



The Whole Deal

Lorne Rodman

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

The Whole Deal
SCREWDRIVER

An imprint of Torquere Press Publishers
PO Box 2545

Round Rock, TX 78680

Copyright 2008 by Lorne Rodman

Cover illustration by S. Clements

Published with permission

ISBN: 978-1-60370-679-7, 1-60370-679-8

www.torquerepress.com

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

First Torquere Press Printing: April 2009

Printed in the USA

Chapter One

They called his number at the counter and Denny hopped up and went to pick up his three slices of Sicilian extra cheese and three meats, with a side of extra sauce. Damn, carrying everything was fucking hard juggling, especially when a little girl ran right in front of him as her momma came in the front door to order and almost sent him falling on his ass.

The only things keeping him upright were the paid-for food he wasn't about to waste, and the fact that he was big enough that if he went down it was freaking hard to get back up. And it wasn't the little rug rat's fault she was excited about pizza. D'nofrio's had the best damned slices.

Denny teetered, the gears in his fancy fake leg squeaking and whizzing, and did the dance of the clumsy one-legged bear, waltzing back out in the dining room at a hard stagger, and landing himself in a chair at a table that was so not his. Was, in fact, populated by someone else.

Brown eyes blinked at him through a pair of wire-rimmed glasses and a kid looked up from his book, a pizza slice halfway to his mouth. "Uh... hello?"

"Hey." Denny grinned. What else could he do? He'd hit hard on that chair and was a little out of breath and not inclined to move. "Hope you don't mind. My pizza liked the look of yours and wanted to get acquainted."

He got another blink and then a small smile teased at the corner of the kid's lips, growing into a grin. Oh, now that smile lit up that face very nicely. The kid pushed his plate, with a slice left on it, toward Denny's. "Bacon hamburger double cheese, pleased to meet you."

"Noah's Ark with extra cheese, sauce on the side. Sorry, man, but I was about to fall over." Denny motioned to his stretched out prosthesis. "Thanks for letting me sit a minute."

"Noah's Ark?" A soft giggle followed that and the kid leaned over to look at his leg. "Well, I suppose now that you're down, you could stay put. I wasn't using the other chair." A hand was held out to him. "Robin Dawes."

"Yeah? Rock on." Grabbing the kid's hand, Denny shook firmly, nodding at the table opposite them. "Can I ask one more favor? Could you get my drink? Oh, and I'm Denny."

"Sure. 'Denny,' like the restaurant, huh?" Robin got up and grabbed his drink, bringing it over for him.

"Thanks, man. I can only dance so much without sustenance." He looked the kid over. *Nice*. There was something to be said for a good view with a meal.

"Do you mind my asking what happened?"

"Huh? That little girl ran right out in front of me and knocked me winding. Of course, she was getting calzone, so who can blame her?" Damn, he was babbling, but he'd been caught staring.

Robin chuckled. "I actually meant, do you mind me asking what happened to your leg." Robin nodded at his prosthetic and blushed slightly. "It was kind of rude of me, actually."

"Oh! Nah, I'd rather people asked than stared and wondered." Denny didn't mind talking about it. "I used to race. Muscle car stuff. I crashed and burned in a big way, and it's funny, but I was hardly beat up except that leg. It was... well, you're eating." He grinned. It had been pretty gross.

"Oh, man, that sucks. The muscle car bit sounds interesting though. I ride a hog." Robin licked his fingers clean, took a gulp of Coke and started in on his second piece.

That finger licking thing was damned fun to watch. Even if the kid didn't look like the hog type. "Like to live dangerously, huh?" Denny grabbed his first slice and went to town, closing his eyes happily at the taste of Italian sausage and pepperoni and chorizo.

"It's more just a good way to get around."

He opened his eyes to find Robin watching him. The brown eyes blinked and Robin ducked his head, grinning. "Sorry, Denny, you just looked... well, orgasmic, eating your pizza. I take it this is the best place in town for it?"

"Yeah." It was a small enough town he probably shoulda known the kid wasn't from around these parts. Denny nodded. "They have a real knack for it, and I am a connoisseur. So are you just passing through or staying a bit?"

"Sticking around for a while. I got a job at the Borders that opened up in the new mall at the edge of town." Robin chased down an errant strand of cheese with his tongue. "You lived here long?"

To stop looking at that pink tongue, Denny grabbed his pie and ate some more. Cheese and meat. What more could a man ask for? "Few years. Shit, five or six, I guess. Good a place as any."

"So you'd be a good person to ask for tips -- like that D'nofrio's is the best place for pizza."

"Yeah. And if your hog needs work you can't handle on your own, Angel Manero is the man to see. His shop is out past the old drive-in." The pizza was good, and there was no doubt about it, the kid was cute. Denny wondered idly how long it had been since he had even looked at someone.

He couldn't remember. That was fucking scary.

"Cool." The kid finished his slice and took a long drink, stretched and rubbed his belly. "That was damned good -- how's the desserts here?"

Denny's fingers twitched at the sight of the little hint of skin and hair that appeared in between Robin's waistband and shirt. Damn. He needed to go to the Adult Book Exchange and get some movies or something. "The tiramisu is good, and the chocolate cannoli. But what you really want is the double mocha cake."

"Oh, I might have to try one of each, take it to go. That way if I want something sweet in the middle of the night, I won't have far to go." Robin smiled at him. "I'm guessing the coffee here isn't the best."

Denny smiled back. Robin's cheerfulness was kinda infectious. "Nope. You want coffee, you go to Java the Hutt, two doors down."

"Java the Hutt? Really?" Robin laughed. "Oh, that's great."

"Yeah. They have this caramel macchiato that's the best." Denny hummed just thinking about it.

"I love the way you talk about food, man. Makes me want to try everything you mention."

Well, now. Denny caught the kid's eye, winking. "I'm passionate about things. Including food." Okay. Once upon a time, he'd had a pair. Maybe he should try finding them with both hands again. "You want to get some dessert and go get a coffee? I promise not to fall on you."

Robin smiled wide. "I'd love that." A slight blush lit the kid's cheeks. "I mean, sure."

"Cool. I'll tell you what." Pulling out his wallet, Denny handed over a twenty. "You get us some mocha cake and I'll deal with the plates and shit. It takes me a minute to get moving."

"You sure it wouldn't be easier if I did the plates and stuff?"

"Yeah. These are empty. The cake? So not." Denny laughed. "Don't worry, I won't slip out on you."

"Oh, it wasn't that!" Robin ducked his head. "I'll go get the cake."

"Cool." He watched the kid go. Damn. Cute, and he blushed too. And he had a nice backside. Now that Robin wasn't watching him, Denny hauled his ass up and tested his balance, then made quick work of the plates and cups, meeting Robin up at the counter.

The box of cake was just being handed over, and Robin gave him another smile when Denny reached him. "I bought some of the tiramisu as well."

He nodded, letting Robin lead the way out the door so he could look some more. "Go right. We're headed across and a few doors down."

Robin slowed a little and followed his directions. "They do good lattes here?"

"They do. Really good stuff." He caught up, matching Robin's pace easily. "So you came here to work?"

"Yeah. Well, to write actually. I like seeing new places. Sparks the creative juices."

"Neat." Denny remembered when it was cool to just pick up and go. It was a little harder these days. They hit the door to the Java place and the strong, mouthwatering smell of coffee hit him, making him breathe deep and smile.

