting on about that, either.

The dinner was like for a celebration, and Denny didn't have anything to celebrate. His goddamn foot was swollen up in his boot, and it was dead at the end of his leg. The words the doctor had used to talk about it were so big, they'd already fallen out of Denny's damn head. All that mattered were the words, "a chance we may not be able to help you." Those words meant things were over. Denny wasn't sure he'd ever be able to eat roast beef again, but he cleaned his whole plate and gave Sully a smile.

Sully smiled back and got up to clean up the dishes. When he came back, he sat down beside Denny on the couch and nuzzled up, kissing his cheek and the corner of his mouth. "Lemme get them boots off you, okay? Maybe we can put the race back on, relax a little."

God, but Denny did love Sully something fierce. Even though he wanted to just curl up in the bottom of a bottle of bourbon, Denny nodded and kissed Sully back. "If you wanna get your hands dirty tryin' to pry my damn boots off, I ain't gonna fight you for it tonight, what with you fixing such a nice dinner an' all." And that was how much he loved Sully; he gave up and let Sully take care of him for a bit, even if his gut hated him for it.

Sully was gentle, unlacing Denny's boots and pulling the left one off just as carefully as the right. He got Denny's socks off, too, peeling them down his ankles and over his feet. "I'm gonna put your boots in the closet, sugar. I'll be right back."

Denny wanted to get up and do something, to move, but he couldn't make himself. He needed his crutches. The idea of walking on that foot... He was worn out from facing up to the pain all day. "Could you bring my crutches when ya come back?" He tried to make it sound light. Maybe if he babied his leg some, it might get better. If they could take some of the swelling in the foot and ankle down, the doc said, they'd have a better idea of his propri-something. The feeling in it.

"Sure thing, sugar." It took a few minutes, but eventually Sully came back with Denny's crutches. "You wanna come on upstairs with me? I'll rub your shoulders; bet they're feelin' damn tight, after you been walkin' round with that damn cane all day."

If Sully wanted to go upstairs, he probably wanted to have sex, and the idea made Denny cringe inside. He wasn't gonna put Sully off too long, but tonight, he should. He was feeling just wrong all over, and he had to figure out how to tell Sully he was gonna cost them a whole lot more money that he might never make up.

"You don't have to do that," he said, taking up the crutches. "I'll just have a shower and turn in. I ain't feelin' up to much tonight." He looked at Sully kinda sideways when he said it, hoping Sully would take the hint. He wasn't gonna go make Sully be all nice to him if he wasn't gonna give back.

Sully nodded toward the stairs and said, "You go on and take your shower, sugar. I'll be waitin' in the bedroom when you're done, an' I'll give you that rubdown. Might help you get some rest."

"If you wanted t' finish up watchin' your race, you go right ahead." Denny leaned on his crutches and got up. He hated the crutches, but, God have mercy, it was so good not to put weight on his bad foot. He sighed real soft, stifling his relief, and headed upstairs to wash off all the sweat and failure.

In the shower, he sat on the cripple bench, head in his hands, and tried to figure out what to do. He was useless. Goddamn it, the surgery was gonna be expensive, even with insurance. It might not even work. All he could do was wait on his test results. Maybe he wouldn't need the surgery. Maybe he wouldn't need it, because there was no hope. He didn't know what to do.

Instead, he washed and got himself all clean, got out and dried off, brushed his teeth, and pulled on his robe. Denny felt like a damn fool, remembering back to when he'd got out of the car after that crash, shook up and sore but feeling like a star. He'd survived all that shit -- his car had looked like a crumpled tin can -- and walked away. Only, he hadn't. Maybe this was God's way of reminding him where he belonged: back in the trailer park.

Leaning on his crutches, he hopped into the bedroom, fixing to go to sleep. When he got there and found it all lit up with candles and smelling sweet, the covers all turned back, he felt nothing but sad. *Oh, Sully.* How come that man had to be so good?

Sully didn't like the way Denny was acting. He was tense and mooney, defeated. Denny never used to get like that, not even when he lost a race -- that'd just make him all fired up to win the next time. Now, though, he got like that when the doctors gave him bad news, or things just seemed too hard, like he'd never get back on the track.

