

# SPOKEN

A HAMMER NOVEL



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Spoken

TOP SHELF

An imprint of Torquere Press Publishers

PO Box 2545

Round Rock, TX 78680

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Cover illustration by S. Squires

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ISBN: 978-1-60370-640-7, 1-60370-640-2

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First Torquere Press Printing: February 2009

Printed in the USA

## *Chapter One*

It was a beautiful night. The moon was out, the jasmine was blooming. Kendall had made Beef Wellington and a crème brûlée. He'd shaved and bathed and dressed up just a little and...

Well.

Eric had called while he was in the shower. "Kenny, I'm meeting up with some of the guys, going out for a couple of beers, maybe a movie. If you want to come, give me a call, we'll hook up."

Hook up.

Like they hadn't been together nine years.

He'd fed the beef to Oz and Murphy, the Shih Tzus snarfing it up. He'd cleaned the kitchen, made some tea, and curled up in the bed with his dessert and an ear worn copy of *The Garden of Last Days*.

It was still a beautiful night. Three years ago, Eric had been too sick to go out for beers.

Or learn to ride motorcycles.

Or bungee jump.

Now, after chemo and surgery and everything, Eric could.

Hook up.

Like he was some teenager and Eric didn't know that he'd come home after work and cook.

He heard the door somewhere around midnight, opening and closing, and then sounds from the kitchen. He closed his book and put it on the bedside table, left the light on for Eric to see, and stretched out along the edge of the bed. He'd be able to sleep now, since Eric was home safe.

Or he would have been able to if there hadn't been a commotion from the kitchen. Something fell and smashed, Oz and Murphy starting to bark.

He slid out of bed, heading for the kitchen at a run. "Is everyone okay?"

Eric looked up from where he was kneeling, picking up bits of a coffee cup. "I didn't mean to wake you," he said sheepishly.

"It's okay. I wasn't asleep yet." He shooed the dogs out into the back yard and got the broom, moving on autopilot. He'd taken care of everything for so long that it was just easy. "Did you want tea or coffee?"

"Coffee. Thanks, babe." Eric got up and staggered over to the kitchen table, sitting heavily on one of the chairs. "Had maybe one too many."

What was he supposed to say to that? He put the coffee on, took down some B vitamins and a couple of aspirin. "Did you have fun?"

He knew the answer would be yes. Eric was a master of having fun. Kendall Ryan, Jr. was a librarian, in the khaki pants and button-down shirts sense of the word.

"I did. Kind of thought you might join me."

"I was in the shower when you called. Dinner was in the oven. I read." He put the vitamins on the table, found another mug, and set it on the table before wandering back to the bedroom for his teacup and little ramekin. No sense not washing them out. It would make the morning easier. He thought maybe he'd get up and ride his bicycle into town, run a couple of miles along the beach before he did the grocery shopping.

"Anything exciting?"

"No. Dubus. The dogs liked the Wellington. They felt spoiled." He rinsed out the dishes, poured Eric's coffee. He could hear his heart beat in his head, like a nascent headache. "I think I'm going to take a shower."

Eric sighed and rubbed his face. "Sorry, hon. I didn't mean to spoil supper."

"No big deal. There will be other suppers." At least, he hoped there would be.

"You should have come with me." Eric grinned, eyes heavy lidded as they watched him. "We saw *Too Fast Too Furious* at the Repeat Theatre. Sexy."

"Cool. Who's 'we'?" Who's more interesting than me these days?

"A couple of the guys from work."

"Neat. Don't forget your vitamins and stuff." He kissed the top of Eric's head, a dull knot in the pit of his belly. "Love you." He had for years.

"Love you, babe." Eric tugged him closer, putting a sloppy, beer-flavored kiss on his lips.

He kissed Eric back, surprised to find himself near tears. Eric's fingers slid into his hair,

petting him. He squeezed his eyes tightly closed, his breath hitching in his chest. Those fingers twisted, holding him close as the kiss went hard, deep.

Kendall went still, eyes flying open to stare into pure, bright blue. He could feel Eric's fingers pressing into his skull, his lover's tongue just fucking his mouth. He crawled into Eric's lap, heart pounding in his chest, moaning into the kiss. Hungry. Eric was so *hungry*.

One hand left his hair, dragging down his body.

"Eric." He arched a little, his cock filling quickly, almost aching.

"Got you, babe. I so fucking do." Those fingers slid beneath his pajama top, stroking his belly.

His muscles tensed, rippled a little and he pushed up, wanting that touch lower. Eric pushed his bottoms down, tucking the elastic band beneath his balls.

He jumped a little, chuckling. "That tugs."

"Looks fucking sexy, babe. All exposed for me." Eric stroked his balls, knuckles teasing the base of his cock.

The hum pushed up through his chest, his cheeks heating. "You aren't tired of seeing it?"

"What?" Eric gave him a confused look.

"Me. You aren't..." He stopped, sighed, shook his head. "Nothing. I'm talking nonsense."

"Oh, good. For a minute there I thought I was drunker than I am." Eric laughed and then kissed him again, that hunger right there.

He went with that happiness, kissing Eric back and telling that voice that worried and fretted in the back of his head just to be quiet for ten minutes or so. Eric's hand wrapping around his cock and squeezing did a lot to help with that. His lover jacked him hard and quick, moans pushing between his lips. He went with it, starting to rock, to push into that touch.

Eric feasted on his mouth, biting and licking, sucking his lower lip in between hard lips.

"You'll leave marks." He wasn't one hundred percent sure he cared.

His words made Eric... growl. "Yeah. Yeah, I will." The biting got harder, as did the stroking, Eric's hand flying on his prick.

He was going to come. He tried to touch Eric back, tried to do *something*, but he was caught, gasping and clinging to his lover.

"Come on, babe. I can't wait to smell you."

"Eric!" He shuddered, shooting hard, the wicked tone of Eric's voice making him a little goofy.

Groaning, Eric leaned their foreheads together, hand still working him fairly hard, demanding one little aftershock after another from him. These little noises kept bubbling out of him, rough and happy.

Eric was looking smug, relaxing back now, hand still stroking him. It was maddening, and wonderful.

He rested his forehead against Eric's, breathing hard. "Hey. I missed you tonight."

"You should have come out with me."

"No. I don't know your friends."

"And you never will if you don't ever come out with me, will you?"

"We'll see." Like he was going to race cars or go skydiving.

Eric sighed and started licking his hand clean.

"I'm sorry. Let me get you a towel." From high to low. Bang. He got up, dragged his pants up, grabbed a soft towel.

"Don't. I like the way you taste."

He flushed, that heat making him smile, easing the tension in his shoulders a little. "You want to come take a shower with me? I'll wash you."

"Sounds like a great way to unwind. Better than coffee, anyway."

He turned around, flirting a little. "I bet I could wind you up, too." He held one hand out, more than willing to make peace.

"Oh-ho!" Eric's eyes lit up and a hand slid into his, warm and solid.

"Well, you know me. I'm all about fair." He got the dogs in and turned out the lights. Shower. Blow job. Nice night of sleep.

He could live with that.

Eric had shed his clothes as he'd made his way to the bathroom, leaving a trail down the hall. Kendall chuckled to himself as he gathered clothes. Of course, if he killed Eric in the shower...

## *Chapter Two*

Eric groaned.

He needed to get up, get out to the airport, and see if Randy had any room on the plane for another skydiver. But it was cozy and warm in the bed, Kenny curled up into him. Maybe today he could convince Kenny to come with him.

Kenny reached out, patted him gently. "Shh. You're okay."

How many times in the last three years had Kenny done that? Too many to count. Kenny had been there for him, through thick and thin and all the wretched, puking times in between.

"I know," he murmured, nuzzling his lover.

Kenny hummed softly, wrapping around him. The full lips were bruised from last night, swollen and red. It made him want to bruise more than just Kenny's lips, his long-hidden fantasies surging to the forefront again, like they'd been doing more and more lately. He reached out, tracing Kenny's lips, thumb rubbing. Kenny moaned, lips parting, sucking his thumb in, just a little. Fuck, that was hot. So unconsciously sensual.

Eric spread his legs restlessly, slowly pushing his thumb in deeper, then tugging it out again. Then in. The cock against his thigh was filling, getting hot and swollen, starting to get a little wet at the tip. He wanted to bind it, to hold Kenny's pleasure in at his own whim.

Damn, just the thought had his cock responding.

"Mmm." The sound was soft, but he felt it all around his thumb.

"Babe... God, I want you."

Kenny's dark eyes popped open, the little moustache tickling his thumb as Kenny sucked harder. Eric leaned in, licking his thumb as it slipped in and out of Kenny's mouth, the tip of his tongue touching the swollen lips.

"Morning." Kenny moaned the word in between sucks.

"Morning, babe." He kissed Kenny's nose. "Love you."

That made Kenny light up, smile. "Love you. You want to..." Kenny stretched, cock nudging him. "Uh. Go have breakfast or something?"

He laughed. "I'll take 'or something' for two hundred, Alex."

"The answer is, the guy who was having a lovely dream about his lover."

"Mmm... Who is Kenny?" Eric rolled, pinning Kenny beneath him.

"Absolutely right." Kenny stretched out, wiry muscles shifting against him.

He grabbed Kenny's hands and stretched them up over his lover's head. Bending, he peppered Kenny's face. Kenny chuckled, lips trying to follow his.

"Mine," he murmured, hips pushing hard against Kenny's.

"Mmmhmm." Kenny rocked back up toward him. "You're so hungry today."

He nodded. "Yeah. Starving for you. Starving."

"You just..." Kenny gasped, moaning softly, pulling against his hands. "Eric."

He tasted Kenny again, licking his lips, tongue sweeping inside as well. "What, babe?"

"You have my hands." Kenny stretched up, trying to deepen the kiss.

"I do. I've got you." He gave Kenny the kiss his lover wanted, pressing hard.

He felt it, when Kenny forgot about his hands and just opened up. This was what he wanted, what he wanted to explore. What he needed Kenny to give to him. How did he tell his sweet, gentle, devoted lover that?

He dove into the kisses, opening Kenny's mouth up to him and taking it thoroughly. Kenny started making these amazing little sounds, the moans and whimpers pushing into his lips. He circled their hips, their cocks rubbing and pushing together. He loved the way Kenny's belly jerked, the soft skin right above the silky black curls.

"Love you," he whispered, mouth sliding along Kenny's skin, little goatee tickling him.

"Love you, 'Ric. More than anything." He knew it was true, just like he knew the sun was going to rise every morning.

He nodded, his nose finding Kenny's throat, nuzzling there before he latched onto Kenny's skin. He was going to leave a mark. A hickey. A love-bite. It didn't matter what you called it, he wanted to see his mark on Kenny's skin. He wanted other people to see it, too.

He could feel the little moans against his lips, Kenny's hips bucking up, harder and harder, driving against him.

*That's it, babe. Show me how much you need me, how much this is turning you on.*



His teeth grazed the skin, his lips pulling hard. When he drew back, the mark left behind was lurid, and it made him smile. He ground his hips against Kenny's, meeting each movement with an urgent one of his own.

"I... Eric. Want you." Kenny was beautiful like that, when the pinched, worried, fussy look was gone and his lover wasn't fretting or thinking about anything but them and how good it was.

"Want me in you, babe?" He loved being inside Kenny's hot little body, ass gripping him so hard sometimes it hurt.

"God, yes." Kenny tried to reach down, but couldn't. Instead, Kenny's knee rose and gently touched his sac, rubbing the scar where they'd removed one ball. After he'd healed and the radiation was over, Kenny had spent hours exploring him, making the horrible mutilation something normal, something sexy, something natural and theirs. "Please, love."

"Get the lube, babe."

"You have my hands, Eric." Kenny's eyes were laughing at him.

"Oh." He looked up to find that yeah, he did have Kenny's hands. Laughing, he let go, his fingers sliding along Kenny's arms, touching the smooth skin.

Kenny grabbed him, hugging him tight, kissing him between chuckles. He kissed back, letting all his weight fall on his lover, pressing Kenny into the mattress as they kissed. Arms and legs wrapped around him, Kenny held on tight. Their cocks slid together, both of them moving restlessly.

"If we don't get you slicked up soon, it'll be too late." All this rubbing was getting to him, big time.

"Kay." Kenny moaned, sliding out from under him and turning, ass in the air, so he could dig for lube in the bedside table.

Groaning, Eric grabbed hold of that great ass, hands sliding over the round globes, squeezing.

"Oh." Kenny spread a little, pushing back into his touch.

His lover was such a slut once they were in bed, once they were touching. He could make Kenny forget his own name.

"Lube," he reminded softly, tongue circling the nerves at the base of Kenny's spine.

"Uh... uh-huh. Oh, Eric. Do that again."

"This?" His tongue ran over Kenny's skin again, and then he used his teeth, scraping gently along the same path.

Kenny's back arched like a cat's, and he got this amazing, sweet cry.

Oh, fuck.

Eric did it again, tongue, then teeth, then tongue again.

"Please. Please, Eric. God. Fuck me. I need you now. Hurry." The lube was pushed back toward him, Kenny's hips rolling furiously. It wasn't often that he pushed Ken far enough that his lover cursed.

He squirted the slick on his fingers, pushing two of them into Kenny's tight ass. He usually took his time, easing one finger in, teasing for ages with the second before working it in as well, but they were both near the edge today, both so needy.

It rocked.

"Yes." That sweet hole took him, muscles rippling around his fingers.

He spread his fingers wide, stretching Kenny. "Can't wait much longer."

"Me either. Me either, 'Ric. Need you."

He got his fingers out and slicked up his cock. "Me now. Me." He pressed the head of his cock against Kenny's hole, watching it spread around him.

"You." A flush crawled up Kenny's spine, so dark, so pretty.

He kept pushing in until his hips were snugged up tight against Kenny's, their balls pressed together.

"Full." The curls at the back of Kenny's neck were damp, his lover panting. Yeah, that pretty ass was tight, but he could imagine more. Thick plugs in a reddened ass. The heavy string of beads he'd seen online, from the size of marbles up to the size of tennis balls, all pressed in. That hole stretched around his fingers, his wrist. Oh, God.

He started thrusting, going wild as the thoughts got him more and more hot. Kenny moaned, pushed back into him, bracing himself on the headboard. Little cries filled the air and it was so hot.

He managed to get his hand around Kenny's hip, finding the hard, leaking cock. He tugged as he thrust. He could feel Kenny's orgasm barreling on, that incredible, tight heat gripping his cock fiercely.

"Fuck! Babe!" He thrust harder, feeling his own climax right there.

Heat sprayed over his fingers, Kenny's ass milking him. He shouted, a Tarzan yell as his come filled Kenny deep.

They slumped onto the bed, breathing hard, hearts pounding together. He stayed buried inside his lover, his fingers petting hot, sweaty skin.

"Mmm. I'm going to have to change my plans for the day. There's no way I'm biking into town." Kenny was chuckling.

He kissed the back of Kenny's neck, licking the sweat from his lover's skin. "It's the weekend, babe. I thought we could do something together. There's this club..."

"Yeah? You want to go dancing?"

"I..." He wasn't entirely sure the Hammer had dancing. He'd made casual enquiries about sex clubs; he hadn't factored dancing into it. "Maybe?"

Kenny chuckled. "Well, that was definite."

"I'm not sure they have dancing. But we can dance if they do."

"Okay. I didn't have big plans for today. I just assumed you'd be out."

"Well, I will be. You'll just be out with me."

He tried to sound light, tried not to let his worry show through. What if Kenny thought he was sick? What if his lover left him when he found out about the fantasies?

Kenny though, Kenny heard everything. "I don't have to come, if you think I'll be in the way, 'Ric. I mean, there's errands for me to do here."

"No! No, I want you to come. We could go for a late lunch. Check the place out." Start small. He imagined it was less busy during the day.

"Okay. Let's have Thai, hmm? Something spicy?"

"Yeah, that'd be great." Something spicy before they went to check out the spicy club. Fuck, he hoped this worked. He hoped Kenny would at least check it out. God knew he loved the man with his whole heart. He just didn't want to pretend this other side of his didn't exist anymore.

"Cool." Kenny grabbed his hand, kissed his knuckles.

He slid out of his lover and shifted slightly so he wasn't crushing Kenny. He kissed one shoulder. "It'll be fun."

"Mmm." Kenny nodded, took a deep breath and settled in the covers.

He closed his eyes and let Kenny's warmth tug him back to sleep.

### *Chapter Three*

Kenny unlocked the door, feeling Eric all tense and angry behind him.

They'd gone to the club Eric had wanted to go to -- this quiet little place with a huge black door and a bigger bouncer -- and they'd been firmly but gently rebuffed. It was a 'private' club. Members only. They needed an invitation.

Kendall had suggested another place, but Eric had just growled and they headed home.

"I'm sorry, Eric."

"Was it your fault?"

He jumped a little, shook his head. "No. I just know you were excited."

"I was. I wanted to show it to you." Eric went and poured two Scotches, holding one out to him.

"Thank you." He took a little sip, shivering at the burn.

Eric shot his back and poured himself another before settling in the big easy chair, glowering at nothing in particular. Kenny started puttering around, putting shoes away and washing dishes, handing Eric the television remote. Eric took it with a sigh and turned on the television. "Damn it, babe. I really wanted to take you there. Now that's not going to happen."

"I'm sorry. There are a lot of clubs in town. What's special about this one?"

Eric rubbed his hand over his face. "It was different."

"Well, okay." Different. Fabulous. He'd just look it up at work later. "Then make friends with a member and get invited." Everyone loved Eric.

"You think a private club's going to give me a list of their members to call at random?"

"Don't be bitchy. I'll find out for you. How long could it take? There have to be public records. You do live with a research librarian, you know."

"No!" Eric shook his head.

"Okay." He nodded, swallowed a little. If Eric didn't want him involved, he didn't have to be. "I never did get out to the store. We need milk."

"I just want to be the one to show it to you. I don't want to get there because you did it for me."

"I understand." He didn't, not really, but what was he supposed to do, to say?

"And now we've got the rest of the day ahead of us and nothing to do."

"Is that so awful?"

Eric shot him a look. "What does that mean?"

"I just... I know you like to keep busy, and..." He knew Eric wanted more than what he was.

"I do. I don't want to waste my days watching television. Life's too precious."

Kendall nodded. Life was precious. Somehow, though, he'd gotten less so, just in the last few years. "Why don't you see if Mark and Randy want to go surfing or parasailing or something? You've got a couple of hours before it gets dark." He could even head down to the shore and find a quiet spot. Watch for a little while.

"You gonna come with? Let me finally teach you how?"

"Me? I'd just slow you down..." He would go, though. Especially if it was just them, together.

"So? We'd be out there together, on the water, in the sun, having fun..." Eric held one hand out and he found himself moving, reaching out and nodding.

"All right!" Eric grinned and squeezed his hand. It seemed Eric's good humor had returned.

Hopefully he could help keep that mood positive, at least for a little while.

## *Chapter Four*

Eric ended the meeting with his team and glanced at his watch. Lunch time. Cool. He'd go look for Oliver and ask about the Hammer.

He took his files back to the office, then took the stairs up the two flights to the floor where Oliver worked and headed for the man's office. He could hear Oliver whistling, the sound leaking out into the hallway. Ollie was the happiest man, just always even-keeled. It was fascinating.

He knocked on the door, peeking around. "Hello?"

"Hey, Eric. How are you, my dear boy?" Oliver's smile was warm, welcoming.

"I'm... well. I was wondering if we could talk."

"Absolutely. Come in and have a seat."

"Thanks, Oliver." He sat, trying to figure out how to bring it up.

Oliver watched him for a moment, then stood and locked the door, eyes somehow... knowing. "Does that help?"

He felt his cheeks heat, but he nodded. "It does, actually. What I'd like to talk about is... private."

"Talk away." Oliver sat back down, offered him a smile.

"It's about that club you were telling me about. The one that caters to... special needs."

"Ah. The Hammer. Yes. What would you like to know?"

"I tried going the other day and they turned me away cold."

"It's members-only. I explained that. The things that go on in the club are... protected, as are the members." Oliver leaned forward, offered him a smile. "I'm sure you can understand the need for discretion."

"I didn't realize that meant you couldn't go just to have a beverage. To watch... I mean, how is anyone supposed to know if it's... if it's what I want?"

"Well, honestly, most people who visit come with a member. You're welcome to attend with me one evening, especially on Wednesday night. That's when the Doms come in, just to relax, share stories, take some time for themselves."

"Oh, that would be cool. I tried to go on the weekend. With my partner."

"I was under the impression your partner was... unfamiliar with the lifestyle."

Eric nodded. "I thought maybe if we went together and saw, that -- well, if nothing else, we could talk about it." He didn't have a clue how to bring it up to Kenny. 'Hey, babe, I want to tie you up and fill your ass with toys' just didn't seem the right approach.

Oliver nodded thoughtfully. "That's one way, but... the Hammer can be quite intense. Is this something you believe he'd be willing to explore?"

"I honestly have no idea." He sighed and sat back. "To be perfectly frank, I'm a little worried it might spell the end, if he reacts badly."

"Is it worth it to you? If it does?"

Eric shook his head. "I don't know. But I know we can't go on like this. That *I* can't go on like this."

"Please excuse the personal question, and feel free not to answer, but I've rarely seen the lifestyle fix a relationship that's broken. You are aware that the chances are most likely that you're going to be in this position again, yes?"

Eric shook his head. "It's not that our relationship is broken. It's more that... I am."

"Why? What's broken?"

"I've always had these fantasies about... the power stuff. BDSM. But that's all they've been. We have a good sex life, it's just not very... imaginative. But ever since I beat the cancer..."

"Can I make a few suggestions, Eric?" At his nod, Oliver continued. "First, I'd suggest visiting the club on Wednesday with me, for at least a month. Learn the lingo, learn your options, your interests. Learn that you're not alone. Then, if you think it's wise, I'll have a party at my home with a few select people, men with lifestyle subs, couples that have functional, healthy relationships for your partner to meet. Also, please remember that it's possible to have a relationship in the lifestyle that is outside your main relationship, should your partner not find satisfaction in it."

"What do you mean by a relationship in the lifestyle outside of my main relationship?"

"Well, if you find a sub who wants a relationship, say, once or twice a month..."

"No. No, that wouldn't be fair to Kenny." His lover had been by his side through thick and thin, and he loved Kenny. He loved Kenny more than anything.

"Less fair than leaving him because he doesn't give you what you need?"



Eric shook his head. "I don't know, Ollie. I just don't think I could ask him to do that." It would feel like... cheating. Like he was making Kenny accept Eric being with someone else as the only way he'd stay. "I'll take it under advisement, though, and I'd like to take you up on your offer. Visit the club with you and then, well, your help with opening the subject with Kenny would be most appreciated."

Oliver nodded. "You don't have to wait. Once you know what you're interested in offering a sub, you can feel him out. Does he like rough sex? Does he like penetration? Submission? Humiliation? Taking orders? Being bound? You have one huge benefit; you know him and he knows you. Some of those questions should be easy to answer."

Eric nodded. Kenny did like penetration, loved it. And they'd both gotten off that time he'd held Kenny's hands above his head.

"Can we start this week?"

"Absolutely. Seven o'clock on Wednesday?"

"I'll be there. Thank you, Oliver. I appreciate it."

"Remember what I said, hmm? Don't let things come as a complete surprise. Let him know that you need what he can give you."

He nodded. "Would you..." Eric swallowed. He hated feeling like such a neophyte. "Can I have your phone number, Ollie? If I run into trouble?"

"Absolutely." Oliver offered him another smile, scribbling a number on a business card. "My private number. Eric, I would never -- never -- have shared information with you if I did not believe you could be trusted, if I did not consider you my friend."

"I won't abuse your trust, Ollie. And I appreciate all the information you've shared with me." He'd never had a mentor before, never needed one. But this was too important not to screw up.

"I wish you the best of luck. I'll see you at the club. Dress is business casual in the evenings."

"Excellent. Thank you." He stood and held out his hand.

Oliver shook with him, smiled. "You're most certainly welcome."

"See you on Wednesday."

He nodded to Oliver and let himself out, his step much lighter.

Now he just had to broach the subject with Kenny.

## *Chapter Five*

Kendall came home from work and went straight to bed.

He didn't pass go. He didn't collect two hundred dollars.

He didn't even let the dogs in.

His head hurt and his heart hurt.

One of his coworkers -- Sally Jenkins, three kids, a husband -- had been killed on the way into the office, hit head-on. She'd sat at the desk beside his, brought him candy once a week. Had cooked for them when Eric was sick.

Now she was gone.

God.

He had no idea how long it had been before Eric came home and called out, "Hey, babe." Doors opened and closed, Eric letting the dogs in, pattering by the sounds of it.

He didn't answer; he just pulled the covers over his head.

Eric came into the bedroom awhile later. "Kenny? Babe? You in here?"

"Yeah."

"What's wrong, babe?" The bed dipped as Eric sat next to him.

"Sally Jenkins was killed today."

"What? Oh, my God." Eric leaned down against him, arms coming around him. "Oh, babe. Babe."

He nodded, pushed into Eric's arms and mourned, sobbing, letting himself go for a minute and letting Eric hold him. It felt surprisingly good. Eric held and rocked him, murmuring softly. He couldn't make out the words, but it didn't matter.

He let everything out, then he just relaxed, empty and warm, safe. "Sorry."

Eric kissed his forehead. "It's okay, babe. It's a terrible thing."

"It is. All day after I found out I just stared at her desk." He reached up, cupped Eric's jaw. "I love you."

"I love you, babe." Eric nuzzled his hand before leaning in and taking a soft kiss.

He nodded, opened a little, let Eric ease him. The kisses were soft, sweet, Eric cupping his cheeks and tilting his face slightly.

"Ric." He nodded, leaned into Eric's hands.

"I've got you, babe." Eric licked his cheeks, nibbled his chin.

"You do." His eyes closed and moaned, the care and love so welcome, so necessary.

Eric kept touching, kept kissing, giving him exactly what he needed. His fingers brushed through Eric's hair, holding on. Eric pressed him into the bed, warm and solid above him. It was getting dark, the room dim and warm, the whole thing felt... comforting, but not comfortable.

"You're safe," Eric murmured. "I have you."

That was it.

Safe.

He nodded, smiled. "Yes. It's good."

"Good." Eric's soft kisses continued, painting his face.

"Mmm." He found himself chasing the kisses, melting under the sweet care. Eric's fingers were like magic, working his muscles with gentle massage.

"Thank you." He'd never felt so... treasured.

"Love you, babe."

"Good." He gave Eric a hug, a smile.

Eric nodded, kissed him again. "No thinking for awhile, okay? Let me just make you feel good."

"That sounds like heaven." He bit back the instinctive 'are you sure?'

Eric began to strip him down, hands moving slowly, mouth covering his skin as it was revealed.

"Oh." The kisses left him moaning, shivering. "I shouldn't feel so good after such a bad day..."

"Says who? Not Sally. She didn't believe in guilt."

He smiled, nodded, his heart aching a little. "She didn't. She didn't, and I need this. You."

"Then just lie back and let me make you feel better, already."

Whether or not he was going to reply was irrelevant, Eric's mouth covering his in a hard kiss. His cock leapt, one hand sliding around Eric's neck. Eric's touch explored him, moved over him in slow strokes, bringing his skin alive. He shifted, spread under every touch, toes curling, his nipples and cock hard and tingling. The kisses spread across his whole face and over his shoulders.

"Feels so good." He stretched under Eric, humming softly.

"Good." Eric's teeth threatened his right nipple for a moment, followed by his hot tongue, striking out to lave and soothe.

That had him chuckling breathlessly, his legs shifting. That was almost too much, just for a second. One leg slid over his, holding them in place as Eric's fingers plucked at his other nipple.

"Oh. I. 'Ric." He arched a little, caught.

Eric hummed around his right nipple fingers stroking down to his belly. He reached down, fingers sliding over Eric's shoulders, spanning them. That had Eric humming again, the sensation singing through him. The fingers on his belly danced and played, teased, but never touched his prick.

"You're a tease." He didn't mind, though, not at all.

"I'm just taking my time, babe."

"It wasn't a complaint." He smiled, looking down his body at his Eric.

He got a flash of blue as Eric glanced up at him, and then his lover swooped down and swallowed his cock.

"Eric!" His head slammed back, the sudden move shocking him, catching him completely unaware, and he pushed deep.

Eric's hands landed on his hips, holding him down against the bed as Eric drew back and sucked on just the tip. Kendall's head tossed, pure need building in him, surprising him after the slow build up. Eric's head began to bob, the suction incredible.

"Eric. Eric, love. So good. Need you..." The words poured out of him, raw, hungry.

The hands on his hips loosened, freeing him to thrust if he wanted to. He braced himself on the bed, pushing up, trying to be careful, to be easy, but needing more. Eric's hands pushed beneath his ass, encouraging him to thrust.

"Oh, God." He pushed up, bucking hard, the sheets under his shoulders getting damp.

Eric's head moved, controlling how deep he went, but every few thrusts, Eric let him right in, throat swallowing around his tip.

"I'm... Soon." He grabbed the sheets, moaning low in his chest.

The only answer he got was an increase in the suction, one of Eric's hands shifting to roll his balls.

"Oh." He spread, pushed down a little, that tiny ache enough to send him over the edge with a moan.

Eric drank him down, each swallow squeezing the head of his cock and pulling out more pleasure.

"Good. So good." Moaning a little, he petted Eric's hair, blinking as he floated.

Eric slowly kissed his way up, ending at Ken's mouth to share a soft, lingering kiss.

"Wow." He chuckled, hands exploring Eric gently.

"Feeling better, babe?"

"Uh-huh. Thank you."

"Good. Wanna order a pizza?"

"Do you..." He reached down, stroked Eric's hip. "Do you need anything?"

"I wouldn't say no to a little reciprocal action..."

"No?" Chuckling, he slid down, nuzzling and kissing on the way. "I love how you smell, 'Ric." His fingers found Eric's ball sac, stroking gently, finding the scar, and then touching the rest of the sensitive skin.

"Y... yeah?" Eric groaned for him, legs spreading wide.

"Yeah." He licked lazy patterns on the way to Eric's cock. His fingers slid back to rub the strip of skin behind Eric's ball. "It makes me ache inside a little." Always had, from the beginning.

Eric moaned, hands dropping to his head, fingers sliding through his hair.

"My beautiful man." He sighed happily, lips wrapping around the thick column of flesh and pulling.

Eric jerked, moaning again, hands tightening for a moment in his hair before Eric relaxed again. "Feels good, babe."

Of course it did. He'd loved this cock for years. Kendall chuckled, taking Eric down to the root, then slowly pulling up. Eric whimpered, hands leaving his hair to grab at the covers, thighs tensing. He wet his finger on the next long up and down slide, and pressed inside Eric's body, stretching his lover gently.

That earned him a buck, Eric's prick pushing deep into his throat. Groaning, he took it all, finger and lips working together to love on his man.

"It's good. God." Eric babbled softly, the words not important.

It took a little pushing, but he found Eric's gland and started stroking it, giving Eric little, feather-light touches.

"Kenny! Fuck!" Eric bucked again, hips moving between his mouth and finger now.

Yeah. Yeah, 'Ric. Gimme. He pulled hard, swallowing and tugging.

"Babe!" Eric shouted and came, spunk pouring down his throat.

He swallowed Eric down, humming happily, cleaning the thick prick, the soft ball sac.

"Mmm... good, babe. Just what I needed."

"Good." He kissed the base of Eric's cock, then rested his cheek on warm belly.

Eric's fingers stroked through his hair. Kendall closed his eyes, let himself breathe.

"We'll get a large Meatlovers in a few, 'kay?"

"Yeah, 'Ric. That sounds good."

Easy.

Simple.

"When's the funeral?" Eric asked softly

"Saturday. Will you come with me?"

"Yeah. She was really good to us when I was sick."

"She was." That blanket of sorrow fell on him again. "She was my friend."

"I know, babe. I'm sorry." Eric sighed. "Sometimes life really sucks."

"Yeah." He wrapped his hand around Eric's thigh. "Sometimes it doesn't."

"We should focus on that, then, yeah?"

"Yeah." He kissed Eric's belly. "I do. Every time I wake up and you're here and healthy."

"Yeah. I hear you."

Kendall chuckled. "Like you don't know I'll always be here. I'm nothing if not consistent."

"I kind of meant I was thankful every time *I* woke up and was still here..."

"Oh. Right." Kendall took one more kiss, feeling a little foolish now that the storm had passed, then slid out of the bed, tugging his pants back up so he could splash some water on his face.

"Not that I'm not also glad for you, babe."

"I know, Eric. It's like I said, you know I'll be here." He found a smile and headed to pick up his tossed-aside work clothes. He needed to take their dark suits to the cleaners in the morning.

Eric sighed and got up, grabbing his own sweats. A soft kiss was placed on his forehead. "I'll order the pizza."

"I'm sorry." He wasn't sure what he was sorry for anymore. Just that he was.

"Shh. We're okay. It's been a hard day for you."

"Yeah." He kissed Eric's cheek. "Yeah, it has."

"You wanna shower together before we eat?"

Kendall stopped, nodded. "I do. That sounds good."

"All right. I'll order the pizza and meet you there in five."

"Okay." His smile felt real this time and he pushed into Eric's arms, leaning in for a kiss. "I'll be there."

Eric's kiss was soft, but thorough, filling his mouth with heat and love and the taste of them together.

"You could wait... We could take a long shower..."

A slow smile lit up Eric's face. "We could..."

He nodded, took Eric's hand, kissed each finger, one by one. "Come on, love. The pizza will wait. Everything will."



## *Chapter Six*

Eric waited for Oliver at the door to the Hammer.

He was pretty nervous. He was also pretty eager, too, though. He glanced at his watch, and he was bang on time. Points for punctuality.

Oliver and a couple of other men --one tall and bald, one lean and professional looking -- came walking up. Oliver smiled, nodded. "Eric, this is Marcus and Drummond. This is my friend, Eric."

"Hi." He shook hands with the two men. "Good to meet you."

"You're right, Ollie. He's a good-looking man." Drummond chuckled. "Welcome aboard. Oh, look. Jeremy's on duty."

A huge, wide man in a cowboy hat stood at the door now, glowering.

Jesus. Nobody was going to even try to get in who didn't belong with this guy standing there. "I'm with them," he said, pointing to Ollie and the others.

"Jeremy." Ollie smiled, nodded. "I'm sponsoring Eric. How is your master?"

"Mister Eric. Pleased." The huge man smiled, the look blissful. "He's good, sir. Very good."

Eric felt his eyes go wide. This guy had a master?

"Excellent. Can you tell him that I'd like to arrange to have lunch one day next week?" Oliver looked almost wicked. "I have a specialty item he requested."

Those tanned cheeks went pink. "Yes, sir. I'd be happy to."

Wow. This was the real thing. It really was.

"Good man. What are tonight's specials?"

"Steak, sirs. Steak, barbequed chicken, and curry."

"Sounds great." Good food. There had to be more to the place, though.

The doors were opened and they went in. The place was... lovely. Honestly lovely. Dark and quiet, subdued. Simple. Almost homey. He could bring Kenny to someplace like this.

"Nice," he told Ollie, grinning a little.

"It is. Let me introduce you to Xavier. He's the owner."

They walked across to the bar, a perfectly normal-looking man standing there with a smile. "Oliver. You brought your friend."

Eric smiled, holding his hand out. "Eric."

"Xavier." He got a warm grin. "It's nice to meet you. Welcome to the Hammer."

"Thank you. It seems like a nice place."

"It's very much like our home away from home, here."

"Cool." He looked around some more, still half wondering where they were hiding the kinky stuff.

"Feel free to look around, but please remember that we expect privacy." A confidentiality form was passed over. "We ask all members and visitors to sign this."

"Wow. You guys are really serious about this."

"We are. People have a lot to lose, you know?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I can see that." He read through the privacy contract, signing it when he was done. He noticed that he was also signing for Kenny; well, for his 'sub,' which was Kenny.

"Excellent. Welcome. Once you have explored things and have questions, let me know."

"Oh, okay, thanks." He wasn't sure if he was comfortable yet discussing this with anyone other than Ollie.

"You're welcome. What are you having to drink? I know Ollie's having wine, Marcus wants a beer and Doc Manning needs iced tea."

"I'll start with a Coke, please." He wanted to keep his wits about him.

"Sure. I'll have a server bring it to you."

"Thanks." He shook Xavier's hand again and then followed Ollie over to one of the tables.

The place was filling up -- there were about twenty-five men, laughing and relaxing, chatting. It was all so... normal.

Oliver smiled, patted a chair. "Have a seat. They serve lunch and supper daily, brunch on

Sundays. Wednesdays are only for us. There are shows Thursdays through Saturdays. The guys on the stage range from wonderful to..." Oliver looked over at the others and they all chuckled. "...loud."

"Boisterous."

"It sounds fascinating." It did. He'd looked at some magazines and porn films, but he wanted to see something real.

"It can be." The guy they called Doc smiled at him. "What are you into, man?"

"Um... I don't know." He felt pretty naive, young.

"Oh, man. I'm jealous." Doc chuckled. "I remember when everything was new, so hot, so fascinating. You've got an amazing ride ahead of you."

"Yeah? I hope so."

These guys were nice. Normal. Not at all what he'd been expecting. He wasn't sure now exactly what it was he had been expecting.

A beautiful young man came up, dressed simply in black, a tray of drinks in hand. "Good evening, sirs. I have your drinks."

"Thanks."

He sipped at his Coke, watching everyone in the place, taking it all in. The conversation was fascinating. The guys talked about work, about baseball and football and random get-togethers. They were just friends. Men.

Then someone said, "Marcus! When are you going to have that flogger done for me? My Bryan needs his ass reddened."

Eric felt prickles go up and down his spine, heat in his belly at the words.

"There something wrong with your hand?" Marcus winked.

"Shit, yes. It gets sore!"

There was a round of laughter, then someone else snorted. "Are you saying your Bryan has a hard heinie?"

"Nope," someone else called out, "just well loved!"

It was great, being a part of this, seeing how these men enjoyed each other's company.

The server came back, offering little sheets of paper listing the menu. The food looked simple, straightforward, but there were no prices. He looked at Ollie questioningly and

Oliver shrugged. "We all pay monthly dues. It's not cheap, but it's not exorbitant. It pays for a certain number of meals a month, drinks, the servers' salaries."

"Where does that leave guests like me?"

"You're on my account for the moment. When the group started... oh, fifteen years ago, I suppose, ten of us invested. That investment has been well taken care of."

"You guys started the club yourselves. That's pretty bold. In a good way."

"We did. It's a safe place." Oliver looked at Marcus. "Of course, some of us live the lifestyle twenty-four seven. Some just when the urge takes us."

He looked over at the bald man, who was smiling as blissfully as the big man at the door had.

"So it doesn't have to be an all or nothing thing?"

"Nothing has to be all or nothing. Marcus is in a full-time lifestyle relationship. Doc's lover is..."

Drummond looked at Oliver, chuckled. "Demanding? Pushy? Intense?"

"Bratty," Marcus suggested.

"Devoted works as well." Drummond got a wicked grin. "Doc needs a bit of a caretaker himself."

"What about you, Ollie -- are you in a full-time lifestyle relationship?" He hoped he wasn't poking where he didn't belong, but he wasn't going to learn without asking questions.

"Not in the same way Marcus is, no, but my lover and I have an agreement, and our power plays aren't limited to scenes. I give Jack what he needs when he needs it, whether or not he agrees."

"So there's, like, hundreds of permutations?"

Drummond nodded. "Possibly more than that. Just think -- there are couples only into bondage, some into pain, some into submission. Some are only interested in spicing up their sex life, some want the lifestyle to flavor everything."

"Did you all start off knowing your partner was into it, or did any of you start off as... is the word vanilla?"

Marcus' laugh was husky, happy.

Oliver grinned. "My Jack was... well aware of the lifestyle."

"I don't know if Kenny's *ever* thought about anything even remotely to do with BDSM."

"Well, do you two... play? I mean, during sex. Do you think he'd enjoy it?" Drummond looked interested, curious.