"Oh, gotta love that." Robin was checking out the board. "So, we gonna get the coffee to go, too? My place isn't too far from here -- it's no more than a room at a boarding house, but it's got a couple of chairs."

Oh. Now that was tempting. Too tempting to resist. "Sure. I doubt they'd want us breaking out our own food."

"Cool." Robin bounced and gave him a smile.

Too damned cute. Made Denny want to tie him up and... He blinked. Well, there was an urge he hadn't thought on in ages. Man. He felt his own face heat and ducked his chin.

"Hey, are you okay? Do you need to sit down or something?" Robin's hand was warm on his arm, face concerned.

"Uh. No, I'm cool. I, uh... I need to take a piss. Can you get a caramel macchiato? Do you need more money?" What he needed was some privacy so he could thump his rising cock.

"Sure, I'll order it for you -- meet you outside?" Robin still looked concerned, or maybe a little worried.

"Yeah." Denny smiled, hoping it was reassuring, and patted Robin's hand. "Don't worry, Robin. It just takes some maneuvering."

Robin's eyes moved up and down him for a moment and then he got a smile and a wink.

"Maneuvering. I'll have to remember that."

Denny laughed right out loud, popping the kid right on the ass. Which was both a good and bad idea. Good because it felt good, bad because now he needed to thump in the most serious way or his baggy cut offs were not going to be baggy. "Be right back."

He hobbled off, cursing under his breath and got to the bathroom and thumped. And thumped again. And finally used cold water and thoughts of a fiery crash. Yeah. That worked.

He came out, meeting Robin on the street and sipping his latte. "Oh. Man, thanks."

He got another one of those smiles and Robin pointed down the street with his coffee. "I'm over on Maple about two blocks down. You okay for walking that?"

"Sure. I'm pretty good once I get a rhythm. It's that stopping and starting that gets me." They walked toward Robin's place while Denny thought maybe he could find something not boring to talk about, but it didn't work. They were at Robin's place before either of them said a word. Denny snorted. "I'm usually way more charming."

"Takes two." Robin laughed a little. "You've got me all tongue-tied for some reason."

"Yeah?" He gave the kid a sideways glance, checking him out some more. "I could have a look at that tongue for you."

Robin's eyes went wide for a second, and then he was given another once over himself. "You could at that."

Hot damn. "Lead the way, Robin."

"So you can check out my ass again?"

"Yeah. Much better than worrying what you think of mine." Smart-mouthed kid.

Robin grinned at him and led them down a hall. "One flight up -- I forgot to ask if that was going to be a problem."

"Nah. Fully bendable." Denny followed, feeling much better about his abilities. He could still read 'em right, it looked like. Made him wonder what else he could still do.

Robin climbed the stairs ahead of him, giving him an eye level view of that sweet ass. Damn. Denny had a certain thing or two in mind for testing out his abilities.

"I hope you don't mind a bit of mess..."

"Nah. My place always looks like a hurricane just hit." He was so not a neat freak. And he wasn't really even looking at the room.

"Cool." Robin cleared a bunch of books off an easy chair for him and then tugged the chair from the computer desk over next to it. "Cake?"

"Yeah." He grinned, working his way around to sit in the easy chair, leg sticking out. Damn, he was hurting a bit from all the walking. Not bad or anything, but aching. Nothing chocolate mocha cake and caramel coffee couldn't handle.

Robin found a couple of plates and spoons and set them each up with a large slice of cake before sticking the rest of the box in the little dorm fridge. Then the kid settled in the computer chair. "I can't wait to try this world famous cake of yours."

"It's really good. Now, there's a trick to it. You gotta get some of the cake," he took his fork and got a bit of the cake. "And the middle stuff, which is fudge sauce. And then the frosting." The bite complete, Denny popped it into his mouth, groaning his pleasure.

Robin watched his face closely, smiling wide. "I'm not sure tasting for myself is going to be able to beat watching you eat."

Denny chewed thoroughly, savoring. Then he grinned back. "Now I get to watch you try yours."

Robin nodded. "Fair enough."

The kid took a bit of the cake and some of the sauce and then a large dollop of frosting and put it all in his mouth. Robin's brown eyes got wide and he moaned.

"See?" Oh, he'd bet that was what the kid looked like when he had sex. Like maybe he would right when Denny slid inside him. Crap. He had wood again.

Robin nodded, swallowing. "That is damn good cake, Denny."

"Told you. You got a little frosting just here..." He leaned, rubbed his finger under Robin's lip, scooping up the fudge sauce and holding it for Robin to lick.

"Oh." Robin's eyes held his, chocolate brown going warm as Robin leaned in, mouth closing over his fingertip, suction soft, sweet.

"Yeah. S'good, huh?" He didn't want to tease too much, so Denny sat back and took another bite of his cake, licking happily at the fork. Damn, that was good stuff. Tasted even better with the kid watching.

Robin blinked over the glasses perched on his nose and nodded. "Yeah, good."

Fuck yeah. He had the kid looking. The feeling in his belly? Pure mule kick. Denny hadn't played around like this in a long, long time. He forked up another bite and held it out to Robin. Kid leaned in and wrapped his mouth around the fork, pulling back slowly.

This time Denny caught his chin and held him still. Then Denny leaned in and licked the leftover frosting right off that hot little mouth. This time the moan was pressed against his lips, Robin's tongue coming out to meet his.

Denny caught the kid's tongue with his, pressing those chocolate-smeared lips wide so he could push inside and take a kiss. Fuck. Mocha cake tasted better than ever. Robin's hands went to his shoulders, holding on.

He only kissed for a moment or two, strong and deep, but short. He wanted the cake. And the game. He leaned back, grabbed his coffee for a sip. "I like it even better that way."

Robin licked his lips. "Yeah. I see what you mean." Those brown eyes watched him, interest hot as hell.

He gave a happy chuckle, reaching for a bite of Robin's cake to make up for the lost one. He was horny, high on the quick heat between them. Robin's fork fought his and then backed off, waiting for him to take his piece before helping himself to more.

"Hey, now. You can share if I can." He winked, sucking on the fork like he wanted to suck the kid.

"Maybe I wanted to feed you, too."

"Oh." He nodded, belly tight. "Sure. I'm up for that."

Robin took another forkful for himself, sticking his tongue out like a brat. The next forkful was held out to him.

Reaching up to close his hand around Robin's, Denny leaned and slipped his lips around the fork, pulling back slow, licking the tip of Robin's finger. When he's eaten it down he hummed happily. "Always did like my sweet with a salt chaser."

"Oh..." Robin stared at him, blinking away behind the wire-rimmed glasses.

That was the look he wanted. Sweet. Denny finished off his piece of cake, alternating bites with Robin and drinking his coffee down.

The kid was practically vibrating by the time they'd done eating, popping up to clear the little table and then coming back, wiping his hands on his jeans.

"That was damned good. Thanks, man." It was. In more ways than one. Not that he was planning on leaving, but he thought he ought to say it. "Come and sit down."

"I was just wondering where I should sit."

Smart kid. "Well, there's not much room for us here. You wanna sit together, we'll have to move to the bed." He gave his best "gonna eat you up" look. He used to be good at it.

"Okay." Robin was a little breathless, his eyes going dark. "Do you need help getting up?"

"Yeah, gimme a hand." He held his out, waiting for Robin to grab on before hoisting himself to his feet and pulling the kid close to kiss him silly.