When he heard the water shut off, Sully headed upstairs to see how Denny was holding up. He found Denny standing in the doorway to the bedroom, leaning on his crutches. Slipping up close behind him, Sully nuzzled the back of Denny's neck. "You wanna go ahead and lay down, sugar? I'll give you a good rubdown, get you all loosened up and feeling good." And then maybe Denny would be able to tell him what was wrong.

"You're too good to me, Sully." Denny's voice was tired, not like he was about to make a fuss about it. He took a breath and hitched himself into the room, letting Sully have his way. By the bed, he leaned his crutches up against the wall and undid his robe.

Denny didn't look at Sully as he let the robe slide away and hung it up on the bedpost. The injury had taken its toll on him pretty bad. He was getting out of shape, and that was on top of his right leg being all chewed up. Getting him naked was a trial lately. He slid into bed, looking pained, and laid down on his belly for Sully.

Sully stripped down, leaving his clothes in the hamper. There was no dropping clothes all over the floor anymore, not with the way just a little slip could take Denny down and mess him up but good. He slipped into bed beside Denny and climbed up over him, settling down with his knees on either side of Denny's hips.

"Ain't no such thing, sugar," Sully said, petting his hands down Denny's back, feeling for the knots of muscle and tension.

Denny let out a little sigh that was half moan. He buried his head in his arms and let Sully work. The way he moved under Sully was sexier than he likely knew, stretching and arching and making little noises of pleasure. At least he wasn't holding that back.

When everything was as smooth and loose as Sully could get it, he leaned down over Denny and nuzzled the back of his neck. "Feelin' better, sugar?"

"Body's better." Denny reached up and stroked Sully's hair. "Doctor says my foot ain't talking to the rest of me. She's waitin' on the tests to say if there's anything to do about it." His voice was rough with bottled-up emotion.

Well, hell. Sully tucked his head down against Denny's shoulder. No damn wonder Denny was walking around like somebody done shot his dog. "You know how long it's gonna be 'fore you hear back about them tests?"

"Few days. Said she wanted to talk to someone else." Denny's voice was muffled. "Said it's pretty much normal for how bad my leg was when I got to the hospital. Was a lot of dead stuff in there and they cut me open in a hurry. Just gotta figure out what went wrong." He inhaled, then let the breath out in a shuddering sigh. "She figures at this rate I'll be able t' walk with a cane, have a bad limp the rest of my life; she wants to try for a 'better outcome'. Started talkin' on how I could learn to drive different, use my left leg, automatic transmission. Can't do that in a racin' car, though."

No, they couldn't. What would they do if Denny really wasn't ever gonna race again? What would Denny do? God damn, that was likely to kill him, the way racing was so bound up in who Denny was. "What kinda better outcome's she thinkin' 'bout?"

"Openin' me back up an' either putting stuff in or taking stuff out, depending on the results of all them tests. 'Nother operation." Denny sounded defeated. "No guarantees. It ain't worth the money, Sully. We're gonna run our insurance into the ground."

"s what we pay them bills for, sugar," Sully reminded him, sitting up to rub his hands over Denny's back again. "So's they'll do every damn thing they can to make you better."

"I don't wanna run up more bills for nothing." Denny sighed again, winding his fingers in his thick, golden hair and tugging. "I'll see what she says. She was talking about this all like it was... she said it was 'to be expected.' Sometimes I wish they'd just cut my whole damn leg off, like I asked."

"You gonna let me go with you, next time?" Sully asked, working Denny's fingers back out of his hair. "You don't gotta do all this alone, sugar." Maybe if Sully'd been there to begin with, been around more, Denny wouldn't have healed up so bad.

Denny let go of his hair and wriggled around under Sully to look up at him. He looked real young in the soft light, all laid out naked with one hand palm-up by his face and the other limp on his belly. It was easy to forget Denny was only a kid, with him trying so hard to be tough all the time.

"This ain't us, Sully, you babyin' me and all," he said softly.

"I ain't babyin' you," Sully said, sighing. It was just like Denny to see any kind of offer of help as coddling. "We're in this together, you and me. All of it, all the way."

A whole lot of emotions flickered over Denny's face, everything from scared to angry to sad. Finally, he breathed and nodded, like it was real hard to do. "Yeah," he said, so soft it was almost easier to read his lips. "I want you there."