"I've started testing the water. Holding his hands over his head and stuff like that. He seemed to enjoy it." It felt strange talking about their sex life like this.

"Have you tried pornography? I've seen many people use that to their benefit, in a 'does that make you hot' sort of way," said Oliver.

"Except you have to watch for the honest reactions, not the lip service. So many people are ashamed." Doc shrugged.

"Porn is so... fake."

"Yeah, but where else do you get the privacy?"

"True. I was thinking of bringing Kenny here. Seeing what he thought, you know?"

Drummond nodded. "Maybe after a slow introduction, huh? Things here can be very staid or very intense, and you never know what you'll get."

"I'd like to know a bit more about it before I bring it up. Ollie actually suggested bringing him to a low-key party at his place later on."

Oliver nodded. "We can have something arranged, especially once your partner has a little time to adjust to the concept."

"I'm not sure how to bring it up, really."

Before anyone could say anything, the server was back to take their order. "Oh, I'll have the surf and turf, please."

The orders were made easily, everyone relaxed, chatting. He learned that Marcus' lover was spanked daily, that Doc wasn't into bondage at all, that Ollie's Jack was a screamer of somewhat legendary proportions.

The food took hardly any time at all to come, and it was delicious.

He was having a surprisingly good time.

Oh, not that he'd expected to dislike it, but he'd come to learn, to see what this was all about, and this was fun.

After they ate, a young man stood up on the stage, a basket of... something in his hand. "Hey, guys. I'm going to be giving a talk on figging in the back." A gray, lumpy shape was held up. "I have extra ginger for everyone."

Marcus' eyes lit up.

"Figging?" Eric asked. Ginger? He swallowed.

Oliver smiled. "If you remove the skin from a hand of ginger, you can insert it in an ass, or a cock, and it burns, stings."

His eyes went wide. "Oh..." He didn't think that was the kind of thing he wanted to do with Kendall.

Oliver leaned over, chuckled. "I bet you all twenty dollars Jeremy is in trouble tonight."

Marcus pulled out his wallet and handed over a twenty. "I'm in."

Doc chuckled. "Not a chance. That's a sucker bet. That's like betting that Jim isn't over Marcus' knee begging by midnight."

"You know me too well." Marcus grinned, looking pleased as punch.

The man looked happy, as had the bouncer. So did Oliver and the others. That was good.

Eric took a deep breath, feeling less like a freak than he had in... maybe forever. He sat back and enjoyed the rest of his meal, more glad than ever that he'd come.

## *Chapter Seven*

Kendall put up with Eric going out every night for two weeks. Then he started going out himself.

The first night he went to a bookstore, then to a bar. Finally, he found a twenty-four hour coffee shop with a nice atmosphere and quiet lighting. He could sit there, sip cup after cup of coffee, and read.

His cell rang, sounding loud in the quiet shop.

He answered without looking. "'Lo?"

"Babe! Where the hell are you?" Eric sounded... upset.

"Out. What's up?" He made himself not ask if Eric was okay.

"It's two a.m.! I thought you were dead or something!"

He shrugged, made himself take a deep breath before answering. "I'm fine. I just got bored. I'll be home soon."

"Where the hell are you at two a.m.? Jesus, babe, you scared me."

"There's a coffee shop I like. It's a comfortable place to read, people watch." Not be miserable.

"Since when do you stay out late on a week night?"

"Since I stopped having a reason to stay home." He blinked at himself, at the rage that hit him, all of the sudden.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing." The fury left with a pop. It didn't matter and he didn't want to fight.

"Nothing. I'll be home in twenty." His bike was out there, waiting for him.

"You want me to come get you with the car?"

"No. No, I'm on my way. See you soon." Hell, Eric'd probably had a beer or two, although he didn't sound like he'd been drinking.

"All right. I'll be waiting."

He didn't hurry, but he didn't dawdle, either, peddling home, the caffeine buzzing in his system. He wasn't going to apologize. He wasn't.

Eric had the front door open, shoulders relaxing as he biked up to the house.

He put his bike up, grabbed his book, and headed in. "Hey, Eric."

Eric grabbed him and hauled him close, hugging him hard right there, on the front porch. "Hey. God, I was imagining all these terrible things."

"What?" He wrapped his arms around Eric, squeezing.

"You're never out late, babe. I thought something terrible had happened and they'd find you somewhere..."

"I've been going out for four days, Eric. In a row."

Eric blinked. "Since when?"

"It doesn't matter. No one's counting." He stepped back, headed inside. Except he was.

"No, but I used to ask you to come out with me and you always refused."

"Yes, well, it's been nineteen days of eating alone. Not that I'm counting." He turned, looked at Eric, and finally asked what he'd wanted to ask for months. "Is there someone else? I mean, I'd understand, but I think I deserve to know if you're... stepping out." Stepping out, such a charming phrase for such a shitty thing.

"What? No! No, Kenny. I love *you*."

"So much that I can stay out for hours and you didn't even notice?"

Eric sighed and rubbed his face. "I... babe. We need to talk."

"Okay. Talk." He went into the living room and sat in a chair, arms curled around his legs.

Eric sat on the end of the couch nearest him. "This isn't how I wanted to do this."

"Just get it over with, Eric. Whatever it is."

"I was going to take you out to dinner. You know, wine you and dine you." Eric gave him a wry smile.

"Before what? Are you leaving me?"

"Leaving you? What? No." Eric shook his head. "No, babe. You've got it all wrong."



"Then what? Someone in love with me, someone who isn't unhappy, doesn't spend all his time other places."

"I've been... I don't know how to talk to you about it."

"Talk to me about what?" Ken rubbed his temples. "What are you *doing*?"

"I've been going to that club."

"The sex club." He'd researched. He knew. "So there is someone else."

"There's no one else, babe. I've been... looking into it. For us."

"For us?" He didn't understand.

Eric nodded. "I've been trying to figure out how to bring it up for a long time now. I just didn't know how."

"I don't get it."

"I know. I'm not doing a very good job of this." Eric bit at his lower lip. "You remember awhile ago. When I held your hands up over your head?"

Kendall looked at him, tilted his head. "That was weeks ago."

"Yeah, but you liked it, didn't you?"

"I... I like making love with you, yes."

"I don't just mean making love, though. I mean, don't you ever want to do some other stuff, too?" Eric met his eyes. "You know. Kinky stuff."

He sat there, staring.

Well, that was unexpected.

Eric was quiet for a moment, but when he didn't speak, his lover went on. "Dominance and submission, you know? I've been hanging out with some tops, learning about it."

"Why?"

"Because I have these fantasies, babe. And since the cancer, I've wanted them to be more than just fantasies."

"Why didn't you just *tell* me?"

"I didn't know *how*."

He would have... He wasn't... "I have been with you for almost ten years. You can tell me anything!"

"I know. I know. I just... I was worried you'd think I was a freak. And maybe... maybe I'm more worried you'll say no."

"I'm worried that you think I'm boring and old and that you've found one of these exciting people to get with. I'm worried that after all we had and lived through, you're looking for something better." Once the words started coming out, they wouldn't stop. "I'm worried that I'm a fucking fool who's going to be lonely and trapped in this quiet house until you're gone!"

"Oh, babe." Eric slid off the couch, going to his knees and grabbing Ken's hands. "I don't want to do this with just anyone. I want you. And I don't think you're boring or that there's anything better out there. I just... I think we can be even more than we are."

"You're not making any sense." He leaned forward, shaking with caffeine and stress and pure exhaustion.

"See? This is why I didn't talk to you about this. I haven't figured out how yet, and now I'm screwing it up."

That struck him as funny, somehow, the laughter bubbling up out of him.

"You're laughing at me?"

"No. No, Eric. I'm laughing at... Us." He was laughing because he'd cry, otherwise.

"I don't get it." Eric gave him a wry grin. "But it's better than being mad or disgusted with me."

"Oh, I'm mad. I'm probably going to be madder tomorrow when I'm less tired."

Eric sighed. "So you're mad?"

"I'm mad. I've been miserable for months. Missing you."

"Life is short, Kenny. And it's not like I didn't ask you to come with me!"

"Life is short and I'm not enough. I get it. I'm not exciting and I'm silly and read too much. I don't drink much and I don't enthuse you and I'm nowhere near as fun as all the new, young, fabulous friends you've made. I understand. It was fucking convenient for you, though, wasn't it? When you were so sick and you needed some homebody twenty-four hours a day?" He stood up, staring down at Eric. "You got better, and now you're pissed because I'm the same guy I was when you met me."

Eric stood to face him, reaching for him. "That's not true, Kenny. I've never stopped

loving you, and I want you with me. I'm not cheating on you, babe. I swear on my one good nut."

"I just want us to be happy again. I thought the worst was behind us."

Eric wrapped him in strong arms, holding him close. "I'm sorry, babe. I never meant to make you feel like you weren't enough. Never."

He leaned in, fighting tears with all he was. "I'm sorry."

"No, no, you haven't done anything wrong, babe. I've messed this up. I wasn't trying to, but I have."

"I want to make you happy. I want us to be right."

"Me, too. I swear." Eric cupped his cheeks and looked into his eyes. "You look exhausted, Kenny. Do you think we can discuss this tomorrow? I could take a day off work if you can." Eric hadn't taken a single day since he'd been well enough to return.

"I can." He nodded. "Okay. I'll call in tonight."

"Okay. We'll talk it all through tomorrow. I'll tell you everything." Eric leaned in and pressed their lips together, the kiss hard, almost fierce. "I love you, Kenny. I do."

"Promise?" God, he was so needy.

"Yes. For always." Eric sealed the words with another kiss, just as fierce as the last.

Kendall nodded. What else was he going to do? He loved the son of a bitch. He wanted things to get better.

He needed them to.

## *Chapter Eight*

Eric slept fitfully, but he did sleep, Kenny in his arms a good portion of the night.

They'd both already called in, so they could sleep late if they wanted to. He tried, but around seven a.m. he was awake, and too busy cursing himself out for having screwed this up so badly to go back to sleep.

He slipped out of bed and went to turn the coffee maker on.

He should have talked to Ken from the start, but before he'd gone to see the Hammer, he hadn't really known how to express it so it made sense. Still, if he'd had the courage to just tell Ken, he could have saved his lover thinking the worst. He hadn't realized how Ken was taking his going out and stuff.

Honestly, he hadn't even thought about how Kenny might be taking it, not really. He was a selfish bastard, bent on making sure he got what he wanted willy-nilly. He sighed as the coffee pot gurgled noisily.

Kendall wandered in, headed for the little cabinet they kept medicine in and grabbed some aspirin, then went to the refrigerator and grabbed the eggs.

"You have a headache, babe?"

"A little one, yeah." Kendall came to him, face lifting for a kiss. "You want eggs?"

"Sure, if you're having some, too." He pressed soft kisses on Kenny's lips, the little goatee tickling in that familiar way.

"Mmm." Kenny blinked at him, smiled a little, the look soft, still sleepy. "Morning."

God, he loved this man. He didn't want to lose this, lose Kenny. He kissed Kenny again. "Good morning."

Kenny leaned in hard. "I'm sorry about last night. I was being a bitch."

He held on, fingers sliding along Kenny's spine. "Oh, I think I can take some of the blame, babe. I've been pretty selfish since I got better."

"I just... I don't want you to give up your fun, 'Ric. I just want to have some of you, too."

"No, I'm selfish. I want my fun *and* you. I want you to have fun with me." He shook his head; he didn't want to half go into this, he wanted to start at the beginning and just go. "I need coffee, babe."

"Okay." Kenny nodded and stepped away, turning to start cracking eggs, the old, simple robe familiar across those lean shoulders. He thought he'd seen this same scene a million mornings, Kenny's dark head bowed over a bowl, meticulously stirring and spicing and cracking.

It was as comfortable as the robe Kenny wore.

He poured them both coffee, handing Kenny his mug and stealing a bite of bell pepper before it could go into the eggs.

"Thank you." Two pieces of turkey sausage went into a pan, the eggs in a skillet.

It began smelling good immediately, and he knew he was really lucky. Kenny'd been taking care of him long before he got sick; the cancer had just intensified everything, concentrated it.

"You want juice with breakfast?"

"Sure. There's apple and cranberry and... pomegranate?"

"How about cranberry?" The pomegranate was supposed to have all sorts of good things for him in it, and he disliked drinking it on principle, because he wasn't sick anymore.

"Sounds good." Of course, they wouldn't talk about the veggies in everything and the turkey sausage and... He grinned. Kenny was going to take care of him, no matter what.

He poured out the juice and set the table. Drank his coffee. He got a plate of food, a smile that almost made it to Kenny's eyes.

He reached out and took Kenny's hand, squeezing. "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Kenny looked surprised and that hurt him, that something so simple could surprise his lover. God, had he really been that much of a jerk? Yeah, he was pretty sure he had. He squeezed Kenny's hand again. "It smells great."

"It's your favorite." Kenny leaned down, kissed his temple.

"You're so good to me." God, he was a schmuck.

"I am. I love you." Kenny sat, sighed a little. "You're not bad to me, Eric, so just stop it. You've just... Well, you've got another life now, and it's not one that has me in it."

"That's where I went wrong. Because I want you in my life. Come on, let's eat so we can talk without expiring."

The food was good, and Kenny was right there, close and quiet. It didn't take long to eat their food, and he cleared the table, put the plates in the dishwasher.

"I guess we should talk." Because he'd run out of things to do.

"Okay." One of his hands was taken, fingers petted. "It's okay, 'Ric. No matter what."

He nodded, turning his hand to twist their fingers together. "Yeah. Okay."

They went to the living room again, Kenny leading them to the sofa, together. That, in itself, was better than last night.

"So..." He supposed it was too late to put a porno film in.

"Eric, just spit it out."

"You know how everyone has fantasies, right?" He might as well start at the beginning.

Kenny nodded, legs brushing his.

"Well, I've always had these really kinky ones. Like, forever. Before I met you, even. But that's all they've ever been, is fantasies. I never thought I'd want to act on them. But getting sick. Surviving the big C, you know? That's made me look at everything differently. Everything."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because it's kind of... very naughty."

"But... how come you could tell strangers?"

"Because they're into the lifestyle. To them it's normal."

"Are you... Is there someone there for you?"

He shook his head. "No. No, there's no one else. You remember Oliver. From work?"

Kenny chewed his bottom lip, nodded. "Pretty older man? Nice dresser?"

"He's the one who told me about the Hammer. He's a member there. A Dom. He invited me to the place on their 'Dom night.' He's my friend, not my lover."

"Okay. Is it... fun?"

"I haven't *done* anything, okay? I don't have anyone to replace you. I've just been learning about the lifestyle."

"Well, is that fun?"

Eric grinned, nodded. "Yeah, yeah, it has been. The Hammer's really cool. I want to take you sometime. Though Oliver offered to have a small party at his place first, to show you

some of what the lifestyle is about. And I'm getting ahead of myself." He took a breath and tried to order his thoughts. "I imagine you know what BDSM is?"

"Leather and whips and chains. Yeah. I have a computer." The harsh words were gentled by a soft laugh, a touch.

"There's more to it than that. It's about trust and submission, too. Ropes and cuffs," he added, admitting to one of his biggest fantasies. "I've dreamed about tying you up and having my wicked way with you."

Kenny pinked a little, didn't pull away. "Really? Me?"

He nodded, blushing hard, but his cock was even harder. "You'd look amazing. Hot."

Kenny ducked his head, legs shifting a little. "Oh. I. What else?"

"Maybe some spanking. Definitely filling you with things. Fisting." He added the last in a whisper and fuck, but his face was so red.

"Is that last one even *real*?" Kenny was whispering back, staring at him.

"Yeah, apparently. I've asked. There's all these different things. I don't want to try all of them. Some of them are really extreme, some just don't do anything for me." He held Kenny's gaze now that it was out, the words just tumbling from him. "I don't even want to be full time with it or anything like that, but it's something I'd like to explore. With you."

"With me." Kenny stared at him, breathing with him, cheeks hot. "Are you sure?"

"I don't want anyone else, Kenny. It's you I love, you I imagine when I think about it." He realized he wanted to take this journey with his lover or not at all.

"Oh."

He saw the sudden heat and pleasure in his lover's eyes and he knew he'd told Kenny something important, something necessary for both of them. He reached out, taking Kenny's hands. "So, do you think I'm sick?"

"No. You've *been* sick. You're well now."

"Yeah?" He grinned at Kenny. "You're not running away screaming, either."

"No. No, I'm not sure that I get some of it, but it doesn't sound sick."

"Good. Cool. I don't get it all either, but we can find out together, right? You and me?"

"I'll try, for you. Sure."

"Thank you, babe." He pressed their lips together.

Kenny leaned in, kissed him gently, then leaned back.

"So how do you feel about going to a party at Oliver's and seeing what this whole thing is about?"

"They won't think I'm... plain?"

"Kenny..." He reached out and traced the beloved face. "Don't you know you're beautiful?"

"Psht. Nonsense."

"It's not nonsense." He brought their mouths together again. "You're going to shine, I just know you are."

"I'm going to... I'm just going to be me, 'Ric."

He smiled and nodded. "I know."

"You're good with that?"

"You're who I want, babe. *You*. Goatee and all." He gave Kenny a wink.

"Stop it." Kenny laughed, pinked. He'd been pushing about the little beard and moustache for years, teasing.

"Maybe I'll tie you down and shave it off." He'd threatened that before, too, though this was the first time he'd said it while Kenny knew tying his lover down was exactly what he wanted to do.

"You will not." Those dark-dark pretty eyes flashed to his. "Would you?"

"I might." He relented. "This is where I tell you about the safeword."

"The what?"

"You get to choose a word, something that wouldn't usually come up while we're having sex, and if ever you want me to stop or don't want me to do something, you say the word."

"Okay, explain to me why 'no' doesn't work?" Kenny slid into his lap at a gentle urge, and his confidence leapt again. Kenny wouldn't be so relaxed if this was terrible.

He gently petted Kenny's thigh. "Well, because maybe part of the fun is being able to say no, but not really meaning it."

"Oh." He felt Kenny's body flush with heat. Someone liked that.



"You should pick a word now, just in case I get a wild hair to actually deal with the face rug."

"It's a *goatee*, turkey." Kenny laughed for him, eyes dancing.

He took a kiss from that laughing mouth. "Pick a word, babe. Just in case we need it."

"Uh... like... chimney? Or thesis?"

"I think you're less likely to say chimney than thesis," he teased his librarian lover.

"At least I didn't pick Dewey Decimal."

He started laughing, holding Kenny close. Kenny's legs wrapped around him and a full, hard cock nudged his belly as Ken's robe parted. "Oh, babe." He kissed Ken like he was never going to stop. Damn, he was lucky.

Ken moaned for him, tongue flicking against his lips. He slid his hands down along Ken's back until he reached the skinny ass.

"Do you... Do you want to head back to bed?"

"Nope. I want to do you right here on the couch."

"Here? Wicked man." Kenny moved closer, resting against him fully.

"Uh-huh. I guess we'll find out just how wicked, hmm?" He opened Ken's mouth with his tongue, taking this kiss.

Kenny's eyes flew open, the dark eyes so big, so hot for him. Squeezing Kenny's ass, he rolled their hips together as his tongue pressed and danced. Kenny's hand pushed between them, finding his cock in his sweats.

He broke the kiss, looking into Kenny's eyes. "No. No touching." Grabbing Kenny's hands, he tugged them behind his lover's back.

"What?" That arched Kenny's chest, the look wanton, sexy. Incredibly hot.

"I said no hands." Wrapping his fingers around both wrists, he used his other hand to keep Kenny's hips rolling against his.

"Oh." That little gasping sound was addictive.

Grinning, he began to nibble at Kenny's face.

"Hungry man." Kenny was following his mouth, moaning a little.

"Uh-huh." He found Kenny's Adam's apple, teeth grazing it.

"Stings." Kenny tugged at his wrists, moaned low.

"You want me to tie you up, babe?"

"I..." Kenny shivered. "You'll stop, right? If I don't like it?"

"All you have to do is say chimney." He kissed Kenny hard. "So remember -- you can say no as much as you want and I won't stop."

"Okay. I shouldn't be nervous."

"You're allowed. We've never done this before." He slid kisses over Ken's cheeks.

"No, we haven't. I never thought about it."

"I have." He bit Kenny's earlobe.

"Tell me?"

"Before I met you, it was really general, hands bound in rope, that kind of thing. But after we met? I'd imagine you. Spread-eagle on the bed, tied with rope. Or just your hands in cuffs at the top of the bed. Your body all spread out for me."

"Eric." He heard Kenny's whimper, actually felt that pretty cock jerk at his words.

Oh, God. This was going to be okay. They were going to get through this together.

He shifted, laying Kenny down on the couch and pressing into him. "I've fantasized about filling you with dildos and plugs of all shapes and sizes. Of making you beg for my cock."

"Oh, God. Eric." Kenny jerked, humping up against him. "I..."

"I want to spank you, babe. I want to make your ass red so that every time you sit down, you remember me and how I made you burn." He ground their hips together.

Kenny turned toward his throat, lips open, hot. Wet. Pushing his hand between them, he got his sweats down, Kenny's robe open so they could rub their cocks together.

"Please. Tell me more." Kenny bit his throat, just a bit.

"You want to hear about how I want to bind this pretty prick and not let you come all day?" He wrapped his hand around both of them, stroking hard.

"Yes. Yes, Eric. I want to hear." His Kenny was right there with him, right there.

"The guys at the club told me about something called a penis wand. You know where it goes, babe?" He teased the slit of Kenny's cock.

"No. No... it *goes*?"

"Right in here. Right in this little hole. You just drop it right in."

Kenny stared at him, lips open, hips jerking furiously. He felt a million fucking feet tall.

"You won't be able to come until I take it out, but you'll want to. Your balls will ache and you'll beg me. You'll beg me so hard, babe."

"Gonna... I... I'm gonna..."

"You wait until I tell you that you can." He held Kenny's gaze.

"Eric..." Kenny looked like sex walking, flushed and focused and not plain at all.

"You have to wait for me to say you can." And he could watch this all day long. His beautiful man.

"What if I can't?"

"You will." He'd been making this man come for years now -- he'd know when he could say "come" and it would happen.

"You... I want..." Kenny laughed, breathlessly. "It's like my skin doesn't fit."

"Exciting, isn't it?"

"It's... Yeah. Yeah, I guess it is. I..." Kenny blushed dark, arched up into him.

"Just go with it, babe. Let me blow your mind." His hand tightened and worked harder, jacking for all he was worth.

"Love..." Kenny hid his face, his heated cheeks, in Eric's shoulder.

"No. Look at me. I want to see your face." He wanted to see the look in Kenny's eyes when he finally let his lover come.

"I..." Kenny stared up at him, the look stunned, horny.

"That's better." Leaning in, he took a kiss, his tongue fucking Kenny's lips. When he drew back, he gave his lover a wicked smile. "You can come now, babe. For me."

Kenny jerked, face a study in need. It was only a matter of seconds before Kenny shot for him, spunk pouring over his hand.

He'd never get tired of that smell, never. He kept moving his hand, sliding it slickly along Kenny's prick. "God, babe. So good."

"Uh-huh." Kenny shivered and shuddered, happy little sounds filling the air.

He finally let go of Kenny's prick, bringing his hand up to his mouth to lick Kenny's spunk off it. God, it tasted as good as it smelled: salty and male, with a side of bitter.

He heard Kenny's little moan and then a soft, warm hand slid up his belly. "Wow."

"You taste good, babe. Taste like sex."

He pressed their lips together to share the taste with Kenny as his hips began to move again, driving his cock along Kenny's slick belly. Kenny wrapped around him, moved against him, and gave him all that skin to touch.

"You're so sexy, babe. Love you," He murmured and nibbled, his hips working hard.

He felt Kenny nod, felt the soft hum as his lover gave it up for him. He was so close, so very close. Groaning, he let go, coming all over Kenny's belly and chest. They rubbed together, the scent of sex heady, wonderful.

"That was a pretty good start, wasn't it?"

"It was something." Kenny looked a little dazed.

"Thank you, babe. So much."

Kenny kissed his cheek, "Want to go shower?"

"Yeah, sounds good. And then I'll call Ollie and tell him we're ready for that party." He kissed Kenny again, so pleased.

So eager to get started.

"Okay. It won't be... It's not... graphic, right?"

"I don't know, babe. It might be a little, but Ollie knows we're first timers, I'm sure he'll be gentle." He stroked Kenny's cheeks, soothing his babe.

"I hope so. I hate looking like I'm stupid."

"Not knowing the lifestyle and being stupid are two entirely different things, babe."

"Still." Kenny sighed a little, then grinned. "We'll worry about that when there's a date to fret over."

"There you go." He kissed his lover. "Besides, you and me together -- we can do anything." After all, they'd beat the cancer, hadn't they?

"Yeah. Yeah, I guess we can. Come on. Let's get soapy."

"Yeah." He took Kenny's hand and led him to the shower.

They had all day and all weekend to work at this, to reconnect. To explore.

It was going to be all right. It was going to be better than all right.

He squeezed Kenny's hand.

## *Chapter Nine*

Kendall woke slowly, lazy and warm, knowing that it was late in the morning, but that was okay. They were playing hooky.

They were...

They had.

His eyes popped open and he felt his cheeks heat. Oh, lord.

Eric lay next to him, eyelashes shadowing his cheeks, looking almost angelic as he slept.

The things Eric had said... They'd made him a little crazy.

His lover's hand slid along his side and over his belly, landing on his hip, fingers curling to hold him. The touch eased him and he snuggled in, let his eyes close again.

"Gonna make you shine," muttered Eric, and he wasn't sure the man was even awake.

"Mmm." He patted, snuggled closer.

Eric pressed closer, too, his prick hard and hot against Kenny's hip. He stretched out, rubbing a little as he did. So *good*. The hand on his hip moved back to cup his ass cheek and roll him closer. Warm lips found his own, Eric kissing him slow and sweet.

"Hey." He smiled, stretched a little more.

"Hey." His lips were taken again before he could say anything, but then Eric backed off some, smiling at him. "How're you feeling?"

He considered what to say, then went with the truth. "A little stunned. Maybe a little... embarrassed?"

That seemed to wake Eric up some, those pretty blue eyes opening wide and staring at him. "Embarrassed? Why?"

"Because I was so excited, just by you talking."

"Me getting you hot embarrasses you? I thought it was sexy as hell."

"I did, too." He blushed, smiled, and cuddled closer. "You have to admit it was unusual."

"I guess. It made me happy, though." Eric shifted closer again, hips rubbing and showing him exactly how happy.

"I was too riled up to be happy. I was excited." He let his hand slide down Eric's side.

"Riled up. From me talking to you, telling you the things I want to do to you. I like that." Eric pressed even closer, hands on his shoulders.

All he could do was nod, his face feeling like it was burning.

Eric rolled them, putting him on the bottom, and pressed kisses over his heated face. "I'll have to keep doing it so you can get used to it and not be embarrassed. You'll have all my most secret fantasies in no time."

"I'd like that." He'd love that, actually.

"I knew it!" Eric laughed, kissed his mouth, tongue playing with his lips. "You want to hear about how I want to put a ring around your cock so you can't come?"

His mouth opened, but no words came out. A ring around his cock. Was that safe?

"It'll look so pretty. I've imagined a silver one, too, but the best is the black leather. It would be shocking against your pale skin, babe. It would stand out. Be obscene and pervy."

"It wouldn't tug at the hair?" Eric had imagined this? With *him*?

"No, when I picture it, you're shaved -- all bare down there." Eric's eyes were hot, the moan that came at the end of his words even hotter.

His legs moved, shifted without him even thinking about it.

"God, we could do that today. Now. After this."

"Oh, I don't know. I... I have to go to work on Monday and..."

Eric's laugh was fond. "Babe. Nobody at work is going to see your crotch."

"But I'll know." God, his balls were tight.

"Yeah." Eric smiled, fingers pushing between them to rake through his short and curls.  
"Say goodbye..."

"You said after." His cock jerked, aching a little.

"Yeah. We'll take another shower." Eric kissed him wildly, fingers shifting down past his balls. "But first I want you."

"Again?" Kendall spread, offering that easily. If nothing else -- and he was beginning to think that there was going to be more than this -- Eric wanted him more now than he had in years.

Eric's fingers slid along the soft skin on their way to his hole. "Yes, again. Makes me so hard, thinking of you like that, knowing you're willing to try with me." The words faded to groans as Eric stroked across his hole.

"I'd try anything for you." His body tightened, anticipating, and he drew one leg up, exposing himself to that touch.

"I want you to like it, too. I want you to be excited about it." Eric smiled, the look wicked. "I think you do. At least you like to hear me talk about it. About how I'm going to shave you and bind you and fill you and make you mine over and over again."

As he spoke, Eric teased the tip of his finger in and out and back in again.

"Yours." That was it, wasn't it? He wanted this -- the attention, the pleasure, to know that Eric wanted him as badly as he wanted Eric.

"Yes. Mine." Eric's finger pushed deep, burning a little without anything to slick the way.

The burn was good, and his stomach clenched, rippling with the sudden heat. Eric worked that finger deeper and then sawed it back and forth until the burn had faded into a needy ache.

"Oh..." He moaned a little, relaxing back and shifting, riding the touch.

"Can you reach the lube, babe? I need you to slick me up."

"I bet I can." He twisted a little, turned and stretched, fingers searching for the lube. The angle of his body changed and Eric's finger went deeper, hitting his gland.

"Eric!" He stopped, went still, gasping.

"What, babe?" Eric's eyes danced, his lover knowing exactly what he was doing as that finger wriggled inside him.

"Good. So good." He didn't want to move, didn't want to lose that electric heat.

"Yeah." Eric leaned in to kiss his belly. "Lube, babe. I want to stretch you wider."

"Sorry. You distract me." He found the tube, handed it down, feeling erotic and naughty, lazing in bed.

"That's a good thing." Grinning, Eric slicked up his fingers and suddenly there were three inside him, slick and stretching.



"Oh." Full. He moaned, eyes going heavy as he tried to adjust.

"Gonna be my cock in a second, Kenny. I'm gonna fuck you so hard. I'm going to make you scream."

The harsh, almost filthy words made his cock jerk and he grabbed it, squeezing at the base before tugging a little.

"No! No touching, babe. That's mine."

"I..." His legs moved restlessly, his hand stroking once more. "I was getting too close."

"You do need that ring, don't you, babe?"

"Or you need to get less sexy."

"What would be the fun in that?" Eric laughed, fingers crooking and finding his gland again.

He managed a laugh of his own. They were having fun, even if he was going to lose his mind. "God, I love you."

"Good." Eric kissed him hard. "Very good." Then Eric's fingers disappeared, leaving him stretched and empty.

Kendall whimpered, reached for his lover. "Eric." Don't leave me like this.

"I'm right here, babe." Eric settled between his legs, prick pushing at him.

"Oh. Oh, good." He nodded, catching his breath.

"You're going to feel so good around me, babe."

Eric pushed, cockhead breaching his hole. He hummed, eyes closing as he stretched, spread, took Eric in. So good, so familiar and right.

"Babe. God." Eric moved slowly, withdrawing and returning, cock sliding along his passage.

They had always been good at this part, the work of fucking, of making love.

Eric's mouth met his, tongue pushing into his mouth just like that cock was pushing into his ass. Fucking him twice over. He wrapped his arms around Eric's shoulders, holding on tight. So hot -- this was so hot and good.

When Eric's hand pushed between them to wrap around his cock it was perfect. He forgot all about games and fantasies, about anything but Eric's blue eyes shining for him and the way their bodies fit together. They moved faster and faster, the passion driving them high.

"Close, love." It wasn't going to take much more for Eric to send him flying.

"Then come, babe. *Show* me." Eric laughed wildly, squeezing his cockhead.

He nodded, driving his hips up a couple more times before coming hard.

"Kenny!" Eric's eyes went wide, those hips punching.

He reached up, pinched Eric's nipples, tugged them a little.

"Babe!" Another shout and Eric jerked, filling him so deep with heat.

He slumped back onto the mattress, panting, the world still spinning a little bit. Head buried in his neck, Eric panted, fingers sliding on his skin.

"Mmm." He knew he sounded sated, he couldn't help it. He didn't want to.

"Uh-huh." Eric licked at his neck, the touch lazy and sweet. "Love you, babe."

He knew.

He thought he was beginning to know.

The petting slowed and then stopped, Eric heavy and sleeping in his arms.

Kendall held on, let his lover rest. Soon, he'd get up, get busy.

Soon.

## *Chapter Ten*

Eric waited until after they'd napped, again, and had a late lunch, before he took Kenny's hand and all but dragged him off to the bathroom. He knew they had fresh razors and he'd bought that new shaving cream that had smelled really nice in the store. He was nearly bouncing with excitement, eager to shave Kenny's pubic hair away.

"Are you sure about this? I don't know..."

"I'm sure."

He'd felt the way Kenny'd prick had leapt when they talked about it. Kenny could protest all he wanted. Eric knew.

"But... What if I get a rash?"

"New razors. Cream. You'll be fine."

"But. But... It feels so..."

"Naughty? Dirty? Kinky? All of the above?"

"Yes." Kenny looked at him with relief, like he was going to call it all off now.

"Yeah, that's why I want to do it." He looked around the bathroom and then nodded.

"In the shower."

"Ric..." Kenny pushed into his arms, trembling a little.

"I'll be careful, babe. And you'll feel so sexy when we're done." He stroked his hand down Kenny's back, patted that sweet ass.

"It's just so different."

"That's another part of the appeal."

He went about the business of starting the shower, making sure the shaving cream and razors were handy.

"So the men at this club, what sorts of people are they?"

"They're nice people. Surprisingly normal, actually." He drew Kenny into the shower.

"Do you think I'll fit in?"

"I do." He leaned back into the water, bringing Kenny with him.

Their bodies came together, Kenny reaching for him, arms wrapping around him and holding on. He kissed his lover and then stepped back; he couldn't shave Kenny all snuggled up like that. Kenny followed, making him chuckle. The air was charged; his lover was focused on him.

"You have to stand still against the tile, babe." First, though, he took the nozzle and wet down the tile, warmed it up with the hot water so Kenny wouldn't have to lean against cold tile. The act warmed the worry from Kenny's eyes, his lover beaming at him.

Smiling back, he settled Kenny against the tile, and set the shower nozzle so the water came down over his lover's shoulders. Then he knelt and sprayed shaving gel over his fingers. Carefully, he worked it into the short curls that surrounded Kenny's cock. It felt like he was praying to his lover, on his knees like this, concentrating.

"You look so happy." Kenny's fingers tangled in his hair.

"I am. You make me happy, babe."

"Good. Good." Kenny leaned back, legs spread for him.

"Uh-huh. Very."

He grabbed a razor, fingers of his free hand rubbing Kenny's thigh. Kenny slowly relaxed for him, for his touch. He knew Kenny trusted him, knew it bone deep. Leaning in, he kissed Kenny's belly, and then carefully moved his lover's cock to the side as he began to shave. He'd use one razor for the initial cutting, and another to get right down to the skin.

His lover smelled good, rich and male, and he looked up, surprised to see tears in Kenny's eyes.

"I can remember, before your surgery, doing this for you, so that the nurses wouldn't. I was so scared..."

"Oh, babe... I was scared, too." He smiled and cupped Kenny's balls, rolling them gently. "I'm not scared now, though."

"No. No, today is way less scary than yesterday was." Kenny blushed a bit, took a deep breath. "That feels good."

"Yeah, yesterday was pretty scary." He kept shaving, careful of Kenny's skin.

"Yeah. Yeah, it was. I was afraid you were leaving."

"I'm not leaving you, babe. I don't ever want to leave you." He kissed the sweet belly again.

"Good." Kenny hummed, cock started to fill a little.

"Look at you, enjoying this..." He grinned, fingers sliding along the filling flesh, moving it to the other side.

"Me? Are you sure?"

He licked the tip of Kenny's cock. "I'm sure."

"Mmm. Hot." Kenny's hands slid against the tile, hips rocking for him.

"All right, let me switch razors, babe. Get you right down to the skin."

Kenny touched the black, heavy stubble. "This isn't enough?" Those eyes were laughing at him.

He leaned in to bite at Kenny's hip bone. "Not even close." He loved the little jerk, the moan, that earned him. Slathering on more shaving gel, he felt Kenny up. Then he picked up the new razor. "Ready, babe?"

"I guess I am, yeah."

"Good." Concentrating, he began shaving off the stubble, leave pale as milk skin behind.

Oh, why hadn't he done this before? Moaning, he shaved the last of the stubble away. The area above Kenny's long cock, the tight balls, even the little trail up to Kenny's bellybutton, were clean. He sluiced some water over the shaved area to get rid of the last of the gel, and then he leaned in and began to lick the newly bared skin.

"Eric." Kenny went up on tiptoe, body arching, bucking furiously.

Oh, fuck. That was an even better reaction than he'd been hoping for.

He licked again.

"It tingles." Kenny's cock looked bigger, all bare.

It was beautiful, and so sensitive. Groaning, he slid his fingers along the smooth skin, and then cupped Kenny's balls, playing with them as he rubbed his cheek against the long cock. The reaction was gratifying -- Kenny arched for him, slid on the tile a bit.

"You look amazing." He rubbed two fingers in behind Kenny's balls, comparing the skin there to the freshly smoothed skin. The skin there was a little rougher, much hotter.

His own cock was hard and aching at this point. God, he couldn't remember ever wanting Kenny more than he did now. It wasn't the shaving so much as the fact that Kenny had let him. Moaning, he scraped his teeth over the bare flesh.

"Ric. Do that again..." Kenny's hand landed on the back of his head, encouraging him to stay right there.

"This?" he asked, letting his breath blow out over Kenny's skin before he scraped again. God, his lover tasted good. That made Kenny whimper, made that pale skin flush dark. "Sexy man." This time he scraped along one side with his teeth, and the other with his fingernails. He felt Kenny's cock bob and jerk, the shaft rubbing against his cheek.

"Imagine if you were tied down, your cock bound. And I could do anything I wanted to you." The really sexy thing was that he could do it even without tying Kenny down.

"Eric..." Yes. Kenny'd let him touch. Play. Take.

"Yeah, babe?" He looked up at his lover, licking his lips.

Kenny slid down, pushed into his arms. "When you talk like that... It blows my mind."

"Just wait until we do it. It'll blow your... everything."

"I might lose my mind. For you."

"Don't worry, lover. I'll find it for you again."

"Okay." Kenny looked at him and suddenly it was serious. "I trust you, Ric."

He held Kenny tight. "Good. I would never hurt you."

"I know." God, his lover had the prettiest eyes.

He pressed their foreheads together, one hand sliding between them to play with Kenny's bared skin, his balls and cock.

"Is the hot water going to last?"

"Probably not." He grinned, biting at Kenny's chin. "Is this next?" he couldn't resist teasing.

"Not letting you. It's a sign of virility."

"I thought baldness was a sign of virility."

"Nope. Facial hair. Testosterone."

"But I already know you're virile..." He grabbed Kenny's hard cock again.

"I'd look ridiculous. You've never seen me without a goatee."

"I know! I'd like to know what you're hiding."

The water started cooling and he leaned over to shut the taps off.

"Not a chance. A man needs his secrets."

He laughed, taking soft kisses before drawing Kenny up and out of the shower. Kenny grabbed the towels, wrapping one around his own lean hips before coming to dry Eric.

"Babe. The towel's hiding all the good bits." He tugged at Kenny's towel, the tuck coming loose and the towel falling away.

"I was trying to get dry." Kenny draped the other towel over his head, rubbing it over his hair, covering his eyes.

"Now this towel is hiding *everything*." He chuckled, letting Kenny pat him down; that was his Kenny, always taking care of him.

"You noticed that." Kenny's voice was wicked, teasing.

"What are you up to?" He reached out, trying to connect with Kenny's arm.

"Just playing. I'm happy." Kenny's body brushed his, fingers tickling.

"Oh! We could blindfold you." It would make everything so big for his lover.

"You're the one with the towel over your head." His ass got the barest touch.