Robin melted against him, mouth opening right up. Pliant, hot, and so damned sweet Denny thought he could have skipped the cake. Denny kissed hard, pushing against Robin, hands sliding

down to cup the kid's itty-bitty butt. Robin squeaked, hands finding his shoulders again and holding on as the kiss went even deeper.

Goddamn. That was something else. Denny could feel the breeze up the legs of his baggy shorts as his cock lengthened, pushing the cloth away from his body.

"We'd better sit down, kid, before I forget I only have one good leg and try to carry you or something."

Robin laughed, the sound sexy, husky. Denny's hands were taken and Robin backed up toward the bed.

Denny followed, easing himself down. He hated for the leg to get in the way, but if he wasn't staying he didn't want to have to take it off and get it back on later. He'd think about it later. For now he'd just take more kisses, hand cupping the back of Robin's head.

Robin kissed him back for a while, mouth open and eager. Then the kid was kind of leaning back and he thought Robin was breaking the kiss, except the warm hands were still on his shoulders and he toppled over, upper body landing on Robin.

The kid hummed in his mouth.

Took a little wiggling, but Denny got comfy, chest covering Robin's, his tattooed arms looking almost barbaric next to Robin's mussed hair and glasses. Fucking hot.

"God, Denny. Sexy." Robin's hands slid along his sides, tugging his shirt out of his waistband.

He lifted up, pulling it off. His upper body still looked pretty damned good, ink and all. He worked hard, kept in shape. Denny tossed his shirt aside and grabbed Robin's wrists in one hand, holding them over the kid's head.

Robin's nostrils flared, his eyes widening behind the glasses as he moaned and arched, arms testing Denny's hold.

"You like that, Robin?" He liked it, liked the way it made the kid's glasses steam up, liked the way it made those lean muscles under Robin's clothes stretch.

"Shit, yeah." Robin bucked again, harder, moaning when it didn't so much as budge Denny.

He grinned, feeling predatory. Wild. God, it had been too long. He bent very deliberately and bit at Robin's neck, above the collar of his shirt.

Robin jerked and cried out. "Oh fuck, Denny. Shit. Good."

Denny nodded, licking the spot he'd marked, looking at it and nodding. Then he went for that hot mouth again, intent on bruising and tasting and having it completely. Robin's mouth opened wide

beneath his, soft whimpers pushing into him. He could feel Robin's cock, hard and hot against his belly.

His own cock was so hard it kinda hurt, and Denny was reminded again how long it had been. Damn, he might embarrass himself if he wasn't careful. He pulled back to look, and yeah, red and swollen was a good look.

Robin's head lifted a moment, mouth following his. "Oh... Wow."

"You're a hot one, Robin." Denny grinned down, rubbing a little.

"Yeah?" Robin's breath hitched as their cocks rubbed together through their clothes. "I guess it takes one to know one."

"Yeah?" He went for Robin's shirt next, which meant he had to let go of the kid's hands, but there was plenty of time for that. He wanted to see.

Robin's hands came down, fingers sliding over his face and then tracing his tattoos. The tats ran over his neck and shoulders and down his arms, abstracts and tribals and a few flash pieces. He was proud of every one, so it was good to see the kid liked them. He finally got Robin's shirt off, after tangling up a bit with those hands, and looked his fill.

Robin had a tat as well, dark links of a chain around the kid's waist, etched into a sweet belly. Oh, nice. Denny bent to look at it close, lick right along it.

"Oh, fuck." Robin's abdomen rippled, hips pushing up.

"That's some sweet ink. I like it." Tickling it, Denny looked up. "When did you get it?"

"Day after I came out to my family and my father kicked me out of the house."

"Damn, that's tough." He rubbed his stubbly cheek over the flat of Robin's belly, right where it met Robin's pants. "But pretty."

"I like it. It reminds me I can be strong. Fuck, that feels good, Denny."

Yeah, it did. It would feel even better when he did it to the kid's cock. He undid the button on Robin's jeans, wiggling down, laughing as his fake knee joint caught in the covers.

"Oh, man, opening my pants and laughing? I'm not sure that's a good thing..."

"Sorry, man. My leg is all tangled up, just as I was about to get all caveman. Hold that opening the pants thought, but not the laughing one. I'll be right with you."

Denny grinned, untangling the snarl before reaching back into the kid's pants. Robin looked like he was about to say something, but the words were hijacked by a groan, Robin's fingers sliding through his hair.

He liked that sound, went looking for more of the same, hands and mouth moving. The crease between hip and thigh appeared as he pulled Robin's jeans down and Denny licked it, put his nose there and breathed deep.

Robin smelled hot and musky, a touch sweet and all male.

He finally worked those jeans all the way down and off, sitting up to look at his prize. Denny wrapped his hand around Robin's cock, testing its weight, its girth. It was nice and thick, not too long; it would be quite a mouthful. Uh. If he had a condom.

Damn.

Robin was groaning, hips moving, pushing that thick cock through his hand. It was hot enough to make missing the taste almost worth it. This way he could watch, could see what the kid's face looked like when Robin came. Denny held Robin's hips down with one hand, worked that cock with the other, thumb rubbing the slit.

Robin's breath hitched again as he held the kid down, the show of force obviously a turn on as Robin's cock throbbed in his hand. Yeah. Hell yeah. He pulled harder, held harder, and started talking. The sound of his own voice surprised him, raw and hard. "Come on, Robin. You look so fucking hot. I want to see your face, man. Want to see you fucking explode."

Robin's eyes rolled, hips bucking beneath his hand, fingers twisting in the sheets. "Fuck. Denny."

"Good. You feel good in my hand. Come on." He tugged at Robin's balls before going right back to that bobbing cock, rubbing the moisture around, fingers sliding.

"Oh, fuck!" Robin bucked again, heat pouring over his hand as the kid came.

"Hell, yeah." That was just. Damn. Had he said that already? It was. He fucking ached, and he wanted to lick his hand so damned bad. And the kid's face? Yeah. Just like he'd thought.

"Oh. Oh, man, Denny." Robin reached up, fingers sliding against his face. "That was... big wow."

"It was." He turned, kissed Robin's palm. "You're amazing."

"Me? You're a fucking marvel." Robin beamed up at him, looking like he was fighting sleep hard. "You wanna fuck me?"

Did he? Hell yes. Could he? He wasn't sure. "You got a rubber?"

"Yeah. Somewhere." Robin gave him a wide grin and turned, reaching up into the drawer on the bedside table.

"Oh, good." He let the kid rummage and got up to drop his shorts. Way easier that way. He felt weird leaving his shoe on his fake leg, but it was kinda necessary. So he took the other one off and crawled back on the bed, stretching out on his back, twitching the covers over his bad leg to keep the kid from whacking himself on it.

Robin turned back to him, eyes going wide. "Oh, you got naked!"

A couple of condoms and a tube of slick was pushed into his hand, Robin starting to trace his tattoos and muscles, fingers sliding on his prick.

"Damn. Yeah. I figured that would be easiest." Kid had a fine touch, a curious one. Made his hard-on even harder. "Gonna have to ride me, Robin."

"I can do that." Robin's fingers slid along his hip and down. "Can I?"

"Yeah." Yeah. No problem. Denny grinned. "Go for it."

Robin pushed the covers away, fingers moving down.