Well. Goddamn. That was the first time Denny'd admitted to wanting Sully with him when he wasn't having a damn breakdown. Sully smiled, real slow. "Thank you." He leaned down and kissed Denny, kissed him like he'd been wanting to do since Denny'd got home from the hospital. Hell, since Sully'd left for work this morning.

Denny kissed him back, sweet and open, sucking and licking at his tongue. "Don't gotta thank me for nothin' Sully. You're the one makin' everything nice for us," he murmured. "I like the candles and all." He looked real shy at the admission, his cheeks warm, looking up at Sully with those amazing gold eyes framed with long lashes.

"Thought you deserved a nice night," Sully said, ducking down for another kiss. "You done it for me now and then, makin' dinner and the candles and all." Denny looked so sweet like that, blushing like he wasn't supposed to like it when his boyfriend done something nice for him.

"Kinda foolish, gettin' sentimental over it." Denny shrugged a shoulder. Maybe he was just getting too tired to be tough anymore; he was trying, but not real hard. "I always did like 'em. But me and Dally were fooling around with one and nearly burned down the trailer so Daddy said no more, not even for birthdays. Beat the tar outta me, too, like usual." His eyes were kind of distant and then he focused on Sully again. "You ever do that when you were a kid, play with the wax?"

That was an idea. "Not too much when I was a kid," Sully admitted. "But I done it some since. It feels real good, don't it? Stings in the good way." He eyed the candles around them. "You wanna roll over, play with the wax a little?"

Denny looked a little surprised and tilted his head, the surprise fading to bafflement. "What are you gonna do?" He wasn't saying no, though. He was softening up a little, even if he was fighting it all the way.

Sully picked up one of the candles on the bedside table and held one of Denny's hands, letting the wax from the candle drip, drip, drip onto his palm. "Just gonna play," he said. "Could do it on the insides a your thighs, maybe, if you want. Back's easier sometimes, little less sensitive."

Denny's breath caught and his pupils flared wide and dark, but he didn't pull his palm away. There was a moment when tension started to rise up under his skin, and Sully knew what was coming. Denny was gonna push away Sully's hand, tell him to stop fucking around, shut down. He inhaled slowly and looked Sully in the eyes.

"Do it again," Denny breathed. "Here." His fingers trailed over his chest.

Sully rewarded Denny with a kiss, and then sat up again to let the hot wax drizzle down onto Denny's chest. Down the center-line first, just to see how Denny reacted. Denny hissed in a breath and then shivered, a chill coming up on his skin, his nipples getting hard. He was watching Sully with huge eyes, caution written all over his face. His body, though, was only talking pleasure.

"Feel good?" Sully asked, dripping wax over one of Denny's nipples. The way Denny's dick was getting hard said it felt real good, but Sully figured Denny ought to get to say so, too.

"Yeah." Denny's voice shook when he said it, like he was scared of Sully's response. He was so

tense, so skittish, even with Sully. But he liked the hurt. He'd got so damn turned on with the spanking and clipping up his pretty pink nipples; it was just so hard for him to deal with, that it turned him on.

Sully gave it to him on his other nipple, too, and then set the candle aside to heat up a bit. He wanted to heat Denny up a bit more, too, so he leaned over and kissed Denny on the mouth. "You are so goddamn hot, sugar," he whispered against Denny's lips. "Just looking at you, gettin' all turned on like this, makes me hard." To prove it, Sully got hold of one of his boy's hands and brought it down to his dick, showing Denny how hard he was. Just for Denny, just from watching him like the wax so much.

Denny wrapped his hand -- rough from driving and now from the crutches -- around Sully's dick and stroked, whimpering a little. "You like it? You... God. You like me like this, Sully? I ain't sure I'm so good at this stuff, but I like you doin' this to me."

"Ain't nothin' to be good at, sugar. Just likin' it or not." Sully had a hard time talking right, with Denny's hand around his dick like that. "I like you getting all hot and bothered, that's what I like. Don't matter much what's doing it, long as it's you feelin' it."

"Is there something wrong with me, likin' it?" Denny's gold eyes were wide and dark like amber. He stopped stroking Sully and put his hand flat against Sully's chest. "I mean, you think my head's messed up, so I'm like this?"

"Hell, no." Sully put his hand over Denny's, petting to soothe him. "Ain't nothing wrong with likin' what feels good."