He pushed his ass back, searching for another touch. "Very true. How did that happen?"

"Magic." God, he hadn't seen Kenny so playful in years. The small of his back got a sucking kiss, cock tugged gently, quickly.

He was half laughing, half moaning, delighted by Kenny's sweet touches. The next touch came to his nipple, then he felt a finger trail along his ball sac.

"Babe..." His cock was hard, leaking, and the towel made his face warm as he breathed.

"Yes." The word was soft and then Kenny's lips were around his cock, surrounding him and sucking him in.

He cried out, hands going down and finding Kenny's head, fingers stroking through his lover's hair. He was going to lose his mind -- the suction hard and perfect, the hands on his hips pulling him in deeper and deeper. He pushed the towel off his head, staring down into those near-black eyes.

"Kenny..." Groaning, he held himself still, fingers tightening in his lover's hair.

"So good, babe."

Kenny's answer was to pull harder.

He couldn't stay still, not with Kenny doing his Hoover act. With a groan, he began to thrust, pushing his cock over Kenny's tongue. His lover just took him and took him, one hand falling down to tug and pull that long, hard, bare prick. It looked amazing and he pushed harder, filling Kenny's mouth over and over. Kenny's hand and mouth moved faster, harder, bringing them both right to the edge.

"Yes. Yes. Like that. Come on, babe. Come on."

Those dark eyes rolled, losing focus as Kenny's ass shook, the scent of come sudden and strong.

"Babe!" He came hard, shooting down Kenny's throat.

Kenny clung to him, swaying a little, smiling.

He locked his knees and stroked Kenny's cheek. "Love you, babe."

"Good." Kenny kissed his hip, eyelashes brushing his skin.

"This is going to be so much fun, babe. I just know it." He couldn't wait to get started.

"Mmm." Kenny licked him a little, stood, swayed.

"Come on, babe. Let's go back to bed and cuddle."

"Oh. Oh, I'd love that. I'd *love* that."

He helped Kenny up, his partner close, clinging. Beautiful. "I know, babe. I know."

Sliding his arm around Kenny, he led them back to the bedroom.



## *Chapter Eleven*

He hadn't slept so much or so well in years. The entire day, barring a couple of meals, two incredibly wonderful showers, and some quality dog-time, they'd spent together in bed. It was late, or really early, and they were still under the covers, sharing long, lazy kisses, trying to decide if they wanted a snack.

Kendall thought maybe he'd died and gone to heaven.

Eric's fingers slid down his chest, moving inexorably to stroke at his shaved skin. His lover was fascinated by the smooth skin. His legs shifted every time Eric touched, like he couldn't control them.

Eric chuckled softly as he twitched, mouth sliding along his jaw. "Sexy man."

"I'm yours. God, you're warm." He lifted his chin, entire body tingling.

"And you're hot." Eric nibbled his skin, up and down his throat.

"God, I love that. I can remember the first time someone kissed my neck, I almost came in my pants."

"How come I've never heard this before?" Eric's tongue circled his Adam's apple.

"I don't know. I guess it never came up." By the time he'd met Eric, he'd matured beyond that.

"I love knowing that about you." The licking turned into sucking.

"What... what else do you want to know?" His toes curled, his poor, well-loved cock actually jerking.

"Everything, babe. Everything you've never told me and everything you ever have." Eric's tongue curled in the little hollow at the base of throat.

"Oh. You..." He swallowed hard, heart beating faster. "I love you."

Eric stopped and looked up at him, smiling, fingers finding his and twisting them together. "And I love you."

"I know." He slid down enough for their mouths to meet again. He felt... he felt like he had in the months after they'd first met -- like he was drowning in Eric's attention, like he was somehow lovely.

Eric fed him more kisses, each one long and languid, his lover's focus intense, deep. The world just dissolved around them, becoming the square of their bed, the soft covers and pillows, their skin. It felt like Eric worshipped him: his lips and mouth, his skin, all of him.

The kisses eased a little and he stared into those big blue eyes. "This is like magic."

"Don't you know, babe? The magic has always been you."

"I have been here the whole time, 'Ric." He hadn't changed, had he?

"I know. How do you think we made it past the honeymoon period and through the big C?"

He kissed Eric's nose. "Because what we have is too good to lose."

"It is, babe. And it's getting better all the time." Eric's fingers slid over him, teasing and working his skin until every inch was so sensitive.

"That makes me tingle, like my skin doesn't fit."

"Is that a good thing?"

"It's not a bad thing. It's... uncomfortable, a little unnerving, but exciting." He grinned a little, nuzzled Eric's jaw. "Does that make sense?"

"Yeah. As long as you're having a good time, babe."

"I am. I'm happy. Tell me about this club again?" He bent his head, licking and sucking at Eric's collarbone.

"It's beautiful inside, babe. It's elegant and lovely, quiet when there aren't shows on. And the people are wonderful. They're like you and me, and some are very different."

"You think they'll like me, too?" He hated sounding needy.

"They are going to love you -- I'm going to have to make sure everyone knows you're not available."

"Yeah? I mean, I don't want them to want me. I just don't want them to dislike me. Think I'm not good enough for you."

"Babe." Eric cupped his face, and looked into his eyes. "What makes you think anyone would think that?"

"Because you're so exciting and I'm..." He shrugged, closed his eyes.

"Beautiful," Eric supplied. "Sexy. Interesting. Arousing."

"Boring. I'm a fussy little homebody whose idea of exciting is running on the beach instead of the track."

"The beach is great fun! And you are not a fussy little homebody. Okay, so you are, but you're not just that and you're not boring. Not at all."

Kendall chuckled, swatted Eric on the hip. "Dork."

Eric grinned and rubbed his hip. "Hey! I'm the one who's supposed to do the smacking around here."

"I don't know about that. That sounds... I don't know." He didn't know how to feel about spanking.

"That's okay, babe. We'll go to Ollie's and see what's what and then experiment, hmm?"

"Yeah. Yeah, that sounds fair." He nodded, petted Eric's hip.

"It does." Eric rolled him over onto his back, his lover's body pressing him against the mattress.

"Mmm. Hey." He loved that feeling -- the warmth and pressure against him.

"Hey." Eric grinned, rubbing them together. Their cocks slid, Eric's so hot against his bare crotch.

"You're hard again." It was sort of amazing.

"I keep telling you that you're inspiring, babe."

"Yeah. Yeah, you do." He chuckled, tickled that they had this.

"My Kenny." Eric's eyes glittered down at him as their hips circled and slid, keeping the heat going between them.

"Yeah. Yeah, since the first kiss."

"Mmm... kisses." Eric gave him one after another, rolling their bodies together, the motions picking up speed. Humming, Kendall couldn't believe that he was getting into it, cock filling again. "Beautiful, sexy man."

He wanted to believe that.

"Make me so hard, babe. You make me need." Eric's words became ragged, hips pumping hard.

"You can have anything. Everything." He leaned in, whispering low. "I'd give you anything, love."

"God, babe. Please." Eric nodded, swallowing hard. "I want so much."

"All you have to do is let me know. Tell me what you need."

"I will. From now on. I'll tell you everything and we'll do it and it'll be great."

"Good. Good." He took another kiss.

He could feel Eric's prick leaking now, leaving his skin hot and slick, making it easier for their cocks to slide together. He could feel every slide against his bare skin. Eric kept rubbing, kept kissing him, the movements eager now, fast and hard.

"Tell me? Tell me what you want to do with me?"

"God, babe. Everything. I want to put a hook in the ceiling and tie rope around your wrists, hook you to it so it stretches your body for me. Then I'm going to take you, to fuck that sweet hole until you beg me to let you come."

Oh, God. Oh. Oh, he... "What else?" He was so hard.

Moaning, Eric moved faster, driving against him now. "I want to fill you with plugs and dildos and anal beads and my fist. I want to fill you with everything."

"Eric. Eric, more." He jerked, pushing up with his hips. Eric wanted to do those things with him. Wanted him. "Please. I want to know."

"Remember that thing called a penis wand, babe? It's for your cock. Oh, God." Eric began to jerk, cock bumping his hip, his prick.

His eyes rolled, and he whimpered, grabbing at his lover. "Fuck. Fuck, I need you."

"I'm right here, babe. Right fucking here." Eric slammed them together now, their cocks like brands against his skin.

"Ric!" His balls drew up, spunk shooting from him.

"Yes!" Eric jerked against him a few more times, more come spilling between them.

He was never going to get it up again. He moaned, slumped against the sheets, just fighting to catch his breath.

Eric lay on top of him, humming softly, nuzzling his neck. "Babe. You. Love. Mmm."

"Uh-huh." Absolutely.

"Sleep," muttered Eric, body heavy, good, on top of him.

"Mmmhmm." He could do that.

He could *so* do that.

Right here.

## *Chapter Twelve*

Dinner at the Hammer with the Doms was always good. Whether he was simply sharing a delicious meal with Ollie or they were discussing the lifestyle in depth, it was always entertaining and interesting.

Tonight, they had mostly focused on dinner itself -- him and Oliver, being in the same crazy business meeting, had both managed to miss lunch. It was only as Eric sat back from his demolished crème brûlée that he brought up the latest developments between Kendall and himself.

"I've spoken to him," he told Oliver quietly. He couldn't stop the goofy grin that came with the words, the memories of the past weekend filling him with heat.

"And from the look on your face, he didn't run screaming," Oliver said, eyebrow arching.

"No, not at all. In fact... he was as excited by the things I told him about as I am." It was such a relief to have it out in the open, no secrets between him and Kenny.

"Indeed? Excellent. He was eager to explore with you, then?"

"Very eager to hear all about the things I imagined and fantasized about. We made love all weekend like we used to when we were young and falling in love." He knew he looked like a love-struck fool and didn't care. "We'd like to attend your party before we try anything too adventurous. I think it's the best way to introduce Kenny to the lifestyle and to the friends I've made here." Eric shook his head. "He thinks he's not going to measure up or something."

"Well, from all you've told me, Eric, he feels like you're looking for someone else."

"I hope I've fixed that, Ollie. We spent the weekend together reconnecting, and I reassured him that there was no one else for me -- that I wanted him and only him. But I don't know if he's going to believe it until he meets everyone and sees that you're all just normal people and that he's the one my eyes keep returning to."

Oliver nodded and chuckled. "I bet he expects us all to be like our dear Marcus."

"I imagine so. Only perhaps with even more leather." He winked.

"Oh, goodness!" They both laughed together, and it felt so good. "Well, I believe Jack is free this weekend. If that's good, I'll make a few phone calls, see if I can get a few couples to visit. Could you bring a bottle of wine and a nice appetizer?"

"Of course. Is that all you need us to bring? You are, after all, opening your home to us."

That was one thing he had discovered over the last month -- Oliver was one of the most generous, genuine men he'd ever met. Most of the club members seemed to be, in fact.

"Jim will bring brownies. They're... orgasmic. I'll sort the rest through the others."

"Is there something in them? I mean the brownies."

"Goodness, no. Marcus would beat Jim's ass." He got a wink. "Of course, I wouldn't tell Jim that..."

Eric laughed at the joke. He hadn't yet met Jim, but the man had a reputation for loving a good spanking. It made him wonder if he and Kenny were going to have a 'thing.' He wasn't sure how Kenny would take that, but he thought he'd like to see it. "Do you think Marcus and Jim will be... demonstrating at your party?"

"It very much depends on Jim. Jim looks forward to our parties -- he and Jack are dear friends, and he treasures the chance to relax, dance, socialize, so if there is a scene, it will happen later and will be very casual. In a way, that could be good for your Ken to see -- to meet all of us in a simple, easy environment."

Eric nodded. "Yes. I want him to realize that you're all just normal people, like he is -- like we both are."

"It should be a good experience -- something relaxed."

"Yeah, he'll respond well to that."

"We're all looking forward to meeting him." Oliver finished his wine, stretched. "Are you staying for the lecture tonight? I have plans with Jack -- we're going to see the late show."

"No, I'm going to go pick up Kenny. I've been neglecting him. No more."

Oliver nodded. "I'll walk you out, then. What is he up to tonight?" They both stood, easing into goodbyes.

"He's at a coffee shop. He likes to read there." He gave Oliver a hug. "Thank you. We'll see you Friday evening?"

"Saturday, most likely. I'll call you."

"Cool. We're looking forward to it."

"As are we, friend." Oliver waved, heading for his car.

Eric headed over to the coffee shop Kenny frequented; it was only a few blocks away, and it was a nice evening. He found Kenny on the patio, absorbed in his book. "Hey, babe."

Kenny looked up, smiled at him like he was the center of the earth. "Eric!"

He smiled back, feeling awesome. "Good book?"

"It is. I'm enjoying it." The book was closed, though, put aside. "Would you like some coffee?"

"Can I have it from your mouth?"

"What? Eric!" That blush made him smile.

"Come on, babe, let's go home and get busy."

The way Kenny took his hand, eager and easy, kept that happy heat growing in his belly. "Did you eat supper already?"

"I had supper at the club with Oliver. He's having a party for us on the weekend. We're bringing wine and an appetizer." He held Kenny's hand as they slowly walked toward home.

"An appetizer? We could make those individual cheese balls, or prosciutto and melon."

"Oh, I like the prosciutto and melon. Not that I don't like the cheese balls..." They just weren't that high on his list.

Kenny chuckled, leaned into his side. "You and your prosciutto."

He grinned, putting his arm around Kenny's shoulders. "Yep. It's all your fault, though."

"Mine? How so?"

"You're the one who first fed it to me."

"I know how you feel about salty and sweet."

"Mmmhmm." He looked Kenny up and down, licked his lips.

"Perv!" That laughter just rang out, Kenny's cheeks blazing.

"I am." He nudged their hips together. "So're you."

"Moi? Surely you jest." Kenny's hand slipped around his waist.

"No, no jesting. You're as pervy as they come." He laughed happily.

"Don't make me beat you." Kenny reached around, poking Eric in the belly.

"No, like I told you. *I* beat *you*."

"So you said." Kenny looked at him, face lit up in the moonlight.



"God, look at you." He stopped, grabbing Kenny's face and bending to bring their lips together.

Kenny gasped, then pushed against him, the heat and joy in the kiss enough to shock him, bone deep. It was almost enough to forget they were still on the street.

Almost.

He broke the kiss reluctantly.

"H... home?"

"Yeah. Come on." He grabbed Kenny's hand, moving quickly to get them the last few blocks.

God, he couldn't remember the last time they'd hardly been able to wait until they got home. It felt good. What felt better was the happy laughing that Kenny was doing, the way his lover muscled the dogs out into the back yard.

He grabbed Kenny's ass as soon as the dogs were out, rubbing against his lover.

"Mmm." Kenny wiggled, hips shaking back and forth. "Grabby hands!"

"Yeah." He slid one hand around, grabbing at Kenny's prick. "I'm feeling very grabby."

Kenny was hard for him. He'd shaved his lover again last night, just to hear the soft moans, the little cries. He worked Kenny's pants open as quickly as he could, eager to get to the bare skin and smooth heat. He took a deep, sharp kiss as Kenny's cock pushed into his hand, hard and wet-tipped.

Groaning, he began to jack Kenny.

"Eric." He bent Kenny back over the counter, making that bare cock jut out at him.

Bending in the middle, he got his mouth over the tip and started sucking.

"Oh. Oh, fuck. Love. Please." Begging already?

He lifted off and smiled up into his lover's eyes. "What were you thinking about before I picked you up, babe?"

"I." Those lean cheeks blushed dark red. "I was reading."

"About what?" He lapped at the tip of Kenny's prick, teasing, promising.

"I... It... It's just a novel. I bought it." Oh, his Kenny was hiding something. Something that had his lover all worked up.

"What's the novel about?"

"It's about... about two men..." Kenny moaned, voice turned into a whisper. "Like us."

"I don't think there's anyone like you, babe." He grinned and licked again. Kenny laughed, shifted, cock pushing into his lips. He hummed, sucking on the tip. Then he pulled off for a moment. "Tell me about it, babe."

"Hmm?" Kenny's cock followed his lips.

He laughed up at Kenny. "I said tell me about it. No telling, no licking..."

"That's not fair..." Kenny looked half-excited, half-embarrassed.

"All's fair in love, babe." He smiled up, refusing to go back to sucking until Kenny started talking. Even though he *really* wanted to suck Kenny off.

"It's a fantasy thing about dominants and how they found their subs. Like an auction thing. That's not the deal. There's just lots of sex."

"And the sex got you hot! Tell me!" He slowly took most of Kenny's cock in.

"It just... You get me hot, 'Ric."

He pulled off and gave Kenny an arch look.

"Eric!" Kenny shifted, reached down and tugged his cock.

"Stop that!" He slapped Kenny's hand away. "No touching or I'll tie your hands behind your back. And no more sucking until you tell me about the sex in the book."

"It's mine to touch, isn't it?"

"No, babe." He rose up, hands on Kenny's thighs. "It's *mine*."

He could see the effect his words had on his lover, the way Kenny's cock jerked, stomach going tight under the simple T-shirt.

"So, less touching and more talking, babe." He gave Kenny a hard kiss and then bent back down over that needy prick.

"They had cocks -- phalluses, they called it. I like that word."

"What did they do with the phalluses, babe?" He sucked the tip of Kenny's prick in reward.

"They... they kept getting bigger ones, seeing how they could stretch."

He groaned around Kenny's cock, imagining that with his man. God, who'd have known Kenny was a closet size-queen?

"There was leather. One... one man had leather strips braided up along his cock."

Eric sucked harder, head beginning to bob. He wanted to hear more, hear Kenny talk about sexy stuff.

"Eric..." Kenny cried out, head falling back against the cabinets.

He pulled off, tongue sliding down to nibble at Kenny's balls. "Keep talking, babe."

"I thought you were the talker." Kenny shoved his slacks the rest of the way off, hopping onto the counter.

"There's a first time for everything, babe." He grinned, fingers tickling up along the inside of Kenny's thighs.

"Will you talk to me? After?" The question was soft, almost gentle.

"I will. But I can't talk and suck you at the same time, now can I?" Grinning, he licked from the base of Kenny's cock to the tip.

"That's what the... Oh. Oh, Eric. That's what the after was for."

"I know. Now tell me more." He flicked his tongue back and forth across the tip.

"There were spankings. And... and they liked it, Eric. They like it."

"Did you like them liking it?" He ended the question by taking the tip of Kenny's cock into his mouth again.

"I... I don't know. It made me hard. It made me a little scared. It made me sort of embarrassed."

He shook his head, tugging Kenny's cock side to side. "Don't be embarrassed, babe. Not of things we do or might do together."

"I just... I don't know if I want to want that, you know?"

"Let go of your inhibitions, babe, and just go with what turns you on." With that, he swallowed Kenny's prick all the way down until his nose was buried in Kenny's bare skin.

Kenny arched, fingers squeezing the edge of the counter, cock pushing deep. He swallowed around the tip, and then began to move his head up and down.

"Oh. Oh, God. Eric. Eric, yes." Kenny shook a little, started humping and sliding, trying to reach him.

He let Kenny do what he wanted, taking the long cock in over and over.

"I would. I'd let you... I 'd let you... do things to me, 'Ric."

Moaning, he moved his head faster, sucked harder. He knew that, but to hear it...

"Gonna. Close. Please." Kenny's cock swelled, jerked in his lips.

He sucked harder, hands sliding beneath Kenny's ass to help him push up. He heard his name screamed out, then spunk filled his mouth. He swallowed Kenny down, lapping at the hot flesh as it slid slowly from between his lips.

Kenny moaned, so softly, blinking down at him. He licked Kenny's balls and the smooth skin around the pretty cock before kissing his way slowly upward. Kenny reached for him, hands sliding over his arms.

He pressed against Kenny as their mouths met, something naughty about being fully dressed while his lover was naked from the waist down. They kissed, Kenny pushing in, and he knew Ken was tasting himself. He chased Kenny's tongue back, letting Kenny suck on his. Kenny tried to wrap around him, legs dragging him closer.

"So you liked that, babe? Liked the idea of leather holding you tight while I fill you with bigger and bigger dildos?"

"Eric..." Kenny moaned, scooted closer to him. Oh, he could just bend Kenny over, right here, take that amazing little ass.

"God, I want you, babe. Never more than now with you all flushed and needy, even though I just made you come." He tugged Kenny even closer, bringing his lover's sweet ass over the edge of the counter so he could play with Kenny's hole.

"I... Oh, fuck. I didn't expect this. For it to get better. The sex, I mean." Kenny smiled at him, the look a little wild. "I feel like a teenager again."

"It's a good look on you."

He offered his fingers to Kenny, nudging them between his lover's lips. "Get them good and wet, babe. I'm going to have you right here on the kitchen counter."

"Yes." Those lips wrapped around his fingers, Kenny sucking and pulling with a happy moan.

He whimpered at the way Kenny's mouth worked his fingers, teeth scraping, tongue licking, and he swore he could feel the suction on his cock. With a final groan, he pulled his fingers free and pushed them down between Kenny's ass cheeks. Kenny took him in with a soft cry, that tight hole gripping his fingers.

His cock jerked, eager to be buried in that tight heat, and he took Kenny's mouth, tongue

pushing in between his lover's lips. Those lips opened, parted for him, letting him have all he wanted. He fucked Kenny's mouth with his tongue and that sweet ass with his fingers for as long as he could stand it. When he couldn't wait a moment longer, he pulled his fingers free and lined up his cock.

"Yours." Kenny moaned for him, bore down, cock half-hard.

"Yes. Always." He wrapped his hands around Kenny's hips and helped guide him down and down until his cock was buried deep inside.

"Full of you." Kenny squeezed him, arms bracing against the countertop.

He nodded, fingers tightening as he held Kenny in place and began to roll his hips, pulling partway out and pushing back in hard.

"Tell me. Tell me what you're thinking." He loved his curious, needy lover.

"I'm thinking about how I'm going to tie you down and fill you up." His words were punctuated by his thrusts, Kenny's body holding him so tightly.

"Am. Am full." Kenny's cock was trying to fill again.

"Full of me." He let go of Kenny's hip with one hand, sliding it down to touch Kenny's cock, stroke it and tease the tip.

"Yes. Full of you. Don't let me fall."

"No way." He kept jabbing up into Kenny, stroking his babe's cock, urging Kenny back to full hardness.

"I... Oh. Oh, damn." Kenny bucked, rolled, and rode him.

"Yeah. Yeah. Fuck." He moved into Kenny, taking his lover hard.

That sweet hole fought him on each pull out, trying to keep him in. Moaning, he took Kenny's mouth again, losing himself and all his senses in his lover. Kenny slipped farther off the counter, ass taking him deeper. Eric made an inarticulate noise, his hips jerking. God, he was close.

"Love you. Come in me."

"Babe!" He jerked, sinking deep as he came hard.

"Mmm." Kenny squeezed around him, keeping him in.

He kept moving his hand around Kenny's cock, not really even thinking of it, just doing it, bringing pleasure.

"Tell me this isn't going to stop, 'Ric. That we're not going to just... go back to never seeing each other?"

"This isn't going to stop, babe. We're going to make each other want for a long, long time to come." He worked Kenny's prick, thumb pushing into the slit.

"Promise?"

"Cross my heart, babe. Cross my heart."

"Good. I need to come again."

"I know. Come on, then. Show me how good I am." He grinned as he said the words, jacking Kenny for all he was worth.

Kenny's laugh was lost in a moan, heat pouring over his fingers.

"God, I love the way you smell, babe. So good."

"Mmm. Need you."

He got a long hug, Kenny slipping down off the counter against him.

"You got me." He shifted, sliding his arm around Kenny's waist and heading them toward the bathroom. "Have you been checking the Internet for... stuff?"

"What? Me? Do you want to take a shower?"

"Yep, I do." He actually didn't care one way or the other, but he knew Kenny liked being clean. "And yes, you. I know you have Google-fu. I bet you've been looking at the BDSM sites."

"I... I don't know what you're taking about..."

"Kenny." He stopped them in the hall and backed his lover up against the wall. "I *know* you."

Kenny's eyes went wide, the look surprised, hot.

He kept Kenny right there, holding his lover's gaze. "So *tell* me."

"I have. I wanted to know."

"Did you go to the toy store sites to see what there was to buy?"

"I saw some. A few. There's some complicated stuff out there."

He pushed his thigh between Kenny's legs. "Yeah. We can start easy, though, yeah? There was stuff you liked, wasn't there?"

"There was, yeah. There were things I was curious about."

"Tell me about it." He was curious about what made Kenny curious. What did his babe most want to explore?

"I... It's sort of hard, talking about it, huh? I mean, intellectually I know it shouldn't be, but that's supposed to be... private."

He shook his head. "No. I kept my interests and fantasies private and look what happened. We share this between us. No secrets."

Kenny searched his eyes, really looking at him, then nodded. "Yeah. Yeah, all right. That makes sense." Kenny leaned forward, whispered in his ear. "I liked the plugs, a lot. And there were these things -- bumps on a long wand thing, like beads, maybe? But not."

He moaned softly. "Oh, babe. I think we need to look together." His hand drifted along Kenny's front, stroking the warm belly, his lover's cock.

"It makes me so... happy. So happy that you want me."

"Mmm... we've always fit so well."

"We have." Kenny kissed his cheek. "It's early, yet. Did you want to... do something before bed?"

"You need your shower. Let's do that first. And then maybe..." He grinned. "Well, bring your laptop."

"Okay. We can make Irish coffees, maybe, cuddle."

"Irish coffees, cuddling, and surfing the 'net for plugs. Sounds like a plan."

"It does." Kenny kissed his jaw, smiled. "Thanks for coming by for me at the coffee shop."

"Are you kidding? I wanted to come get my lover and make out with him."

"Mmm. You were very successful at that."

He chuckled and took Kenny's hands, leading him once again to the bathroom. "I was, wasn't I?"

"You were."

He turned on the bathroom light, noticing how the lines around Kenny's mouth had

almost disappeared in the last couple of weeks. "What can I say? When I'm good, I'm good, but when I'm bad... I'm better." He took a quick kiss.

Kenny's laughter tasted good.

He hustled his lover into the shower, making it nice and hot. Kenny grabbed the soap, washing them both, chattering about his day -- the new librarian, the research, the books -- normal, simple things. As soon as they were done, he turned the shower off and toweled them down.

"I'll make coffee, if you'll get the laptop, get the bed ready?"

"It's a deal." He slid his hand across Kenny's ass. "Don't be long, babe."

"I won't." He could hear Kenny's whistles, the sound happy, warm.

He found Kenny's laptop and headed for the bedroom. It didn't take him long to pull the sheets back, fluff the pillows, and light a candle or two. He had to wonder if it was wrong to have candlelight and computers going at the same time...

"I found some cookies and whipped cream for the coffee."

"Oooo... cookies in bed. You *do* love me."

"I do." Kenny had a plate of chocolate cookies and two mugs of coffee, towel around his waist.

He grinned and patted the bed next to him. "Get naked and come here, babe."

"Mmm. You've made it nice in here." The coffee slid onto the side table, the towel draped over the laundry basket.

"Hey, I know how to romance my man." He fired up the laptop. "What's the URL you visited?" He gave Kenny a wicked grin. "Or is it in your bookmarks?"

"Stop it." That blush was amazing.

"I don't think I will. You'd better distract me."

Kenny scooted over to him, leaned, and popped a cookie in his mouth.

"Mmm... good," he managed around the cookie.

Then he pulled up the history on Kenny's browser. Kenny'd been busy looking at tons of sites -- some only peripherally, some he'd looked at multiple pages.

"Wanna tell me which one I should pick?" He scrolled the mouse up and down the list.



"That one." Ah, yes. Discreet, classy, upscale -- the website looked like the Hammer did, sort of. Like something Kenny could be comfortable with.

He started clicking through links. "Stop me when you see something you like."

"Are you going to stop when you see something you like?"

"I'd be stopping constantly. Besides, this is about you."

"I..." Kenny cuddled in, coffee in hand. "I like these."

Kenny moused over to a section for men only -- cock rings and ball stretchers, plugs and beads. The stainless steel plug links had been visited, and so had the thick, steel cock rings.

He clicked on the purchase links for one of the cock rings and one of the plugs, added them to the cart. "Anything else?"

"I... Eric? We're buying them?"

"Yep." He grinned, bounced a little. "Choose something else."

"Eric..." Kenny looked a little stunned.

"We can afford it, babe."

"If I choose something, you have to, too."

"Deal." He rubbed his hands together, eager to see what Kenny would choose. "Carte blanche, babe."

"Anything?" Kenny didn't hesitate long, clicking to a long series of thick anal beads on a vinyl wand with a handle. The beads ranged from small to large. "I. This."

"Oh, babe, that's beautiful. Nice one." He rubbed his shoulder against Kenny's.

"Yeah?" Kenny looked up at him, tension easing. "It's not too... different?"

"It's different, but that's the point, isn't it?" He stroked Kenny's hand.

"Yeah, yeah. Okay. I guess it is."

"We'll have had a chance to meet with Oliver and his friends before this comes."

He clicked through the site, searching for just the right thing to pick as his own choice. Kenny drank his coffee, leaning close, watching every link he clicked. They had a plug, a ring, and anal beads coming... he needed to find something complementary. He leaned forward when he hit the penis wands.

Kenny blinked, staring. "Those... those are..."

"They go in your penis." He turned to look into Kenny's face. "Can you believe that?" Would that turn Kenny on?

"Do you think it hurts? It looks like it might hurt."

"I don't know." He put it on the mental list of things to ask Ollie and then chose a pair of nipple clamps to buy for now. The wand could wait, especially if it was relegated to 'no.'

Kenny looked at him, eyes a bit worried. "I don't want you to think I'm not curious. I just... I don't know how I feel about letting you hurt me."

"I'm not into this to cause you pain, babe. I mean, maybe a spanking or two, but not real pain. And something like that, I'd want to make sure I knew what I was doing first."

His lover nodded, melting into him. Trusting him. "That sounds right."

He kissed the top of Kenny's head, then hit checkout and went through the process of purchasing their items. "There we go, babe. Two to three weeks and we'll have our very own selection of sex toys."

Kenny nodded, fed him another cookie. "Talk to me about the whole spanking thing?"

"You like it when I tell you what I want to do to you, don't you?" It got Kenny off.

"I do. It... it makes me so hard."

"I love that." He rubbed their noses together, taking a soft kiss.

"I also want to know -- what you think about, that you think things about me."

"Lately, you're all I think about, babe. I can't seem to focus on anything else."

"That's okay with me, too." Kenny's eyes were so dark, so warm.

He chuckled softly. "Yeah, I guess it would be." He brought their lips together, this kiss gentle and soft and all about sharing rather than getting worked up.

Kenny settled against him, chuckling as two little eager, hopeful faces appeared at the edge of the bed. "Oh, look who wants cookies." "

"They can't have the chocolate chip ones. Those are mine." He snapped up the last one, chewing it happily.

"Chocolate is bad for dogs." Each dog got a bit of gingersnap before they settled on the floor, tails wagging.

"They're spoiled," he noted. Of course he was rather spoiled, too, wasn't he?

"I know. I love them."

"I know." He kissed Kenny's ear and then reached for his coffee, letting their bodies press together as he leaned past Kenny.

"Mmm. Do you want to drive out along the coast Friday after work? Maybe go have Mexican, then see a movie?"

"Oh, that sounds great -- it's a date. And then we have Oliver's party on Saturday. A busy weekend."

Kenny nodded. "Busy together, though."

"Yeah. I think there's going to be a lot of that in the future."

"Yeah? You think so?"

"Uh-huh." He drank most of his coffee and then put the cup back before drawing Kenny into his arms. "I do. You might get sick of me."

"That can't happen." Kenny settled against him, fitting perfectly.

"You sure?" He idly stroked Kenny's arm.

"Yes, Eric. I'm sure."

"Good."

He pulled down the history tab on the laptop again. "You wanna keep surfing?"

"Sure. Show me something you like."

"Sure." He went to Google and did a search, coming up with a site of bondage pictures. "A lot of these are... sexy."

"What do you like about them? The visual? The fact that they can't move?"

"Yes." He grinned. "The visuals are hot, but imagining it's you?" He shivered. "Kenny, that really makes me hot."

Kenny's hand slid down his stomach, fingers stroking his skin. "Why?"

"Because it means you let me."

"Oh." Kenny's eyes smiled for him.

"This is going to be an amazing adventure, Kenny. And I'm glad you're taking it with me, because I couldn't do it with anyone else."

Kenny nodded. "I'm with you, Eric. In this and everything else."

"Good." He closed the laptop with a snap and put it carefully on the floor, halfway under the bed where it wouldn't get stepped on when they got up, and then pounced on his lover.

Kenny laughed, blinking up at him. "Hey."

"Less show and tell and more making love."

"Again? You sure?"

He shrugged. "If we get it up, we get it up. If we don't, then we neck and pet until we fall asleep."

"That sounds perfect." Kenny reached over, turned off the light. "Absolutely perfect."

It did.

Eric couldn't ask for anything more than that.

## *Chapter Thirteen*

Kenny wrapped up the platter with the melon and prosciutto and put it in the fridge. Then he went to shower.

Again.

God, he was nervous.

The door opened, Eric popping his head in. "Babe? You okay?"

"Yeah. Nervy, you know?" Because it was like he was still in high school and had to act like a dipshit.

Eric started stripping. "You're allowed, babe."

"Yeah?" He pulled his shirt off, smiling.

"Yeah. I'm nervous, too. But maybe we can help relax each other." Eric waggled his eyebrows.

"I could do that." It made him feel better, knowing Eric was with him on this.

"Yeah, me too." Laughing, Eric grabbed him up and kissed him.

They pushed together, their bellies slapping as they met. Eric's fingers danced over his spine and down to grab his ass.

"I got the appetizers all done, love." He leaned in, lips fastening on the joint of Eric's shoulder.

Groaning, Eric bucked against him. "I'll try not to eat them all before we get there."

"They're all wrapped in plastic. No touching."

"Spoilsport." Eric squeezed his ass hard.

"Am not." He pushed back into the touch, wiggling a little.

Eric laughed again, nibbling at his jaw, his neck.

"We have time to shower together, don't we?"

"Yeah. Shower, shave, blowjob..."

"Mmm. Blowjobs sound perfect."

"I'll do you if you do me." Grinning, Eric took his hands and tugged him into the shower.

"In the shower? That takes talent." He grabbed the soap, started sudsing up.

"I meant one at a time." Eric swatted his ass playfully.

"Watch it!" He shook his butt.

"I *am* watching it. And touching it and pinching it and smacking it." Eric touched, pinched and smacked happily.

"Eric!" He laughed and tried to reach for Eric, both of them slipping and sliding on the tub.

In the end he found himself pressed up against the tiles, Eric kissing him like there was no tomorrow. The soap fell, his hands busy tangling in Eric's hair. Eric rubbed against him, skin hot and smooth and so good.

They moaned and hummed, cocks bumping together, shafts sliding together, all slick with the water, the hint of soap. The way Eric's hips were circling, rubbing their cocks against each other, they weren't going to get to the blowjobs. It felt good, knowing that Eric needed him, that Eric was revved up about tonight.

One of Eric's hands found his right nipple, fingers flicking across it.

"Mmm." He shivered a little, nails sliding down Eric's side.

Eric humped hard against him, breath catching on a moan. Yeah. Yeah, just like that. His hand slipped around, fingertips rubbing the tip of Eric's prick.

"Babe!" Eric's eyes widened, his hips jerking.

He nodded, groaning a little. "I want you."

"Yeah, me, too. So much."

Kendall took another kiss, tongue fucking Eric's lips, the heat and pleasure and pressure lovely.

Eric broke the kiss with a gasp. "God, want you." Then Eric slid down to his knees.

"Eric?" He blinked down, just a little confused for a second.

Eric grinned up at him, nuzzling his prick. "You look like I've never given you a blowjob before, babe."

"Have you?" He teased easily. "Maybe I've forgotten."

"Part of you hasn't." Eric licked a line from the tip of his cock down to his balls.

"N... no. No, part of me hasn't." Not even a little.

Eric's mouth slid over the tip of his prick, opening and closing, tongue slapping at the tip.

"Fuck. Oh, fuck me. Do it again."

"What, this?" Eric repeated the move, the sensations going straight to his balls.

"Th... that. 'Ric. Love."

"Mmm..." The hum vibrated around his cock.

He gasped, jerked, his thigh muscles jumping. Eric moved slowly, lips tight down on him, and then back up again.

"Oh, love. So hot. Need you." He reached down, fingers touching the wet, blond hair.

Eric's hands grabbed his ass, fingers digging. The sting of that touch surprised him, made him jerk and push in deep. Eric swallowed around the tip of his prick, hands encouraging him to move, to fuck Eric's mouth.

"Eric. Eric, I need you. So *good*." He bucked a little harder, balls drawing up.

The suction increased, Eric's mouth hot and slick. He couldn't hold back, not as good as it was, not as badly as he needed this, right now. Eric let him do it, head still now, mouth tight around him as he thrust.

"Coming." He bit the word out and shot, head knocking against the tile.

Eric took him in and drank him down, throat opening and closing around the head of his cock, making him shudder.

He slumped a little, butt squeaking on the tile. Eric sucked him a bit longer and then slowly let him fall out of that hot mouth. Then Eric grinned smugly up at him.

"Wow." There wasn't anything else to say.

Eric kissed the top of his cock, lips warm on his bared skin. Then his navel got a kiss, each of his nipples, Eric coming slowly up his body. "My turn?"

"Mmm. Absolutely." He leaned for a second, taking a kiss, his hand slowly stroking Eric's prick.

Groaning, Eric kept the kiss going, tongue slipping between his lips and offering him a

taste of himself. The kiss made his head swim, made him whimper and move his hand faster. Eric's hips moved, pushing the hard cock through his hand. Kendall focused on the tip, knowing how Eric loved that, feeling Eric's need.

"Babe. Yes!" Eric jerked, hips moving faster.

"So hot. So fine. Love." He murmured the words into Eric's lips.

"Kenny. God. Yes." Eric gasped, heat splashing up over Kendall's hand.

He eased his grip, letting Eric come down easy. Eric leaned against him, taking one soft kiss, and then another.

"Love you." He ran his fingers through Eric's hair.

"I love you, too, babe."

Eric cupped his cheeks and smiled into his eyes. "You feeling more relaxed?"

He nodded. "It's going to be fine. We'll be together, right?"

"Yeah, babe. I'm going to keep you close, I promise."

"No letting one of your friends have me?" He hadn't known that he was worried about it until the words came out of his mouth.

Eric's arm went around his waist. "No. Nobody touches you." Eric's words were sure, possessive.

"Good." He nodded and pushed closer. "I don't... I'm not interested in sharing."

"No, babe. Neither am I. Watching, learning, yeah. But you're mine."

Kendall felt the truth in those words, let them heat his belly.

"Come on, babe. We don't want to be late for our own party."

"It'll be easier after this time, right?"

"Yeah. They'll be your friends, too, then."

"I hope so." He truly hoped so.



## *Chapter Fourteen*

Oliver's house was in the hills, ritzy and fine and huge. Eric had to consciously keep from dropping his jaw.

He held tight to the wine with one hand, the other holding onto Kenny's waist. "You ready, babe?"

"This is... I... I don't know, Eric. This is..." The house was much more than guys like them had, but it was more than a *lot* of people had.

He squeezed Kenny. "Come on. Oliver's a great guy."

Kenny followed him up the drive, almost visibly shaking. The door opened before they got to it, though, Oliver smiling out at them. "You made it. Please, come in. You must be Kendall. It's very nice to meet you."

"Yes, this is my lover." Eric handed over his wine and drew Kenny close.

"Jack and Jim and Montana are in the kitchen; Marcus is out working the grill, and..." Oliver herded them through the lovely house. "Montana, where is your master?"

A beautiful Native American looked over from the kitchen where he was tossing a salad. "I believe he's in the pool area, sir."

"Kenny made melon and prosciutto. It's the most amazing stuff." He nudged his lover, smiling at the three men in the kitchen.

"Oh, I love melon." A man with long red hair smiled. "Almost as much as coffee."