Denny's thigh ended a few inches above where the knee should be. The artificial leg had a sort of cup with some serious suction and some fancy-assed straps, and from there it was a matter of joints and pulleys and gears. The skin around it was smooth with burn scars, the amputation scar itself hidden by the prosthesis. And while he was used to it, he hoped it didn't kill Robin's mood.

"Shit, that must have hurt like hell." Robin's fingers were soft on his leg, careful.

"Yeah. It was pretty harsh." Denny reached out, slid a hand down Robin's side. "These days it's second nature not to think about it, you know?"

Robin pushed into his touch and then slid the covers back on his leg before straddling him. "So you can't fuck doggie style anymore?"

"Actually, I can." He grinned. Given enough pillows? He could do anything. "But it's easier without the leg, and it's a bitch to get back on. Maybe if you come to my place sometime..." Shit. Where did that come from?

"Shouldn't you wait to see if I'm any good, first?" Robin winked and grinned, bending to kiss him.

"Oh. I can tell you are by the way you kiss." Silly as it sounded, he'd never been wrong. He kissed Robin again, only realizing he held the lube when he whonked Robin in the back with it. Damn.

Robin laughed softly, taking it from his hand and opening it, spreading the lube on his fingers. "Get me ready, big guy?"

"Yeah." His hands looked huge, suddenly. It was fucking hot. He worked his hand around, slid his fingers into Robin's crease, teasing lightly.

Robin moaned and pushed back, the kid's hands landing on his chest.

"Yeah. See? I knew you'd be hot for it." He grinned up, pushed one finger right into Robin's body, slow and easy. Hot. Fucking hot and tight. Amazing.

Robin's back arched, the kid riding his finger nice and slow. Fucking perfect. He pushed a little harder, pressing in and bending his finger...

Robin jerked hard, ass squeezing his finger hard. "Fuck!"

That was the spot. He pulled back, slid another finger in, crooking them both before slowly and carefully stretching Robin out. His free hand petted Robin's belly, his hip. Robin moved between his hands, eyes rolling in Robin's head, body jerking every time Denny found that little spot.

When he felt like the kid was ready for him, he scrabbled around the bed and found the condom. "Put it on me?"

Robin nodded, fingers trembling a touch as the condom was slid down his prick.

"Yeah. Oh, shit, your hand feels good." He was kinda glad for the rubber. It made him a little less sensitive, a little less ready to pop. "Gonna fuck you now."

Robin nodded and moaned, shifting to his knees. His hot hand guided Denny's prick to his sweet little hole.

He slid in the first inch, moaning loud at how that felt. Fuck, it had been so long. So long for someone who loved doing it like he did. "Okay, Robin?"

"Long as you don't fucking stop."

"Not gonna. Promise." Yeah. Like he could stop now. Snowball in Hell, that chance. Denny let gravity do the work, let Robin's eagerness work for him. When Robin's ass sat flat on his hips, he ran his fingers over Robin's chain tattoo, nodding. He cleared his throat. "Ride me."

Robin moaned again, head dropping back as he started to move. Denny started to move too, levering himself with his good leg, pushing right up. He touched, petted, learned the texture of Robin's skin and the taste of his sweat. The kid rode him with abandon, mouth open for soft gasps and moans.

They rocked together, nice and hard, hips snapping. He was probably leaving bruises on the kid's hips, holding them and pulling down, but Robin didn't seem to mind and Denny was beyond caring.

"Oh, fuck, Denny!" Robin wrapped his hand around his prick, pulling away on it.

"Yeah. Pretty. God, kid." So hot. So damned hot. Denny's thumb slid along Robin's hip and on down over Robin's fast moving hand, pressing the slit of Robin's cock.

Robin screamed, spunk spraying over him. The kid's ass squeezed him tight.

"Fuck!" Squeezed it right out of him. Denny jerked, hips working, every muscle straining as he shot, filling the condom. Goddamn.

Robin collapsed down onto him, panting, gasping, hands opening and closing against his skin.

His own hands were clumsy, patting and stroking. Fuck, that was something. "Jeez, Robin."

"Yeah. Damn, I hope you meant it about that doing it at your place next time. I definitely want a repeat."

"Shit, yes." He wanted to do it again and again. "Next time we can do subs from Papa C's and ice cream from the Dairy Miss and I can be on top."

"It's a deal." Robin gave him a quick kiss and snuggled in on him. "You wanna stay the night, Denny? Maybe go for another round after we nap?"

Denny blinked. Blinked some more. "I'd love to." He would. He so would. When was the last time he'd enjoyed staying the night?

"Cool." Robin settled, breath settling, easing into a slow pattern.

He hated to disturb the kid, but damn. He was gonna chafe something awful if he didn't. "If I'm gonna... I need to. Well. The leg needs to come off."

"Hmm?" Robin's head popped up again, the kid blinking. "Oh! Oh, sorry, Denny." Robin slid off him, giving him a little room.

Denny grinned, tied off the condom and tossed it in the trashcan by the bed, and sat up to pull the straps and unstick the cup. Man, it sucked when it got sweaty. Literally. He popped it off, feeling kinda odd, but put it aside easily and curled back on the bed. "Way better."

"Yeah? Cool." Robin snuggled up against him, head on his shoulder. "Nice and warm, Denny."

"Yeah." He settled, letting Robin melt against him, petting that mess of hair and humming. Yeah. Nice and warm. And happier than he'd been in a long while.

Chapter Two

Robin woke up with the sign from the pizza shop across the street making the walls of his room glow red. He must have forgotten to pull the shade.

He was also warm and cozy and cuddled up to a big, hard body...

Oh yeah. Denny. The one-legged looker who'd made him scream.

He decided to ignore pulling the shades in favor of tracing the tattoos on Denny's body. Denny sure did have a lot of them. Tribal and Celtic designs that flowed from one into the other in an interconnected and seemingly neverending pattern.

Pretty cool.

And they sat on damned hard muscles. Remembering Denny using those muscles to hold him down was making him hard.

It had been a while since he'd woken up with someone to rub against and Robin took full advantage, hoping Denny liked waking up to a horny man. If he didn't, he could growl and push Robin away. Of course, that wasn't going to do anything to make Robin less horny, just the opposite, in fact. But he could jack off if he had to.

Denny snuffled, his bright green-gold eyes popping open to look at Robin kinda wildly. Then Denny relaxed back on the bed, grinning. "Oh, hey, you."

Robin grinned. "Been a while since you woke up with anyone, too?"

"Yeah. Long while. You though? You look *good*, Robin." One of Denny's big hands slid along Robin's thigh, stroking lightly.

He moaned softly, pressing close to Denny, the touches only making him harder.

"You feel good, too." That voice was lower in the morning, more growly, like Denny had gargled with gravel. But Denny was warm and hard and humming as they touched, shifting beneath him.

"And you're so fucking sexy it makes me ache, Denny."

"Yeah? I feel less than sexy, kid. Morning breath and morning hard-on." Denny grinned, squeezing Robin's ass.

"There's something unsexy about morning wood?" That was news to him. He loved the lazy heat of a morning hard-on, loved rubbing and fucking before you had to let the world in.

"Besides, it's not really even morning."

"It's not? Right on. Come here then and we can have some middle of the night nookie." Oh. His ass stung where Denny popped it, making him jump. Made his cock throb, too, his balls aching all of a sudden. God, Denny's strength was such a fucking turn-on.

His growl was pretty damned sexy, too.