"I just... The other night. God, Sully, I thought being like this with you was the only thing that was wrong with me. But you hittin' me made me feel so good, like putting me where I belonged. Good and safe." Denny looked distressed. "You think it's 'cause my daddy used to beat me so much, like maybe I just started likin' it?" The words came out in a flood and Sully could see how scared his boy really was that he was messed up. "'Cause if it's like that, I don't want it no more. I'm sorry, 'cause I know you like it, and I don't got much else to give you, but I ain't thinkin' of you and him in the same spot in my head."

"It doesn't have damn thing to do with your daddy," Sully told him, still petting his hand. "The right kind a hurting feels good to all kinds a folk. If'n it didn't, there wouldn't be whole damn stores and businesses to make and sell shit for folks to hurt each other with, like this."

For once, something seemed to filter in through Denny's pretty, little hard head. He wasn't so stupid that he'd deny that Sully did happen to find a shop what made stuff specifically for hitting a body right. "Okay." He swallowed hard and nodded. "So y' think other folks do this stuff? Normal folks? Like, married and everything?"

"Pretty damn sure." Sully leaned over and kissed Denny again. That Denny was talking about this stuff, instead of up and running off, was a damn good sign. "I seen plenty a normal folks, men and women, in the store when I go to get toys for you."

Denny looked real thoughtful, biting his lip and peeling the wax off his chest absent-mindedly, making a little pile of it on his belly. He was obviously thinking right hard on the whole affair. "So normal folks like it, some of 'em." That was obviously a big part of whatever arguing was going on inside him while he stared off at nothing. "You think maybe we're kinda like them?" He looked at Sully again.

"Just 'cause some folks like different stuff in the bedroom don't make 'em not normal," Sully reasoned. It seemed like this was real important to Denny. "Some folks like that raw fish sushi stuff, too, but I figure that's just their tastebuds bein' wired different from mine."

"You think maybe I want you like you hate sushi?" Denny was frowning, biting his lip, all anxious and wound up inside. "I mean, normal, just wired up different from most folks?" He traced an aimless shape on Sully's thigh with a finger, not looking at him again. "Like there ain't so much different 'tween us and some normal guy and his wife who like gettin' up to weird stuff in the bedroom?"

"I figure that's about right, yeah." It was the first time Denny'd ever come close to saying they were just like everybody else. Sometimes, Sully forgot how young Denny was, but times like this, it was easy to see how near Denny still was to where he'd come from.

"I wish we was like most folks." Denny's voice broke, and he looked up at Sully with a hurt in his eyes that went down deep. "I want you to come when I get my operation. I don't want to do it alone no more, Sully. If we was like everyone else, you'd be there. It ain't so bad if you come, right?" He petted Sully's thigh and said in a small voice, "I wanted you there the other times. I just didn't want no one to know..."

Sully nodded. He knew. Denny had a damn hard time dealing with being gay, when nobody knew. Folks knowing was the kind of thing that gave Denny nightmares. "It ain't bad at all." Sully bent over and kissed Denny on the mouth. "I love you, sugar, but I'd wanna be there even if we was just friends sharing a house like what we tell other folks. Nobody'll think nothing of it, not if we don't tell 'em different."

"Ain't their business what we do at home, right?" Denny looked uncertain, wanting Sully to back him up on that one. That was damn a sight better than him being endlessly terrified of what people might think they did at home.

"Not a damn bit." Sully believed that, through and through. He didn't look at nobody else and wonder what they did in the bedroom, and he figured they damn well better do him the same favor.

"Good." Denny took a deep breath and let it out with a shuddering sigh. It was like some weight came off him, and heat flared up in his eyes when he inhaled again. "I want you so much, Sully," he whispered, reaching for Sully.

"I want you, too, sugar." Sully let Denny draw him in, let Denny lead the next kiss.

Denny got his fingers in Sully's hair and kissed him shamelessly. "I want you to do that to me again," he whispered against Sully's mouth. "Just. Any of it. I like the candles, Sully. Feels so good, so hot and hurting."

"I wanna do whatever makes you feel good, sugar." Sully kissed him again, fiercely. He wanted to show Denny how much Denny's trust mattered to him. "I wanna do that again, wanna get you all hot and bothered like that."

"Do it again," Denny said, his voice trembling on the verge of breaking. "Do it everywhere, Sully. It's like when you hurt me like that, my other hurts ain't so bad no more."