Kenny chuckled. "Oh, I hear that. I need my daily dose."

Eric hadn't met Jim before, but that had to be the man -- Marcus' sub.

And that left the third man as Jack, Ollie's sub. All three of them looked happy. It made Eric feel good. Jim and Jack took the tray from Kendall and surrounded him, touching, chatting easily, pouring wine. Eric watched as they worked on relaxing Kenny, and he knew this had been the right thing to do. A personal, friendly introduction to the lifestyle.

Oliver touched his elbow. "Would you like a drink, my friend?"

"Yes, Ollie, please." He relaxed some.

"There's a good bottle of whiskey out by the pool. Come, I'll introduce you to Billy."

"That sounds great." He spared Kenny a last look, making sure his lover was okay.

Kenny was nodding at something Jim had said, looking oddly proud.

Oliver encouraged him to move. "Jim's a former professor and a writer. Montana is a book binder. They both were extremely pleased to hear Kendall was a librarian."

"Oh, that works out nicely, doesn't it? They all have something in common." He chuckled. "Kenny's going to put that together and want to know what's in their make-up to make them all subs."

He didn't look back as they went out to the pool area. He wanted to, but he didn't. He had to trust Kenny to find his own way in this.

"It's much more that I planned to have people who would enjoy talking together." Ollie stopped as they reached the grill, head tilting. "We do have a number of creative subs, don't we, men?"

Marcus, standing by the grill, laughed. "Which makes them all the more challenging."

Another man lay in a lawn chair in the last of the evening sun. He was stocky and dark-haired, with a friendly smile. "It's because we have good taste."

"I agree. It's also nice to have to freedom to mark them without having to be so incredibly careful, hmm?"

"What do you mean?" The thought of marking Kenny... arousing.

"Well, the artistic types get away with hickeys and bruises much more easily."

"Ah, of course." He couldn't keep his cheeks from heating slightly.

"Hickeys. Bruises. Ink. Rings." Marcus smiled, the look wolfish.

"Oh, my." He'd heard about Jim's hidden... assets. "I've never seen. I mean I've seen pictures, but never anything real."

"No? You should have your boy done. It's marvelous."

"Maybe. If it's something we both want."

Oliver nodded, offered him a chair. "You have to excuse Marcus. He and Jim have a unique relationship."

Marcus chuckled. "I just know how to make my baby beautiful."

Eric grinned. "Kenny's already beautiful." He looked through the huge kitchen windows,

seeing Kenny laugh at something Jim said, Jack smiling out the window at them. He turned to Oliver and smiled. "Thank you. This is just what we needed."

"Well, he'll see that we're not monsters." Ollie's wink made him laugh. "Well, except for William..."

"Hey! Sitting right here."

"I noticed that." Oliver's voice couldn't be more dry.

William tossed his towel at Oliver.

Eric chuckled.

"Is there room for one more couple? I got off call early." Doc Manning waved, looking awful -- tired and pale and unwell.

Eric jumped up, going over automatically to help Manning to one of the chairs. "You look like hell."

"I've had a three-day where we didn't get off." Eric could see a furious-looking man in the kitchen, talking frantically to the others. Kenny grabbed a plate, Jim orange juice. Jack and Montana started putting food on the plate.

Eric knew he had to be missing something. He looked helplessly at Oliver.

"Our dear doctor is a diabetic and *notoriously* bad about keeping track of himself. Fortunately, his lover takes amazing care of him."

"Goodness. Don't tell me you haven't eaten in three days!"

"That's exactly what he's done." The angry man from the kitchen appeared on the deck, full plate in his hand.

"Les." The single word was gentle, firm, and completely ineffective.

"Shut up, old man." Les straddled Manning's legs, picked up the fork, and speared a piece of prosciutto-wrapped melon. "Eat. Now."

"I'm not..." The bite was popped into Manning's mouth.

Eric had to bite his lip to keep from laughing. It was very impressive.

Jack came out with the tray of appetizers. "I thought we could all have some. Kendall did a fabulous job."

Jim took one and offered it to Marcus. Marcus hummed, the hand not holding the barbeque tongs coming around to grab Jim's ass before he allowed himself to be fed.

"They're my favorite," Eric admitted, grabbing a couple from Jack's tray.

Montana had a plate and had moved to kneel beside William. Kenny's eyes followed them, then his lover smiled, shy. "That's why I make them."

He held out his arm for Kenny, wanting his lover next to him. He didn't need Kenny to behave like a sub; they weren't there yet, might never be in public, or private for that matter, but he definitely wanted everyone to know Kenny was with him.

Kenny came easily, warm against him. "Montana binds books. Isn't that fascinating?"

"It's very cool, babe." He held onto Kenny's hip; it felt so good having Kenny next to him. "So you like them?" he asked softly.

"I think so. Is he okay?" Kenny's eyes cut over to Doc Manning.

Manning was being fed one piece of food after another, and his color was much better than it had been. "I think so. As long as Les remembers he's supposed to be the sub."

Kenny chuckled for him, cheeks pinking. He grinned and stole a quick kiss.

"Eat up!" Marcus called from the grill. "The chicken'll be ready in five minutes."

"We don't stand on a lot of ceremony, you two. Do you mind eating out here? It's lovely weather." Oliver had a lapful of Jack.

"Not at all, and it is a beautiful night." He took a few more of Kenny's appetizers.

The food was served family style, the ten of them sitting together, chatting, relaxing. It was like any other dinner party, except Marcus was feeding Jim, William put bits on a plate for Montana, and Manning's lap was full of a fussing, petting man. It was like the Dom nights at the Hammer -- proof that these men were really just men. Friendly, warm, good men, who just so happened to be kinky.

He kept an eye on Kenny as the conversation flowed, making sure his lover continued to feel comfortable. Kenny every so often would look at Marcus or Billy in utter shock, then away, pinking.

Eric cut off a corner of his chicken, and offered the fork to Kenny, holding it up near Kenny's mouth. Kenny blinked, but opened his lips, murmuring, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." He couldn't resist stealing another kiss from Kenny's lovely lips.

"Eric..." Kenny's whisper was soft, scandalized.

He just smiled and whispered back, "I love you."

"I love you, too." Kenny chuckled, relaxed against him.

"Good." Smiling, happy, he put an arm around Kenny's shoulders and cleared the rest of his plate one-handed.

"Kendall, Jack and I were going to go out to the movies Wednesday while the guys are at the Hammer. Would you like to come?" Jim's voice was gentle, careful.

"I... I'll have to see. Which movie?"

"There's a double feature downtown. Silly old monster movies. Popcorn."

"That sounds like fun, doesn't it, babe?" Eric wanted to encourage Kenny to get to know everyone better, make new friends.

"Yeah. Yeah, but..." Kenny met his eyes. "Were you going to be out late, too?"

"Wednesday is Dom night at the Hammer. I like going, but I'd feel better being out if I knew you were out having a good time, too."

Kenny squeezed his hand. "Well, if Eric's going to be busy, it does sound fun."

He smiled at Kenny and squeezed back. "I'll make sure we're busy together other nights."

He did love that blush.

Kenny popped a piece of artichoke between his lips. "Ass."

He just grinned and munched on the artichoke.

Marcus chuckled. "My baby will take good care of your Kendall."

"Popcorn and coffee and silly monsters." Jim grinned around, winked.

"So, do you guys share sub secrets like the Doms do on Wednesdays?"

"Absolutely." Montana's voice was lovely, low and rich and full of humor. "We spend hours figuring out how to fuck with you guys."

"Montana." William's voice was chiding.

Eric's eyes went wide, even though he *knew* Montana was joking.

"Sorry, sir." He could tell Montana wasn't, though, that the man was pushing.

"You'll not say another word until dawn tomorrow." Wow, William hadn't raised his voice at all, but there was something in it, something sharp.

Kenny went tense beside him, hand reaching for his leg.

Montana, though -- that dark head nodded, face pushing close enough for William to touch. The man looked pleased, more relaxed than he had all evening.

Eric patted Kenny's hand as William stroked his sub's cheek, then slid fingers through the long, straight hair.

The air was charged now, Jim sliding closer to Marcus, eyes on his lover's face. Oliver's hand was on Jack's neck, rubbing slow circles; Manning was murmuring softly to Les. His Kenny was going to bolt, just out of pure nerves.

He pushed his hand to Kenny's back, rubbing it up and down along Kenny's spine. "Shh."

Kenny looked at him for a second, then nodded once, leaning into his side harder. "This is okay?"

"It's just fine, babe. Just fine." He kept stroking, keeping his touch gentle and soothing.

Oliver's eyes met his and he got an approving nod. He smiled back and kept touching Kenny, made sure his lover felt how much he cared. Kenny relaxed enough to rest against his shoulder, even as Montana's head came to rest on William's thigh.

"Did you have any questions?" he asked Kenny softly. There would never be a better time to ask them, with all these obviously loving couples here, opening their lives to them.

"I... I just feel bad that we got him in trouble."

"You mean Montana?" Eric looked over to William. "Did *we* get Montana in trouble?"

The man snorted. "Not at all. Montana's been pushing all day; he doesn't think I've been paying enough attention to him."

Montana snorted back and bit William lightly, playfully through his jeans.

"And trust me, after I've beaten his beautiful ass until it's purple, he'll feel differently." William looked right at Kenny. "We could do it here, now, if you'd like to watch."

Kenny blinked, staring. "I. I don't know if... I haven't ever..." Then his lover hid in his arms. He worried for about, oh, two heartbeats, before he felt Kenny's cock swell against his hip.

Eric nodded at William. "We'd be honored."

"Eric." Kenny was so close and he just pulled his lover in closer, drawing Kenny onto his lap.

"I'm right here, babe. I've got you." He stroked Kenny's back. "We're in a safe place."

Oliver was sitting in a chair, Jack wrapped in a blanket in his lap. Jim was sitting between Marcus' thighs.

William tapped Montana on the shoulder. "Go to the toy box and choose a paddle."

It was only when William pointed it out that Eric noticed the box sitting innocuously beside the grill. Montana looked at William, the air between the men heavy, intense. Incredibly sexual. Eric found himself holding his breath, his cock gone hard in his trousers. He held tight to Kenny.

William never spoke again, didn't look away, just stared into Montana's eyes. When Montana finally moved, Jim moaned softly, pushing up into Marcus' arms. It was only as Montana moved that Eric found himself breathing again. He was almost shaking from the sexual tension running through the place.

Montana's cock was hard, full, and the man seemed unashamed of it, maybe even proud. Eric licked his lips, attention split between Montana going for the paddle and William moving his chair out from the table and sort of center stage. The paddle Montana picked was heavy, thick, the wood gleaming in the dim light.

Kenny leaned in, whispered in his ear. "Are you sure we should watch? Are you sure it's okay?"

"I'm sure that if William didn't want us to watch, he'd let us know." He couldn't see the tough-looking top letting *anything* happen to his sub that he didn't want to have happen.

Montana brought the paddle to William, offering it easily. William took it, fingers sliding over it, the movements sensual. Then Billy slapped it against his hand, the sound making Eric jump.

"Marcus made that one. It's quite lovely." Oliver's eyes met his again. "There are light blankets, should you or Kendall get chilled, on that chaise."

He smiled, nodded, hearing the offer of a bit of privacy for Kenny as what it was.

"Thank you. Did you want to go grab one, babe?"

"I... Yeah. Yeah, the wind's starting to blow." Kenny moved quickly, nervousness written in the lines of his body.

As soon as Kenny was back in his lap, Eric laid the blanket over them and rubbed his hands along Kenny's spine again, soothing gently.

Montana was slowly removing his jeans, shirt. Kenny gasped at the web of scars that covered Montana's skin, from shoulders to ass. Oliver followed his gaze, nodded. "Tanny was in a motorcycle accident as a teenager. It almost killed him."

William growled softly, and nodded, reaching for Montana's skin. Thick fingers traced the scars, like a benediction.

"William -- Billy, sorry, my friend -- found him, sleeping on the streets, lost. I was there." Oliver smiled at Billy, who'd grumbled a bit at Oliver and his insistence on formal names. "In fact, I was quite stunned when our Billy took the little kit home."

"Why stunned?" Eric asked, watching with fascination as Billy finished what was obviously a ritual.

"Because I didn't believe that he was redeemable. I didn't believe that he would respond. I was wrong."

Billy kissed Montana's belly and smiled up into his sub's face. "You were. But I knew." Then Billy sat back and patted his knees. "Assume the position, Montana."

Montana stretched over Billy's thighs, and the reasons for his careful, graceful motions were clear now -- not only did Montana live with the scars, but there was a heavy plug stretching the man's hole.

Eric moaned, imagining plugging Kenny and making him go about his day that way. He could do it one morning before Kenny had to go to work, take it out after supper... Oh, God. Kenny would be insane by the end. He could even pick his lover up for lunch, touch and tease.

He was so wrapped up in the fantasy he missed Billy raising his hand for the first hit. The sound of the paddle meeting Montana's skin was like a shot, bringing him right back to the here and now. Kenny didn't look, face hidden in his shoulder, a soft moan brushing his skin.

"You don't want to see?" he asked. "You don't want to watch Billy's face as he does it?" He couldn't see Montana's, but Billy looked blissful.

The blows came, steady and sure, Montana's body starting to jerk, to ride and rub against Billy's thigh. Eric held onto Kenny, hand sliding into his lover's lap. Kenny's cock was hard, throbbing, a tiny wet spot forming on Kenny's slacks. Cool, he wasn't in this alone.

He slid his fingers over Kenny's prick, stroking it.

"Ric. Eric, don't." Kenny's hips rolled, pushed up toward his touch.

"No one can see." Everyone was watching the show Billy and Montana were putting on.

He unzipped Kenny's slacks, fingers working the cloth open.

Billy was murmuring to Montana now as he paddled the plugged ass, words that he couldn't hear, but they seemed to have Montana undulating, pushing up into each thrust.



Groaning softly himself, he finally got his hand around Kenny's prick.

"Love." Kenny moaned, lips on his jaw, his ear.

"God, you're sexy, babe." So sexy. And brave. God.

He was hearing other moans, other soft words, encouragements, and that sound of wood against flesh. He realized he was stroking Kenny's cock to the rhythm of Billy's smacks. His hips started pushing, punching into the air.

"Eric. Eric, please. I can't not..."

"You're allowed to come, Kenny."

"But..." Kenny stared at him, eyes wide and shocked, so needy.

He heard a low cry coming from close by, but it didn't matter. All he saw was Kenny. "But nothing, babe. Show me how good it is. Let me smell you." He worked Kenny harder, the way growing slick as Kenny's cock leaked.

Kenny gasped, leaning to take a kiss as seed poured over his fingers. He moaned into the kiss, Kenny's need so sexy. Never. They'd never done something so... public. It had his prick hard, aching.

He glanced around, finding the other couples absorbed in each other.

The spanking had stopped, Montana's legs spread wide, ass in the air. Billy suddenly shot them a look. "Does your sub want to remove the plug?"

Kenny shook his head, eyes horrified. "Please, Eric. No."

"Shh. It's okay, babe. No one's going to make you do anything you don't want to." Eric turned his attention to Billy and shook his head. "Not tonight."

Oliver smiled at Billy. "He's very new to the lifestyle and incredibly charming."

"Oliver..." He felt himself blushing.

"It's true. We were all new, once."

"I'm not denying being new." He chuckled. He wasn't so sure about the charming.

"You can't deny being charming, either, 'Ric."

"Kenny!" Laughing, he squeezed his babe's cock under the cover of the blanket.

"Jack will take it out, if you'd like." Oliver hummed, patted Jack's ass.

"Good, good. Come on, Jack." Billy waved Jack over. "Take your time."

Kenny pressed closer to him as Montana moaned softly. He tucked Kenny back into his pants, adjusted his own aching cock, and then stroked Kenny's arm and side, keeping him easy as they watched.

Jack walked over, hands on Montana's ass. "How do you want me to do it?"

Billy chuckled. "Slowly. Play with it a little, twist it."

Montana moaned again, head shaking.

"Go ahead, Jack. And you." Billy smacked Montana's ass with his hand. "No coming."

Eric felt Kenny's moan, more than heard it.

As Jack began to work on the plug, Eric took Kenny's hand and brought it to his crotch. He looked over. Jim was kneeling before Marcus, head bobbing, long curls disheveled. He gasped, hips jerking, pushing up against Kenny's hand.

"I have you." Kenny's words were soft. "Do... do you want me to... under the blanket?"

He groaned. God, his Kenny was something else. "Yeah, babe. I do."

"Okay. Hold the blanket closed, 'kay?" Kenny slipped down, sliding into his lap, surprising the hell out of him.

God. He hadn't expected that.

He made sure the blanket shielded Kenny completely, biting his bottom lip. Oliver met his eyes, surprised, pleased, and then it didn't matter, because Kenny's lips were wrapping around the tip of his cock. None of it mattered. Not Oliver, not the tableau of Billy and Montana and Jack. It was all about Kenny and the way Kenny was making him feel amazing.

It was all about the fact that his Kenny -- his sweet, dear Kenny -- was sucking his cock here. Right here. He reached down, petting Kenny's head beneath the blanket, a needy moan coming out of him. The suction made his eyes roll and he had to force himself to keep his eyes open, to watch Jack slowly fuck Montana with the thick plug.

He glanced at Billy, watching the Dom lick his lips. Eric had a hunch Billy was going to pounce any minute now and take over from Jack. Then Kenny's tongue did something to the underside of his cockhead and he groaned, balls drawing up tight against his body.

"Enough, Jack." Oliver's words were low, arms held open.

The plug came out of Montana with an audible pop, and Jack handed it over to Billy with a "Thank you, sir," before climbing back into Oliver's arms.

God, he was going to come soon, he was going to shoot right down Kenny's throat. Oliver drew Jack into a kiss. Kenny's fingers slid down the scar on his ball sac. Loving him.

"Babe..." He whispered it, his hips jerking, pushing his cock deep as he came.

Kenny hummed, breath vibrating around his cock. He stroked Kenny's curls, breathing heavily as Billy grabbed Montana's hips and pushed inside the beautiful man. He could feel Kenny's cheek -- hot against his thigh, his lover's breath panting hard.

He tugged gently. "Come watch, babe."

Kenny tucked him in, zipped him up, then slid up his body, clinging. "No one saw, did they?"

"No, babe. No one." He cuddled Kenny to him, taking a kiss and tasting himself there. "We're all watching Billy and Montana."

Kenny nodded and settled, staying close, letting him hold on tight. He kissed Kenny's temple, watching as Billy took Montana. They'd moved so now everyone could see Montana's profile, bliss written on each feature. Eric was willing to bet Montana and Billy were more or less unaware of their watchers.

In fact, he thought that a bomb could go off and Montana would still be staring into Billy's eyes. It was pretty stunning, to see their love laid out like that for everyone to see. And that was more intimate than the beating had been.

Eric still couldn't quite believe this was happening. And that he had Kenny right here with him, watching, being turned on, even if he was also embarrassed.

He leaned their heads together. "Beautiful, aren't they?"

"I... They are. It's a little odd, watching."

"Arousing, too, though." Kenny couldn't deny that -- they'd both come.

"Yeah."

Montana's ass was dark red, the scarred back oddly fascinating in the light. Billy began to speak softly to Montana. He couldn't make out the words, but they had Montana crying out. Montana leaned in, their mouths fastening together. Billy thrust a few more times and then froze.

Eric noted that Montana did not get to come.

In fact, in only a few heartbeats, Billy pulled Montana off his cock, bending the man over and reinserting the plug without fanfare. Montana shook and shivered, pushing into

Billy's arms, obviously seeking comfort. Billy gave it, sitting back in the chair and drawing Montana onto his lap.

When it seemed that Montana had found his comfort, Billy turned to them, an easy, sated smile on his face. "My Montana is beautiful, isn't he?"

"He's lovely." Kenny's voice was soft, gentle, but it was true. Montana's cheeks were flushed, entire body relaxed now, except for the needy cock. The stiff, distant expression was gone, like it had never been there.

Billy nodded and beamed at Kenny. "Yes, he is."

Eric held onto Kenny, so proud. Kenny leaned into him again, cheek on his shoulder. It was quiet for awhile, all of them sitting silently together. It was peaceful instead of awkward.

"Jim, lovely? Come make coffee with me and we'll bring out the brownies." Jack's eyes were laughing, happy. "Maybe I'll get you to dance for us."

"Jack!" Jim's laughter was soft, rich, then the pretty eyes looked to Marcus. "Master?"

"I'd like to see that, baby." Marcus look was like a touch sliding over Jim.

"I'll make coffee." Jim pinked, smiled, and kissed Marcus' cheek.

"You might even be allowed to have a cup."

Jim shivered, the need there surprising, painful almost. "It's been four days, Master."

"I am well aware of that. Make the coffee, bring it out with the brownies, and we'll see if you can have some or not."

Wow. He knew Marcus and Jim were full-time -- he guessed most of the guys here were -- but down to what Jim could eat or drink?

He couldn't imagine doing that with Kenny.

"Yes, sir." Marcus got another quick kiss, then Jim headed over to Jack, holding out one hand and offering Jack a warm smile. "Come on, Trouble."

Oh, look at that. It was just as lovely as what they'd seen with Billy and Montana. He held on tight to Kenny, kind of humbled to have been allowed into this circle of friends.

Jack and Jim passed them, Jim nodding to Kenny. "Want to come help?"

"It's up to you, babe. Could be fun, though." He wasn't going to make it an order, not this time, with everything so new and all they'd seen. Maybe he never would; he wasn't sure that they needed that.

"Okay. You know how I feel about coffee." Kenny stood up, leaving with the other two. Montana looked unwilling to leave Billy's arms and Les was holding Manning, who was sound asleep.

Eric watched Kenny go, prouder than ever. Kenny was dealing with this really well. It boded well for their forays into the lifestyle.

It boded well for things moving forward for them, again. Still.

## *Chapter Fifteen*

They walked into the house, both of them full, quiet.

What a night.

Kendall couldn't believe that he'd... that they'd... that people.

Wow.

"I'll let the pups out, hmm?" He headed in, the dogs bouncing in their crates, yipping.

Eric followed him, hand sliding over his ass as he went to the back door to open it for the dogs. His steps hiccupped a little, the vision of Montana -- Tanny -- and the dark red skin of his ass.

"We should go to bed and talk once the dogs have had their time in the yard." He could feel Eric's eyes on him.

"I'd like that. I'm a little... buzzed."

"Yeah, me, too. It was a lot to take in. They're nice, though, aren't they?" Eric sounded happy.

"They were. I was a little surprised. Would you like a cup of tea or some hot chocolate or something?"

"Oh, hot chocolate. Neither of us needs to have anything with much caffeine in it. And I *told* you they were nice."

"You did." He nodded, grabbing a mug and the milk from the fridge. "Is sharing okay? I just want a bit."

"I'd love to share with you, babe." Eric came up behind him, pressing close, hands sliding along his belly.

"Mmm. Your hands are warm." He measured out some milk, some cocoa mix, and lit the burner.

"Yeah?" His shirt was tugged up out of his pants, Eric's fingers finding skin.

"Yeah. Yeah, they are." He stirred and hummed, leaning back into Eric's body. "Did you have a good time?" Did I do okay?

"You know the answer to that, I had an amazing time." Eric nuzzled his neck. "You had a good time, too."

"I did. I can't believe I went down on you, outside."

"I can. It was *amazing*." Eric's fingers slid down into his pants and grabbed his cock.

"Eric!" He laughed, shook his head. "The brownies were good." Even though Marcus had only let Jim have a sip of coffee. Kendall didn't know what to think about that.

"The brownies were most excellent. Apparently Jim is famous for them." Eric's hand was still down his pants, teasing, stroking.

"Eric, what are you doing?" He poured the cocoa into the mug, biting back his moan a little.

Eric laughed softly. "Don't you know?"

"A little. Maybe. Let the dogs in and I'll put some whipped cream on top."

"Mmm... I like the sound of that." Eric squeezed his cock and then slid his hand away.

Kendall laughed, nodded, and then stepped to get their cream. Eric wandered to the back door and opened it, whistling for the puppies.

"They need food or water top-ups before we go to bed?"

"Just grab a few treats. They still have kibble."

Eric went to the cupboard and took out some doggie bacon, tossing it to the beasts.  
"Spoiled rotten."

"We are." They locked up and headed to the bedroom. He was suddenly terribly glad it was Saturday, so that they had time to chat, talk, and not worry about being up early.

Eric was right there, drawing him into bed once they were undressed, their hot chocolate on the bedside table.

"Come here, babe. Let me have a kiss."

He pushed in, lifting his face for the kiss.

"Mmm..." Eric's lips pressed against his, mouth opening his, tongue slipping in to taste him.

He cuddled in, straddling Eric's thigh.

"So you had a good time?" Eric asked, fingers running up and down along his back.

"I did. It was unusual, and I didn't expect people to be so normal and sexual at once."

Eric nodded. "They were so open, too. I knew they were opening their lives for us, but I never expected such generosity."

"Jim and Jack were serious about Wednesday." In fact, they seemed more than serious. They seemed eager to have him come.

"I know. I was so pleased by how they opened to you, welcomed you in." Eric nibbled his ear. "You'll go, right? I'd like to know you're having a wonderful evening with them while I'm having the same with their masters."

"I think I will, yes. It sounds like fun."

"Good. I'm glad. What was your favorite part of the evening?"

"Honestly? I liked the dancing at the end. It felt like a bunch of friends, having fun." The doctor was a little worrisome, though. Oliver had sent both Manning and Les upstairs to rest.

"You were all very sexy, but you most of all, Kenny. You kept drawing my eyes. All night long."

"The others were prettier. Younger than me." By a little, anyway. He knew he was fishing. He didn't really care.

"They were not!" Eric laughed. "Okay, I can't argue with you about ages, but you were the loveliest one there, babe."

"Thank you." He grinned, leaned harder. "So, I felt bad for Montana. He didn't get to come and his butt looked... brutal."

"Did you see how peaceful he looked after, though? I don't feel bad for him at all."

"No? He was very... erect."

"Yeah, he sure was. He seemed pretty happy, though." Eric's mouth worked its way along his shoulder. "Would you like that? Wearing a ring, and not being allowed to come even when you thought you absolutely had to?"

"I don't know. I... Do you think it's weird to think yes and no both?"

Eric paused for a moment and then shook his head. "No, I don't think that's weird."

"Good, because part of me says God, no. No. And part of me is curious."

"I want to know everything that has you curious. Even the 'God, no' stuff."



"How can... How do you think Jim and Montana can take orders like that? Is that what you want?"

Eric shook his head. "No, I don't want you to take orders like that. It's not about that for me. For us."

"Okay. Good, because... I don't understand that."

"The whole lifestyle... it's huge. I don't think there's anyone who's into everything. You'd have to be schizophrenic."

"Yeah. I guess so. I don't... I don't like that. I mean, if they do, that's okay, but I don't get it." Did that make him intolerant?

"We aren't going to do anything you don't like, babe. I promise." Eric's hands slid on his arms, the touch soothing.

"So, what did you think?"

"About what, babe?" Light dawned in Eric's eye's. "Oh! You mean the kinky stuff. I'm excited to start."

"So, about the club... is it expensive? Can we afford it? I mean, I saw Oliver's house."

"It's expensive, but we could work it into our budget. We can start with a month's membership, see if it works for us. Oliver has said he'll sponsor me."

"Yeah? What... what all is included?"

"Access to the club, the private rooms there. There are lectures and shows."

Kenny wasn't sure how much they needed that. "You like the Dom night thing..."

"I do. The people I've met... well, you've met some of them. Oliver especially has been wonderful, but I get a lot out of it, babe." Eric continued to touch him, random gropes and squeezes punctuating the glide of his fingers.

"Okay. Okay, we'll figure it out." They had a good-sized entertainment budget, and this was important to Eric.

Eric kissed his forehead. "Yeah. We need to make sure we have enough money for toys, too." He was given a wicked grin. "So I can do things to you."

"What things?" This, the talking, was his favorite part.

"Oh, babe, the things I'm going to do to you." Eric bit at his earlobe and then whispered right into his ear. "I'm going to tie you to this bed, babe, and I'm going to have my wicked way with you."

Kendall's skin felt like it was tightening, the heat making him gasp a little, push closer.

"I can't wait for that plug to get here, babe. The cock ring, too. Gonna make you wait. Not like Billy makes Montana wait, but I'm not going to let you come right away."

"Eric..." His cock filled easily, eagerly, just like he was a kid again.

"Yeah. I'm going to drive you wild. I'm going to use that anal bead wand you ordered, too. I'm going to start slowly, pushing just the one in you, fucking you with it until you want to scream. Then I'll push it in to the second one."

He could see it, see how Eric would watch him. His heart pounded, thighs parting. Eric drew him close so his cock rubbed against hot skin.

"And you won't be able to come. Not until I'm finished playing."

"I..." He moaned, nuzzling in to lick and suck at Eric's throat.

"Yeah, babe. It's all about you and the things I want to do to you."

"You make me feel like I'm burning alive. *So good.*"

Eric beamed at him, hands sliding on his arms, his back, leaving trails of fire behind. "I'm going to make it all come true, babe."

"Are you getting what you need out of it?" He arched a little, pushing into the touch.

"These are things I *want* to do to you, babe. So badly."

He nodded, teeth testing, his cock sliding on that smooth skin. Eric groaned and lay back, keeping him close. It was easy, to keep tasting, to keep biting and licking and moving. Eric shifted him so their cocks slid together, so hot he couldn't believe they didn't light on fire.

"Love you." That was the important part.

"Forever," moaned Eric, holding his face. Then they kissed again, Eric's tongue pushing into his mouth as their bodies undulated together.

He stroked up and down Eric's back, petting his lover.

Eric moved faster. "You make me so hot."

"I wanted you tonight." He'd proven that.

"I know. It was sexy as anything I've ever seen, Kenny."

He couldn't stop his smile. "I felt sexy. I felt amazing, knowing that I was making you want."

Eric's tongue slid along his lips. "You always make me want, babe. But tonight was special."

"Yeah. Yeah, it was our first time... sort of."

"Oh, you're right. Our first time. I like that." Eric smiled and then kissed him again, pressing them together.

"Do you remember the first time you kissed me?" He did. They'd been friends for months. Hell, he'd been dating Eric's roommate.

"You mean while you were still dating Ron?"

"Yes. I couldn't believe we were doing it. I'd been fantasizing about you for so long."

"Yeah, I'd been cursing the day Ron met you first."

"You didn't let me go, though." After that first, quick kiss, Eric hadn't let them deny what they had.

"No way. Not once I knew you felt the same way. And kissing you... it's still one of the best things in this world."

Oh.

Oh, damn.

He pushed into another kiss, thanking Eric in the best way he knew how. Their lips clung together, Eric sucking on his tongue. He reached for Eric's cock, tugging it nice and steady. He wanted to feel that, deep inside him.

"I wanna make love, babe."

"Yes." That sounded like a great idea.

"Get the slick. We're gonna need it."

Kendall nodded, stretched for the tube, knowing Eric liked the way it looked. Groaning, Eric slid warm fingers along his side.

"Mmm. That feels good." He stretched farther, letting Eric touch all he wanted.

Armpit to thigh, Eric's fingers danced.

He passed down the lube. "Face to face or hands and knees, love?"

"Face to face, babe." Eric always wanted to see him.

He nodded, happy, and settled onto the bed. Eric's hands slid up his thighs and then encouraged him to spread wide.

"Look at you."

"Isn't that your job?"

"Mmm... it is." Kneeling between his legs, Eric slicked up his fingers and teased them behind Kendall's balls. He moaned, balls drawing tight. Eric's fingers skated across his hole, and then slid more slowly before one pushed inside him. A deep sound vibrated out of him, so good.

That was so fucking good.

That finger disappeared, a second pushing in. Eric circled the finger and then changed fingers again. Kendall's eyes fell closed and he sighed, focusing on the feelings, the gentle, sweet stretch. Eric kept playing, one finger, two, back to one, circling and stretching, spreading him wide.

"Talk to me. Tell me what you're thinking."

"I'm not thinking, babe. I'm looking at you, at how good you look, how good you feel." Eric groaned, pushing three fingers into him. "About how badly I want to do you."

"Oh. Oh, full. Good." He bore down, starting to pant a bit.

"You ready, babe? I want inside."

"Ready. So ready." He was all about letting Eric in.

"Good."

Eric's fingers pulled away, and then he settled down, cock nudging, right where they both wanted it.

Kendall bore down, throat working, eyes rolling in his head.

"Oh, babe. So good. I love being inside you."

He swallowed hard, nodded. He'd always loved this. Always.

Eric moved slowly at first, letting them both enjoy the long slide of his prick in and out. Face to face they could watch each other, kiss.

"I love you, huh?" He reached up, cupped Eric's jaw, fingers tracing the stubble.

"I know, babe." Eric's eyes half-closed, the look blissful. "You, too. Me. I do. I mean..." Eric laughed, bent, and kissed him hard. "Love you."

Kendall squeezed, making sure he was tight around Eric's cock. "Good."

Groaning, Eric moved faster and harder, pushing solidly into him, their bodies smacking noisily together.

"Oh. Oh, Eric. Good."

"Unh..." Eric kept moving, hips twisting a little now so the cock inside him shifted and hit his gland.

"Eric!" His eyes flew open and he didn't even remember closing them.

Eric grinned, staying with the angle now that he'd found it and hitting his gland with every push in. Kendall gasped -- he couldn't quite breathe, the pleasure and pressure so sweet. Eric's skin began to shine, his muscles sheened in sweat.

"Love." He reached down, started stroking his cock.

"Yeah, come for me." The words were gasped out, Eric panting, moaning.

"Yes." Kendall nodded, balls jerking and throbbing as he shot.

"Oh, God." Eric froze while he came, waiting him out, watching him.

His mouth opened and closed, over and over. When his body eased a bit, Eric started moving again, thrusting hard, eyes glazing over.

"So fine. Lover."

"Love..." Eric moved faster. "Close. God..."

"Come in me. Fill me up." When they got the plug, they could keep Eric's seed inside him.

Eric cried out, cocking jerking inside him, shooting heat deep into him.

"Mmm." He reached out, held Eric inside him.

"God, I love you, babe."

"Love."

So good.

Eric slipped out of him and curled up beside him, nuzzling. "You're amazing, you know that?"

"Mmm. I'm just... a guy in love."

"No, you're a guy in love with *me*. That makes all the difference."

## *Chapter Sixteen*

Eric hurried toward the Hammer, flashing the bouncer his guest pass. He grabbed his phone and hit autodial one as he went in, waiting for Kenny to pick up.

"Hey, love."

"Hey. I'm at the Hammer. Have you started your evening yet?"

"No, I was feeding the dogs and making a sandwich. How was your day?"

"Good. I've just gotten to the Hammer. When are you meeting the guys?" He saw Oliver at his usual table and waved, slowly making his way over.

"At seven-fifteen. Our... our box came, love."

"Oh. Oh, wow. That was fast." He laughed softly, excitement going through him. "Did you open it?"

"No. No, I thought we should, together." Kenny chuckled softly. "I'll be home around ten-thirty..."

"I'll be there." With bells on.

"Me, too. Are you sure it's good for me to go?"

"Babe. They're good people. Go and have fun. I'll meet you back at home and we can play with our new toys."

"Okay. Okay, you have fun, too. I love you."

"I love you, babe." He shut off his phone, grinning like a fool in love, and took his seat at Oliver's table. "Hey."

"Good evening. You look pleased." Oliver nodded to him, smiled.

"I was just talking to Kenny. He's meeting your Jack and Jim, and I think Tanny, too, for a movie."

"Yes, they're all very excited. Jim was driving Marcus insane."

He chuckled and winked. "I thought that was par for the course with the two of them."

"Pretty much. Yes. I think Marcus quite enjoys it."

Xavier came over, phone in hand. "Oliver. Les."

Oliver took the phone, speaking quietly. "Les? What's wrong? Calm down. No, now just relax. Eric and I are on the way." Oliver looked over at the club manager, the men sharing a quiet look. "I need you..."

"To find Marcus? Is Manning okay?"

"He collapsed. We'll head to the hospital."

Eric stood up, reaching into his pocket for his phone. "Should I call Kenny? Get them to meet us there?"

"Does he have a vehicle?"

"I don't know. I walked here from work so he could take the car if he needed to, but I don't know where they were meeting." He followed Oliver out the door.

"Marcus will. If Tanny's with them, William will. Call your boy, please, tell them to wait at the theater."

Eric hit the autodial for Kenny again as they headed toward Oliver's car.

"Hey, there."

"Babe. Manning's collapsed. Oliver and I are headed for the hospital. Marcus or Billy will be by to pick you guys up and bring you."

"Oh, my God. Should I do something? I'm almost at the theater..."

"Just wait at the theater until Marcus or Billy get there. Keep everyone calm."

"Absolutely. You be careful. No speeding."

"I'll tell Oliver. Babe. I love you."

"I know. It will be okay." His lover was so steady, so sure with things like this.

Oliver touched his arm. "Marcus and William are heading for the theater. We'll meet up at the hospital and see what Les needs."

He nodded to Oliver. "Okay, I'll see you soon, babe. I love you." He knew he'd just said it, but he felt the need to say it again.

He hung up and got into Oliver's car. "Do you know what happened?"

"Les is frantic. I know Manning's been overworking, not taking care of himself. The man needs to commit to a private practice and stop this hospital nonsense."



"He doesn't want to give it up?" He figured conversation was better than sitting in worried silence.

"I think he's a bit addicted to the pace, honestly. Although I must say, Les has firm opinions and where Manning's health is concerned the man is relentless."

"That's good. It'll help." He knew from experience how much good it did, having someone strong in your corner.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't think. Will this be too painful for either one of you?"

"No, we'll be fine. You want Kenny there. He's amazing. So strong."

"He must be. I remember that from when you were ill. He was always so incredibly positive."

Eric nodded, so proud of his lover. "Kenny saved my life." Not the chemo, not the doctors, but his Kenny. Oh, the rest had something to do with it, but without Kenny he would have never made it.

"I'm sure he will be a big source of comfort for Les." Oliver offered him a warm smile, then turned into the hospital parking lot.

He nodded. "Hopefully Les won't need much comfort. I bet he's going to be pissed at Manning, though." The sub had clearly been furious with Doc at Oliver's party; Eric could only imagine how Les would react to this once his lover was on the road to recovery.

"It will be a fascinating power play to watch, once Manning is well." Oliver parked, looked over at him. "I will confess. I'm not particularly comfortable with medical... situations."

"Would you like me to deal with Les and the doctors?" He was old hat at that.

"I would be grateful for your assistance."

"I'm happy to help." It would feel good to be able to do something for Oliver for a change.

They headed into the ER, Oliver looking around the room, then heading for the receptionist. "Our friend, Dr. Manning, is ill. His partner called us."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I'm not allowed to give out information unless you're a relative."

Eric leaned in and gave the receptionist a smile. "I know you're busy, but maybe you could tell us what waiting room we might find his partner in?"

"Yes, there's a public waiting room down the hall. If he's not in triage with the patient, he'll be in there."

"Thank you very much." Eric pointed down the hall. "Come on, Oliver. We'll find him this way." And if they didn't, they'd be able to find someone to help them, or at least to let Les know they were here.

"Right behind you." They walked down the hall and suddenly Les was hurtling toward them.

Oh, man, he wished Kenny was here already. He'd know what to say, how to help Les.

Oliver, however, seemed to understand that part, arms opening. "Easy. Easy. How is he?"

"I don't know! They're still working on him. He came home and collapsed and I had to call the ambulance and it took so long for them to come and then they couldn't get him conscious and I'm going to kill him!"

Oliver nodded, hands sliding down Les' back in a comforting caress. "They'll take good care of him, Les. And then you'll be able to beat him."

"I will, you know. I don't care what our roles are supposed to be -- he's neglected himself once too often and I won't put up with it!" With that, the tears that Les had obviously been fighting began leaking, the poor sub blinking hard against them.

"Good." Oliver nodded. "You're allowed to be angry and scared, boy. I'm right here."