Denny turned them on their sides, rubbing against Robin some more, one hand holding him still while the other traced his shoulder and ribs and hip. Denny kissed him, lips opening his up, tongue tasting him.

He let Denny move him, guide their lovemaking, enjoying a man who knew how to take charge. His mouth opened beneath Denny's, the invasion of tongue and breath sweet, heady.

And Denny knew how to take charge, all right, holding him still and learning every part of him, hands and mouth working.

He moaned again and again, Denny's touches leaving him breathless, aching, his cock leaking and hard.

"You're hot, babe. I like it." Lips and tongue fastening on his neck, Denny sucked up a mark; he could feel Denny bringing the blood right to the surface.

Robin whimpered, hips jerking against Denny's hold. Damn, the man was good, hot.

Denny was hard against him, that thick cock pressing, pushing against his. Denny pulled Robin's leg up over his thigh, opening Robin, cock sliding against his balls.

He gasped, his hands finding Denny's arms and holding on tightly. He couldn't remember anything ever feeling so necessary.

Just as urgent, just as needy, Denny moved against him, holding him hard and tight. Panting against his skin. "God, Robin. I want..."

"Yes. Please. Anything." He whimpered, heat flaring in him at each point where Denny's fingers dug into his skin.

"Turn over." Denny rolled away, reaching back to where he'd gotten the lube and condom the night before. Then Denny urged him to roll over on his other side, snuggling right up to his ass.

"Oh, yeah." He pushed his ass back, eager for Denny's fingers.

He heard Denny curse, heard him struggle with the lube, then those thick fingers were back, pushing right up into him, making him squirm. Two of them, thick and callused and hard, splitting him, curling inside him.

He shouted as they hit his gland, started to ride them eagerly.

It was like Denny knew just what he needed, just where to touch. And Denny knew when he was ready for the next step, pulling those fingers out, pressing that thick, covered cock against his hole.

"Yes. Yes," he chanted, pushing back against the invasion, wanting it, needing it.

"Yeah." Hot breath on the back of his neck, slick hands on his hip and chest, and a thick cock working right into his stretched hole. What more could he ask for? Oh. Yeah. For Denny to start to move just like that.

He let Denny guide him, moving with the man's big body, taking that hard cock deep over and over again.

"God, kid. So fucking tight. I love your ass." Hand sliding to his cock and working it, Denny let him have it, hard and deep, hips pumping.

"Love your cock," he gasped, riding the two sensations. Forward and back, onto that hard cock and into Denny's hand.

"Good. 'Cause I might want repeats." Denny was done talking. They started moving faster, Denny finding the right angle and giving it to him good.

He cried out, all thoughts of repeats driven from his mind by the pleasure. He squeezed Denny's cock hard as he shot.

"Oh, Jesus fuck, kid." When Denny shot, Robin could feel that big cock swelling and jerking inside him, Denny crying out loud and harsh.

He melted back against all those muscles and that heat, panting.

Denny groaned and held him close, sweat sticking their bodies together. "Good."

"Oh yeah. Wow, good."

"And just think, kid." Denny chuckled, petting his belly. "We still have the morning wood to look forward to."

Robin laughed, feeling just fine.

Yeah. Just fine.

Denny looked at the table critically. Not bad. The gleaming chrome and glass monstrosity was covered with a Mexican blanket, set with his mismatched plates and cups. He'd gotten the sandwiches on the way home, and Robin was supposed to bring beer and ice cream. Worked for him.

Hell, it worked for him that the kid was coming at all. That he really did mean it when he said he'd come to Denny's place next time. Denny had cleaned.

And bought condoms.

Finally he stopped tinkering and sat down with a book to wait. If Robin didn't like the industrial warehouse look, that was gonna be bad, but they'd live.

Someone knocked. He could hear Robin chuckling at his door knocker. It wasn't quite X-rated, but it was certainly suggestive.

Of course, the kid could have just rung the bell.

He got the door, using his crutches, the leg of his jeans pinned up. He didn't want to have to deal with the leg tonight.

"Hey." He grinned at Robin, stepping back to let him in.

"Hi, Denny." Robin held up a twenty-four pack. "It was so much cheaper per beer if I bought the case, and I figured we'd have another occasion to drink 'em."

"You bet. Come on." Oh, that was cool. Denny sure hoped the kid would be about for a bit. He turned and stumped back to the little floating sort of kitchenette. "I got the small party sub for variety."

"Hey, this is pretty funky, did you do all this yourself?"

"Yeah, mostly. Some of the heavy stuff I have help with, but I'm a metalworker by trade these days." The furniture was made of pipes and scraps and he favored warm, earthy colors.

"It's pretty cool. Unique."

Robin put the beer in the fridge and the ice cream in the freezer and then got up real close.

"Okay, nothing's in danger of melting. Can I have a kiss?"

"You bet." He leaned one crutch up against the side of the counter so he had a free hand and pulled Robin close, giving a kiss that made Robin moan.

That mouth opened up for him, wide and eager, Robin's arms wrapping around his waist.

Damn. He pressed Robin's mouth open even more and pressed his tongue in, tasting good and deep. The kid was all about heat and eagerness. Made him feel young. It was good.

The kiss went on and on and when their lips finally parted Robin grinned at him. "Wow."

"Yeah. I'll say. How was your day?" He nipped Robin's lower lip.

"Boring. It's looking up. Yours?"

"Much better. Been waiting on you all day." He figured there wasn't any shame admitting it.

"Oh, so we're both on the same page."

"Hell, yes." Thank God. He patted that tight ass. "We need to eat. Keep your strength up."

Robin laughed. "What about your strength?" The kid's hands slid over his pecs, squeezing.

"Oh, I don't worry about mine, Robin. I have an endless supply." His nipples went hard, and it was all he could do not to throw the kid down and fuck him raw.

"Oh yeah? I'm looking forward to exploring that endless supply." Robin leaned close, pushing his glasses up on his nose.

"Yeah?" Hoo yeah. Denny pecked a kiss on that nose before swinging around to sit on a barstool. "C'mere."

Robin stepped up close, leaning against him. "Here?"

Denny put one arm under Robin's butt, planting his good foot for balance before lifting, hauling Robin into his lap for another kiss.

Robin's mouth gasped open, moans filling his mouth almost immediately. "Wow, Denny. *Fucking* strong."

Looked like the kid liked that. Felt like something finally made all the workouts he did worth it. His arm muscles bulged as he lifted Robin even higher so he could get those legs wrapped around him. Denny grinned. "They tell me it's overcompensation."

Robin grinned, legs tight around Denny's waist, hands sliding over the muscles of his chest and arms. "You can overcompensate with me anytime, Denny. Damn, you're fucking hot."

"You're a firecracker, kid." He couldn't remember the last time someone had been this hot for him this fast. Certainly not since before the accident. And the kid made him hot too, made his cock swell, made it ache.

"Yeah? Well you set me off, Denny. Just... *bam!*"

"Mmmhmm." Denny rubbed, hands hard on Robin's hips, pulling him down. Damn. The kid was fucking amazing. Denny reached for the button of Robin's jeans, wanting skin.

Robin moaned, tummy sucking in to give him room with the button and zipper. "You're not hungry?"

"Food can wait." The sandwich wasn't gonna go bad, and the rest was in the fridge. He got Robin's fly open, got his hand down in there. Hot. Thick and hot. "God, you feel good."

"Fuck, so do you." Robin's hips pushed that heat through his fingers.