Sully just wanted to make things better for Denny. Denny'd been having such a rough time lately. Always, really. He picked up the candle again and drizzled the hot wax over Denny's belly, careful not to get any on his dick. That kind of sting might drive Denny right back outta bed.

The first splash made Denny gasp, but seconds later, he was arching up, eyes closed, like he wanted more. There wasn't much hair on him; he was all smooth and creamy and gold -- dark bronze when he got enough sun -- and a little boyish. He closed his eyes, not looking to see what Sully was gonna do, arms spread out wide, trusting. Goddamn, he was gorgeous like that.

Sully moved further down the bed and dripped the wax over Denny's hip and down the sensitive skin of his inner thighs. This time, Sully didn't ask if Denny liked it or not; Denny's body was answering for him. Denny cried out softly, spreading his legs open as best he could under Sully. He was hard, his dick twitching with every splash. Little tremors kept running through him like something under his skin was on the verge of erupting.

"Yeah, sugar. Just like that." Sully moved so Denny could spread his legs, moved so he could drip that hot wax right up as close to Denny's balls as he dared.

Denny was being so good for Sully, even with nothing tying him down. He was quiet now, shuddering and breathing shallowly, eyes closed, back arched, muscles standing out. His dick was dripping onto his belly, his balls tight, but he wasn't begging Sully for anything; it was like he was somewhere else, all turned inward and focused on the sensations.

Goddamn, Denny looked so good like that. A few more drips, but then Sully couldn't resist anymore. He put the candle aside and slid down between Denny's legs and lapped at the wet tip of Denny's cock. Denny tasted like he looked: like pure sex.

Now, Denny cried out, but he didn't touch Sully, he just clenched his hands in the blankets. He still didn't beg; after the first cry, he whimpered softly and gasped, shivering like he had a chill.

Maybe it was teasing, but Sully didn't suck Denny's dick into his mouth. He wasn't done yet. He pushed Denny's legs up and apart, and licked down between them. He knew, by now, how much Denny liked being rimmed, so he settled in and licked down past Denny's balls to give him a

little of that, too.

"Oh, *God*." Denny arched and pulled his knees up, hands behind them to open himself up.

That was what Sully wanted to hear. He hadn't expected it, but tonight had been chock full of surprises. Denny was so much easier with it all since Sully had come back this time. The change was slow, but it was happening. Sully used his hands to hold Denny open and used his tongue to fuck Denny, slick and hot.

Denny opened up for him so easy, trying to get more, making all kinds of sweet, crazy noises. He sounded like he was right gone with pleasure, unable to make any words. It was the first time he'd been like that when he wasn't strung up in the sling.

When everything was slick and wet, Sully pushed a finger into Denny and knelt up to find the lube. It was in the bedside table, of course. All his work getting the room ready with candles and such, and he'd left the damn lube put away. Sully dug it out with his free hand and started slicking up his fingers, pushing them in until Denny was writhing on them.

Denny loved Sully's fingers about as much as he loved Sully's cock and when Sully got him wound up, he was willing to say so once in a while. Sometimes, these days, it seemed like every dry spell threatened to become endless, and Sully had no say in it. But then it'd break and Denny would be like this, begging with his spread-out body and his little noises and needing Sully more than he needed air.

Sully slicked his cock and rose up over Denny, pushing inside without a bit of teasing. Denny'd been so good, so open and honest tonight. Sully couldn't see not giving Denny what he was begging for. Denny opened his eyes then, wide and hazy, focusing on Sully's face for the first time since Sully had picked up the candle again.

"Sully," he whispered, almost like he'd forgot Sully was right there with him. He was tight and close already, full of those little shivers he got when he was almost there. "Sully, I love you." Somehow, it sounded so innocent.

Sully smiled and ducked his head to kiss Denny on the mouth. Denny was tough, but inside, he was real tender, too. Sully moved slow and kept kissing Denny, whispering, "I love you, too, sugar."

Denny wrapped his legs around Sully's hips and his arms around Sully's neck. "Harder," he said with a little whimper. "I need it, Sully." He kissed Sully back, soft, frantic, little kisses.

Sully could never refuse Denny a thing, especially not when Denny was asking so sweet. "I got ya, sugar," he promised, bracing himself over Denny and fucking him harder, rolling his hips to get in deep every time. Denny felt so good like this, tight and needy.