"I'm sorry!" Les wrapped his arms around Oliver's waist and buried his face in the man's chest, sobbing quietly.

Eric grimaced, feeling helpless. "I'm going to see if they've got any information on him yet. I assume Les has legal documents listing him as next of kin." He and Kenny had had to get all sorts of legal papers set up when he'd been diagnosed: documents that would prove Kenny was his legal next of kin, that Kenny could make medical decisions on his behalf. It could be a nightmare if you weren't prepared.

"We do. We're getting married. He asked me last night. I said yes."

"Oh, Les! Congratulations!" Eric laughed and clapped the man on the shoulder. "That's good news."

"What's good news?"

Eric turned at the demanding voice, finding Marcus and Billy piling into the waiting room along with Jack, Jim, Montana, and Kenny.

"I'm marrying Manning, if I don't kill him. If... if he doesn't..."

Kenny snorted. "Nonsense. You stop that, right now. He'll be fine. Come on. You need to be in there, paying attention. Don't you *let* them shut you out. You're his voice here."

Everyone blinked as Kenny grabbed Les' arm, marching the man back toward the ER without so much as a pause.

Eric grinned. "That's my babe. He's a good man to have around in this kind of situation. Someone should probably find the coffee machine while the rest of us sit, eh?"

"I'll do that." Jim nodded and he and Jack headed off together, shoulder to shoulder.

Marcus grumbled. "He would volunteer for the coffee run. Of course, if anyone can find coffee, it's my Jim."

That had them all chuckling, and the tension eased, all them finding a place to sit.

Jim came back with the coffees about the same time that Kenny popped his head in. "He had a diabetic seizure and broke his shoulder when he fell. The good news is, his sugars are stabilized and his brain and kidneys look good. The bad news is that they're going to have to do surgery on his shoulder in the morning and he's having some memory-type issues -- just remembering the last day or two. They're admitting him."

"Are they letting Les see him, babe?"

"Les is staying with him. They said there's a fold-out chair in the room." Kenny offered him a wry smile. "I remember those."

He held out his hand and pulled Kenny down next to him. "I bet you do. So what can the rest of us do to be the most help to them?"

There were murmurs at his question, everyone looking expectantly at Kenny.

"Well, someone has to help with contacting jobs and patients and clients. Someone needs to check on their house. Someone needs to make sure Les eats. Most of the help will come after, once Manning is home. They'll need lots of help, then."

"We'll set up a chart," suggested Marcus. "Of who's helping out when. There's enough of us that we should be able to have them covered without any of us taking time off our own jobs."

Eric nodded, a part of him simply amazed at how these men had all dropped everything to come to their friends' sides, how they were making plans to keep doing so.

"I have to get back. I told Les I'd help with the paperwork part."

"Okay, babe." He squeezed Kenny's hand and then leaned in and took a kiss. "Thanks."

"Of course. Can someone get Les something to eat? I could hear his stomach growling."

"Jim, why don't you and Jack do that," Marcus volunteered. "And find out from Les where we can find the numbers we need to call and let people know."

Oliver nodded. "Just get me Les' cell phone, Kendall. I'll deal with that. Billy, will you and Tanny stop by the house and check on the birds? I have a key, if you need it."

"Yeah, we'll get them a change of clothes, too." Billy stood, his arm around Montana, and held his hand out for the key.

"Don't forget something soft and comfy, huh? And toothbrushes, toothpaste, deodorant." Kenny knew this shit.

Billy nodded as Oliver passed over the key. "Got it. There anything else from home we should be getting?"

"Does Les need any medication? Maybe a laptop or an iPod? I don't know him very well..."

"Okay, I've got you. Stuff to occupy him while he sits and waits. Comfy clothes. We'll take care of it. Tanny'll know what he needs."

Billy and Montana headed out, the sub leaning hard on his master.

Kenny went too, leaving him and Oliver and Marcus staring at one another. Finally, Oliver smiled. "Your Kendall is quite amazing."

Eric nodded. "He's had to be. If it hadn't been for him, I never would have survived the cancer, the chemo, the whole pile of crap. He's so strong. I think he still doesn't realize it. Dealing with this shit is just something he does, you know?" It made him proud, though, that Kenny was so strong, so capable.

Oliver nodded. "Has he ever considered becoming an advocate? He'd be amazing at it."

"No, it had never occurred to either of us, but seeing him today? I think he should seriously consider it."

Marcus and Oliver both nodded. "He'd be an amazing resource to the community -- especially the queer community."

"Yeah, I can see that. He loves his job, but he might get even more out of something like this. Is that even a job, though?" There hadn't been anyone, really, to help him and Kenny out. They'd had to go to a lawyer to figure it all out.

"There are patient advocates, absolutely. The hospital hires them, usually. It would be a job where he could put all that knowledge to use."

Eric nodded. "It's certainly something for him to think about."

Oliver nodded, and then smiled at Marcus. "Les is quite irate."

Marcus chuckled. "I imagine so. I wouldn't want to be Manning when he wakes up."

"No. No, I don't think I would, either." Oliver sighed. "He has to learn, Marcus. He has to accept that he has limitations."

Marcus leaned forward. "That's not going to be an easy lesson. He's driven. And so far Les has helped him to push by being there to take care of everything at home, bringing him food, basically managing his diabetes for him."

"Are we going to have to get Manning his own Top, Marcus?" Eric couldn't tell if Oliver was serious.

"I don't know, Old Man. He doesn't have a mentor like I did." There was a warmth in Marcus' eyes as he looked at Oliver that Eric didn't quite understand.

Oliver nodded, patted Marcus' knee. "We'll figure it out, dear boy."

Eric blinked. That was... well, almost like Marcus was Oliver's sub.

Marcus nodded. "I know. Maybe they'll figure it out between them. This might be the thing that gets Manning to start listening to Les."

"And if not, we'll find someone to order Manning around until he explodes." This time Oliver *was* joking, Eric could see it in the man's eyes.

Marcus chuckled and they all settled back in.

Eric's stomach growled. "Sorry, but it's been awhile since I ate."

"Let's head to the cafeteria and grab a bite, and..." Oliver stopped as Kenny popped his head back in.

"They're moving him upstairs. Les is asking for you, Oliver."

It seemed that Oliver was almost the patriarch of this group of friends, and Eric wondered how deeply that went. The man had been one of the co-founders of the Hammer, after all. He certainly was a mentor of sorts for Eric.

They all stood and went to Kenny.

"He had another seizure, a minor one. They say that's normal and not a sign of things getting worse."

Eric slid his arm around Kenny's waist. "So he's going to be okay?"

"They don't seem scared. I think it's one of those horrible, long-term, lifestyle-changing things. You know, he'll have to start focusing on his health, not just ignoring it."

"I think he'll have some help with that. From what I've heard, Les is going to have a lot to say about it."

"I would imagine..." Kenny kissed his jaw. "Food? You look hungry."

"Yeah, we were just headed for the cafeteria, actually."

"Cool. I can't help them right now and Oliver's going, so I'll come with."

"Marcus, would you like to come with us?"

"I would. I imagine Jim and Jack have landed there themselves. They did bring Les some food, right?"

"They did. Food and coffee and dessert."

"Excellent." Marcus clapped them both on the back. "Let's go eat. Then we'll know things are really going to be okay."

"Things are going to be fine." Kenny sounded determined.

Eric nodded. "Yeah, if we're having supper, we must be past the worst of it." He knew something as simple as a meal could make you feel so much better mentally.

Kenny's fingers twined with his, squeezed.

He squeezed back as they headed toward the cafeteria. "Thank you, babe. You were a godsend this evening."

"Oh, I just..." Kenny shrugged. "I've been there."

"I know. But you jumped right in and made everything so much easier for Les. For everyone, really, and you hardly even know them. It was impressive."

Kenny beamed at him, cheeks pink. "Thanks, love. I'm glad I could help."

"You know, Marcus and Oliver were saying that you'd be a great asset to the community at large, and the gay community in particular, if you signed on as an advocate for patients and their families." He figured there was no better time to float the idea than when Kenny was all flushed with the pride of successfully helping out Manning and Les.

"Me? That's a very specific job for someone with training..."

"Seems to me you're perfect for the job. You've been through it all. You walked right in here and knew exactly what Les and Manning needed."

They walked into the cafeteria where Jim and Jack were at a table, six coffees and six sandwiches and six cookies waiting.

"We got an assortment."

"Looks good." He gave them a smile and then bumped Kenny's hip. "Just think about it, okay?"

"Okay, love. Eat." They all sat, drinking and eating, chatting quietly.

They'd never been lonely, but it was so good, being part of something.

He looked over at his lover and smiled, feeling very, very lucky.

## *Chapter Seventeen*

"He's eaten, and Manning's asleep. Things are going okay, but Les is *really* stressed out." Kendall knew exactly how Les felt, and he was glad that Oliver and Jack were here for the evening 'shift.'

Eric came out of the kitchen, rolling down his sleeves. "The dishes are all done. Oh, hi, Oliver, Jack."

"Hello, Eric. We're heading to the hospital and we thought we'd stop by and grab the laundry Kendall did for Les." Oliver smiled, hefting the little laundry bag. "Jack and I will do the next load."

"Sounds good. I think we're going back tomorrow evening after work, unless they've finally been sent home. Right, Kenny?"

"We have Saturday afternoon, Eric. Marcus and Jim are taking tomorrow. Jim called earlier." He and Eric needed a little time, just the two of them.

"Oh, okay." Eric's voice was neutral -- he couldn't tell if his lover was relieved or annoyed. "Nice to see you, Ollie. Jack."

"Excellent to see you, always. Come along, Jack."

The door closed behind them and Eric's arms came around him from behind.

"Mmm. It's okay, right? To take a day off from the hospital?"

"Yeah, I'm sure it is. Ollie would have said if he'd thought we were out of line." Eric nuzzled his neck. "I can smell you, under the hospital scents."

"We don't have plans tonight. We could shower."

"You just want to make love in the wet." The words were light, teasing.

"Yes." That was easy.

Eric laughed softly. "Come on, then."

"I love you." He said it over and over these days, making sure Eric knew.

Eric stopped them and turned him to look into his eyes. "I love you, too, babe."



"Good." He reached out for Eric's face, suddenly grateful -- blindingly, painfully grateful -- that it wasn't Eric in the hospital this time.

Eric's eyes dropped to half-mast, warm cheek nuzzling against his palm.

"Mmm." He took his time, just relaxing, touching. Feeling his Eric, his lover.

"Come on." Eric began to walk backward toward the bathroom, drawing him along.

"Are you happy?" He followed, letting Eric open his buttons, touch him.

"I am, babe. So happy with you." Eric's hand spread on his chest, fingertips reaching for and teasing his nipples.

His eyes rolled a little, his nipples perking up, paying attention. They still had their box. Their unopened box. Those fingers slid up over his shoulders, pushing his shirt right off. Humming, Eric leaned in and licked at his right nipple. His fingers pushed through Eric's hair, petting.

Eric's teeth closed briefly over his flesh, the nip sharp, but immediately soothed by a flick of Eric's tongue. The oddest sound came out of him -- a quick, nearly needy gasp -- and he cried out.

"Babe." Eric looked up at him. "We have that box..."

"Uh-huh." His cock jerked, hard. The front door was locked...

"Quick shower and then we'll open it." Eric moved faster, fingers opening his slacks and pushing them off his hips.

"Mmm. You're ready." He was, too, cock full and heavy, loving the attention he was getting.

"More than. God." Eric drew him into the shower, pushing up against him.

Kendall was ready -- for this attention, for the release. For Eric.

Eric soaped him up quickly, obviously in a hurry. Flatteringly so. Kendall turned, offered Eric his back, his backside. Groaning, Eric smoothed soapy hands down along his spine and over his ass cheeks. Then Eric's fingers danced along his crack. Spreading wide, Kendall just made the offer. He was Eric's -- had been for years.

"Oh, babe." Groaning, Eric reached for the lube they kept in the soap dish, one finger rubbing against his hole.

"Yes." He propped one leg on the edge of the tub, his hole clenching, shifting around Eric's finger.

"So sexy, babe. God, you make me hard." Eric's finger slid away, replaced by two slick, insistent fingers pushing deep.

"Eric." Oh, he felt that, good and deep.

"Mmm..." Those fingers twisted, pushing far enough to hit his gland.

Kendall gasped, hands sliding up the slick tile as his butt pushed out. "Please."

He wanted, so much.

"Yes. God, you intoxicate me, babe."

A third finger pushed in, Eric stretching him wide. He moaned and his body stretched, and God. God, he wanted more. How the hell had he gone from happy and eager to needing so badly?

Eric bit the back of his neck, teeth scraping his skin, tongue coming out after to soothe. His lover drove him out of his mind, just pushing them both higher and higher.

"Want you, babe. God." Eric's fingers disappeared, cock pushing into him just like that.

"Eric. Eric. Fuck." His head slammed back, hips shifting, rocking back into him.

"That's right." Eric groaned, pushing in deep.

It was what he needed -- pressure and pleasure, heat and need. "Don't stop. I need you."

"Not stopping, babe. So not stopping." Eric kept pushing into him, hips slapping against his ass.

The smile on his face felt gigantic, like it was going to split his face open. Eric's fingers curled around his hips, pulling him back into each thrust. He turned into the hot water, gasping a bit, moaning as that little motion let Eric in deeper.

"Yes. Damn. Kenny." Each word came with a thrust, Eric groaning, crying out for him.

"Eric!" He needed a touch to his cock, but he couldn't move his hands.

"Yeah, babe." Eric thrust harder, bumping him into the tile.

"I need." His cock slid up along the slick ceramic.

"Needy babe." Still, Eric knew somehow, hand sliding around to grab his prick.

"Yes. Yes. I... I want to..." He wanted to use the plug, after, to keep Eric in.

"I've got you, babe."

"Okay. Okay." He took a deep breath, squeezed hard on the cock inside him.

"Kenny!" Eric moved faster, thrusts almost frantic now.

"Please. Please. Yes." He cried out, balls aching as he shot.

"Kenny!" Eric shouted his name, freezing as they came together one more time, Eric filling him with heat.

He squeezed tight, held on, keeping Eric in. Eric's head rested on his shoulder, his lover's breath panting against him.

"Love you." He knew Eric knew, but he needed to say.

"Love you, too." A soft kiss pressed against his shoulder, Eric licking the water from his skin.

"Mmm. I know." He leaned a little, letting himself catch his breath. It had been a long week.

Eric chuckled, fingers sliding over his wet skin. "We jumped the gun. We can still open the box together, see if anything comes up, and if not, save the toys for another night."

"Mmmhmm." He nodded, took a deep breath. "Could we... I mean... I want to... Damn." This was harder than he'd thought it would be.

"What, babe? Tell me what you want, what you need. You know I'll do anything for you."

"I... I want..." God, his entire body flushed. "I want to wear the plug. To keep you in me. Your come." He was going to die.

"Oh, God." He felt Eric's cock throb inside him, a shudder going through Eric's body. "God, babe. Yes."

Kendall whimpered, his cock trying to fill again, the intensity coming back into the air like they hadn't just made love. "I've been thinking about it, over and over, when I masturbate in the mornings. It makes me hot."

"Oh, God. Babe." Eric started panting again, hands dragging on his skin. "Can you hold it in after I come out?"

"I hope so. I'll try." It wouldn't be easy, though. Right now his body was working, muscles squeezing around Eric's prick.

"Shit, Kenny, that feels amazing."

"Uh. Uh-huh." He felt a thousand feet tall.

Eric's mouth slid on his neck, sucking and licking, feeling so good.

"Love you, so much." He was starting to move now, riding the cock that was filling inside him.

"I know. God. Kenny..." Eric sounded amazed.

Kendall groaned, telling his body to relax, to wait until they could get to the bedroom, but it didn't want to. Eric was filling him, loving him, and it was just what he needed.

Eric began to move with him, the long cock staying hard and moving inside him. Every press in rubbed his gland, made him moan and shiver a little. Eric's fingers slid over his skin, searching out his belly and then his nipples.

"The... the water's going to get cold, eventually."

"Yeah. But God, I don't want to stop."

"I don't want you to. I want you to fill me up."

"I am filling you up." Eric pulled nearly all the way out before shoving back in hard.

"Eric!" His scream rang out, entire body focused on his ass. "Please!"

Eric did it again, nailing his gland this time.

Everything in him jerked, his eyes rolling back in his head. "There. There, love. Please. Fuck me. Fill me up. Oh, fuck. Eric..."

Eric did, fucking him over and over.

Things went fuzzy, his need overtaking his ability to think, to breathe. All he knew was Eric pushing into him, filling him up exactly how he needed. When he came, he sobbed, his entire body shuddering, caught in the pleasure.

"Babe. Babe." Eric groaned, still moving, pushing into him over and over.

He just nodded, his entire body feeling like it was buzzing.

"God. Kenny." Eric nuzzled the back of his neck. "You still want me to get the plug, babe?"

He nodded, moaning softly. "I do."

"Okay, babe. Let me come out and then hold it in..." Eric's fingers stroked his shoulders, his sides.

Kendall squeezed, his cheeks burning as he hid his face in his arms.

Eric pressed another kiss against his spine as the long cock slid out. "I love you." Then Eric was gone, running out of the bathroom.

He moaned, not believing what he was doing, what he'd *asked* for.

Eric was back moments later. "Let me just wash this quickly, warm it up."

"Okay. I... I'm all shivery."

"It's okay, babe. I'm here now." Eric pressed up against his back again, grabbing the lube with his free hand. "I'll get it good and slick and it'll slide right into you."

All he could do was nod. His belly ached a bit -- with anticipation, mostly. Maybe a little worry, because he wanted it so badly, and what if it was stupid and what if it didn't feel good and what if...

Oh.

Eric's fingers spread his cheeks, something foreign and warm pressing against him.

"That's it, babe. You can relax now. I've got you. I've got the plug right here." The tip of the plug pushed past the ring of his muscles, inching in.

"Oh, God. I... I don't..." His heart was echoing in his head.

Eric began to kiss across his shoulders, soft kisses that soothed and excited at the same time. He took a deep breath, let Eric help him, touch him, fill him up. The plug slowly worked into him, the widest part of it not thicker than Eric himself. And then, suddenly, his hole closed tight over the base.

"There, babe. Now I'm inside you, held there by the plug."

He moaned a little, surprising himself as his hips shifted, his cock trying to jerk *again*. Kendall turned, pushing into Eric's arms, entire body shaking. Eric wrapped around him, tugging him in close and pulling him out of the water.

Oh, God. Walking was.

Oh.

Oh, damn.

"You're okay, babe. I've got you." Eric dried him off and then helped him into the bedroom.

It felt like he could only take the tiniest steps. As they got to the bed, Eric's hand slid over his ass, jostling the plug.

"Eric!" His cock jerked, violently.

"Look at you, all hyped up. It's very sexy." Eric's fingers drifted along his crack and barely touched the plug again.

"Eric. Eric, I..." He bent over, crawling onto the bed, hips rocking.

"You're unbelievable." Eric's fingers trailed on his skin.

"It's big." He spread a little, trying to decide what to do, where to move.

Eric chuckled, leaning over him, skin warm on his own. "There's much bigger ones."

His moan escaped him, pushed out of him. "Oh, God."

"We'll work our way up, babe. Get bigger and bigger ones."

"Eric." He reached down, jacked his cock, moaning under his breath.

"Again? God, you're amazing." Eric rubbed against him, cock sliding along his crack and nudging the plug inside him.

"No. No, I can't. I can't go three times." But he could.

Eric only laughed and shifted, moving to slide underneath him. "Come on, babe. Take my mouth. My come's in you, now put yours in me."

"Oh, God. Eric. Eric, I..." He arched, cock pushing in deep as his ass clenched around the plug.

Eric's mouth sucked him right in, took him all the way to the throat. The world went white hot and Kendall just started humping, gasping, as all he knew was pleasure. Eric's fingers grabbed his ass, the tips tapping against the base of the plug.

He shot so hard that he shorted out, cock bobbing as he came and came.

Eric kept swallowing, drinking him down. Finally he slumped onto the bed, panting, almost crying. Wrapping around him, Eric pulled up the covers over them both. Long strokes slid over his skin, Eric's touches soothing.

"Love you." He cuddled in, letting Eric love him, bring him down.

"Love you, babe." Soft kisses slid over his cheek. "You're amazing, Kenny. Beautiful. The most beautiful man I've ever seen."

Oh.

He hummed softly, took a breath. "Thank you. Are... are we leaving the plug in?"

"We are. We're going to keep me inside you all night long."

Oh, God. "I'm never going to survive this. I'm going to die from wanting you."

"I can think of worse things to die from."

"Yeah. Yeah, so can I." They chuckled, holding each other close.

He might have to call in again tomorrow.

He squeezed around the plug, moaning softly.

Yeah.

He might.

## *Chapter Eighteen*

Eric hurried home like the hounds of hell were on his tail. The truth was, he wasn't running away from anything, but running toward his lover.

He couldn't wait to get home to Kenny. Last night, with the plug, Kenny had been... God, transcendent. Glorious. Totally beautiful.

He couldn't wait to play with the rest of the stuff in their order.

He burst through the door. "Kenny -- I'm home!"

"Hey. I'm in here. I brought Chinese home; I hope that's okay."

"It's great." Nice and quick. It looked like Kenny might be on the same wavelength as him.

"There's sesame chicken and peppered beef." Kenny handed him a beer.

"I'm kind of interested in the no-longer-vanilla lover." He slid his hand along Kenny's back.

Kenny gasped, hips arching. "I felt the ache. All day." They'd taken the plug out this morning, before their day started, Kenny going to work after all.

"I thought about it all day." He shuddered. "All day."

"Yeah. Yeah, me, too." Kenny looked at him, eyes hungry, focused.

"We should have some supper. We're going to need energy." He had plans.

"Okay. Okay. I... I turned off the phone and told Marcus and Jim we had plans."

"Oh, I do love you, Kendall." He grabbed a pair of chopsticks and made himself eat some sesame chicken.

"I know." Kendall looked... luminous. "Do you... do you have plans this weekend?"

"I do, babe. And every single one of them involves you." He reached out, fingers finding Kenny's and twisting together.

"Oh." Kenny smiled at him, squeezed his fingers. "I'm yours. All of me. All weekend."

"Aside from our shift with Les and Manning, right?"



Kenny's cheeks heated. "I... Well, I... Jim and Tanny and I had lunch today and... Uh. Montana and Billy are going to cover for us."

Eric chuckled. "Did you tell them or did they guess?" He'd bet the other subs guessed -- Kenny was still glowing from what they'd done.

"I didn't have to tell."

"I knew it. You're glowing, babe. It's a really good look on you. So what did they think?" Conversation was good. It would let them eat a few more bites before they jumped each other.

"They were pleased. They said that we'd need a couple of days, just to be together, to explore. That I should just let you make me fly." Kenny's cheeks were bright red.

He reached out to stroke over one warm cheek. "They're right. And I'm going to, you know. Make you fly."

Kenny leaned into his touch, eyes closing. "I know."

"The plug was amazing. We'll have to see how the cock ring, nipple clamps and that wicked anal bead wand do for us. I've been thinking about it all day long." He hadn't gotten a lot accomplished at work today.

"Eric..." Kenny whimpered for him. "We should eat."

"Yeah, babe. You're going to need your strength." He let go of Kenny's hand and made himself have a few more bites of chicken.

Kenny ate and wandered, cleaning the counters, feeding the dogs, humming under his breath. Eric watched him, seeing every movement as new, imagining how Kenny might walk with that plug inside him, or the cock-ring on. God. His own cock was so hard it hurt.

"I want you. So bad. It's like an ache." Kenny wasn't looking at him, was still wandering, but the words were serious.

"I know. I feel it, too." He closed up his take-out box and put it in the fridge. "Okay. We've been good long enough. Meet you in the bedroom."

"Okay. I'll get the pups set up for a while and get a couple of bottles of water."

"I'll take care of the toys." He swatted Kenny's ass as he walked by. "Don't be too long."

"I won't." The needy little hitch in Kenny's voice made him ache.

He hurried out before he changed his mind and jumped Kenny. The box had been left on the little desk in the front hall and he grabbed it, heading for the bathroom where he

could give everything a wash. Then he got the nearly full tube of lube out of the bathroom cupboard and went to the bedroom with his treasures.

He was going to make his lover scream, make his sweet, staid Kenny wild with pleasure. The thought was almost unbearable.

He stripped out of his clothes, tossing them at the laundry basket, and then tugged the covers to the foot of the bed. Closing his eyes, he tried some deep breathing to calm himself down a touch.

Kenny came in, shirt unbuttoned, tie open around his neck, two bottles of water in his hands. Eric tried not to bounce, but Kenny didn't make it easy.

"I love you," he said, just in case he got caught up later and forgot to say it.

"I love you. How... how do we do this?" Kenny grinned at him, coming over to put the water down.

"We start with 'I love you' and move on to the cock ring, because I have a hunch if we don't get that on, your balls will dry out before we're done." He winked, but he was mostly serious. Kenny had come three times last night. It had been amazing.

"Yeah. I... I was sore this morning in my balls." Kenny sat on his thigh, fingers in his hair. "You make me feel like a teenager again."

He nuzzled into the touches, his own fingers sliding over Kenny's skin, stripping the rest of his clothes away. "Feels good, doesn't it?"

"Mmmhmm." Kenny's lips traveled over his face, exploring him.

"This cock ring is leather, so it should warm up to your skin pretty quickly." He took the leather band and rubbed it over Kenny's nipples.

"It's going to look obscene on me."

"If by obscene you mean sexy as all get out, then yeah. It is."

Kenny blushed for him, cheek hot against his temple. He licked at Kenny's lips and slid the cock ring down over his lover's belly, watching the hard cock twitch as if to get his attention. He could smell Kenny, the musk and need making his head swim a little. He rubbed the leather against the slit of Kenny's cock, holding his babe's gaze.

"Eric." Kenny whimpered, arched for him.

"Let's get this on you." He stretched the leather to fit it around the tip of Kenny's prick and slowly worked it down the hard, hot flesh.

There was another strap that went behind Kenny's balls, drawing them up, pushing them into a tight package.

"Oh, God. Babe." Eric swallowed hard, his cock leaking all over Kenny's thigh.

"Do you... you like it?"

"Does a bear shit in the woods?"

"Either that or in the zoo."

He laughed and grabbed Kenny around the waist, kissing him hard. Kenny squeezed him, cock leaving little wet kisses on his belly.

"God, you make me happy, babe."

"Good. I'm supposed to, right?"

"Yeah. We're both supposed to be happy, horny. In love." He patted Kenny's dick and balls, the black definitely obscene, but also definitely sexy.

"Then we're solid." Kenny leaned in again, kissed him good and hard.

He lay back on the bed, drawing Kenny down with him, one hand tangled in his lover's hair. Those long, lean legs straddled his hips, Kenny rubbing against him easily.

"Mmm... that's the perfect position." He spread his fingers across Kenny's belly and slowly pushed them up along Kenny's body.

"God, I love your hands." If Kenny only knew how fine he was.

"They love you, too, babe." He reached Kenny's nipples and flicked his fingers across them. They perked up, trying to catch his attention. "Mmm... look at these." He pinched one and stroked the other.

"I. Oh." Those pretty dark eyes went wide, hot.

He slid his hand over to where he'd left the clamps and the anal bead wand, grabbing the little pincers. They were shiny, pretty, and he could just imagine them on his lover's body. He twisted Kenny's nipple, making sure it was good and hard.

"Eric." Kenny leaned down, mouth on his collarbones, his shoulder.

"Mmm... back up a second, babe. I need to put this on."

"Hmm?" Kenny sat up, blinking down at him.

"There we go." Eric grinned, pinched Kenny's nipple again, and then set the clamp onto the needy little bit of flesh.

"Eric!" Kenny jerked, fingers going to his chest. "Eric!"

He grabbed Kenny's hands, twisting their fingers together. "How does it feel?"

"I. It stings. It stings a little. I don't..." Kenny was breathing harder.

He let go of Kenny's hand and slid his finger around the clamped nipple. "Shh. It's okay, babe. Let it ease."

Kenny moaned, eyes closing a little at his touch. "Eric."

"It looks amazing, Kenny. *You* look amazing."

"Oh..." Kenny undulated against him.

"Mmm... now imagine the other one on, and me playing with them while you ride my cock."

"Eric. Oh, fuck." Kendall stared at him, kiss-swollen lips parted.

"Yeah, that's kind of the idea." He grinned a little wildly, so turned on.

"I need you." Kenny reached down, rubbing his cock, stroking him and making him ache.

"I'm right here, babe. And not going anywhere." He pinched Kenny's bare nipple, getting it ready for the other clamp.

"It aches. It aches, Eric." And Kenny loved it.

"I bet it does. It also makes you leak." He slid his fingers across the swollen head of Kenny's cock.

Oh, fuck. Kenny cried out, and Eric could come, just from knowing that they were doing this. He took a few deep breaths, eyes going from Kenny's cock to his nipples, to that beloved face.

"Talk to me? Please?"

"You like that, don't you? Like it when I tell you all about how I'm going to slick my fingers up and push them inside you. Watch you riding them and then my cock."

"God, yes. Yes, Eric. It makes me..." Kenny motioned to his prick.

"You were hard before I started talking, babe." Grinning, he slicked up his fingers and then tapped Kenny's thigh. "Rise up, babe."

"What?" Kenny's body understood, moved.

"Yeah, like that." He rubbed Kenny's hole. "Tomorrow we'll use that anal bead wand, babe. Instead of my fingers, it'll be those little rubber balls pushing into you."

"They. There's some that aren't so little. Some." Kenny pushed back toward his touch.

"And you're looking forward to those. You can't wait to have them push inside you."

His sweet lover gasped and arched, whimpering for him

"We need to get a big mirror for the wall. I want you to watch as I spread you wide open with this toy or that."

Kenny cried out, eyes dropping closed, completely caught up in what he was saying.

"We'll put mirror on the list. Along with other interesting things to put inside you. I saw the neatest looking plug the other day..." He slid his fingers around to Kenny's ass, pushing them against the little hole.

"Tell me." Kenny reached for his bound cock, fingers sliding down the shaft.

"No touching yourself." He pushed his fingers in, two of them spreading Kenny wide.

"Wh...what? Oh, God. That's good."

He stilled his fingers, left them buried deep inside Kenny's body. "No jacking yourself. Not unless I say so. Got it?"

"I wasn't. I was just touching. I won't." Kenny tugged his balls, that sweet hole convulsing around his fingers.

"No touching at all, babe. I'll cuff your hands if I have to. Cuff them behind your back or tie you to the headboard so you won't be tempted." He pushed his fingers deeper, finding Kenny's gland as he spoke.

"Oh. Oh, God." Kenny went a little wild for him, bucking, hands reaching up for the headboard.

He watched, moans pouring out of him as Kenny's reactions turned him on even more. He pushed a third finger in. "You ready to ride me, babe?"

"Yes. Yes, God. Eric. Fuck. I need you. Please."

He stretched his fingers a few more times, opening Kenny. Then he tugged them away and slicked up his cock. "Come on, babe. Get on me."

Kenny moved eagerly, needing him, that tight ring of muscles getting almost half down his cock before they squeezed him.

"Yeah, babe. God. Good. More." He wrapped his hands around Kenny's waist, drawing him down further.

"Feels so good." The clamps on Kenny's nipples fascinated him as they caught the light.

"Mmmhmm..." He reached with one hand, flicking at the clamp on Kenny's right nipple.

That sweet ass jerked around him, squeezing hard. Groaning, he treated the other one with another flick, and then leaned up and licked around the first one.

"Eric. Eric, love. Oh, God ." Kenny's body was working his cock like a master.

"It's good, isn't it?" He wrapped his lips around Kenny's nipple, clamp and all, and sucked.

Sharp cries rang out -- things like he'd never heard before, deep and low and raw. He pushed one hand around Kenny's cock, feeling how hot and hard it was, how much it was leaking despite the leather ring. Kenny's ass worked his cock, making him suck harder on the bit of flesh and plastic in this mouth.

"Please. Oh, God . Don't stop. Don't stop, 'Ric. Need you."

"I've got you, babe." He wasn't going to stop until Kenny's brains were leaking out his ears.

"Love." He was caught in the darkest eyes on earth, Kenny the most beautiful thing he knew.

He brought Kenny's head down, their mouths meeting on a hard, needy kiss. His hand wrapped more firmly around Kenny's prick, jacking as he slowly rocked, pushing his own cock in deep and then rocking it back out again.

"Yes..." Kenny's fingers tangled in his hair, the kiss going on and on.

He thought maybe he could do this forever. He closed his eyes and lost himself in the kisses, in the way Kenny's cock felt in his hand and the way his own felt inside Kenny.

Kenny started bouncing, moaning into his lips. Even with the ring, his lover was going to come. It was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen.

Running on instinct, he slid his other hand between them, quickly removing the nipple clamps. The scream shocked him, almost as much as the spray of spunk over his belly and the way Kenny bucked on his cock. The bucking and squeezing sent him into orbit, his own cock pulsing as he came.

"Love. Oh, God . Eric..." Kenny landed on him, gasping.

He petted Kenny's back weakly, melted all through. "Mmm... babe."

"Uh-huh." Kenny blinked at him, moaning softly.

"Love you." He laughed, feeling amazing. "So much."

"Uh-huh." His collarbone got a quick, gentle kiss.

He slid his hand down between them and slipped off the cock ring, freeing Kenny's cock and balls. "Rest up, babe. We've got a busy weekend ahead of us." He saw the plug, grabbed it, and smiled at Kenny's moan. "A *very* busy weekend."

Still smiling, he took Kenny's mouth in a kiss. They'd have to eat their Wheaties, too.

## *Chapter Nineteen*

He woke up and it was dark, the clock saying twelve forty-five.

Kendall blinked and stretched. Man, he shouldn't have napped so early. Eric groaned and snuffled, tugging him back against his lover's warm body.

"Mmm." He petted Eric gently, not wanting to wake his lover up.

"Babe..." Eric nuzzled into his neck.

"Yeah, love. It's late."

Dark.

Quiet.

"Late or early?" Eric's hand slid over his back.

"Mmm. Almost one a.m."

"Oh, long nap."

"Mmmhmm." He kissed Eric's jaw, pleasantly stretched.

That hand kept moving, reaching his ass and squeezing. "You feeling... refreshed?"

"I am. I'm wide awake." He kissed again, moaning a little.

"Wide awake and randy." Eric chuckled and squeezed his ass again, this touch full of promise. Laughing and wiggling, Kendall just rolled his eyes. Wasn't that the point?

"You ready to try that bead wand, babe? Ready for me to fill you up with it, do you with it?"

"Oh, fuck." He whispered the words, almost shocked that they slipped out. He wanted it -- incredibly badly, viciously so.

"You're going to look amazing with your ass swallowing those beads up, babe. God." Eric arched against him, cock hard and hot.

"Eric. Eric, I can't think when you say things like that."



"Thinking's not the point, babe." Eric rolled them so he was on his back, Eric on top of him, looking down at him. "God, I've never seen anything so sexy as you, babe."

"Really? There are so many other men. They're so young."

Eric snorted. "You been checking other guys out, babe? Because my mind's been right here."

He blinked. Stared. "No. I mean, comparing myself, sure, but not looking-looking."

"You don't need to compare yourself to anyone, Kenny. I don't want any of them. Only you."

"You're sure?" He hated how... nervous he was.

"I've never been more sure of anything."

"Okay." He nodded, hand sliding up Eric's belly. "Okay. Works for me."

It did.

"Good." Eric kissed him, hands moving seemingly randomly over him, bringing his skin to life.

"Love you." He stretched a little, arching.

"Love you, too, babe." Eric reached over for the bead wand and the lube, putting them on the bed beside him. "I'm going to make you fly. Again."

"Again..." He reached out, let his fingers trail along the toy. The tip had three little beads, one after the other, then there were two larger and two larger still. Then there was a space, then a series of three beads, the final one... big.

Really big.

"Yes. Again." Eric laughed, the sound husky. "It's something, isn't it? I still can't believe you chose it."

"Is it okay? I mean, I just..."

"It's amazing. And it's going to look incredible disappearing into your body." Eric groaned. "God, Kenny. You're unbelievable."

"Oh. Oh, God. Good. I just want you to be with me."

"I am. Right here. Gonna be right here when I make you fly again, too."

He nodded, feeling just a little undone, already, just from *thinking* about it.

Eric squeezed lube out onto his fingers, and then pushed one against his hole. "Gonna make you feel so good, babe."

Somehow, he believed it. Hell, he was counting on it.

Eric moved slowly, pushing that finger in deep, sliding it out. Kendall spread a little wider, made himself relax back onto the bed. Eric kept fucking him with that finger, pushing into him, spreading the lube so everything was good and loose.

"Talk to me?" He was addicted to that, to hearing what Eric wanted.

"Oh, babe, I don't know if I even have the words." One finger became two, Eric's pace still slow and easy as he lover looked down on him. "I'm going to get you good and stretched, and then I'm going to spend the rest of the night, slowly, carefully, and thoroughly filling you up."

He couldn't breathe. The air was too thick, too much. Too good. Eric's fingers slid over his gland, sending a shock of sensation through him.

"Eric." He took a deep breath, shoulders rolling.

Two fingers were suddenly three, Eric scissoring them, spreading him. Getting him ready. He ducked his chin, lips parting, soft gasps leaving him.

"Are you ready, babe? Are you ready to roll over and get on your hands and knees so I can feed those wicked beads into your ass?"

"I. Yes. Yes, love." He thought he was, anyway.

Eric's fingers slid away, a soft kiss gracing his lips. "Roll over, then, babe. I want to see you on your hands and knees."

Kendall moved, because he had to. He had to know how it all felt. Eric's fingers slid over his ass, digging in, nails scraping a little -- enough for him to feel it in his balls.

"I... Should I lean on the pillow? Will it take a lot of time?" He wasn't even sure he could hold them.

"It's going to take time, yeah." Eric helped him, putting a pillow beneath his hips, making sure he was comfortable.

"I love you, huh?" He hummed, stretched out, and settled.

Eric's hands stroked over his skin, keeping him warm. "I know. You, too."

"I know." He grinned. Nodded.

"Good. It's time to start, babe."

"Okay. What do you want me to do?"

"All you have to do is lie there and enjoy it, babe. Let me send you to the sky." Eric's fingers slid along his crack, and then something else did, something not any bigger, but not as warm and definitely unyielding. He squeezed, ass clenching, almost hugging the wand.

"Mmm... my eager lover. We're going to take it nice and slowly, babe. You'll be begging for it before we're done."

"Maybe." More like definitely, but he wasn't ready to admit that.

Eric laughed softly. His lover *knew*.

The first bead was set at his hole, Eric pushing lightly. His body took the first one easily, the bead barely noticeable. Eric kept pushing. "One, two, three, easy as pie."

"They're the little ones." He squeezed, hardly feeling them.

"Yeah. We're starting slowly, remember?" He could hear the smile in Eric's voice as his lover pushed the three beads in and out of his body.

"Yeah. Yeah, I remember." They rasped a little.

"Next two now."

Before he could say anything, Eric began to push again, the larger bead stretching him slowly.

"Mmm." He closed his eyes and let himself just feel the sensations.

"You should see yourself, Kenny. I could watch these little balls disappear into your ass all day long. Or all night long, as it happens."

"How many will fit?"

"I imagine, with a little patience and a lot of lube, they all will." The first of the two bigger beads pushed right into him.

That one he felt, and he panted a little bit. "I don't know."

"I do. They will." Eric bit at his ass cheek, mouth hot on his skin. Fuck, that stung. He jerked, the beads pulling out of his ass. "Mmm... look at you twist and writhe." Eric licked him, tongue soothing at the bite.

"You bit me." It was hot.

"I did. Want me to do it again?"

"I don't know." Sort of. Sort of not.

Eric chuckled, breath warm on his skin. "We'll see."

Then the beads began to feed into him again, the three small ones going in, boom boom boom, and then the next one spread him and slowly pushed in. A moan escaped him, pushing out of his lips.