Yeah. That could be addictive. Smooth, damp, so hot it scorched. Denny wanted to touch it, look at it, lick it. Of course, he could hardly do that with Robin wrapped tight around him and them on a stool. He grabbed Robin under the arms and hoisted, setting Robin on the floor. "Couch."

Robin leaned up and kissed him short and hard. "Yes, sir."

Oh, the kid was sassing him, stripping, too, as he went for the couch, pulling off T-shirt and jeans on the way.

Denny laughed. He always did like a challenge. While he was still sitting he took off his shirt and undid his baggy jeans. They'd go easy when he stood. Okay, so clumping across on crutches naked might look silly, but it would make things way easier.

Robin sat on the couch, legs spread, watching him as he made his way over and that wasn't disgust or laughter on the kid's face. No, that was pure grade-A lust.

Good. Denny set the crutches aside and sat next to Robin on the big sectional, wrapping one hand around the kid's neck and pulling him close, the other hand petting all that smooth skin.

Robin's mouth latched onto his, tongue sliding across his lips and then pushing in as Robin shifted to straddle Denny's waist.

Hell yes. Denny kissed until they were both gasping, felt the kid up like there was no tomorrow. There was a lot to learn there, all that skin. The sound of Robin's moans made him crazy.

Robin's hands slid on his skin, the kid seeming to be fascinated by his muscles, long fingers coming back to trace them and squeeze them over and over.

Maybe it was time he gave Robin a little show of force. Denny grinned wildly, pushing Robin off his lap and pinning the kid's hands down on either of his head before bending to bite at the soft skin at the base of Robin's neck.

Robin pushed against his hands, moaning when he wouldn't let the kid up. Hips bucking against him, Robin's neck went back, giving him better access.

He took it, licking and sucking, biting a little, using his weight across Robin's lower body to hold him down. Hot. Fucking hot.

"Fuck! Oh, fuck, Denny..." Robin whimpered, cock hot and hard against his belly, the wetness at the tip burning against Denny's skin.

He got the feeling Robin had the makings of a serious kinkster. Hell, he'd been so into that once upon a time. Still loved it, just didn't get to... He put both of Robin's hands in one of his, used the other to pinch a tiny nipple. Hard.

Robin shouted, whole body going tight and bucking up against him. "Oh, Denny... Shit."

"You like that?" He could see it, could feel it, but he liked to hear the kid talk. Especially in that needy voice.

"Fuck, yes. Damn, Denny, you're strong. It's so sexy."

Oh, yeah. The kid had a positive thing for his muscles. Denny laughed, bending to bite at the flesh he'd pinched.

Robin whimpered and bucked again, the sound sliding into a low moan.

Denny went for the other nipple, lips sliding across Robin's sternum, chin dragging his whiskers, reddening the skin. Damn that was a fine sound. The other nipple went equally hard, and he bit it again, just because.

Robin's gasp was sweet, the kid's hands straining against his hold, cock throbbing between them.

Denny finally went for that cock, sliding his hand down to grasp it like he had over in the kitchen, savoring the sensation.

"Oh, oh, yeah. Please." More whimpers sounded, Robin pretty much begging for it.

He pulled at that sweet cock, fingers digging into Robin's wrists, hard enough to bruise. It was heady, playing the kind of games he hadn't in a long time. Made him hard as nails, made him want more.

The pain only seemed to increase Robin's enjoyment, the kid crying out and thrashing as best he could.

"You can fight me, kid. I don't mind." He liked it, liked knowing Robin didn't want to get away but trusted him enough to try. Liked knowing that the kid wanted to play. "But I'm gonna make you come before I let go."

"Oh, oh, Denny, I do like the way you play."

Robin tugged hard at his hands, moaning low when they didn't budge.

"Good." He bit, licked, nibbled, leaving marks on Robin's chest and throat, all the while working Robin's cock, his balls. Denny wanted to see the kid shoot, wanted to eat his dinner knowing Robin was wearing his own come.

Each mark he left earned him a whimper and a jerk, Robin writhing beneath him like a wild thing.

Suddenly the kid froze, Robin screaming as he came.

Oh, fuck, yeah. That was something else. Denny rose up, bracing himself on his good leg and his hand, letting Robin go so he could use his other hand to jack himself.

Robin stretched beneath him and then slid one hand down to join his, the kid licking his lips.

Oh, that worked. Denny humped, pushing his cock into their joined hands and it didn't take long before he was shooting all over Robin's chest, really letting 'er rip.

Robin tugged him down once he'd come, mouth fusing to his.

He kissed right back, rubbing his belly against Robin's, their come sliding easily between them.

"Oh. Oh, wow, Denny." Robin laughed a little. "Oh, I keep saying that, but really. Wow."

"Yeah. Wow is right." It so was. Damn, he felt good. The kid didn't feel the least bit self-conscious. It was good. Real good. "You hungry?"

"Yeah." Robin grinned. "Maybe even for food."

"Well, then, let's eat. And we can hit the bed and play some more." He was looking forward to that more than the ice cream.

Which was really saying something for sure.

Robin nodded. "I like the sound of that."

The kid looked around for his clothes and then tilted his head. "Subs aren't hot, right? There a reason we need to get dressed?"

"Everything is cold." It said a lot that he was willing to go eat with his stump hanging out. "Naked is good."

"Naked is great. You've got a fucking beautiful body and I do like the way you've decorated it."

"Thanks." His cheeks heated, but with pleasure, not embarrassment. "I like yours, too."

Robin ducked his head, a sweet blush on the kid's cheek. "Thanks."

Too damned cute. And a stark contrast to the drying come all over the kid's body. "Come on. Let's chow down. I'm wanting to get you into bed and tie you up, but I can't do that until I've had ice cream." He grinned, grabbing his crutches and hauling ass to the kitchen. See what the kid made of that.

The kid followed him, color high in those cheeks, cock hard and curving up to the inked belly. There was heat in the Robin's eyes. Oh, he'd hit on something good.

It was a good look for him. Denny laid out the sandwich and drinks, along with a plate of chips and veggies and stuff.

Robin waited until he'd sat and then chose the chair right next to him, hand sliding to rest on his thigh as they ate.

Made him smile. Made him purr when those fingers started petting unconsciously. The food tasted even better than usual. "So, how's work?"

"Not bad. I love books, so I don't mind working with them all day. Some of the customers..." Robin shrugged. "People can be assholes, you know?"

"Hell, yes. Especially when you're the new kid in a small town. I'm a fixture now, but when I first moved here? Everyone was like, there goes the neighborhood." He grinned, popping a piece of melon in his mouth before offering one to Robin.

"Because you're missing a leg? That's pretty unfair."

Robin leaned in and bit into the melon.

"Oh, I think it was the tattoos and the piercings that bothered them more. The leg was just a matter of curiosity. And for the longest time, they couldn't figure out what I *did*. I think they thought I was a drug dealer or something." He grinned, remembering the prurient curiosity.

"I like the tats. And the piercings." Robin leaned in, fingers sliding across the ring in Denny's eyebrow and the stud in his nose.

"Not everyone does." He kept reminding himself that anything different made people wary, but sometimes it still stung.

Robin snorted. "Not everyone can be smart." The kid winked at him, eyes dancing.

"I'm glad you are." He was too. "So where are you from?"

"Oh, a little bit of everywhere -- Dad was in the army and we never stayed in one place long." Robin shrugged. "I still kind of wander. Work someplace a while and then get on my hog and go."