Denny wound the fingers of one hand in Sully's hair, holding on real tight 'til Sully's eyes stung with it, and he slid his other hand between them to jerk off. He let his head fall back, rocking to

meet Sully's thrusts, letting Sully drive those little noises out of him. It didn't take much to push him over the edge.

Next thing, he was tight around Sully, coming real hard, painting his chest with thick streaks of come like he hadn't got off in days. That felt so fucking good. Denny's body was like a vise, holding on tight to Sully's dick while he came. Sully fucked Denny harder, faster, giving in to the heat boiling in his belly.

Denny was still shuddering and breathing hard when Sully slowed down at last. Shocks ran through him, and he clung to Sully's shoulders. He always looked so lost and a little scared when he came back from whatever place he went in his head when Sully gave him what he needed. He was looking at Sully, like he was waiting for Sully to tell him it was okay, that he was okay, that he hadn't done a wrong thing.

"Love you," Sully murmured, nuzzling at Denny's mouth. He wanted to fix things for Denny, to make everything okay. For now, though, all he could do was give Denny kisses and shelter Denny with his body, and say, "You're okay, sugar. You're so good. Ain't nothin' wrong with any damn thing what makes you feel that good."

Denny actually nodded and cuddled up to Sully, letting his legs slide down and pulling Sully to lie with him. "Ain't nobody's business but ours," Denny said shakily, still clinging. "Right, Sully?" He was kissing Sully back, a bit off-kilter, but not closed off, not like he used to get after even a little of the plainest kind of sex a pair of fellows could have.

"That's right, sugar." Sully never woulda guessed a little bit of kinky sex'd loosen Denny up and help him deal with being gay. If he had, he'd have started playing like this a long damn time ago. Either way, he was so damn proud of Denny just for trying. "Just you and me."

Denny nodded against Sully's shoulder. "It's private," he said, after he caught his breath some, and his voice had that right stubborn tone that Sully knew meant there wasn't any moving him.

"Nothing to be ashamed of. Just nobody's damn business." Sully nuzzled against Denny's cheek, pressing little kisses there. Denny was so torn up, sometimes, inside and out. Every little piece that settled into place made Sully a happy man.

Denny sighed and relaxed under Sully, his grip on Sully's shoulders sliding away. He was so wore out, he was looking sleepy already, but not upset. That was a good thing. He seemed contented, just where he was, even though he was a real mess.

Sully gave him a few more kisses, then moved away to start cleaning up the wax. He'd have let it be, but some of the drips were in places Denny'd have to work to reach, and Sully didn't want this to be anything Denny had to work at.

Denny didn't even fuss at that. He watched Sully with half-lidded eyes, looking well-fucked and ready to turn in. There was red under the wax, but no burns, and he made little happy noises as Sully pulled off some of the long streaks, stretching once the wax was gone.

Sully loved hearing those noises come out of Denny, especially now, when happy was something they had to work at. He stretched out next to Denny when he was done, shifting them both around to cradle Denny against his chest.

"Feels good," Denny admitted as he cuddled up close. He gave a little sigh and slumped against Sully. "I'm sorry I'm tired, Sully," he said sadly.

"How come?" Denny'd had a long day; Sully didn't see a damn bit of reason why he shouldn't be tired. Especially after Sully done wore him out with fucking. "You go right on ahead and get some sleep, sugar. I'll wake you up with a blowjob in the morning, get the day started just right."

"Don't wanna be a burden on you." Denny's voice was sleepy. "But it feels good when you take care of me. Just sorry I can't take care of you right." He petted Sully's arm where it was wrapped around his chest. "I'm gonna try more, I promise."

"Don't you worry about that, sugar." Sully didn't know how these damn fool ideas got stuck in Denny's head, but he was working hard to get rid of them. "You take care of me just fine. I love it when you come like that. Turns me on like crazy."

"Okay, Sully." The words were almost lost in a sleepy sigh, but there they were. No arguing.

Satisfied, Sully snuggled Denny up close and shut his eyes, settling in for sleep.

Denny had been antsy all the way to Dr. Halder's office at Mercy Hospital. He was used to making his way to the hospital by taxi, taking the elevator up the lacy glass-and-steel building to the twelfth floor and waiting patiently to see Halder, who was always late. Now, he was here with Sully, after Sully had dropped him off at the door and parked the truck.