"Next one's the same size."

He liked that size -- it was a comfortable stretch and... Oh...

Eric moved the second one in so slowly, pushing, insisting he take it. Kendall started panting, breathing through his mouth, trying to focus, to let Eric in.

"Come on, babe. Relax for me. This is nothing. Like two fingers."

Moaning, he spread his thighs a little wider, pushing back.

"Oh, yes, babe. That's it." Eric kept pushing. The bead slipped in, making his toes curl a bit. "Oh, God. Babe. That's... your... oh, wow."

"Uh-huh." Wow was right.

"God. You're so beautiful, Kendall. So very beautiful."

The words made his breath catch a little, his chest hurt. Eric's mouth was back on his ass, this time a wet, hot kiss.

"Eric. Eric, please." Good. So good.

"What do you need, babe?" Eric started tugging the bead wand out, and then pushed it back in, the two larger beads bumping their way in again.

"Oh." His eyes went wide. "Please."

He wasn't sure if that was the answer to the question, but it was all he had. Eric's mouth moved to the small of his back, humming softly, the noise vibrating all up through him. The next bigger bead pressed against him.

"I'm filling up. You're filling me up."

"I sure am. God, you're amazing."

He moved, the wand swinging a little, tugging at his hole. Eric groaned, but it didn't stop him from slowly pushed the wand deeper. That next bit spread his hole, and stayed right there. His body ached, toes curling as he was filled.

"I can't wait until we're at the big one, babe."

"I don't think it'll fit."

"Sure it will, babe. Nice and easy, we're taking our time, remember?"

"You'll get tired." God, he hoped not.

Eric laughed. "Of this? Never, babe. Never."

"N... never is a long time."

"It won't be long enough." Eric pushed, the next bead going right into him.

"Eric. Eric, I... Fuck, I love you." He did, so much it hurt.

"I know, Kenny." Eric sounded a little bit awed.

The beads stayed where they were for a moment, filling him only so much. He relaxed a little bit, cheek on his hands. That little bit of movement made the beads swing, sway.

"Babe." Eric groaned and did something to the end of the wand so it kept swaying. It almost vibrated inside him.

This sound left him, pouring out of him, like nothing he'd ever done before.

"Fuck. Kenny." Eric pressed kisses along his spine, tongue so hot.

"Eric. Eric, it's all so big."

"Just going to get bigger, babe. It's going to get *huge*."

"You... you'll be right here?" He couldn't do this, if Eric didn't need it.

"Where else am I going to be but right here watching the most amazing thing I've ever seen?"

"I don't know... You could go for a walk, play tiddlywinks."

Eric laughed for him, the sound rich and happy. The bead wand was pulled out and Eric slapped his ass. "Yeah, babe. Let's go play tiddlywinks."

His body shuddered, suddenly empty, aching. He curled up a little, hand reaching for his cock. "You go ahead."

"I don't think so. Not when I have you stretched and waiting to be filled like this. So fucking sexy, Kenny. I want to be here so bad."

"Eric. Eric, please. I need you." His hand moved a little faster.

"I think you should stop doing that." Eric's hand covered his. "You want the cock ring, babe? I want you to wait to come until we've got it all in."

"Yeah. Yeah, I need. Oh, fuck." He slipped his hand out of the way, rubbing against Eric's palm.

"God, you're hot, dripping wet."

"Yes. Yes, Eric. *Please*."

Eric disappeared for a moment and then he was back, sliding the ring they'd bought over his aching cock.

"Eric!" He sat up, hips bucking up, rolling up. Fuck, he needed.

"I'm right here, Kenny. Come on, now. Back on your hands and knees and we'll go back to the bead wand." Eric's hands slid on his skin, soothing and exciting him at the same time.

"You make me ache. I want to be..." He groaned. He wanted to be full. He wanted it so bad.

"What, Kenny? Tell me, please. I want to hear you say it."

"Fill me. Please. I'm so empty."

"Yes, babe. All the way this time." The three little beads slipped into him again, one, two, three, so easily.

"More." He was beginning to rock, sweat beading on his face.

"Okay, Kenny. I've got you covered." Eric's free hand slid along his spine as the next bead pushed against him, stretching his hole for a moment before sliding right in.

"Love you. Love." He bent down, resting on the pillows, trying to breathe.

"Yeah. Love." Eric sounded as breathless as he felt. The second larger bead went into him. "Ready for more, babe?"

"Yeah. Yeah. Please." Please.

"The next two are bigger."

Yeah, he could feel that in the way the next bead pushed at his hole.

"Oh." He arched, whimpering in a mixture of anticipation and pleasure.

Eric kept pushing, making him take the bead.

"Oh, God. 'Ric. Full." He spread even wider, trying to stretch.

"The last one's bigger and we're not even there yet." Eric leaned over him and grabbed his chin, kissing him wildly. "You're amazing, Kenny."

"Love you." He groaned, pushed into the kiss. His cock *ached*.

"I know. I do." Eric pressed kisses all over his face before settling back behind him. "This one is the same size."

The stretch came again. He panted through it, his entire body feeling like it was on fire. Eric twisted the wand so the beads circled inside him, the one at his hole keeping him open. He pulled away, the bead popping free, then he pushed back.

"Oh, fuck, babe. Do that again."

"What? This?" He rocked, fucking himself, the sensations almost too big to bear.

"Yes. Fuck. God, Kenny, you're going to make me come just watching you."

He shook, so proud, so hot, so hungry.

"Keep going, babe. Take the bead in."

"More?" He pushed back, shoulders rolling.

"You need to take this one in, and then there are three more."

"Oh, fuck." He whimpered and stretched.

"You ready for the last three, babe?"

"I don't know."

Eric kissed the small of his back and then licked around where the wand pushed into his body. "You are."

"My heart's going to push out of my chest." He leaned back against the wand, body stretching.

Eric's lips nibbled across his ass. "I'll hold it in."

Kendall almost asked if Eric would promise, but then the next bead pushed in and spread him.

"Fuck, babe. You have no idea what seeing you like this does to me."

"Tell me?" Please.

"God, babe. You're so sexy. Your skin is fucking glowing." Eric licked his crack. "Your ass is stretched around the bead wand, the last three beads left to go. It's obscene. It's beautiful. It makes me so hard seeing you like this."

Yes. Yes, that's what he wanted. That's what got him off. "More. Eric. Eric, please."

"Here it comes. These last three are big. God, look at the way they stretch your hole."

He wanted to scream, but he couldn't figure out how.

"Here we go, it's pushing in now."

"Help me." He was going to...

To...

Something.

"You're doing fine. Me, on the other hand, I might come from watching your ass swallow up those beads."

"Eric." He grunted as the bead slipped in, filling him. "T... t... two more?"

"Just two. The last one is *big*, though."

"What if I can't do it?"

"You can do it. I know you can." Eric licked around his hole, tongue so hot.

"How... how do you *know*?" He was beginning to panic, just a little.

"Because I would never hurt you, and because the thought of this excited you enough to buy it off a website, babe. I know you want this. I know you can take it."

"Come kiss me?" This was all too much, too big for right now.

Eric pushed until that third to last bead was seated and then he shifted, moving around to bring their mouths together.

They settled on the bed, Kendall on his side facing Eric as they shared the long, drugging kisses.

"You comfortable with that inside you?"

"More comfortable than I was." He felt a little sheepish. "I was getting scared, a little."



"Oh, babe." Eric kissed him. "I'd never hurt you. And you remember your safeword, right?"

"I do. I just. You and me, we don't need that, do we?" He moaned softly as Eric stroked a sweet spot on his belly. "Oh, damn. That's tingly."

"I like to know you have it, in case I don't notice things are getting to be too much for you." Eric kept stroking, touching, making him fly.

"Mmm. 'Kay." He pushed closer, one leg propped over Eric's leg.

Eric fed him one kiss after another and played with his nipples, belly, and cock at the same time.

It was perfect -- warm and lazy, but still exciting and hot as hell. "Good."

"Let me know when you're ready to continue with the bead wand." Eric gave him a wicked grin. "Of course I imagine you're enjoying it filling you like that. Sitting inside you..."

"Eric..." He moaned happily, rubbed against his lover. "I'm ready. Can we do it like this?"

"Let me get a mirror so I can see what I'm doing."

"A mirror?" He chuckled.

"Sure. Unless you want me behind you instead of in front of you." Eric grinned, eyes hot. "And I admit, I want to watch them go in your body. I want to see you take those beads in."

"You'll talk to me? The whole time?" He could do without the mirror if 'Ric talked to him.

"The whole time, babe. I know what you need. I know what you like."

"Okay." He took another kiss. "You do."

He was ready.

"Okay. Don't move." Eric kissed him thoroughly again, and then moved to lie behind him. "Oh, God, I'd forgotten how fucking sexy you looked with this hanging out of your ass."

"Eric!" God. How... embarrassing.

Eric chuckled. "What? You wanted me to talk, so I'm telling you how I'm feeling. How seeing you with the wand makes me feel."

"I just... I do. It does things to me."

"I know. It's so sexy the way just talking about it make you shiver and blush, makes you so fucking hard." Eric kissed the back of his neck. "I'm going to pull it out a bit now, add more lube. Make you nice and slick so we can push all the beads in."

"Yeah. Yeah, okay." His cheeks felt like they were on fire.

Eric groaned as the beads slid out of him.

"Oh. Oh, Eric. Please. Please. I need." Empty. He was empty.

"I know, babe. I've got you." Eric's fingers, all slick, pushing into him.

"Please... I can't seem to say anything else."

"It's a good word." Eric's fingers disappeared again. "Okay, here it comes. I'm putting the wand back in."

He nodded, tried not to tense up.

"Just look at you, taking the first five like they're nothing. Six and seven going in now, babe. God, I mean it, you're going to make me blow just watching you."

All he could do was groan, rock back, ride the pleasure.

"That's it, babe. God, you look amazing. Here comes that third to last bead. You just keep rocking, take it in."

His body stretched, spread, took it.

"That's it, Kenny. Can you feel it stretching you wide? It's pressing you open. It'll hold you open until it's all the way in, and then there's another bead right after it and the big one right after that. God, it's so hot, Kenny. You're so hot." Eric sounded almost hoarse, the words somewhat breathless.

"Love..." He whimpered, toes curling.

"Almost there, babe." He felt his hole close around the bead and then the next one was right there, just as Eric had said, pushing, stretching him open again.

"Yes..." His cock leapt, leaking.

Groaning, Eric kept pushing, insisting. In a low voice, Eric kept the words going, low murmurs that included "hot" and "sexy" and "oh, my God, Kenny." The big one started pushing and spreading him, making him whimper and moan.

"You can do this, babe. You *are* doing it. And it's making my balls ache. Fuck."

"Eric. Eric. Eric." He whispered the words, eyelids heavy. All his focus was on his ass.

"I've got you. I'm right here. I'm right here watching the most amazing thing I have ever seen." Eric kept pushing the wand in as he spoke, and then all of a sudden that last bead was halfway in.

He whimpered, crawling forward a few steps.

"Shh. Shh." Eric's fingers soothed him with long strokes along his spine. "I've got you, baby."

"Eric. Please. I can't think. Help me."

"You don't need to think, babe. Just feel. You can feel this, can't you? You should see it, see it disappearing into your body. There's only one bead left. I'd love to see you, Kenny. I want to see it inside you, to know how big and how much you took. So very sexy."

"An... anything. Anything." He sobbed softly, so turned on, so excited that it almost hurt.

"The last part now, babe. Just breathe for me." Eric pushed, and he could feel the bead begin to stretch him.

"Talk to me," he begged, needing that attention, to know Eric was with him.

"I am, babe. I am. I just..." Eric moaned. "God, I'm so hard. I'm going to come, Kenny. I'm going to come all over you as soon as it's all the way in."

He nodded, swallowed hard, his entire body on fire. That was... He'd...

Yes.

"Almost there, babe. Come on. You're doing so well. Just breathe and let it in. Please, babe. So close. We're so close." He could hear the strain in Eric's voice, his lover almost breathless.

"Breathe..." He gasped, took a deep breath in, pushed back against the bead.

That was all it needed, all he needed or Eric needed or he didn't know what, but suddenly the pressure at his hole eased, but he was full. So very, very full.

"Yes!" Eric shouted and came, heat splashing up along Kenny's back.

He leaned down on his hands, fighting to breathe, to move. Something.

Head resting on his back, Eric reached around and started jacking him off. "Come on, Kenny. Give it up for me."

"Help me. Help me. Eric. Eric, please."

The bead wand began to move, Eric twisting it inside him, nudging it backward and forward so the nearest beads dragged across his prostate.

"I want you to come for me, babe. I want to hear your pleasure, and smell it and know you're right here with me in this moment."

"Right..." He shot, the ring around his cock not enough to hold him back. The room went gray and his arms buckled.

Eric caught him, lowering him to the bed, fingers sliding on his skin, working the ring off now that he'd shot and his flesh wasn't so tight.

"So sexy. So hot. God, Kenny, I love you. So much."

"Eric." He pushed close, needing his lover to take care of him, to love him.

Eric held him tight, hands moving lazily over him. He almost didn't notice when the bead wand was tugged out of him.

Almost.

## *Chapter Twenty*

Eric woke up slowly, finding himself curled up around Kenny, holding his lover close to him. He felt great, his body holding that slight ache that only a night of astonishing sex could produce.

God, Kenny had been utterly amazing. Utterly.

Smiling, he buried his nose in Kenny's neck and breathed in. Kenny moaned softly, pressed back against him. For the first time in who knew how long, Kenny didn't wake up, ask him if he was okay. It felt so good, knowing Kenny was leaning on him, sleeping peacefully in his arms instead of being on half-alert all the time.

Last night had blown his mind a little bit, shaken him and excited him. Kenny had given him so much. Not only that, but Kenny had asked for it -- the bead wand had been Kenny's choice. His lover was so much deeper than he knew. How amazing was that, to still be surprised after nine years together?

Moaning, he rubbed up against Kenny's ass, his morning wood cradled in warmth.

"Mmm. Eric." Kenny rippled, hummed low.

"Hey, babe." He pressed kisses along Kenny's shoulders.

"Hey. Morning."

He laughed softly. "Morning." Tailing his fingers down Kenny's chest, he reached for his lover's cock.

Eric moaned as his fingers found the tube of flesh hardening for him, jerking against his palm. He'd never dreamed Kenny could be *this* sexy, this hot.

"You want me again?" The words were moaned, Kenny's voice raw and husky. Someone had made a lot of noise last night.

"I do." He squeezed Kenny's cock. "Looks like I'm not the only one, either."

"I was dreaming." Kenny stretched, shifted against him. "That I was in love with someone who wanted me so badly."

"Mmm, it's nice when dreams come true."

"It is." Kenny arched, his cock sliding over the hot crack of Kendall's ass.

"Oh, God, babe. You're so hot and I do, I want you so bad."

"You'd fit. I'm all yours."

He'd have to be gentle. Kenny was sure to be sore. He found the lube and got his fingers slick, gently pushing two into Kenny to test how he was really feeling.

"Mmm..." Kenny was swollen, hot, squeezing his fingers. "Eric... Oh, love..." That wasn't pain.

He worked some more lube into Kenny and then slicked up his cock. He pushed in, slow and easy, filling Kenny up with one slick stroke. "God, babe. You're so fucking hot, so tight." It was like a piece of heaven.

"Yours." Kenny sighed, the sound happy, soft.

"All mine," he agreed. He stroked Kenny's belly and then gripped his lover's cock again.

They rocked together, slow and sweet, Kenny's body the best place he'd ever been.

"Love you. Love you." So much it hurt.

"I know. Tell me we have all day together. Tell me this is ours."

"All day, babe. It's Saturday." He licked the back of Kenny's neck. "This belongs to us. Just us."

One of his hands was lifted up to Kenny's mouth, fingers licked and lapped.

It sent shivers down his spine. "Kenny..."

"Mmmhmm?"

"Don't stop." It felt too good.

He circled his hips slowly; Kenny's ass massaged his prick. One finger was sucked into that hot mouth, then another. And another. He moved a little faster, hips pushing his cock in and out now instead of around. Kenny's teeth scraped over the tip of his thumb, nipping him.

"Babe!" He grunted and pushed in harder. His cock hit Kenny's gland.

"There. Eric. Again." Oh, hell yes.

"Right here?" He kept jabbing into Kenny.

"Fuck, yes." Kenny's body rippled around him.

Moaning loudly, he kept pushing in and hitting that spot. Kenny's prick pulsed in his fingers, throbbing in time with his thrusts. Working it, he held onto his own orgasm; he wanted them to go together.

"Eric. Eric. I feel you."

"Yeah, babe. Come on. You ready yet?" He squeezed tight, Kenny's prick like a fat sausage in his hand.

"Uh-huh. Feels so good."

"I know." A part of him wished they could do this all day long.

"Love you. Love you. Eric."

"I love you, too, babe." He groaned as the words finished him off. "Coming now," he whispered.

"Uh... uh-huh." Kenny moaned as he came, body shuddering.

He could feel each pulse of Kenny's orgasm in the way his lover's ass squeezed around his cock.

"Good. Good morning." Kenny sounded... stoned. Happy.

He'd done that. He'd put Kenny over the moon. "Morning, lover." His hands travelled lazily over Kenny, just touching.

The dogs were in the front room, barking and playing, the sun was shining. Life was good.

"You want to keep me company while I make you breakfast?" It was important, suddenly, that he do for Kenny. "Or should we shower first?"

"Mmm. Let's shower and then we'll..." Kenny looked at him. "You're making breakfast? Waffles?"

He used to do that for Kenny; he remembered how Kenny would just bounce, fill every square with syrup.

"Yes. I'm going to make you waffles. But a shower first sounds good." It would let him touch Kenny some more. His fingers twitched at the thought. God, he had it bad. He'd forgotten just how good that could feel.

"Sounds excellent." Kenny stretched, the motion making that sweet ass jerk around his prick.

"Of course it means moving." Eric laughed and hugged Kenny to him, hands on his lover's slender belly.

"Yeah..." Fuck, Kenny's laughter made him happy.

He slid out reluctantly, only the fact that they were moving from the bed to the shower letting him do it at all. Groaning, he rolled away and off the bed to stretch. Kenny followed him, pressed up against his back, lips on his nape.

"Mmm..." He reached back and wrapped his hands around Kenny's hips. "You're hungry this morning."

"Uh-huh. Stretched. Happy. Love you."

He chuckled and nodded, leaning against Kenny. "Yeah. Yeah, babe." Tilting his head, he took a kiss and then gave Kenny's ass a soft slap. "Let's go get wet."

"Watch it, now. No whapping." Kenny jumped and headed into the bathroom.

"Would you rather a pinch?" he teased as he followed, watching his lover's pretty ass.

"Oh, I don't think so," Kenny laughed.

"I'll just do this, then." He slid his hands over Kenny's ass, giving the bubble butt a squeeze.

"Mmm." Kenny pushed back, then slipped away, heading for the bathroom. "Come on, turkey. In the shower."

"Turkey?" Laughing, he started gobbling, the sound echoing off the tiles.

Kenny's laugh rang out, filling the air, so young, so tickled. They started the water, still laughing as the spray hit them. This was it -- why he'd fallen in love with Kenny, this relaxed, incredible joy that went on and on. Smiling, he found the soap and began rubbing Kenny.

"You look happy."

"I am. Are you?" He didn't have to ask, though, now did he?

"You know it." Kenny leaned over, stole another kiss.

"Good. Good." He planned to keep it that way. He slipped his soapy fingers along Kenny's crack, teasing as he cleaned.

The skin was slick, hot, the ring of muscles swollen to his touch. Well used. It was sexy, hot. He reached around to fondle Kenny's cock and balls, soaping them up, playing with them a little.



Kenny leaned back into him, thighs spread. "That feels hard. I mean, good. It feels good."

Eric started laughing again. "It's not quite hard yet." Though Kenny's prick was trying to fill, to reach up into his touch.

"Nope. I'm too old for all this, you know?"

Eric laughed softly. "Too old? You? I don't believe it." And neither did Kenny's body, the sweet cock going hard beneath his touch.

"Mmmhmm." Kenny leaned back into him, let him support them both. Trusted him to be strong enough to.

He wasn't trying to start anything; he'd just meant to feel Kenny up, but here they were, touching and rubbing and enjoying each other. He knew that they wouldn't come again, but it didn't matter. What mattered was that he had his lover, right here, relaxed and happy and aroused.

He licked the water from Kenny's skin. "You taste good, babe. Maybe I should live on you instead of food."

"I'm not sure I'm complete nutrition, Eric."

"But we'll live off love." He chuckled, goosed Kenny.

Kenny cackled for him. "Don't think you're getting away from making me waffles, now."

He turned Kenny and kissed the laughter right out of his lover's mouth. "No way. I want to make them for you."

"Mmmhmm. I'll make coffee and eggs."

"Or you could just sit and keep me company while I do all that."

"I don't mind working together."

"Okay, that would be nice." Together. Yeah, it sounded really good.

Kenny nodded, turned the water a little hotter and moved to wash his hair.

"Oh, let me." He slid his hands over Kenny's head, rubbing the shampoo in and making bubbles.

Kenny leaned back, let him see the line of soap sliding down the beautiful body. Groaning, he chased the soap with his fingers.

"I love your fingers." They were basking.

"They love your skin." He smiled up at Kenny; there was nothing wrong with basking.

"Promise me this will last."

"I promise you, babe. As long as we live, yeah? Like wedding vows, only for you and me."

Kenny squeezed his fingers. "Amen. Let's go make breakfast. I'm *starving*."

"Yeah, me, too."

He turned the water off and started drying Kenny off. He took his time and made it a sensuous thing. It didn't take any time before they were in robes and sweatpants, the radio playing the Eagles, the dogs barking and bouncing around the kitchen while they worked together.

He still remembered the waffle recipe, though he had to dig out the waffle maker from the back of a cupboard. Kenny poured him coffee, started making orange juice.

Eric plugged in the waffle iron and started mixing the batter. "We should do that again, babe."

"What? Shower?"

"No, go cruising the sex stores on the Internet." He looked over to see what effect his words had on Kenny.

His lover's cheeks were bright red, but those pretty eyes were warm, happy. "I could manage that."

"Good." He bumped their hips together as he went to the fridge to get the milk.

"What would you want to buy?"

"Something new to fill your ass with." He grinned over, cheeks heating at the memory of seeing Kenny taking that bead wand. "I really got off on filling you with the beads. I want to see what else there is to play with."

"Yeah?" Kenny didn't look like he was arguing. At all.

"Yeah." He reached out and stroked Kenny's hip. "They've got these plugs that you're supposed to leave in. I'd love to go to work knowing you were at work, too. Wearing one."

"Eric." So many things were in his name, that single word.

"Can you imagine that, Kenny? You'd be thinking about me every second of the day

because no matter what you did, you'd feel that plug inside you. Sitting, walking, standing, lying down. It wouldn't matter. You'd feel it."

"I..." Kenny's hand shook so hard the cup clattered on the counter.

"You know what would make it even better?"

Kenny shook his head, stared at him.

He leaned in to whisper it into Kenny's ear. "If I came inside you first and then put in the plug."

## *Chapter Twenty One*

Kendall hummed and headed up the walk with his arms full of groceries and two lattes. "Eric? Eric? Are you home?" He could use a hand with the door.

"Hey, babe." Eric's voice came from the other end of the house.

"Help? My hands are full." His hands were full, his thighs ached from a lunch hour spent at the gym, and his cock jerked embarrassingly just at the sound of Eric's voice.

"Babe? Something wrong?" Eric came down the hall. "Oh! You need help." Grinning, Eric opened the door for him.

"Yes. Coffee. Steak. Rolls. Potatoes." He juggled the bags. "Ice cream."

"Oh, ice cream." Eric's eyes lit up, and he grabbed a couple of the bags. "You spoil me."

"It's butter pecan." There were brownies in one of the bags, too. "How was your day?"

Eric moaned when he said "butter pecan."

"My day was okay. It vastly improved when I got home, even more so now."

Kendall grinned. That was good to hear. "Excellent. I stopped by the hospital; they're letting Manning go home."

"Oh, that's good news. Are they gonna need help at home?"

"Probably, yeah." He wasn't sure they were going to be the ones to do that, though. Going to the doctor's house when they'd only known him in the hospital, at his worst, seemed... intrusive.

"I'll let you organize that with the others? You know when I'm available if we need to help."

Kendall nodded, put the groceries away. "I need to change out of my work clothes. You want to cook the steaks outside?" It was a beautiful evening.

"Oh, we haven't grilled in ages. That sounds good." Eric gave him a once over. "Do you want help getting changed?"

His cheeks heated, his muscles going a little tight. "Sure."

"Good." Eric hurried the last of the groceries away, and then grabbed his hand to tug him into the bedroom. "It's been a whole day, babe."

It was like they were teenagers. "We got spoiled over the weekend."

"We did. It's the kind of spoiled I'd like to get used to."

He could get used to the way Eric was looking at him, like he was their steak dinner. He worked his tie open, laughing. This was... like everything was new. Smiling at him, Eric moved in close and began to undo his shirt buttons, one at a time. It was slow and sensual; Eric's fingers slid on his skin as each button was undone.

"You look happy." That little voice that always wondered if it was because of him piped up, and he squashed it.

"Mmm, I am." Eric slid open his shirt and stroked his chest.

His muscles tightened, body responding eagerly.

Eric's smile got bigger and his eyes lit up. "Look at you."

"Huh?" Look at what?

"Look at you with your lovely chest and your pretty little nipples. God, you make me hard, Kenny. You make me want."

"Oh." Oh, God. That was so fucking *hot*. "I'm yours."

"I know. Thank God." Grinning, Eric gave him a long, lingering kiss.

All the day flew out of his mind -- patrons and coworkers, sore muscles, Manning, Jim... Eric's fingers pushed the shirt off his shoulders and then slid over his arms.

"Love, hmm?" He sucked in so Eric could undo his pants.

"Yes, love you, babe." Eric's gaze held his as his pants were undone.

"I can't believe you still want me so much."

"Why not?"

"Because... I always worry that I'm boring you."

"Don't be crazy." Eric stepped closer, rubbed against him, cock hard behind his pants. "Does this feel like I'm bored?"

"No. No, it doesn't feel bored." It felt like heaven.

"It feels like a board, though. You know -- wood?" Eric gave him a wicked grin.

Kendall stopped, stared, then burst out with a happy, hearty laugh. Jesus, Eric was a dork.

Eric chuckled a little as well. "You're laughing at me," he accused.

"I'm laughing with you."

Eric chuckled and leaned against him. "Okay."

He leaned back, hands sliding over Eric's back, patting the sweet ass.

"Mmm. You're not bored either, babe."

"Bored? I'm here with you. Why would I be bored?"

"Exactly how I feel. So no more asking if I'm bored or unhappy, hmm?" Eric pressed a hard kiss on him.

He moaned, opened up, lips parted. Eric pushed him back toward the bed as they kissed. Fire and heat sprang up between them. He spread a little, giving Eric something to push against.

"So sexy," Eric murmured. "I want to kiss you all over. I want to make you scream for me." The words were interspersed with little stinging kisses.

"I don't scream."

Much.

Often.

"Well, you should. I should make you scream. Long and loud. Because it feels too good not to." Eric flicked one of his nipples and then did it again, this time scraping his nail across it.

"Eric." Oh, fuck. Please. That stung.

"Yeah, babe?" Eric gave him another wicked grin and scraped over his other nipple this time.

"That stings." He liked it.

Eric tilted his head. "That's not a please, stop."

"I. No. No, it's not."

Chuckling, Eric did it again, both nipples at the same time. He stepped away, unable to help himself, lips open, heart pounding in his chest.

"Where are you going?" Eric followed him, palming his cock.

"Nowhere. You... you're very intense." It was different. Arousing. Hot.

"You make me intense, babe. I was looking at websites, waiting for you to come home. And I kept picturing these things with you as the star."

"Websites? Which ones?" He didn't step away when Eric moved closer.

"You know which ones." Eric licked his neck and returned to teasing his nipples.

"I want you to tell me."

Eric laughed. "I know what your biggest kink is, babe."

He blushed dark, suddenly embarrassed. Ashamed. "I..."

God, he was... Damn.

"Kenny? What's the matter, babe?"

"I just... I feel a little stupid. For wanting to hear you, you know?"

"Babe, if there's one thing I've learned spending time with the guys from the Hammer, it's that there's a million different kinks, and as long as everyone involved is happy, there's no wrong kink."

"Are you happy?" It was important to know, all of the sudden.

"I've never been happier. Can't you tell? I'm not bored. I'm very happy. I love you so much."

"Good." He reached out and cupped Eric's jaw. "Sorry. I just... I worry."

Eric turned to kiss his palm. "You don't need to worry, babe."

"Okay." He wasn't sure he could help it, but he'd try. "Where were we?"

"I was about to tell you all about the things I saw on the Internet and how I was imagining you in a starring role."

"Oh." He grinned. "Right."

"Yep. Get in bed." Eric pushed him back, gaze intense.

He bounced on the mattress, sprawling. Eric stripped as naked as he was and then crawled up over him.

"Hi." He reached up, wrapped his arms around Eric's waist.

"Hi, babe." Eric lowered his hips until their cocks pressed together.

His fingers spread out over Eric's skin, reaching toward his lover's ass. Moaning, Eric pushed up into his hands.

"What do you want to do to me, love?" He kept rubbing and touching, making Eric feel good.

"God, everything." Eric laughed breathlessly. "But first I want to come inside you and fill you with a plug. I want to make you go to work like that, babe." Eric met his eyes. "I bought the plug. Just before you came home. It should be here in two days."

"Oh, God." He arched up, hips bucking restlessly.

"When it gets here, I'm going to spend the night making love to you." Eric leaned down and kissed him hard. "And then I'm going to put the plug inside you and you aren't going to take it out until you get home. Or, if you're lucky, I'll come to work at lunch and take it out then."

"Eric. Eric, *God*." He was so hard it hurt.

"I'd make you blow me. Before I took it out."

He sobbed -- actually sobbed -- with need. Fuck, he wanted. Now.

Right now.

Eric's mouth landed on his again, the kiss hard. His lover needed as much as he did. He bucked, they were rubbing together, cocks leaking.

"You're gonna walk different with it in you, Kenny. And nobody else will know, but I will. I will."

He threw his head back, throat working, Eric's words maddening.

Eric's mouth latched onto his neck and those little white teeth bit into his skin before Eric started talking again. "You won't be able to escape it. You'll sit perched on your seat and make excuses to get up, but it won't matter, you won't be able to escape it."

"I. I could take it out." He wouldn't, though.

"Oh, no." Eric shook his head. "No, babe. I'd tell you not to and you wouldn't."



He found himself nodding, because Eric was right. He wouldn't.

"That's right." Eric started kissing down his body.

"Love you. Don't stop."

"Won't." Eric bit at his navel and then tilted his head to lick at the tip of his cock. "I'm not going to stop talking about it or doing it or loving you."

The last part was the important one, and Kendall hung onto the words, even as his cock leapt. Eric's tongue kept lapping the drops away from the tip of his cock, which just made more leak from it.

Then, finally, Eric's mouth circled the head. His head slammed back, his cry torn from him a little. Eric didn't go right down on him. Hell, Eric was barely sucking. Instead, Eric licked and nibbled and slowly drew in more and more of his cock.

It was slow and sensational and driving him crazy. Kendall thought that this was going to kill him, this new, hungry lover. This Eric who kept pushing him. Of course, he'd rather go like this than pining for the man who was never home. One of Eric's hands slid over his balls. They were rolled and two fingers slid behind them.

"Yes." Spreading wide, Kendall pressed back, Eric filling him up.

Eric pulled off his cock and tongue-slapped the tip. "God, you're hot."

"Hot. Fuck, help me, that's so *good*."

"I'll help when it's time for you to come." That wicked grin was back. "It's not that time yet."

"Eric!" God, he couldn't help but laugh, fucking tickled by that smile.

Laughing with him, Eric took his cock in again and the sound vibrated all around his cock.

Happy.

Oh, God, he was happy.

He braced himself on the mattress, hips starting to push up into the heat of Eric's mouth. The fingers inside him wriggled and twisted, playing more than stretching. Finally, Eric's mouth gave him serious suction, the soft lips dragging over his flesh as he pulled out.

"Gonna. Fuck. I'm gonna." He grunted as Eric grabbed his nuts, tugged to stop him from shooting.

"You're gonna wait, babe. I'm not ready for you to come yet."

"Eric. Eric, Jesus Christ..." He panted, stared down his body at his lover.

Eric licked from the base of his cock to the tip. "You going to be able to keep from coming?"

"I don't know."

"I'll use a ring, but only when you can't possibly hold on any longer. I want you to keep from coming as long as possible. I want to lick you and suck you and drive you crazy. And I want to know you're trying so hard not to come."

He reached down, fingers on Eric's lips. "Shh."

Eric smiled slowly and then those lips opened and took his finger in. Eric began sucking it. His lips dropped open, eyes wide as he watched. Head bobbing slowly, Eric fellated his finger.

"You... You're going to make me a blithering idiot." It was fabulous.

Eric simply smiled and scraped his fingertip with sharp teeth. Moaning, he pushed up, almost landing in Eric's lap.

Eric let his finger go. "Easy, babe. You're not going to last nearly as long as I want you to."

"How long?" He moaned, bent so he could lick at Eric's lips.

"As long as I say."

"You're driving me crazy, lover."

"Oh, good, it's working." Eric laughed softly and nuzzled into the crease between his hip and torso.

That tickled, and he arched, jonesing on the touch. Eric's tongue followed, licking and lapping at Kenny's skin like it was the greatest feast ever. The love let him relax, though, let him breathe deep, and he settled back on the mattress.

"So sexy," muttered Eric. "You taste good, too."

Kendall didn't have anything to say. This was... Heaven.

Eric slowly nibbled over to his cock again, licking and sucking at his skin. Every touch made him shiver a little, made him want to make it last forever. The pleasure began to build again, Eric slowly driving him higher and higher. Two of Eric's fingers eased inside him, the touch indescribably gentle.

"I'm going to make love to you, babe. I want to be inside you."

"Yes." He didn't have to say anything else.

Eric pushed another finger into him, spreading him wide, making him slick. He drew his legs up, knees bending, spreading himself wide.

Gasping, Eric pushed his fingers deep. "I love how much you want it."

"I need you. More. Fuck me."

Eric's fingers disappeared, and a moment later it was Eric's cock, thick and hot and pushing right into him. That was what he'd needed, right there. Eric's cock was hard and wet and felt so good inside him. Kendall wrapped his legs around Eric's body, tugged him in deeper. Groaning, Eric wriggled, cock sliding inside him.

"Eric." His hands cupped Eric's cheeks, traced his lover's jaw.

Turning his head, Eric kissed his palm, licked it.

"Love you." So good.

"Yeah, babe. Love you, too." With that, Eric began to move inside him.

This was it. What they'd been good at from the start. He could feel the drag of Eric's cock as it slid in and out. His eyelids drooped, the pleasure perfect.

"You like that?" Eric gasped.

"Yes. Yes. God, yes. I feel you everywhere."

"I am everywhere. I'm in your ass and in your heart and in your mind."

He nodded. That hadn't changed. Not in years. But now maybe Eric had remembered it.

"Oh, God." Eric sped up.

"Yours. I'm all yours."

"Mine. Yes. Kenny. Love you." Eric was babbling, hips punching into him.

He nodded, meeting each thrust with a move of his own. Eric started kissing him again, bit at his lips. He reached down, fingers wrapping around his cock.

"No, don't touch, babe."

"Eric!" God, this was... So fucking hot.

"No touching. You don't need it. And if you did -- it would be me, not you."

"Jesus. You... That's so. Yeah."

Eric shifted, changing the angle and finding his gland.

"Eric!" He stared up, toes curled tight.

"When I say, and not before."

He whimpered, driving himself down on Eric's prick. "Fuck."

"Yeah, that's what we're doing, babe." Eric grinned, moving faster, harder, loving him.

"Uh... Uh-huh..." He was so fucking close. So close.

Eric knew, too, but wouldn't let him come. "Wait, babe."

"Eric." He threw his head back, throat working.

"Hold on. For me."

"For you. Fuck." His entire fucking body was on fire.

"That's it. Just a little bit longer." Eric was going to kill him.

"Gonna..." He groaned, stomach going taut.

"Not yet!" Eric pushed in twice more, slamming against his gland. "Now! Now, Kenny!"

He shot so hard it ached; his heels drummed on the mattress, the edges of his vision went silver-gray.

"Yeah. God. So good, babe." Eric collapsed onto him and gasped and panted.

He couldn't even speak. He just nodded.

So.

Good.

Fingers sliding over him, Eric petted him.

He was going to lose his mind.

It was going to be fabulous.

## *Chapter Twenty Two*

Eric watched Oz and Murphy running back and forth, chasing each other just for the fun of it, while he put the steaks on the grill. It was a beautiful evening and he was feeling fine, wonderful, in fact.

He looked up, grinning at Kenny as he came out onto the deck with a salad.

"You want some bread?" Kenny looked stunning, almost sparkling.

"Sure. Put a little garlic butter on a few slices and bring them out -- I'll throw them on the grill."

"Oh, that sounds good." Kenny's hips were swaying back and forth, rocking. God, his lover was sexy.

He licked his lips before tearing his eyes away from Kenny and basting the steaks with sauce.

Kenny was back in no time, hands full, eyes dancing.

"Perfect." He grabbed the bread and stuck it on the grill, and then slid his hand along Kenny's ass. "The bread's good, too."

Kenny blushed, leaned into him. "Flatterer."

"You deserve the flattery."

"I just want you. Turn the steaks."

"You have me. And no backseat grilling." He flipped the steaks.

Kenny grabbed his ass. "Backseat?"

Laughing, he pushed into Kenny's hand. "You still frisky after earlier, babe?" He still had it; that much was obvious.

"Not frisky, just... addicted."

Heat went through him at Kenny's answer. "Oh. Babe..."

"Mmmhmm?" Kenny leaned, put the bread on the grill.

"I love you." God, he was the world's biggest sap, but it felt good to say it.

"Good." Kenny leaned a little harder. "I'm going to be walking bowlegged for days."

He couldn't help but grin at that. "I hope so."

"You look like the cat that got the cream."

"That's because I am the cat that got the cream." He slid his hand to Kenny's crotch and winked. God, he loved Kenny's laugh. He lived for it. He rescued the steaks and then the bread from the grill. Just barely. "Come on, we need to eat."

"Did you want tea? Beer? Wine?"

"Oh, beer sounds good, babe. Goes with steak on the deck."

Kenny nodded. "Have a seat. I'll grab them and the steak knives."

"As long as you're not very long." He brought the steaks and bread over to the table, watching Kenny's ass as his lover disappeared back into the house.

Oz and Murphy came sniffing over, no doubt wanting their share. He cut a couple of bits of fat off, feeding the pups before Kenny came back out and fussed about feeding them table food.

He beamed at his lover as Kenny came back out with their beer.

"What?" Kenny handed a bottle over and sat.

"You're looking particularly sexy this evening."

"I'm looking well-loved, that's for sure."

"Yes. By me." He pulled Kenny onto his lap when his lover would have sat next to him. "We can feed each other." He liked doing that.

"Eric." Kenny cuddled into him, leaned against him. "I can't... Sometimes I feel like this is a dream that I don't want to wake up from."

"It's not a dream, babe. It's true and good and happening to us." He squeezed Kenny's waist, drawing his lover in closer.

"I know. I just... You know."

He leaned their foreheads together. "I know. I came so close to losing everything." Cancer was something he didn't ever want to have again. "And then... I remember how to talk to you now, though, don't I?"

"Yeah." Kenny rested their foreheads together. "Yeah. Let's eat."

"Okay. You cut the steak and then I'll feed you."

Kenny picked up the knife, started cutting. "So, tell me. Are our investments still doing okay?"

"Our investments? Yep. I could see the way things were going and diversified. We're just fine."

"Cool." A bite of steak was put between his lips.