"I'm a little less mobile these days." Too bad, too. He used to like to ramble around the country. Metal work was pretty easy to find.

Robin nodded. "I guess you would be. You seem to do all right anyway." Robin leaned against him, all but wagging those eyebrows.

That deserved a reward in the form of a kiss. "Yeah, but moving my house is a bitch."

Robin chuckled and took another kiss, tongue licking along his lips.

Greedy kid. Denny laughed and kissed hard before pushing Robin back on his stool. "Ice cream."

"Yes, sir."

Oh, there was that sassiness again.

Robin popped off his stool and went to the freezer, coming back with the container of ice cream and a single spoon.

Made him laugh right out loud, admiring the sway of Robin's ass. And as Robin came back, Denny admired the still semi-hard prick. "You're cruising for a bruising, kid."

"Oh, yes, sir. Yes, indeed."

Spooning up the ice cream, he contemplated what kind of game they'd play. He really needed to test the kid's limits before they went too far, but he liked that part of the game too.

Robin grabbed his hand and guided the spoon to that sexy mouth. "Mmm... tastes good."

"Yeah?" He bent, tasted Robin's lips, pushing inside with his tongue. "Mmm. Good."

Robin opened for him, tongue meeting his, cold from the ice cream but quickly warming up.

Nice. Cold, hot. It was a good contrast, good sensation. He tilted Robin back a little, deepened the kiss, fingers moving on flesh.

Robin groaned, pushing into his touches.

"Better than hot fudge sauce, kid." He pulled Robin onto his lap, spooning up more ice cream for them to share.

Robin rubbed against him, mouth opening for the ice cream, tongue coming out to lick at the spoon.

He caught Robin's tongue with his, playing a bit, laughing as it tickled. Damn, he was having a good time.

Robin's fingers slid over his skin, teased along his nipples.

He gasped, hips moving, cock firming up. Fuck. He'd thought he was too old for this.

"So hot, Denny." Robin's touches grew bolder, sliding on his skin, down to tease over his cock.

"Yeah. Feel so good, kid." He liked the size and shape of Robin's hand, the feel of his skin.

"I know what you mean." Robin moaned, rubbing against him. "Did you mean it about taking me to bed and tying me up?"

"Only if you want it. But I like games, Robin. As long as everyone goes in with their eyes open." He figured Robin liked games too; he wasn't sure how experienced the kid was.

Robin nodded. "I sure like what you've done so far, Denny."

"Then we'll try some more." He winked. "But we have to wash dishes first."

Robin pouted. "Oh, man, you're hardcore!"

Oh yeah. He was vicious. Maybe he'd have to get Robin a French maid outfit.

Hey. Now that wasn't a bad idea.

Chapter Three

Washing dishes in the nude was a novelty. Of course, washing them right after eating was also a novelty, but Denny was the boss.

And damn, thinking that made Robin hard.

The boss.

He shook his head. He knew he liked it hard, a little rough, but Denny pushed those buttons and then kept on pushing.

He did the last glass and turned to Denny. "So, can we go get busy, or do you want me to do the dusting?"

Denny looked him over, smile growing wide as Denny's gaze took in his midsection. "Oh. I don't know. You've got a great place to hang the dust cloth."

He fought his blush, but heat flooded his cheeks anyway and he had to fight to keep from folding his hands across his hard prick. "I guess I'm a little eager."

"A little? Oh, Robin. That is *not* little. And I like it." Denny grinned at him, all teeth and devilish eyes. "Go to the bed. There's cuffs on the head posts. Cuff one wrist and wait for me. I'll be right there."

His mouth dropped open and he was willing to bet his eyes were about as wide as saucers, but his cock? Oh, fuck, he was so hard he was hurting. He swallowed hard. "Okay." Oh fuck. Cuffs. Oh. Oh, man.

He went over to the bed and sure enough, there were the cuffs. His cock jerked and he whimpered a little as he climbed up and cuffed his wrist. He tugged experimentally. Definitely well tethered. But soft. The cuffs were stiff leather, but lined with a chamois leather that was light as air. There would be no chafing.

Denny was good as his word, clumping over on one crutch quick as a wink, carrying a box in his free hand. "Comfy?"

Robin wriggled his ass, tugged on the cuff, and nodded. "Except for my cock."

Denny laughed, setting the box down and settling beside him on the bed to attach the other cuff to his free wrist. "You look fine. Damned fine."

"Yeah? I'm kind of exposed here." He was spread out now. Nowhere to hide from Denny's eyes, his touch.

"Exactly. Now for that cock." The box was a pretty etched metal, shiny and modern looking. Denny opened it and pulled out a flexible looking O ring. And lifted Robin's cock and slid it right on so it sat snugly at the base.

He whimpered and wriggled a little. "That's pretty tight."

Denny looked closely, felt his cock from base to tip. "Too tight? It looks right."

He shivered. "I didn't say *too* tight," he admitted.

"Good." Denny's fingers came up to curl under his chin, to force him to meet Denny's eyes. "We do anything you don't like, you say so, okay? This is supposed to be good."

That made another shiver go through him, wondering what Denny had planned. He nodded his head. "I'll tell you."

"Okay." Denny leaned back, looked him over again, hotter this time, like he was dessert. Like Denny didn't know where to start.

"Oh..." It was his breath, leaving him, that made that sound, and he licked his lips as things got that much more intense.

"You're so damned hot for it, Robin." That deep gravel voice made little shivers ride up his spine before Denny even touched him. Denny started at his feet, big, hot hands closing over his toes.

He moaned, toes curling, back arching. It was surprisingly erotic to have someone press into the flesh of his big toe, then firmly into his arch. Almost like a massage of his nerve endings. It let him catch his breath a little and he moaned, flooded with sensation.

His calves got those same firm touches, but the backs of his knees got light, tickling teases. He jerked, laughing.

But when Denny got to his thighs he stopped laughing. Those work worn hands were rough, catching on the finer hairs on the insides of his legs, testing his resilience with deep, hard strokes. His breath caught in his throat as the intensity ratcheted up again, making his cock jerk.

"Yeah. Amazing, isn't it? When you have no say in what I do." The lightest touch skated over the tip of his cock before Denny moved on to the low, flat part of his belly.

He moaned again, silent, watching, trying to catch his breath. It was amazing. Unbelievable and so fucking sexy.

Denny teased the curls above his cock, then his belly button, then suddenly, shockingly, cupped his balls. "You smell so good here."

He squeaked. "I do?"

"You do. Musky. Earthy. And a little metallic. I love that." Dennis leaned down, nuzzled the flesh underneath, breathing deep. "It's hot."

"Oh fuck, so's that." He watched, so fucking turned on.

His thigh muscles got a sharp nip before Denny sat up again, hands sliding up to trace his tat. "I like this, too. It's what I would have picked out for you."

"Yeah?" Fuck, he sounded like a dork. He couldn't think with Denny touching him like that.

"Yeah. It suits you. Makes me think dirty things. I like it." Denny licked his tat, too, chin grazing his navel, rough growth of beard reddening his skin.

"Oh... What kind of dirty things?"

"Oh, makes me think of getting you chains for other things, seeing you all decorated up."

He whimpered, images flashing through his head, his nipples, his cock, chains.

"Yeah. It's a good thought, huh? Makes me hard." Denny grinned at him, giving him a kiss, light and sweet.

"Me, too." He swallowed, tugging at the cuffs.