It wasn't much of a waiting room, just an alcove with a cluster of chairs, at the end of a long hall. This was one of the first times he and Sully had ever been out of the house together when they weren't working. They even did the shopping and stuff separately. Now, that was weighing on Denny pretty hard. He was looking -- and making like he wasn't -- at Sully sitting across from him, reading a sports magazine, and thinking on how he loved Sully and how he wished he was over there holding Sully's hand.

"Doctor Halder will see you now," the plump little nurse said pleasantly. She gave Denny a fond smile; she was right used to him by now. Halder was a thin woman with dark skin, silvering hair, and long, clever fingers. Her nameplate on her big desk read 'Dr. Bhavna Halder.' When Denny came limping in with Sully behind him, she got up.

"Good day, Mr. Clay," she said crisply, frowning at him like a disgruntled blackbird. Her accent was like a butler or someone out of a British movie. "Please sit down, and take some weight off that foot. I wish that you had used the crutches today." She gave Sully a smile and held out her

hand. "Good day, I'm Dr. Halder." Denny felt himself tense right up, more from watching them meet than from the scolding.

"Sully Price." Sully gave her a charming smile and a light handshake, the kind he used when he was trying to sweet-talk a sponsor into giving the team more money.

"Have a seat, Mr. Price." Dr. Halder gave Denny a stern look as she went around to her side of the desk. There, she tapped at her computer until some pictures of Denny's bad leg came up on the screen, some kind of ultrasound, and some other pictures that had all kinds of little numbers and colors on them, pointing to different parts of the leg.

"I have good news, and I have bad news, Mr. Clay." She kept tapping at the keyboard and then paused to point at the screen. "After your surgery, we were looking at a very good outcome. You seemed to have excellent nerve preservation in your leg. The good news is that it doesn't seem that you've had too much loss in that area since. The bad news is that, in spite of that, your foot still isn't working." She referred to her files again. "Ah, yes. You're the driver; I'd forgotten that. It seems to me that being able to use your foot again would be particularly important to you."

Denny nodded, twisting his fingers together and feeling his foot throb as hard and fast as his heart was beating. "Yes, ma'am," he said meekly. "It's everything." He tried to keep his voice steady.

"We have two problems to deal with." Dr. Halder picked up some kind of pen-thing and drew right on her computer, making lines appear on the scans of Denny's leg. "The first is some necrotic tissue right here, up near the knee. That has to be causing you significant pain. It's clear how you've failed to seek treatment in a timely manner all along. You don't feel the need for it." She frowned at him again and Denny felt like he was back in high school. "Your pain tolerance is too high for your own good, young man." Denny couldn't look at Sully none, what with what they done in bed the other night, what they talked about. "That brings me to the other problem. The reason you're unable to walk or drive is an accumulation of scar tissue, probably caused by your failure to stay off that foot. I can open you up and clean up the scarring. This is the last time I can do it without damaging what we've salvaged and transplanted. Understand?"

"You can fix it?" Nothing else mattered but that.

"I can." Dr. Halder folded her hands in front of her. "On one condition."

Denny caved and looked at Sully for reassurance. Suddenly, his palms were slick with sweat. "What is it?" He dragged his eyes back to the doctor.

"You must stay off it." Dr. Halder leaned forward to emphasize her words, glaring at Denny, and then turning to Sully.

"If you are his friend at all, young man, you will do whatever it takes to keep him off that foot. I don't care what you have to do. Tie him to his bed, order him the pornography channel, hire women of ill-repute, *sit on him*; I don't care what you do. If he does not stay off it, he will not

ever drive again."

Denny opened his mouth to protest that he had stayed off of it, but she pointed at him like she had a gun and not just her finger. "Do not dare tell me that you've stayed off of it, Mr. Clay. I know your kind, and I know my job. No. More. Fooling. Around. You will follow my orders to the letter, or I will not do this surgery. It can wait until you are more mature, if that's what it takes. *I can wait. Can you?*"

Denny swallowed hard. "No, ma'am. I can't wait." His voice came out all thin. "I'll stay off it. I swear. I wanna drive again." He looked sideways at Sully when Dr. Halder glared at Sully again.