"Mmm. Tastes great, if I do say so myself. And..." He grabbed the second fork and speared another bite of steak. "I thought I was supposed to be feeding you."

"Uh-huh. It smells good."

He held the steak up to Kenny, watching his lover's mouth open, Kenny's tongue sliding on the tines.

Kenny moaned for him, eyes closing. "If... say one of us lost our jobs, could we make it for six months?"

Eric tilted his head. "Babe? Are you trying to tell me something?"

"No. No, I. I mean. I'm more asking than telling."

"Yeah, yeah, things are almost back to pre-cancer levels. We'd be okay."

"Cool." Okay, something was up with Mister I'm Incredibly Stable at My Job.

"You know if anything were to happen, I'd support you, right?" He didn't believe in 'your money and my money,' it was their money. Hell, Kenny had been there for him for every second of a very rough year, he owed his lover. Big time.

"I know. Nothing bad's happened, love. I swear. It's just... I've been thinking about things, that's all."

"About leaving your job?" He'd thought Kenny was happy at his job -- loved it, in fact.

"Maybe. I mean... I don't know. Maybe."

"Talk to me, babe."

"I... You know how you said I ought to think about working at the hospital? Being a patient liaison? I've been looking into it."

"Really? That's wonderful! The community could really use someone like that and you'd be wonderful at it." He hugged Kenny tight.

"Well, I don't know. The money's less and I'd need to get some training and..."

"And we can sit down together and work out a budget. If it's what you want, we'll make it work."

"I don't know. Maybe. I'm thinking about it. I just..." Kenny grinned at him, shrugged. "I guess if you'd said no, then I wouldn't have to think about it at all."

Eric snorted. "I'd never do that, babe. You gave up enough of your life to stick by me during the c-year. I'm not going to get in your way if there's something you really want to do." He laughed and gave Kenny a kiss. "Besides, wasn't this my idea in the first place?" Well, Oliver's, if he recalled correctly, but he'd been the one to encourage Kenny to think about it that first night Manning had been in the hospital and Les had been so lost.

"Yeah. I just... I don't know. I liked talking to people."

"At the hospital, you mean? Or where you are now?"

He was fed another bite. "At the hospital. I was helping."

"You were. Les was lost and scared and everything at the hospital seems so intimidating if you aren't used to it." Kenny had navigated those waters all by himself, become an expert at it the hard way.

"I just remember, you know? How hard it was. How scared I was."

He didn't think he'd ever heard Kenny say he was scared. Not about this. Eric wrapped both arms around Kenny and held tight, resting his head against his lover's chest. "It would have been great to have had someone to walk you through everything, wouldn't it?"

"Great? I don't know, but it would have been better. Easier."

"Yeah, okay, maybe not great. But think how nice it would be if you could do that for others? You'd be so good at it. You know all the ins and outs, and you've been there, so you'd be able to empathize."

"I'd be making a difference, you know?"

"You would. A real difference." He could understand wanting that.

"Well, I don't know. I may not try. It's a silly thing to change jobs when you don't have to."

"That's nonsense. If you find something else that you want to do, that you think has meaning, it's not silly at all." He grinned up at Kenny. "Don't make me spank you."

"Dork."



"Your dork." His stomach growled and he chuckled. "Your hungry dork."

"Well, then. Eat." Kenny popped another bite in his mouth.

Trying not to laugh and choke himself, he chewed on the steak and then speared a piece for Kenny.

Their neighbor, Marcie, peered over the fence. "Smells good over there, boys."

"Thanks. You can't go wrong with grilled steak and garlic bread." He gave her a smile and kept Kenny right where he was.

"I was wondering, could you keep an eye on the house next week? Lars and I are going to Vegas for our anniversary."

"Can we do that, Kenny?" His lover would know if they had any other commitments.

"Sure, we're in town. You'll have to do the same for us when we go on our cruise."

"There you go," he said to Marcie, before turning to Kenny and whispering. "We're going on a cruise?"

Those pretty eyes twinkled at him. "Uh-huh."

"Where and when?" And what other secrets did his lover have?

"Jamaica. Valentine's Day."

"Oh, babe. Have you booked it already?"

"Well, no. I wanted to make sure you wanted to go, but..." Kenny chewed on his bottom lip, frowned. "You want to go, right?"

"Of course I do!" He laughed and hugged Kenny hard. "Thank you, babe."

"Oh. Oh, cool." Kenny relaxed against him, clinging a little. "Because I lied. I paid the down payment a week ago."

"You minx!" He brought Kenny's mouth down for a kiss. "I love you."

"Oh, good." Kenny's laughter tasted fucking sweet.

When they were done kissing, he went back to feeding Kenny, using his fingers now that the steaks were nearly cold. Kenny licked his fingers clean between every bite.

By the time they were done eating, he was so hard he thought he might explode right out of his skin.

"Mmm." Kenny was pure sex, leaning down to lick his lips, offer him quick, needy kisses.

"I think we should take this inside before our neighbors call the cops on us."

"Mmm. Then we couldn't watch their houses."

"I still think we should take this inside."

Kenny nodded, kissed the tip of his nose. "I'll grab the dishes."

"I'll grab your ass." He did exactly that, squeezing hard.

That laugh rang out, filling the air. Grinning, he stood and goosed Kenny this time.

"Stop it." Kenny juggled plates.

"I don't know, I kind of like your ass." He slid his hand over it this time, the touch much gentler.

Kenny's moan was low, sweet.

"Leave the plates, babe. They'll still be here when we're done." He hurried Kenny inside.

"But..." Kenny followed him, laughing a little.

"But nothing. Seriously. What's going to happen? They'll get rained on?" He kept Kenny moving into the living room, right onto the couch.

"Love..." Kenny landed on the sofa, ass up.

"Oh, that's perfect -- don't move!" He had the perfect access to Kenny's ass like this.

"Huh?" Kenny's head turned toward him.

Grinning, he began to fondle Kenny's ass.

"You be nice to my poor butt, now. You... you fucked it hard." It didn't sound like a complaint.

Chuckling, he rubbed and massaged Kenny's ass. Kenny's moan went straight to his cock. He slid his finger along Kenny's crack, pressing a little when he passed Kenny's hole, which had to be tender.

Soft.

Swollen.

Hot.

He moaned.

"Naked," he muttered.

"Am not."

"I know! That's my point." He laughed softly, fingers sliding around to find the button on Kenny's pants.

"God, I love this, love you." Kenny sounded so fucking happy.

It made him happy to hear Kenny like that. The warmth inside him had nothing to do with sex and everything to do with Kenny. He undid Kenny's button and zipper, his lover's cock pushing out into his hand. Of course, there was currently a warmth inside him that had everything to do with sex.

"We're really getting too old for this, you know that, yes?"

"What? You mean for multiple orgasms in a day?" He wrapped his hand around Kenny's cock and started tugging, his other hand pulling down Kenny's pants far enough for him to get to that sweet little hole and rub gently. "This doesn't feel too old to me."

"No? You're sure?" Kenny's tease was fond.

"Very sure." He bent to lick at Kenny's hole while he continued to slide his hand around the hot-hot, hard flesh.

"'Ric. 'Ric. Love..." His. This was his and he needed it.

"Come on, babe. Show me how not old you are." He licked and lapped at Kenny's ass, hand working hard.

"I... I can't come again..." Oh, Kenny could. He knew it.

"I don't believe that." He pointed his tongue and pushed it into Kenny's swollen hole.

"Eric!" Kenny moaned, pulling away a little.

"Where are you going, babe?" He pushed his tongue into Kenny again.

"I. I. Fucking hell, that's hot."

"Supposed to be." In and out, he tongue-fucked Kenny. He loved the heat and the taste and the way Kenny's body tightened around him.

"Love you. Fuck. Love you. Please."

"Come for me, love. Come on."

Kenny whimpered, trembled violently. "Eric... Help me."

He squeezed Kenny's cock, fingers sliding over the tip, tapping it. Heat sprayed over his fingers, over his hand. He groaned. He loved the smell of Kenny coming.

"Love you, babe." He whispered the words against Kenny's ass.

"Love you." Kenny was sobbing softly, shaken.

He slid around to lie on the couch, pulling Kenny down into his arms. He held his lover and soothed him with sliding touches.

"S... sorry. Sorry. I'm okay. I just... wow, huh?"

"Yeah. Big wow." He kissed Kenny's eyes, cheeks and then lips.

"You okay?"

"Yeah. I wouldn't mind a hand." He pushed up with his hips, let Kenny know he needed. "When you're ready."

"Uh-huh." Kenny's eyes were warm, a little fuzzy.

He chuckled and kissed Kenny. "God, you look good."

"I feel... dazed."

"I loved you into a stupor." That made him a stud, didn't it?

"You loved me... better than anyone ever has."

"And I'll never stop, babe. Never."

Never.

### *Chapter Twenty Three*

"Hey, babe, Oliver just called. They're having an impromptu get together at Les and Manning's. Kind of a welcome home thing where we do all the food and clean-up. You wanna go?"

"Tonight?" Kenny looked up from his book, frowned. "What kind of food do they want? Is Manning up to company? Is Les?"

"Yeah, it's just a few couples getting together with lots of extra food, helping them try to stay normal. I don't think we'd be there more than a couple of hours. Oliver said if we come, just bring something easy to make that we like eating."

"Okay." The frown didn't go away, but Kenny bent back to his book.

He realized that there'd been a time he would have just taken Kenny at his word and ignored the frown, because he wanted to go. He didn't want to be that guy anymore. Surviving cancer didn't give him a license to be an ass to Kenny. "If you'd rather not go, we don't have to, babe."

"It's okay. I'm just a little headachy. Maybe I'll just stay home."

"Then I'll call Oliver and make our apologies." He reached out to stroke the back of Kenny's neck.

"No. No, you don't have to. I just..." Kenny's neck was hot, the muscles hard and stiff. "I can go."

"Oh, babe. You're not feeling well at all, are you?" He put both hands on Kenny, working those tight muscles.

"Not really..." Kenny moaned, the book falling from his fingers.

"Give me a minute to call Oliver back and we'll take a shower together, okay?"

"Okay, but you don't have to say no..." Kenny stood, though, headed for the master bathroom.

Shaking his head, he called Oliver back. "Hey, there. It's Eric."

"Hello there. What did Kendall decide?"

"I'm afraid he's not feeling very well, so we're going to have to take a rain check this time."

"Oh, no. I'm sorry to hear that. Do you need anything?"

"No, we're fine, thank you." Their new friends were so generous. "Please let us know if there's anything we can do for Les and Manning."

"We will. Take care and I'll phone you in the morning."

"Thanks, Oliver. Give everyone our love." He hung up and headed through the bedroom, toward his lover.

Kenny was sitting on the edge of the bed, looking at the floor.

"Hey, babe. What are you doing?"

"Uh. Sitting for a second?"

Eric frowned. "You don't look very good, babe."

"I'm fine." Uh-huh. Right. Fine. Jackass.

"What's hurting?" He began to help Kenny undress.

"I just feel bad." Kenny was hot, pale, just not right at all.

"Let's get you in the shower. I'm going to give you some aspirin, too." He started fussing, worry sitting like a punch in his gut.

"I'm okay. You don't have to worry." God, how many times had he heard that over the last few years?

"You're not feeling well, though, so let me play nursemaid." He got Kenny into the bathroom and started up the shower.

Kenny stripped off, getting naked, exposing the lean body and...

Wait.

Shit.

There was a sore, a big open one, on the back of Kenny's shoulder. He knew what that was. He'd seen it a lot when he was in the cancer ward. MRSA. Basically a hard-to-treat staff infection. Kenny must have picked it up in the hospital. They were going to have to get some antibiotics.

"Babe. Put your clothes back on. We need to go to the clinic and get you some meds." He did his best to stay calm, to not freak out.

"Huh? I have a headache, Eric. I don't want to go out."

"I'm surprised your shoulder's not hurting. I think you picked something up at the hospital." He gathered up Kenny's clothes and brought them over to start dressing his lover again.

"I said I don't want to go out, Eric."

"Babe." He rubbed Kenny's belly. "You have a sore on your back. We need to get it looked at."

"What do you mean? I didn't have a sore, just a little itch back there." Now it was a quarter-sized open sore.

"Trust me, babe. And let me fuss, yeah? I'll drive you over and then we'll come home. It'll be fine and you can tease me for turning into a worrywart, okay?"

"Can't we go Monday? I'm really not feeling good enough to go to the clinic."

"It'll be quicker than the emergency room. Come on, babe." Before he freaked out on Kenny.

Kenny shrugged into a T-shirt, stepped into the sweats he held out. "When they tell you it's nothing, I'm going to be mad."

"Okay. You can spank me when we get home." He'd never be so glad to be wrong than he would be if this was nothing.

"Okay." Kenny nodded, leaned against him a little. "Quit worrying."

"It's my turn, don't you think?" He hurried Kenny into a pair of sandals and took him out to the car.

"No. No, I'm fine."

He hoped Kenny was telling the truth.

## *Chapter Twenty Four*

MRSA.

Great.

Kendall was loaded down with antibiotics, strict orders from the doctor to take it easy for a week, and instructions telling him to go to the hospital for IV meds if he got even a bit worse.

Fabulous.

Eric was handling him with kid gloves, walking him out and helping him into the car like he was an old man, going in and filling his prescription for him, arm under his elbow as they went in the house.

"Let's get you into bed and I'll make you some soup or something."

"You don't have to take care of me. That's my job."

"I want to take care of you, so just let me do it."

"I." Eric put one finger over his lips and he blushed. "I'm sorry."

"Just be a good patient, hmm?" Eric led him to the bedroom by the hand.

"I'm not good at that."

Eric stripped him carefully, gentle around the huge, padded bandage over his shoulder. "You'll have to get used to it." The covers were pulled back and Eric fluffed the pillows, stacking them for him to sit against.

He groaned as he leaned back. They'd injected the sore with medicine and now it burned. "You could still go to Manning's."

"I'm not leaving you here alone, babe." Eric pulled the covers up over him and fussed with the pillows some more.

"You'd have more..." He leaned back, eyes closing. "We could watch a movie." He wanted Eric here with him. Why fight it?

"That sounds perfect, babe. You think about what movie you want while I make you something to eat. Tomato soup and grilled cheese sandwiches sound good?"



"Oh, God yes. And some Earl Grey? I'm so thirsty."

"See? It's not so hard being a patient." Eric kissed the top of his head. "Call if you need me before I'm back."

He nodded, and then regretted it, his head just screaming.

"Oh, babe." Eric kissed his forehead and got out a bunch of pills, handing them over along with a bottle of water.

"I'm... I'm okay." He swallowed the pills gratefully.

"No, you're not. But you will be."

Then Eric was gone to make him food, or whatever.

He leaned back, closed his eyes, and tried to think. He wasn't in a good place to get sick. He had things to do.

He must have dozed off, because in no time at all, Eric was back with a tray of food.

He blinked, smiled. "The Matrix."

"Cool." The bed tray was put across his legs, the spoon into his hand, and then Eric trotted off again.

He sipped his tea, the warmth good on his throat.

Eric came back with the movie, slipping it into the DVD player and getting it started before joining him. "You want me to feed you, babe?"

"Huh?" He leaned into Eric's side, resting hard.

Eric's hand slid along his arm. "Soup or sandwich first, babe?"

"Soup, I think?"

Eric picked up the spoon and dipped it into the soup, holding it up to his mouth.

"You don't have to..." The soup popped into his mouth, soothing his throat.

"You really are the worst patient, Kenny."

"I am not. Can I have another bite?"

Chuckling, Eric slid another spoonful into his mouth.

He hummed, nodded. "Thank you."

"Have some more." One after another, Eric poured spoonfuls of soup into his mouth.

"It's good."

"Yep. I open a mean can of tomato soup."

He nodded, and this time it hurt less. "You make it taste different, though."

"That would be the love I cooked it with." Eric winked at him.

"Or the Tabasco." He leaned harder. "How long do I have to stay off work?"

"A week. Maybe two." Eric held him close. "Until you're all better."

"I'll be better before then."

"I'd like that." Eric broke a corner off the grilled cheese sandwich and fed it to him.

He nibbled, but he didn't want more. "That's enough."

"You sure, babe?" Eric looked concerned.

"Yeah." He took one more bite.

"You gotta keep your strength up." Eric teased him with another piece.

"For what? Lying and sleeping?" He ate it, though.

"For fighting the infection and getting better." Eric gave him a very serious look. "You need to get better."

"I will. I'm fine." Eric always overreacted.

Eric put the tray over on the side table and helped him to ease down onto his back. "I'm holding you to that, babe."

He nodded, eyelids heavy. "'M okay."

"You *will* be." Eric pulled the covers up and stroked him, made him feel good.

Eric was warm, close, and it was easy to just doze off, listening to the movie in the back of his head.

## *Chapter Twenty Five*

Eric had to admit, Kenny was looking a lot better. Still, the doctor had been quite explicit on how Kenny was likely to be feeling better long before he actually was.

Two weeks.

That was the magic number for staying well; keep it easy for two weeks. And at day four, Eric was not about to cave and let Kenny go to work. Or cook, or clean, or anything that took any effort.

Which was why he was schlepping bacon and eggs and toast into the bedroom for Kenny for a late breakfast.

He heard the TV and whistling and... God damn it. Ken was doing laundry.

He put the tray down on the bedside table and marched into the laundry room. "Babe. You're not supposed to be out of bed."

"I can't just stay in bed." Kenny was looking stubborn.

Eric could do stubborn, too. Especially as he knew, if the shoe was on the other foot, Kenny would tie him to the bed if necessary. Oh. That was an interesting image. It had him chuckling, even as he tried to be stern.

"As a matter of fact, you can. I will, however, let you move onto the couch if you need a new view."

"Eric, I'm fine. I'm all better. No fever. No headache. The sore's healing..."

"Yeah, and the doctor said that there's a real danger of relapse with this. I've already called you off for the rest of the week." And the next, but Kenny didn't need to know that yet.

"Eric..."

Oh, now he got the pout. That was adorable. He leaned in and licked Kenny's lower lip.

"I mean it, babe."

"Shh." Kenny leaned in a little.

He chuckled. Like Kenny being cute and shushing him was going to make him forget his

lover needed to take it easy. He wrapped his arms around Kenny and started walking backward to the bedroom.

"I'm tired of being in bed." Kenny went, though, letting him lead.

"I could tie you there," he teased, that image still very pleasing

"You could, but then you'd be stuck listening to me bitch and I couldn't even read."

"I could tie you there, gag you, and read to you myself."

Kenny swatted his ass. "No way. Gags sound... awful."

Laughing, Eric made a mental note: no gags for them. Kenny didn't like them and he wanted to hear his lover when he lost it.

They made it back to the bedroom and Kenny and he both stared. The dogs were on their back legs, eating bacon and eggs like he'd cooked just for them.

"Oh, my God, you two are *so* in trouble."

"Bad dogs! Bad, bad..." Kenny was just barely holding back the laughter.

That's when Eric lost it. Laughing, he pushed Kenny toward the bed. "I'll get this cleaned up and make you some more."

"You clean up. I'll make us something." Before he could argue, Kenny was gone again, headed for the kitchen.

"Kenny. Damn it." Growling, he followed his lover and stopped Kenny before he could get anything out of the fridge. "What is it about 'take it easy' that you don't understand?"

"Aren't you cleaning up after the dogs?"

"I'll do that if you promise me you'll just sit here." He was serious about this, about Kenny's health.

"I'm just going to make some..." Kenny motioned to the fridge. "Food."

"No. No, you're not. You're going to sit there and watch while I make some food."

"Why are you being so growly? I'm all better."

Eric rolled his eyes, and he sat at the table, took Kenny's hand. "I know you weren't feeling well when we spoke to the doctor. But he said that you need to take it easy for two weeks or you'll have a relapse."

"I'm better. I'm bored. I'm used to being busy."

"I know. But you can use the laptop and your phone, so why don't you see what you'd need to get that job at the hospital going?" Although this MRSA attack had him rethinking the whole Kenny working in a hospital thing. Of course, if Kenny *worked* in a hospital, they'd help him, right? Teach him how to avoid it? Make him wear gloves? Something? "Just, look things up, okay?" He gave Kenny a kiss and went over to the fridge.

"Okay..." Kenny sighed. "I feel useless when I'm sitting."

"I know, babe. But I know you're not being useless. I know you're only sitting because you need to, hmm?"

"Yeah. Yeah, that's right. Was Harry upset about me asking off?"

"Nope." Eric hadn't given the man the chance to be upset. "He understood your life was in danger."

"I have a bug. That's all. It's not cancer."

"People die from it, Kenny. You're not going to be one of them, even if I do have to tie you to the bed."

"I'm not going to die from a little virus."

"Not if you take care of yourself, you're not."

"I'm... Stop it." Kenny frowned at him. "You're being scary."

"Good. Because I'm scared." He didn't want to freak Kenny out, but his lover had to know this was serious.

Those pretty eyes went concerned, Kenny reaching for him.

He went on his knees in front of Kenny and wrapped his arms around his lover's middle. "The doctor said you'd feel better pretty quickly, but that you could relapse if you didn't take it really easy for two whole weeks. Babe. I love you. I don't want to lose you."

"You couldn't. Don't say that." Kenny's fingers pressed against his lips.

"Then, please, Kenny, take it easy. Relax."

Kenny got teary and, all of the sudden, he had his lover in his lap, right there on the floor.

He held on tight, rocking Kenny, hands sliding down his lover's back. "Love you, Kenny. I do. I need you."

Kenny held on. "I know. I know. I'm sorry. Shh."

"It's okay. It's all going to be all right. You just need to listen to the doctor and stay home and quiet and relaxed for the next while, okay?"

"Okay." Kenny leaned harder against him, breath warm on his jaw.

Eric closed his eyes and held on tight. He wasn't letting go of Kenny, not ever. Before he knew it, his lover was sound asleep, cradled against him.

Eric simply sat and held Kenny. He'd do it as long as he needed to.

## *Chapter Twenty Six*

Bored.

Bored bored bored.

Kendall shifted in the easy chair, read a few more pages, then got up to make coffee.

The phone rang before he got too far, and he answered it. "Hello?"

"Hello, Kendall? It's Les."

"Hey, Les. How're things going for you and Manning?"

"Good, good. He's recovering nicely. I've laid down the law on a few things, too." Les laughed, but he could hear the tension in the sound, the underlying anger.

"Good for you. You have to make sure he takes care of himself."

"Yes. Exactly." Les sighed. "I wanted to thank you so much for all your help at the hospital. I don't know what I would have done without you."

"You're welcome, Les. I was happy to be able to help." Being useful had made him feel alive.

"You made all the difference, Kendall. Truly. Now, how are *you* feeling?"

"Bored." He grinned at the phone.

Les chuckled. "Recovery is the hardest, isn't it?"

"Yeah. I feel fine, but the doctor says I have to do another week."

"Then you have to do it, Kendall." Les was suddenly very serious. "If the doctor says rest, then you rest."

"I know. I know. I'm still bored."

"Well, I was wondering if you'd like some company for a little while? I have a few casseroles and enough movies to drown you with."

"Oh... Oh, yes. Yes, I'd *love* that." He found himself smiling. He had enjoyed Les' company over the last few weeks, found the man smart and clever, easy to talk to.

"Excellent!" Les laughed again. "I'll be there in twenty minutes. Is that okay?"

"I'll start some coffee." He was almost bouncing.

"Are you allowed to do that?" Les asked in an exaggerated whisper.

"I am. I can even use the *microwave* unattended."

Les giggled. "I'll be there soon, hon."

"I can't wait."

He called Eric as soon as Les hung up. "Eric, Les is coming over to visit. Did you ask him to call?"

"What? Les? No, I didn't. You aren't going to overdo, are you?"

"No. He's bringing movies over. Food. I'm making coffee." He hadn't had a friend just stop by and visit in... years.

"Okay, babe. It sounds like fun. Just no neatening up or anything. You said he's bringing food and movies, and all you need to do is coffee, right?" Eric was being such a worrywart.

"I promise." He chuckled, shook his head.

"Okay. Enjoy your afternoon. I'll be home on time today." Eric paused and he heard the sound of a kiss. "I love you."

"Love you, 'Ric. I have a friend coming over."

"I know. Have fun." He could hear Eric chuckling until the phone went dead.

A friend.

He grinned, almost stupidly pleased. About fifteen minutes later, the doorbell rang. He headed for the door, opening it and smiling. "Les. It's so good to see you."

"Hello, Kendall. Are you allowed hugs?" Les opened his arms.

"Yes." His sore was completely healed; he was safe. They hugged, patting each other's backs.

When they parted, Les picked up a pair of bags that were on the porch. "I brought a bunch of movies, a couple of casseroles, and I made shrimp salad for lunch. Is that okay?"



"Oh, God. You... Yes. Yes, more than. Please, come in. How's Manning? Is he feeling better?"

"He is. He's feeling much better." Les followed him into the kitchen.

"Oh, good. I'm so glad. You like cream and sugar, right?" Coffee. Two mugs. Two plates.

"You remembered!" Les nodded and put the casseroles into the fridge; the shrimp salad was put on the table.

"Of course I did." He dug out two forks and a spoon. "Is he back to work?"

"Half days. With firm directions to eat every few hours. What can I do to help?"

"Get the milk from the fridge?" He sat, reached for the sugar bowl. "How about you? Are you working on anything wonderful?"

"Actually, I canceled all my clients when Manning got sick and I haven't gotten back into it yet." Les pulled out the milk and sat with him.

"Ah. Have you always been in design?" Les looked more relaxed, happier.

"Oh, yes. I always knew it was what I wanted to do." Les laughed and rolled his eyes. "So cliché, I know, but I love it."

"Yeah? I'm considering a career change. I'm not sure I'm happy behind a desk."

"Really?" Les reached out and took his hand. "What are you thinking about moving to?"

Their fingers twined together, and that felt so good. "Patient liaison."

"Oh, Kendall! What a wonderful idea!" Les' fingers squeezed his. "I can't emphasize how wonderful it was to have you by my side, walking me through everything and holding my hand while Manning was in hospital."

"Well, I just know that it's hard. I know how it feels." He smiled, feeling like... like he mattered.

Les nodded. "It makes you uniquely qualified for the job. It would be wonderful if you were there to hold people's hands. Especially for people in our community, where the legalities get complicated."

"You think so? I would feel... useful."

"Oh, I more than think so. I tell you what, if you need anyone to vouch for you, like a reference, you give them my and Manning's names. We'll speak up for you. And with Manning being a doctor and all, his word should carry some weight."

"Oh... Oh, that would. Man, that would be great. I've been doing a lot of research, and I'm going back for some social work classes, but some recommendations couldn't hurt."

"Just let us know where to send the letters. I don't know what I would have done without you." Les shrugged. "Lost it at some point, I'm sure."

"Nonsense. Someone would have helped you. Someone helped me."

"One person? Dedicated to the job?" Les shook his head. "They need someone like you, Kendall. Manning and I think it's a fabulous idea. I hope you pursue it."

"I hope I do, too." They dished out the shrimp salad, smiled at each other. Yeah, he hoped he did, too.

"So what have you been doing to keep from going out of your mind?" Les asked.

"Reading, a lot. I've read everything in the house twice, I think. I slept most of the first days. I keep threatening to take up quilting or something. Can you see me? Doing needlepoint?"

Les laughed softly. "It would be something different, wouldn't it?"

"It would. Eric hasn't been letting me cook or shop, so I've been spinning my wheels."

"He's worried about you, honey."

"I know. I just..." He took a bite, thought about it. "I'm used to taking care of him, of being the one who made sure everything worked. It's different now."

"Well, it's good that he's well enough you don't have to worry about him, right?"

"Oh, absolutely! I mean, that's not what I meant. It almost destroyed me, for him to be sick, but we got into this rhythm, you know?"

Les nodded. "Like maybe a rut, yeah? This is a good shake-up for you, then."

"I think so. I hope so."

"You seem very happy together..." Les let the words trail away, giving him an opening if he wanted it.

"We are." He grinned, able to say this without worry. "We have our troubles, but no one that's long-term together doesn't."

"How long has it been for the two of you?"

"Nine years, give or take."

"Good for you! You're both very lucky to have each other." Les gave him a dreamy smile.

"How about you and Manning?"

"Oh, we've been together forever -- since he was a med student. And we've had our ups and downs, too, haven't we?" Les shook his head. "Look at this latest. I told him I'd leave him if he didn't start looking after himself. I meant it, too."

"I think, sometimes, you have to. When Eric started this... this Dom thing, I thought he was seeing someone else."

"Oh, that must have been awful!"

"Yes." He nodded, a little panicked just by the thought. "I'm a little boring, you know? And Eric was always gone."

"Boring? You? I don't believe that. But your man should have told you where he was going!"

"Yeah, and I still don't know... I mean, I've never been to the Hammer."

"Oh, you'll have to come! It's such fun."

"It just hasn't worked out, you know? Not yet."

"Then you're not trying hard enough, honey. I tell you what, I'll arrange a night out -- when you're feeling better. You and Eric, me and Manning, and I'll see who else can come."

"Okay. Okay, I... It's cool if I'm just watching, though, right? Eric and I, we haven't worked out our... details."

"Oh, but I thought you two had your cards on the table now?"

"We do. We do, I just... I'm not sure what we want yet. I mean, there's so much. I want to know what's excitement because it's new or excitement because it's good for us."

Les giggled and moved his chair a little closer. "So, what's giving you excitement?"

"I..." He felt his cheeks heat, but he scooted closer, too. "The attention, mostly. And when he talks to me. God."

"Talks to you? Like, talks dirty?" Les' voice had dropped, like they were sharing secrets.

Kendall nodded. "Is that weird? I mean, he never did before and now... it sorta drives me crazy, a little bit."

"Whatever gets you off, Kendall. That's the thing about the Hammer. Nothing's weird, you know?"

"So, I mean, what about you? What's... you know?" God, he felt like a teenager.

Les smiled and wriggled, looking happy. "I like taking care of him. I like following orders. And I like being filled. Oh, God, does he fill me."

"Oh... We... we just bought our first toys. It's been... wow."

"How exciting!" Les nudged him. "What did you get?"

"I..." Kendall couldn't believe he was *talking* to someone about this. "A plug."

"Mmm. I love plugs." Les wiggled again, cheeks heating slightly.

"Yeah." He rubbed his legs together. "It's all so new."

And exciting.

Les patted his hand. "Enjoy it, honey. Enjoy every second of it."

"Did... Did you know you liked this stuff, before you met Manning?"

"I did. I had another lover before Manning, too. But he was into lots of bondage and whipping and stuff, and I don't mind a little bit of that, like every now and then, but that's *all* he wanted to do and I just didn't like it."

"I don't think I understand the whipping. That scares me a little bit."

"Pain releases all sorts of endorphins. The high can be quite something. And for some people that's the only way they can submit. For me the submission is obeying Manning, you know?"

"How do you know you're submissive, though? I mean, I don't... I don't know if I am."

"Hmm..." Les' eyes got far away for a moment as he thought about it. "I guess... it makes my life easier, having Manning be in charge. And it makes me feel good to call him 'sir' and do things for him. I like him to be in charge in bed, and yet I have the ultimate power. I mean, no matter what it is, I can stop it at any time."

Kendall considered that. He didn't think Eric was in charge, he wasn't sure he would ever call Eric 'sir,' and he'd never even worried about not stopping things.

"That's fabulous for you, Les." He smiled, hoping he sounded sincere. He was happy for Les; he just didn't know if he belonged...

Les nodded. "Yeah. It works for both of us. I'm not afraid to tell you that this whole

business with having to tell Manning off and make him listen to me about his own health has been very stressful to me. It's not how we usually do things."

He reached out, squeezed Les' hands again. "That, I understand, but you have to watch, I think. Doctors can forget they're human."

"Manning certainly does. The man has diabetes, for Christ's sake, and he'd harangue any of his patients who were mistreating themselves the way he is!"

Kendall nodded, "And that's a little crazy-making, huh? Not to mention scary." This he understood, how to listen, how to pay attention.

"A lot crazy-making and so scary." Les shuddered. "I wasn't sure he was going to come out of it this time and it scared the hell out of me. I love him so much."

"Well, the important thing is that he did and you handled it and you're going to watch now, right?"

"Yes, I am. I want it added to our contract, that I have privileges when it comes to his health. I won't marry him without that." Les banged the table with his fist. "Damn it."

"That's an excellent idea." Contract?

"I've already told him and he's agreed. I was quite forceful -- not at all the usual for our relationship, I can assure you."

"Good for you, you should be proud of yourself." Kendall was unnerved, a little.

Les beamed at him. "Thank you. I am, now that I think of it. Mostly, I'm just glad he agreed that his health is important."

"It is. Come on. Let's go sit and enjoy a movie and some coffee, hmm? We've got a great sofa."

"That'd be great, Kendall. Thank you." Les' smile was a little shy this time. "It's really nice to have a new friend."

"It is. It's been a long time." He stood up, grabbed the salad to toss in the fridge. "Come on. Let's go goof off."

## *Chapter Twenty Seven*

Eric went through the drive through, picking up fried chicken, potatoes, corn, and biscuits. He'd had a long day and was tired and just didn't feel like cooking. He had a whole new appreciation for all the things Kenny did around the house, and for him, on top of working all day.

He let himself in and headed for the kitchen. He heard Kenny's laugh, then someone else's chuckle.

He dropped the food on the kitchen counter and headed for the living room. "Kenny?"

"Mmm. Eric. Les and I are watching *The Producers*. Oh, what smells so good?"

"Fried chicken. Hi, Les. There's enough if you'd like to stay for supper." He was a little surprised that Kenny's lunch visit had extended this long, but pleased as well.

"Oh, God. No. I have to get home to feed Manning. Thanks for everything, Kendall, honestly." Les gave Kenny a hug and started bouncing away.

"Don't let me chase you away."

"No, no, not at all. Time got away from me." Les waved and disappeared.

Eric blinked as the front door clicked. "I really didn't mean to scare him away, babe."

"Oh, it's okay. The movie just stopped." Kenny stood, moved into his arms. "Fried chicken?"

"I didn't feel like cooking," he admitted, wrapping his arms around Kenny's waist. He pressed his lips against his lover's.

"Are you okay? I could cook for you, you know? You should have called."

"I'm fine, babe. I just didn't feel like cooking. I don't know how you do it night after night."

"I just..." Kenny shrugged. "I just do. Let me get plates and stuff."

"No, I got the plates and utensils and crap from the restaurant. Let's go eat in the living room. If there's any movies left that you haven't seen yet."

"We only watched one." Kenny went into the kitchen, started puttering around.

"Hey, you. Sit. Here or the living room, I don't care. Just sit." Just because he was tired didn't mean he couldn't take care of supper.

"Shh. You look exhausted."

"I'm just a little tired, babe. Come on, now. Don't fight me. I'll just grab the bag and bring it into the living room." He did just that, grabbing the bag with their dinner.

"I missed you today." Kenny was right behind him.

"Yeah? Did you have a good time with Les?"

"Most of it, yeah. How was your day?"

"My day was okay. Just boring and long." He grabbed the TV tables and set up the boxes, putting the chicken on one and the mashed potatoes and corn on the other. "So why only most?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter."

"Sure it does, or you wouldn't have said anything." He dished out the food and handed Kenny a plastic fork.

"I... Just. It. Some of the things Les said made me uncomfortable."

He stopped with his piece of chicken halfway to his mouth. "Oh yeah? Like what?"

"Like how he likes to call Manning 'sir.' How he likes to be told what to do. How he expects Manning to take care of things."

"Manning's the Dom in their relationship. That's how it works in most BDSM relationships."

"I know." Kenny nodded and took some mashed potatoes.

"I'm not asking you to do anything like that. It's the... stuff that gets me off, not the lifestyle."

Kenny nodded again, looking tired, uncomfortable.

"Oh, love. Talk to me, hmm?" He put his hand on Kenny's thigh and rubbed.

"Well, I just... I mean, I worry. They have, like, a legal contract. I don't understand."

"A lot of people in the lifestyle have a contract. It's a way of saying they're serious, committed to how they're going to live their lives, you know?"

"No. No, I don't know. I don't get it and I feel old and stodgy and a little like... Oh, I don't know. Eat your chicken. I'm just being an ass."

"Babe. You're not old or stodgy. My God, Kenny, do I need to go get the anal bead wand to remind you how not stodgy you are?" He was not going to have Kenny feeling... less.

"Eric!" There. There was his lover.

"Yeah, babe? You liked that one, didn't you? You liked how it filled you. I sure liked how it made you glow like you were on fire inside. Stodgy, my ass."

He loved that flush, the way his words made Kenny shift and spread.

Suddenly he wasn't feeling so tired. "Eat up, babe." Eric grinned and took a bite out of his chicken.

Surely a little arousal and maybe a hand job wouldn't be too much for Kenny -- especially if they happened in bed.

"I like the potatoes." Look at Kenny look at him.

God, how long had it been since they'd made love? A week? That was seven days too many.

"Chicken's good, too." Not that he was really tasting anything at this point.

"Uh-huh." Kenny hadn't even tasted it.

"You don't eat, we don't do what you're wanting us to do."

"I... I'm eating."

He held out his chicken for Kenny to take a bite of. Kenny leaned forward, took a bite. "See? Eating."

"Good." He looked Kenny over, eyes lingering.

Kenny beamed, arched under his eyes. "Still looking okay?"

"Okay? No, babe, you're looking so much better than okay."

"Yeah?" Kenny preened for him, looked pleased.

Eric chuckled and leaned in. "So sexy, babe."

"Love you, Eric. Eat your chicken."

"Yes, sir," he teased, giving Kenny a wink before crunching into the piece in his hand.



Kenny chuckled, relaxed, and Eric nodded, feeling like a crisis had been averted.

He buttered a biscuit and ate it with his chicken. "I've got tomorrow off. I thought maybe we could drive to the beach and go sit, watch the waves. That way you'd get fresh air without overexerting yourself."

"Oh, I'd like that. I'd like that a lot. Just to have some sunshine."

"I thought you might. Let's see how much a little slap and tickle tonight tires you out." He was ready for things to get back to normal, but he was also worried about a relapse and would do what he could to keep that from happening.

"Just a little?"

"To start with. It takes a lot of energy." He wasn't going to push Kenny too hard.

"You're worth it."

"Oh, babe." He leaned over to kiss Kenny.

Kenny pushed the food aside, moving into his lap.

Eric laughed, fingers wrapping around Kenny's ass and tugging him in. "We were supposed to eat, first." Not that he was complaining.

"Uh-huh. I ate." Kenny kissed him again, pushing closer.

A few bites of chicken and potatoes weren't quite what he'd had in mind, but Kenny's kisses and body were a distraction he wanted to indulge in. So he did. Groaning, Eric deepened the kiss and held Kenny tight.

"Want you." Kenny was half hard, moaning for him.

"Yeah, let's give you some pleasure." He popped the top button of Kenny's jeans and slid his fingers in.

Kenny had lost a little weight being sick; the man didn't even have to suck in. He slipped past the waistband of Kenny's underwear, too, and circled the head of Kenny's prick.

"Take me to bed? The pups are in the back yard..."

That sounded like a great idea. He wrapped his hands back around Kenny's ass, took a breath and stood.

"Eric..." Kenny laughed for him, holding on tight. "Don't hurt yourself, now."

"I won't." He walked down the hall and into their bedroom. He was a little breathless, but he managed to set Kenny carefully down onto the bed.

"I want you. Eric, please. Come love on me."

"Lie back and let me make you fly." He reached for Kenny's T-shirt, pulling it up over his lover's head.

Kenny stretched up, little nipples gone hard and dark. Kenny's legs hung over the side of the bed and Eric stepped in between them. Bending, he began to tease those hard little nubs. Kenny leaned back a little, catching himself on his hands. Eric admired his lover and slid his fingers along Kenny's belly.

It was fascinating, watching Kenny's muscles jerk. Humming, he took one little nipple between his lips and began to suck on it. He loved the way that made Kenny's skin flush, back arch. He worked open Kenny's jeans and tugged them down.

"What do you want, Eric?"

"I want you to lie back and let me love you."

"I want to touch you, too, though."

"Yeah?" He smiled and nipped at Kenny's right nipple. "Okay."

"Okay." Kenny's fingers tangled in his hair.

He nuzzled into the touch and turned his face to kiss Kenny's hand. Then he went back to bringing Kenny pleasure. Each little bite and tug made Kenny moan, arch. Beg a little.

He avoided Kenny's cock, stretching it out some. He didn't want to exhaust Kenny, but he didn't want it over with right away, either.

Kenny leaned up, lips against his ear. "Les wanted to know what we did, you and me."

He froze, blinked. "What did you tell him?"

Kenny went stiff. "Just that I liked when you talked to me. I'm sorry. Was I not supposed to? Was that a mistake? I didn't. I mean, I wouldn't have told him any details. I. Oh, God. I'm sorry."

"Shh. Shh, babe, relax. It's okay. It just surprised me, is all. That's all."

"I didn't... I wouldn't have embarrassed you."

"I'm not embarrassed." He kissed Kenny and encouraged his lover to get up on the bed properly. Then he stripped his own clothes off and climbed in. "I'm not embarrassed, babe. I love what we do. I love how my talking to you makes you wild."

Kenny looked devastated, nervous, unsure.

"Kendall. I mean it. It's good to have a friend to talk to about things. I'm happy you've found someone you can share details like that with. Truly."

"Honestly? Because I wouldn't hurt you. Not for anything."

"I know that, babe. I do." He kissed Kenny hard as he guided his body to lie on Kenny.

Kenny's arms wrapped around him, held him tight.

He pressed kisses over Kenny's face. "I love you, so much. I do."

"Love. Love you. I'm sorry."

"No. No apologizing. You don't need to." He stared down into Kenny's eyes.

"No? You promise?"

"I swear to you, Kenny -- I'm not upset. Not about you talking to Les."

"What are you upset about?"

"I'm upset that you're upset." He'd hurt Kenny somehow. He'd only stilled because he was surprised.

"I'm just...This is all really new -- everything is really new."

"I thought you were enjoying it, though. I thought you were getting off on it?" He rubbed Kenny's belly, trying to soothe.

"I am." Kenny relaxed a little, tugged him down so they were face-to-face. "I really do, but... I keep worrying, I guess, a little, that it's all a dream, maybe?"

"No dream, babe. I'm very real." He slid their cocks together so Kenny could feel just how real.

"It's just a little weird, to have friends that want to talk about sex, huh?"

He smiled as Kenny pushed closer, snuggled into him instead of pulling away. Kenny didn't have friends outside of work, and most of those friends were older ladies who Eric was fairly sure didn't have sex.

Ever.

Please, God.

He took Kenny's mouth softly, soothing and arousing at the same time. Kenny opened easily, tongue sliding on his lips, pushing in before retreating. He chased it with his own

tongue and they played follow the leader, back and forth in each other's mouths. Kenny's fingers kept following his spine, tracing his ribs, driving him nuts.

He wanted to take his lover. He wanted to pound into Kenny with all the pent-up need from the last week and fuck him until Kenny screamed. Instead, he tore his mouth from his lover's and began to kiss his way down Kenny's body. He'd give Kenny a blow job -- surely his lover was recovered enough for that.

"Eric... Where are you going?" Kenny blinked down, pretty lips swollen and full.

"Oh, man, it's been way *too* long, if you don't know where I'm headed." He winked up at Kenny.

He could listen to that laughter forever. Forever. If there was a God in heaven, he'd get to.

Still smiling, beaming inside, he continued to make his way down Kenny's body. He loved on every inch of skin on the way down. Kenny stretched, arched for him, legs moving restlessly. He teased the tip of Kenny's cock with his chin. He nodded his head back and forth.

"Eric. Eric. Eric, fuck." He could smell how much Kenny wanted him.

"No, not fuck, blow." He tilted his head and took the head of Kenny's cock into his mouth.

Kenny's harsh bray of laughter was enveloped in a moan. Pleased, he began to bob his head up and down. Kenny moaned and moved, pushing up into his lips, taking his mouth. He let Kenny do it. His part was to provide suction and swipes with his tongue.

"Fuck. Love. Love your mouth. Love you."

He hummed around Kenny's cock, fingers sliding to fondle Kenny's balls. Those lean thighs spread, hips tilting, begging him for more. He pushed beyond Kenny's balls, stroking over the little hole. Kenny scooted down, trying to take his fingers in.

He pulled off Kenny's prick. "Uh, uh, uh. You're getting blown and that's it. No aerobics."

"Eric..."

"I mean it, babe. You're lucky we're doing this at all."

"Eric, please. I want... need you."

"So hush and let me blow you." Eric leaned in and took Kenny back into his mouth.

Kenny eased back into the mattress, eyes closed. That's it, babe. Just relax and enjoy it. He bobbed his head quickly, his suction as strong as he could make it.

"So good. Don't stop. Don't stop. Love. Gonna..."

He kept sucking, stroking a finger along Kenny's hole.

"In me. In me, please, Eric."

He slid his finger into Kenny's body, tongue circling the head of his lover's cock.

"Gonna... Gonna..." Kenny's legs drew up, hole clenching around his finger.

That's it, he thought. Give it up, Kenny. Spunk shot between his lips, spreading over his tongue. He licked and lapped at Kenny's cock and come, the taste sharp and good.

"Love..." Kenny groaned, sounding completely worn out.

Eric crawled up his lover's body, ignoring his own aching cock. He took Kenny into his arms.

"You..." Kenny blinked slowly, huge dark circles under his eyes. The man probably hadn't been awake this long in a week. "You need something?"

"I need you to go to sleep, babe." He kissed his lover softly and pulled up the covers. His hands moved gently over Kenny.

"Mmm. Love you. So much..." Kenny's cheek landed on his shoulder.

"I love you, too, babe." He kissed the top of Kenny's head. "Sleep."

"Uh-huh." Kenny's sigh was sweet.

He tilted Kenny's head slightly to take another kiss.

Then he closed his eyes and held his lover.

## *Chapter Twenty Eight*

The sun was beating down on him as he left the doctor's office. He had a letter of recommendation for some social work classes at the college, an interview with the head of volunteers at St. Ann's, and an all clear to go back to work and play and his life.

Kendall bounced a little, and grabbed his phone to call Eric.

"Kendall, is that you?" Jack laughed, waving a camera at him.

"Jack? Hi! What are you doing downtown?" He waved back, headed over.

"Taking pictures. How about you? How are you feeling? We've missed you on our last few Wednesday outings!"

"Better. All better. I have a note and everything. What are you taking pictures of?"

"Oh, yay!" Jack laughed and danced a little. "I'm taking pictures of whatever takes my fancy." Putting the camera to his eye, Jack took a shot of Kenny.

"Dork!" He blushed dark, chuckled a little. "Have you had lunch yet? I'm starving."

"I haven't! We could eat together!" Jack laughed and bounced and took some more pictures of him.

"Thai? Burgers? Oh... how about some Vietnamese?"

"Sure!" Jack looped an arm through his. "The Pho Bowl is just around the corner."

"Oh, yum." They headed down the street, taking it easy. "Is everyone getting together Wednesday?"

"We are! Even Les is going to make it. We'd be thrilled if you can come, too."

"I'd love to. I know Eric wants to go have an evening off. What are you planning?"

"Because everyone's going to be there, we thought we'd just have a night out at a restaurant, so we can dish." Jack laughed and they stepped into the Pho Bowl.

Kendall chuckled, nodded. "I'm so there." Eric would be tickled.

"Awesome. Do you need a lift? I'm organizing rides."

"Yes, please. Eric could probably pick me up after. We'll talk tonight. Oh!" He smiled as they sat. "Do you mind if I call him? I want to tell him what the doctor said."

"Of course not -- go for it." Jack grabbed the menu and started looking through it.

He dialed, whistling under his breath, waiting for Eric to answer.

"Hello."

"It's me. I'm all better. The doctor says I'm good."

"Yeah? That's fantastic, babe." Eric chuckled, the sound sexy. "I've got plans."

"Oh, yeah? I'm..." He flushed, shivered. "I'm having lunch with Jack. We ran into each other. He invited me to supper on Wednesday."

"Oh, fun. Is that a subs thing or just you and Jack?"

"I. There's a lot of us. Jack, Jim, Les." He looked over at Jack. "Tanny?"

Jack nodded.

"Oh, that sounds like fun, babe. Maybe I'll see if I can join the guys at the Hammer." Eric hadn't gone out at all while he'd been sick.

"If you can't, I'll stay home. We'll have supper or see a movie or something." He grinned, shrugged. "That's next week, though, huh? It's Friday. Do you... do you want me to pick up something for supper tonight or..."

"No, you go with your friends on Wednesday. If I'm not going with Oliver, I'll find something else to do. And yeah, bring something home for supper. I don't want to waste time with cooking." Eric's voice had dropped, gone dead sexy.

"I... Yeah. Yeah, Eric. Yeah." He lowered his voice. "Be good, now."

"I am being good! I haven't said a word about all the things I plan to do with you when I get you home." Eric moaned and took a breath. "I haven't said a word about how I'm going to strip you and kiss every inch of you."

"I... I'll be right back, Jack, 'kay? Order me a chicken pho and spring rolls, please?"

Bathroom.

Bathroom.

Before he embarrassed himself.

"Okay, sure." Jack frowned, looking at him worriedly.

He took the phone away from his mouth, blushing dark. "It's okay. He's just... happy for me, huh?"

"Oh. Oh!" Jack blushed and giggled. Nodding, Jack waved him off. "I'll get your order."

"Thanks..." He headed for the bathroom, phone to his ear. "You're so mean, Eric."

"What? I'm just trying to express to you how happy I am..."

"Uh-huh. Right." He lowered his voice to a whisper. "You're making me hard."

"Me? I'm nowhere near you, babe."

"You. Aren't you working?"

"I'm in my office. The door is closed." Eric chuckled. "You want to hear what I want to do with you?"

He slipped into the bathroom, into the stall so he could shut the door. "Yes."

Eric's husky laugh slid along his spine. "Perv."

"I want you. Bad." He barely whispered the words.

"I can leave work early. I can be home by three-thirty."

"I'll be there. In bed."

"Naked. With that little plug in your ass."

"Eric!"

Oh fuck.

Oh fuck.

He unzipped his jeans, shoved one hand in his briefs.

"That's what I want, babe. I want to come home and find you naked in bed, plugged ass in the air."

"Yes..." He whimpered. "Yes, anything." It scared him a little, that he meant that.

"I want that. And I'll make you scream, babe. I'm going to make you feel so good you won't have any choice but to let it out like that."

He was panting, nodding, his cock blazing hot on his palm.



"I can hear you, you know. I know what you're doing."

"I have to. I need you, so much."

"I need you, babe. If I was there, I'd suck you off. I can almost taste you."

"We have all weekend. We could love each other. All weekend." Close. He was so close.

Eric laughed softly. "Oh, babe, you're not going to be able to walk come Monday."

"Everyone will assume it's because I was sick."

"Uh-huh. But we'll know. Me and you. We'll know."

"Yes. God, yes. Eric. I'm... So close."

"So come for me, babe. Let me hear the pleasure in your voice as you shoot."

"Uh. Uh-huh. Uh-huh." His toes curled and he shot, almost dropping the phone.

Eric groaned. "Oh, babe. That's so sexy."

"Love you..." He slumped against the stall door, blinking slowly.

"I know. I love you, too. I'm so glad you got the all clear, babe."

"Me too." He cleaned himself up, hands shaking a little. "I can't believe I just... in a public bathroom!"

"All by yourself, too." Eric chuckled, the sound thick and full of love.

"Shut up." Kendall grinned, shook his head. "Three-thirty, right?"

"Yep. I'll be there. You know what I want to find."

"I... I know. You will."

Oh, dear God.

"Good." There was a wealth of satisfaction in that one word. "I love you, Kendall."

"I love you, 'Ric. With all my heart."

"See you at three-thirty, babe." Eric hung up.

He flushed the toilet tissue, then washed up, hands a little shaky.

Three-thirty. Right.

He headed back out to see Jack, knowing his cheeks were on fire.

Jack gave him a laugh and patted the chair where his food waited.

"Hey. Sorry. I just. Eric wanted to. Uh. Talk."

Right.

Talk.

"No problem." Jack no doubt knew exactly what had been going on, but he was being nice enough not to say anything. "The food only just got here, so it's still hot."

"Cool. I'm starving."

"Me, too." Jack dug in, and for a short while they were quiet as they ate.

"Would you come with me to the beach after we eat?" Jack asked. "I'd love to take some pictures of you."

"Me? Really? That's flattering." Kendall's cheeks flushed again, but he nodded. "I have to be home at three, but besides that, I'd love to."

Photos. Of him. Wow.

"Cool! You look happy, glowy. I'd like to try to capture that."

"Sure." He grinned. "How are you doing, Jack?"

"I'm good." Jack bounced. "Things are good."

"Excellent. I saw Les the other day. He was doing okay."

"Yeah, he and Manning are getting back to normal. I was worried about them, but it looks like they're going to be okay."

The soup was warm and spicy, filling him up.

"Yeah. It's scary, having a sick lover."

"I don't think I could handle it. It's a good thing Master Oliver's healthy."

"You could. Hopefully you won't have to. Ever."

Jack shivered and crossed himself. "Please not."

He nodded, sympathetic. "Amen."

"Should we save dessert for something decadent we find while we're out?"

"Absolutely. Something dripping with chocolate."

"Oh, there's a little ice cream shop by the beach." Jack waved at the waiter and made the international sign for 'check, please.'

"Sounds perfect." Ice cream. Pictures. Home.

He could order pizza later.

## *Chapter Twenty Nine*

Eric made excellent time and got home at three twenty-five.

He let himself in and locked the door, heading eagerly to the bedroom. Kenny was supposed to be there with a plug in his ass, waiting for him to come along.

The pups were nowhere to be seen -- no barking, no greeting. He wondered idly what Kenny had arranged, but as soon as he opened the bedroom door, Kenny's plugged ass right there, he didn't care.

"Oh, fuck. Kenny." He grabbed his tie, tugging at it.

"Eric." The one word just made him shake.

He got his tie off and tore at his clothing. "Babe."

"Uh-huh. I did it." Those balls swung, Kenny's hips bucking.

"I know. God, I'm hard for you." He tossed his shirt on the floor and worked off his pants.

"I want you. I... I cleared our schedule. The neighbors took the pups. We have two days."

"God, babe. You're... Fuck." Naked, he climbed onto the bed behind Kenny and reached for his lover's ass. Kenny pushed back against him, begging for it. Grabbing the lube, Eric slicked himself up. "You ready for this?"

"You have to take the plug out."

"I know, I know. But I'm going to take it out and slam into you. Wham, bam, thank you, babe."

"First course. Hard fucking."

That surprised a laugh out of him. "Yeah, that's right." He grabbed the base of the plug and twisted it.

"Eric!" Kenny bucked up, hips rolling furiously.

"One." He twisted it again. "Two." He pulled it out. "Three." He slammed into Kenny's tight heat.

Kenny sobbed, body fluttering and pulsing around him.

"God, babe." He grabbed hold of Kenny's hips and started fucking his lover hard and fast.

"Love you. Harder. Please."

He could do that. He pushed harder and faster, taking Kenny like he'd wanted to for the last couple of weeks. Kenny took him and took him, crying out with every thrust. It was fierce and wild and he gave Kenny everything he had, everything he'd been holding back since Kenny'd gotten sick.

He grabbed Kenny's shoulders, tugged his lover back so that they were riding, Kenny in his lap.

"Love you," he gasped, hand sliding down to work Kenny's cock.

"Yes. Yes, love you." Kenny's head fell back, mouth searching clumsily for his.

He gave Kenny the kiss his lover wanted. The kiss was as fierce as their fucking. He felt Kenny's pleasure all around his cock, the muscles jerking and rippling against him.

"That's it, babe. Come on my cock. Come on."

"Eric. Eric. Fuck..." Heat sprayed over his fingers.

Kenny's ass squeezed so tight around his cock. It had him jerking and groaning as he came. They stayed there, shaking, gasping. He pressed kisses along Kenny's neck, along the now-smooth skin of Kenny's shoulder.

"Damn. Welcome home."

"Thank you. Congratulations on getting the all clear."

"Yeah. I'm good. Totally in the clear."

"Good. I have such plans, babe." And with two days to fulfill them, the sky was the limit. That fine ass clenched around him, squeezed hard. He groaned. "I'm going to let you out of bed to eat, shower, and sleep. Except that last one we'll actually do in bed."

Kenny's laugh filled the air. "I do love you."

"Good." He hugged Kenny tight. "Very good."

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Kenny ran to get the pizza, paying the little teenager without opening the door too far, just shoving the cash through.

"Do you want beer or tea or milk, Eric?"

"Tea. I don't want to get a buzz on. I need to be able to keep up with you."

"Eric!" He chuckled, grabbed a couple of napkins, a big glass, and the pitcher of tea.

Waiting for him to set the stuff down on the table, Eric pulled him into his lap. "I'm just calling it like it is."

He settled in. He was getting used to eating in Eric's lap as least once a week. It was surprisingly intimate, special to him.

"Are you having a good weekend?" Eric asked, eyes twinkling.

"I am." He leaned in, rubbed their noses together. "You?" He loved his life. Loved it.

Eric beamed. "I am. Fuck, I so am." Eric squeezed his ass.

Kendall moaned a little, his plugged hole clenching.

Chuckling, Eric gave his ass one last squeeze and then picked up a piece of pizza, offering him first bite. He snapped at the end of the pizza, moaning as the grease and cheese and spice hit his tongue.

"You even eat sexy." Eric leaned in and licked a bit of grease from the corner of his mouth.

"Eat sexy?" He chuckled, grinned at Eric.

"Look sexy when you eat." Eric pinched his ass. "You know what I mean."

He bounced, jerked a little bit. "I do. No pinching!"

"No? None at all?" Eric slid his hand over his skin in a soothing motion. "Are you sure?" Without warning, Eric pinched his right nipple.

"N..." He groaned, eyes rolling in his head. "Fuck."

"I thought that might be your reaction." Eric tweaked his nipple again. "Come on and eat. You're going to need your strength, too."

"Am I? Are you going to keep me busy?" He teased, laughed.

"I'm going to keep you flying so high."

Oh. Oh, God. "You make... this has made everything so new."

"I know." Eric nibbled on his lip and then offered him another bite of pizza. "It's pretty awesome, isn't it?"

"It's amazing."

They shared the pizza, Eric alternating bites between them, and soon their fingers and mouths were covered in grease, which Eric kept trying to lick off him. They laughed, both of them starting to goof off, tickle.

He eventually wound up beneath Eric, the couch pressing into his back, Eric's groin grinding into his. "Mmm. Hey..." He stretched, sliding their skin together.

"I want to do you right here. Maybe over the back of the couch. Bend you over and fuck you silly."

"Perv." He could feel his cheeks heat.

"Me?" Eric laughed, pressing him harder into the couch. "Maybe."

"Mmm. You. You. Fuck, you're warm."

"No, I want to be hot, not warm." Eric kissed him before he could answer, tongue pushing between his lips, his teeth.

He sucked Eric's tongue, his heart pounding as Eric groaned. Eric's fingers pushed open his robe, fingers finding his nipples and plucking at them. He chuckled, the sensation tingling, warm.

"I know how to turn that laugh into a shout, babe."

"Hmm?" He wasn't really paying attention.

Eric bit his lower lip and pinched his nipple at the same time. Gasping, Kendall reached to his Eric. Eric pushed into his touches, tongue fucking his mouth now, fingers teasing his skin innocently. Fuck, he was crazy for this man. Deeply.

"Want you." Eric's words sounded so wanton, growly and needy.

"Yours." That was easy.

"I know. I love that." Eric rubbed their noses together, fingers continuing to move on his skin.

This next kiss was sweet, slow, the passion there but tempered by everything else they had together.

"I want to tie your hands to the headboard, babe. And then I'm going to put a ring around your cock so you can't come." Each word was followed by a kiss. "Then I'm going to drive you wild. Absolutely crazy."

The words made his belly ache, made him nod and gasp.

"Shower first, because you're covered in pizza grease." Eric laughed as he said it.

"You know I love showering with you."

"I know."

Eric didn't get up, though. Instead, he dove in for more kisses. They tangled together, clutching at each other, holding tight. Eric's breath grew short and he was soon humping against Kenny, the movements urgent, needy.

He moaned, licked his way to Eric's ear. "Love you. Love this. Never letting you go."

"Never. Never." Groaning the words out, Eric humped harder, cock leaving a trail now. He bit Eric's earlobe. Hard.

"Kenny!" Eric jerked against him.

"Yes." He did it again, sucking this time.

"God. Love you." Eric whimpered softly.

He kept biting and sucking, needing Eric to feel as good as he did.

"Babe. God. Gonna."

"Mmmhmm." He bit harder.

"Kenny!" Eric shouted his name again and heat splashed between them, good and wet.

Oh, God.

Yeah.

Yeah, he'd done that.

Eric collapsed on him, face buried in his neck. He could feel each panting breath his lover took.

"Love you." He kissed the hollow beneath Eric's ear.

"Me, too." Eric sighed. "I was supposed to love on you."

"You do." He arched up, grinned, the spunk making them both sticky. "There's love on me."

"So there is." Laughing, Eric slid down his body and began licking him clean.



As he twisted, laughed, Kendall said a little prayer, thanking God that he hadn't lost this, that they were still... them.

## *Chapter Thirty*

Eric was nervous.

When Kenny'd gotten his all clear, Eric had called Oliver and asked if it would be okay if they went to the Hammer Saturday night. So here he was, finally about to introduce Kenny to the Hammer. He held his lover's hand as they stood in line.

"You good?"

"Yeah? Maybe? I think so?"

Chuckling, he stole a quick kiss. "It's going to be fine. I think you'll like it."

"I hope so." Kendall looked hot -- dressed all in black, looking a little geek-chic.

He slid his arm around Kendall's waist, proud to be here with this man, his lover. They got to the door and he gave his name.

"You're Oliver's guests, yes? He's inside." They were waved in. Kenny leaned against his side, stayed close.

He'd never been here himself on a very busy night and the place was different. More... lively.

He caught sight of Oliver and waved.

"Come on, babe."

There were a couple dozen couples about, the place dimly lit, the music grinding, sexual. He wanted to dance with Kenny; he wanted them to move together in the crowd. Kenny stayed close, at his side as they sat with Oliver.

"Welcome, friends. Happy weekend."

"Indeed. We're celebrating, actually. Kenny got his all clear from the doctor." He squeezed his lover's hand.

"Congratulations!" Oliver shook Kenny's hand. "I'll buy you both a drink!"

Kenny smiled. "That's really nice of you."

"Thanks, Oliver." He looked around, enjoying the wide variety of dress, of kink on display. "Is there entertainment tonight?"

"There is. Georg and Icarus are doing a whipping scene."

"Cool." He squeezed Kenny's hand. It would be the most extreme thing they'd seen, although what they'd seen Billy and Montana do at Oliver's had been very intimate. He loved that intimacy, it was very sexy, more so than what was being done.

Kenny's eyes were hidden behind his glasses, but Eric knew he was watching everything.

Jack came up, wearing leather pants, a collar, a leash, and a huge red ball gag.

Oliver chuckled, "Boy, go fetch our drinks. What would you lads like?"

"I'll have a beer -- whatever's on draft, please. Kenny?"

"Just a Coke. I'll drive."

"You sure, babe?" Kenny might relax a little with some alcohol in him.

"Yeah. I'm good." Kenny's eyes were very carefully focused on the coaster that was sitting on the table.

He slid his hand over Kenny's leg and leaned in to murmur, "Jack is proud to be doing his master's bidding. I bet he'd like it if you said hello."

Kenny looked up, nodded, and smiled, but the look didn't reach his lover's eyes. "Hey, Jack. Thanks for the pictures. They were fun."

Jack nodded his head and, with a word of permission from Oliver, bounded off to somehow place their drink orders.

"Is he being punished?" Eric asked.

"Hmm? No. No, we're just having a weekend of deep submission, and for Jack, that requires a gag."

"So he enjoys this."

"He needs it. Whether he enjoys it is up for discussion."

Eric rubbed Kenny's thigh. "Do you have any questions, babe?"

Kenny shook his head, "Not really, no. Is there a restroom here?"

Oliver nodded, pointed to the back.

"Thanks. Be right back."

Kenny slipped out of the booth, moving through the crowd that was gathering in front of

the little stage. A lovely couple, both muscled and bald and dressed in leather, were setting up a cross with leather shackles on it.

Eric bit his lip, debated whether he should follow Kenny. Was this all going to be too much for his lover?

He got caught, watching one of the men get settled, face against the wood. The other man unrolled a long, black whip. He swallowed, utterly fascinated. He didn't think he'd ever be able to whip Kenny, or ever even want to, but that didn't make this display of submission and domination and pain less beautiful to watch.

The top leaned forward, kissed one of his sub's shoulder blades, and then stepped back, the whip cracking on the ground. The sound made the entire club jump. Then the first stripe was laid down on that broad back.

Eric gasped, his fingers curling. Then he searched the club for Kenny; where had his lover disappeared to?

Jack brought the drinks over, and then settled on a cushion at Oliver's feet.

When a few more minutes had passed, the Dom really beginning to work his sub over, and Kenny was still not anywhere to be seen, Eric excused himself and went to look for his lover.

## *Chapter Thirty One*

Oh God.

Oh God.

Oh God.

He was caught on the far side of the stage-thing, trapped between a man in a big leather hood and another man with a bar-deal between his nipples.

Kendall was going to die.

This wasn't sexy.

This was scary.

He was scared.

Really scared.

Jack had a gag and there was a man up there getting whipped.

Whipped.

With a whip.

Worst of all was Eric, though, calling Oliver Jack's master and patting his legs as if to say, "It's okay, Kenny, this'll be us soon enough, don't worry."

What if this was what Eric wanted from him?

What if this was what Eric needed?

What if the last few months were just God's idea of a sick-sick joke on him? Here, Kendall. Make friends. Make plans for a new career. Fall back in love so hard you're flying.

Now, let me take it all away because you're a stodgy, boring old librarian who can't loosen up enough to give your lover what he needs.

The whip fell again, a line of blood -- blood, ohGodohGodohGod -- appearing on the man's back, a sharp cry filling the air.

He backed up, pushing hard. He couldn't do this. He couldn't watch. He couldn't.

Hands suddenly closed over his shoulders and he was brought up tight against someone.

"No!" He gasped the words out. "Let me go!"

The hands tightened. "Kendall! Babe. It's me."

"Oh. Sorry. I... I got stuck in the crowd." Eric. Eric.

Eric turned him and looked into his eyes. The whip cracked loudly on flesh and Kendall couldn't help his wince. Eric murmured to him, "You're upset, babe. Do you want to go?"

"Yes. No. I mean, you have a drink and..." Another blow landed and he jerked. "I don't feel well. I'm going to be sick. You stay. I'll see you at the house." The guy was bleeding and no one cared.

"No, babe, we'll go have supper somewhere else." Eric grabbed hold of his hand and led him back toward Oliver's table. They went around the outside, bypassing most of the crowd watching the torture going on up on the stage.

He didn't look up, didn't look at Jack and that big red ball keeping the man's mouth open. He couldn't. He couldn't do this.

"Thank you for your hospitality, Oliver, but I'm afraid we're going to have to cut our evening short. I'll see you later. Goodnight, Jack."

"Is everything all right? Are you ill?"

"No, no one is sick. I'm not sure we were ready for this yet. Kenny and I are going to get supper and talk. I'm sorry we're leaving so quickly, Oliver. And really, thank you so much for having us as your guests." Eric shook Oliver's hand and waved at Jack and then began to lead him out of the club.

Yet.

He wasn't going to get better, get ready.

He didn't think he could.

They left the noise and closed atmosphere behind them, and finally he could breathe again in the cool night air.

"How about Sargentos?" Eric asked as they got in the car and pulled out into the street. It was an expensive, quiet restaurant, one of their favorites.

"That sounds good. I'm sorry."

Eric's hand squeezed his. "No, I'm sorry. I didn't realize how much it was going to bother you to see something like that and this is supposed to be a celebration of you being well."

"I just... I can't... Sargentos sounds great." He was going to lose Eric. He knew it.

"Good. We can talk there, hmm?" Eric squeezed his hand as they turned the corner, the restaurant just ahead.

He rolled down the window, let the air cool his face.

They pulled into a parking spot right by the restaurant and Eric turned, brought him close for a kiss. "I love you, Kendall."

"I love you. I'm so sorry."

Eric shook his head and helped him out of the car. "No, I am. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

"I wasn't uncomfortable. I was scared." He tried to decide whether or not to reach for Eric, but Eric took the decision away from him, tugging him close into one side.

"Two, please." Eric told the hostess, keeping him close as they followed the girl to their table.

Eric sat next to him instead of across from him. "Scared, babe?"

"Yeah. I. I don't. That was awful, Eric. I don't think I could ever... be that." He twined his fingers with Eric's. "I'm so sorry."

"Oh, God, Kenny, I would never whip you like that!"

"It's not just that, Eric. I mean, that was... I'm sorry, that wasn't sex. What Jack had in his mouth wasn't sex. That's just not arousing to me, not at all." He wasn't going to cry, damn it.

"It's the way they live their life." Eric was quiet a moment. "What Jack was doing wasn't arousing to me. I find it fascinating, but it's not part of what I want. What was happening on stage... I have to admit I find the intimacy, the trust there, very arousing."

"I can't. I don't think I could ever... *Ever*. Do... do you need that?"

"I need the intimacy, but we have that already. We don't need the whipping for that."

"I just... You're not my master; you're never going to be. I don't want that."

"Did I ever ask for that, babe?"

Kendall took a deep, deep breath, looked over at his lover, his partner, his Eric.

His partner.

"No."

"I knew I wanted more than we had, babe. I had all these fantasies. But talking with Oliver, one of the important things I learned is that everyone's relationship is different. Sure, there's points of similarity, but no two couples want exactly the same thing from the lifestyle." Eric waved the waiter off and continued. "Take Marcus and Jim and Oliver and Jack. They're so different in how they live their lives, what they want out of their Dom/sub relationship, and Oliver even trained Marcus! We -- you and me -- we take what we want from this and make it ours. Mostly that means I want to sometimes tie you up, and I love how telling you all the things I'm going to do to you gets you hot, maybe even hotter than doing them. I love the toys and I want to keep exploring that. I want to see how all these things make you feel. But I don't want to hurt you, and I don't want you to suddenly start kneeling and calling me master."

"I don't want to go back there." If he was going to tell the truth, he was going to tell the whole truth. "I like my new friends. I like Jack and Les, very much, but... I don't like that."

"Okay. That's fair." Eric looked pensive for a moment. "Do you mind if I sometimes go to the Hammer still? Like on Dom night? Like, maybe to see a show if you're already busy with something else?"

He opened his mouth to answer, and then stopped to really think about it. Did he mind? He couldn't see himself never being friends with Jack or Les again. He couldn't see himself just walking away from the life they'd started building.

"No. No, I don't think I'd mind. I have a date for dinner with the guys on Wednesday." He squeezed Eric's hand. "I don't... I don't want you to hide about it; I want it to be part of you."

Eric squeezed back and linked their fingers together. "We keep talking, then, make sure we're still on the same page. I'm so sorry you thought... that you worried for even a little bit that I was going to ask you to be my slave, or that I wanted to do the more extreme things with you. I don't ever want to hurt you. Not physically, not emotionally." Eric grinned suddenly. "I do want to push you, though. That's so much fun."

He grinned back, blushed, and then ducked his head. "I didn't think that. I thought... I mean, I know that I'm boring and a librarian and stuff, but... I don't want you to have to find someone else."

"Kenny! You're not boring. Not at all. I love you, okay? The way you are." Eric leaned forward. "A boring man would not have me waiting with bated breath for the doctor's okay because I was dying to have sex with him."

"Eric!" That horrible sick feeling was easing. "We're in a restaurant."



"That doesn't make it any less true." Eric sat back, grinning and waving the waiter back over to them.

They ordered a bottle of wine and some pasta and salad.

"So we're okay?" he had to ask.

"I think we are -- do you?"

"I think so. I'm sorry for panicking. I... I didn't expect to feel that way."

"I just wish you'd said something sooner." Eric picked up a roll and buttered it.

"I didn't want to disappoint you." Hell, he'd disappointed himself, more than a little.

"I'd rather be a little disappointed than find out you're scared and hurting and worried and I could have stopped it if I'd known." The buttered roll was put on his bread plate, and Eric started buttering a second one.

"Thank you." He leaned against Eric a bit. "This was a good idea."

"All right, I got one right tonight." Eric smiled and kissed him gently.

"You did. I wanted to fit in tonight, but... this is better. This is... right."

"This is us," murmured Eric.

"Yes." He met Eric's eyes again, held Eric's hand. "This is what I need. The rest -- all the rest -- is just a game. This is what is real."

"Good, because this is what you have." He could see the love in Eric's eyes, and the desire, the heat. Eric still wanted him, loved him, needed him.

He nodded, poured himself and Eric a glass of wine. "Thank God."

## *Chapter Thirty Two*

Wednesday night found Eric back at the Hammer once again, this time on his own to meet up with Oliver and Manning for dinner. It was Dom night at the club, and Kendall was off doing he wasn't sure what with Les and Jack and possibly Montana and Jim as well. Eric wasn't sure who all was going to be there.

The bouncer was someone he knew and he was waved in, finding Oliver's table easily. He slid into one of the free chairs and gave the two men a smile. "Good evening."

"Eric. I hope Kendall's okay. He looked... distressed."

"He was. Very. But we talked about it and he's okay. We ended the evening on an up note." Eric smiled as he remembered Kenny, cock bound tight, leaking like crazy, and begging.

"That's excellent news. So, have you both decided to become members, then? Les is very besotted with your Kendall."

"Kenny likes Les very much as well. In fact both Les and Jack. I know he wants to keep seeing them on their regular Wednesdays, and I really want to keep coming here on Dom night, but... the whole scene thing isn't for us. It's just not how we work. We both value the friendships we have in the community, though. Very, very much. I don't suppose there's a Wednesday nights only membership, is there?" He didn't expect there would be, but a man could hope.

Oliver's smile was warm. "I believe we can arrange something. I'm sorry he was uncomfortable."

"It surprised both of us."

"Is... How to put this delicately? When we first discussed the lifestyle, we tabled the option of you... going outside your relationship to fulfill your needs. Is that going to be an issue?"

Eric shook his head. "I won't need to do that. I'm very happy with... Well, I don't mean to make light of the lifestyle, but we're more playing with the toys, a few of the concepts."

"The important thing is that you're both satisfied." Manning smiled at him. "And happy together."

Eric nodded and smiled. "Yes, indeed. We are. Things have been." He shook his head. He

didn't really have the words. "We've been rejuvenated. And we've made some wonderful friends."

Oliver smiled, patted his hand. "So have we. I know Les and Jack have been talking about tonight all weekend. They were all going to have fondue in a private room. I imagine much gossiping and laughing."

"It sounds like a lot of fun." Eric squeezed Oliver's hand. "Thank you. You especially have been wonderful throughout this whole thing."

"You're a good man, Eric. I think we'll be fast friends. I told you a year ago, I needed a doubles partner in tennis."

Eric laughed, very pleased. "Well, Manning, I have to say you're looking a *lot* better."

"Yes, well. Les is being... stubborn."

"Stubborn?"

Oliver chuckled. "Manning's just put out because his sweet little sub is making him follow his health plan."

"He's being not so sweet about that, is he?"

"No, he's being pushy."

"It's about your health, though, right? He was pretty scared when they had to check you in to the hospital." Eric knew just how scared because Les had shared his feelings with Kenny.

"Yes. We're altering our contract. He's extremely committed to me, to our getting married." Manning looked fiercely proud.

"Good for you, Manning!"

"I think so, yes."

"Good. It looks like we're all in a good place tonight." He certainly was. By the time Monday morning had arrived, his lover had been glowing. He felt like he was as well.

His phone rang, Kenny's name popping up.

When he answered, Kenny was laughing. "Eric? It's just me. I'm going to need you to pick me up from here after, if you could? I've had a couple glasses of wine."

He grinned. "Getting sauced, huh?" He put his hand over the mouthpiece. "They're having a very good time."

"No! Just two..."

He heard the laughter. "Three!"

"Hush. Okay, I'm on number three, but that's it. Can you?"

"Of course I can. Give me a call when you're ready to go home. And, babe. Have a good time."

"You, too. Love you, Eric."

"Love you, babe."

He chuckled as he hung up. "I think they'll all need a lift."

Oliver chuckled and nodded. "I drove Jack."

"Les texted me and told me Marcus was dropping him off at home later."

"Then our lovers will all be delivered safely home."

Oliver nodded. "And we get an evening of steak and talk and a rousing game of pool?"

"Yeah. It sounds good, doesn't it?"

Manning chuckled. "Until I start whipping your ass."

"Oh, no. I may not be an official Dom, but I'm not getting whipped by any... Oh. You meant at pool, didn't you?"

Their laughter rang out, filled the club.

## *Epilogue*

Kendall headed home, arms filled with books. He had fifteen hours this semester, but then he'd only have to do his thesis work and he'd have his masters. His social work license.

Jane at the hospital had promised that his part-time job would be full-time as soon as he was licensed, too.

Thank God.

He was tired of working two jobs and going to school and...

And he missed Eric.

He missed the dogs.

He missed sleeping.

His phone rang.

He fumbled to open it, get it to his ear. "'Lo?"

"Babe! Where are you?"

"About a block away." He smiled. "I got all my books."

"Oh, that's great, babe. I was gonna offer to come get you with the car, but if you're that close..."

"I'm just turning the corner. Are you going out tonight?"

Eric answered with another question "Are you going to be home?"

"Yes. I have the rest of the week off from the hospital, and class doesn't start back again until Monday." He needed to do laundry.

"Then no, no, I'm not going out tonight." Eric laughed a little. "Get here already, babe. Supper's going cold."

He nudged open the gate with his hip. "Then open the door for me, you. My hands are full."

Eric laughed, the sound in his ear and coming from down the hall. Then the door opened and Eric was helping him with his stuff.

"Hey, you. How was your day?" He leaned down to scratch the dogs.

"Not bad. I burned the pork chops, so we're having leftovers."

"I love leftovers." That explained the charcoal scent.

"Oh, good." Eric dragged him close and kissed him.

Oh.

Wow.

Yummy.

He opened up, his head swimming a little bit.

"Oh, you taste better than leftovers, babe."

"Mmm. Yeah?" He smiled, licked at Eric's lips. "You sure?"

"I am. But maybe I should test your flavor some more."

"I think that's a great idea." His cock was beginning to take an interest, now.

"I think so, too. It's been too long since I tasted you." Eric's hands slid down his back and wound up on his ass.

"It's been too long since you did anything to me."

"I know." Eric drew him down the hall and toward the bedroom. "It seems like you're always busy."

"One semester left." He should just quit the library job.

"I know. It wasn't a jibe. I just... miss you sometimes." Eric started undressing him.

"I miss you all the time."

"We're both here now, though?" His shirt disappeared under Eric's fingers, and then his pants gave way.

"Yes. Together. I should drop the second job. Be home with you more." His cock was so hard, the ring he'd put around it this morning still there.

"Up to you, babe, but I wouldn't be upset if you dumped the library." Groaning as he finished talking, Eric went for his cock as soon as it was revealed, stroking it, fingers touching the ring.

"Oh. Oh, don't stop. I'll give notice Monday. Don't stop. Wanted you all day." Wait until Eric found the little plug...

"Kenny. God. You're sexy, babe. So sexy."

Eric's hand moved on him, his cock leaking for his lover.

"Yours." Every inch of him. Happily.

"Yes." Eric nodded. One fingertip pushed against his slit, Eric moaning. "Mine."

Kendall groaned, cock swelling against the ring. "Yes."

Forever and right out loud.

End