"He'll stay off it," Sully said mildly, but the look he gave Denny was anything but mild. Denny'd been keeping it to himself, all the things the doctor told him to do. There was no hiding it now, any of it, and now Sully knew how much he'd been fudging the rules before. "Don't you worry none, ma'am. You just let me know what he can and can't do. I'll make sure he follows the rules this time."

"I'll schedule your surgery for my next available opening, Mr. Clay. That may be some weeks." Dr. Halder started typing and then her printer revved up. "No more physical therapy. I'm putting you on an antibiotic that should help with the pain more than those painkillers you've been on far too long. Let's try getting off them."

Denny bit his lip; he wasn't taking them except when Sully made him. He didn't like drugs. "Yes, ma'am," he said meekly.

"We're not going to touch your leg until the surgery, except for your basic exercises and soaking it at least every other day, and keeping it up according to these instructions. You will go back to the crutches immediately." She pointed at a cabinet across the room. "Mr. Price, there are crutches in there, please go and get a pair. They can be returned next visit. Mr. Clay, if that foot so much as touches the ground, Mr. Price or the nearest available friend should immediately inflict upon you whatever extreme humiliating consequences they can imagine. Here are your prescriptions and your instructions." She held them out for Sully. "Marcia will contact you with your scheduled surgery time. If you have not stayed off that foot, do not bother coming." She glared at Denny. "I will know."

"Yes, ma'am." For such an elegant, educated woman, she was as mean as a junkyard dog.

Sully gathered up the crutches and gave them to Denny, then got all the paperwork from the doctor. "Thank you kindly, ma'am," he said, and Denny could hear that he meant it. He opened up the door for Denny and touched Denny's elbow. "Let's get you on home so's you can get that foot put up."

"Yes, Sully," Denny said, feeling right put in his place. "Thank you, Dr. Halder."

"Take care of yourself, young man," the doctor said, walking them to the door. "You've been given the chance for a better outcome than most. You're lucky not to have squandered it

completely, no matter how hard you seem to be trying." She saw them out and closed the door behind them. Denny was grateful for the escape.

It wasn't much of an escape, though. Sully got him trapped in that damn truck and turned toward him, propping one arm on the back of the bench seat and the other on the steering wheel. "You wanna tell me what the hell you were thinking?"

"I was fine," Denny protested. "I was. It ain't my fault; I was bein' careful!" It wasn't his fault that it was really hard to do everything for himself on crutches. Sure, he didn't use them enough, but... "I didn't think it was that bad. I thought exercising it was good for it. It didn't hurt that much." He leaned up against the door, feeling rather trapped.

Sully sighed and pulled Denny put against him, rubbing a hand over the top of his head. "Okay, sugar. But not this time. We're gonna be real careful, make sure that doctor lady don't have a reason in hell to say no to you, okay?"

Thank God Sully wasn't mad. Denny slumped against Sully and let Sully hug him and he didn't give a damn what anyone outside thought. Wasn't any of their business, was it? They were in a fucking hospital parking lot; anyone gonna judge him for this needed a punch in the head.

"I'll be careful, Sully. Swear to God." He pushed his face into the curve of Sully's neck and felt some strange hurt he didn't know he had fade out of his own neck and shoulders. "I'm gonna be so careful from now on."

"Damn right, you are." Sully held him real close and brushed a kiss over his forehead, up by his hairline. "An' if you don't... Well, that doctor just gave me permission to tie you to the bed, an' you know damn well I'll do it."

Denny shivered a little bit at that and then dared to nip Sully's neck right there, in the truck, in the parking lot, his hand sliding over Sully's thigh before he knew what he was doing. "You ain't makin' me want to behave," he said, then pulled away, his cheeks suddenly hot. He did up his seatbelt and then looked over at Sully sideways, not sure whether to be pleased with himself or horrified, playing with fire like that in public.

"But I'll be good, Sully," he promised. He reached out and petted Sully's hand, down on the seat where no one could see. *Ain't nobody's business but our own.*

Heating Up

Copyright © 2008 by Anah Crow and Dianne Fox

All rights reserved. No part of this eBook may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews. For information address Torquere Press, Inc., PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78680

Printed in the United States of America.

Torquere Press, Inc.: Sips electronic edition / January 2009

Torquere Press eBooks are published by Torquere Press, Inc., PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78680