"Mmm. I like that. Makes your arms strain." His arm muscles got biting, sucking kisses before Denny turned back to lick his nipples, blow on them. Robin gasped and moaned and writhed some more, unable to keep still.

Denny gave him everything, kisses and touches, soft and hard, keeping him guessing, keeping him on edge. He was a writhing, whimpering mass, trying to push into touches, the encourage Denny toward his cock. Needing. Wanting. All but drooling.

"What do you want, Robin? You have to ask me." Oh, fuck. Denny was gonna make him beg.

Lucky for him at the moment he needed way more than he had pride. "Please. Touch my cock."

"Oh. I like the way you ask, babe. Like it a lot. Such good manners." Denny did as he'd asked, fingers grazing the head of his cock, sliding lightly down the shaft. Too lightly. But he was touching.

Whimpering, Robin spread his legs, pushing his hips up and trying to get more touches.

"Greedy." He got a smile, those bright golden eyes twinkling. Then Denny was touching him more firmly, fingers closing around him and tugging.

Man, he'd never even heard some of the sounds coming out of his mouth before.

"So pretty." Denny's other hand was on his belly, his chest, petting him. Soothing him, even as that hot mouth closed right over his balls, Denny tonguing them softly.

His hips jerked hard as pleasure shot up his spine.

All that heat disappeared for a minute, making him whimper. Then Denny was rolling a condom down on his prick before bending back to him and sucking him right down.

He gasped, eyes rolling back in his head. "Oh, fuck! Fuck!"

"Mmm." The sweet sound vibrated around him as Denny went all the way down. All the way. One hand slipped behind his balls to press hard at the tiny stretch of skin there before sliding back to play against his hole.

"Oh fuck! I'm gonna. Shit." The ring kept him from coming, but the pleasure was bouncing around his body like a pinball.

"Oh. You wanna, babe? You want to come, Robin?" Denny looked up, chin on Robin's belly. The ring at the base of his cock was pulled, twisted a teeny bit.

He shuddered, nodded and whimpered.

The quick release on the ring got snapped open, Denny pulling the condom off and jacking him hard and fast. "Now. Want to see."

He screamed Denny's name, come spraying up to his chin.

"Oh. Oh, Robin." Denny was moving, and it took him a minute to figure out that the rhythmic movement of Denny's hand against his thigh meant that Denny was jacking off, but he managed to look as Denny grunted, moaned, and hot come spread over his legs.

He moaned and shivered. "Oh, fuck, that's sexy."

"Mmmhmm." Denny grinned at him, teetering a little, and he saw the pillow under Denny's short leg was slipping. Denny caught himself, reached up and undid the cuffs around Robin's wrists. "You're something, Robin."

His hands fell to the bed, feeling kind of wonky. "Me? You're the 'something,' Denny."

"Yeah, but what?" He got a deep belly laugh, one that reminded him of the noises Denny made when he ate. Pure pleasure. Denny rubbed his wrists, getting the blood flowing.

"Still like the way I play?"

He raised his eyes to meet Denny's. "Yeah. I do."

It was a little scary admitting it, that he liked it rough and being tied down like that, liked being dominated.

"Good." The kiss he got was sweet. Almost chaste. "Then you won't mind me wanting to play some more. A lot more."

"No, I don't think I mind at all." He curled toward Denny's warmth, hoping the man liked being close after playing.

The hug he got swallowed him whole, Denny surrounding him, nuzzling into his neck. He sighed happily, and pressed in against all that strength, losing himself in Denny.

Seemed to him like it was a pretty good place to get lost.

Chapter Four

Denny backed off the workbench, looked at the delicate links so unlike what he usually made. He hoped Robin liked it, hoped the kid wouldn't take it the wrong way.

Robin was supposed to meet him out at the shop. All he had to do was clean up, turn off the tools and make sure everything was locked down. He wondered if he should wait and give Robin his gift after they got back from supper, or if he should maybe give it to Robin first and have a late dinner.

It was a nice piece of work, the links strong enough to use, but small enough to look like jewelry. He'd even put in some stylized swirls so it looked kinda like a tribal tattoo.

Denny had never given anyone a collar before.

He got everything shut down and headed toward the door, his leg aching enough to let him know he needed his crutches tonight. But it was nice that he really didn't feel self-conscious around the kid.

Robin's knock came at the door, the kid right on time, and when he opened it, he found Robin in a tight grey T-shirt and even tighter blue jeans, leather jacket and helmet under one arm.

He was given a warm smile, the kid's face lighting up. "Hey, Denny."

"Hey. How're you?" He slid a hand behind Robin's neck to pull the kid in for a kiss.

Robin stepped close, pressing against him, hands on his chest as the sweet mouth opened wide for him.

God, he loved that. The way Robin gave it up like that. Made him hard. Of course, he'd been half hard the whole time he was working on the chain.

The kiss ended with obvious reluctance on both their parts. "I'm pretty fucking good," Robin told him, the kid sounding a little breathless. "What about you?"

"Good." He grinned, squeezing Robin's ass. "Let's get into the house so I can get this leg off and sit. I've got something for you."

"You do? What's the occasion?" Robin followed him and sat with him on the sofa, fingers stroking the top of his thigh on his bad leg. "You sure you're okay?"

"Yeah. I got a little carried away, stayed on my feet a bit too long." He eased the prosthetic off his leg, directing Robin's hand down to rub where it itched. "And I wanted to."

Robin's fingers slid over his skin, those pretty eyes smiling at him. "Cool."

Oh, damn that felt good. No one had ever really done that for him, at least not since the physical therapy. It kinda gave him chill bumps. "Anyway, uh, here." He thrust the little baggie with the chain in at Robin.

Robin grinned and took it, opening the bag up and reaching in for the chain. "Oh, wow. This is gorgeous. I've never seen anything like these links -- you make it yourself?" Robin's fingers slid over the metal.

"Yeah. I... it's supposed to go around your neck." He was so nervous and so horny he thought he might bust.

"Yeah, I thought it looked a little big for a bracelet. Seems a bit small for a necklace though."

"Well. It's not really a necklace. I mean..." Denny paused, his cock jumping, heart pounding. "It's a collar."

Robin's eyes flew to his. "A collar?"

"Yeah. Sort of like wrist cuffs or whatever. A collar. I thought you might like it." He grinned nervously. "I like the idea of it."

"I'm not sure how a collar's like wrist cuffs -- you're not going to tie me to the bed with it, are you?" Robin was grinning at him. Then the kid pressed the chain into his hand. "You gonna put it on me?"

"Yeah." He took it, fastening it around Robin's throat. It made him moan. "It's more like... I dunno. I thought it would go with your tat."

It fit perfectly, close to Robin's skin, but not tight and heavy enough to not be girly.

"I like it, Denny. Even more because you made it for me." Robin's fingers played over the chain, stroking it as Robin tilted his head back.

He couldn't stand it. Denny pounced, kissing Robin hard, pushing him down on the couch and rubbing on him. Robin moaned, arching up against him, mouth opening wide.

His fingers found the collar of their own volition, tugging it lightly, not enough to bind. He wondered if the kid even had an idea of what collars meant in a scene. Probably not, and Denny figured he shouldn't get his hopes up.

Robin bucked, a cry filling his mouth. The kid's hands found his shoulders and held on tight as the hips beneath his worked furiously.

Damn. There was no time to get to skin, no time for slow and easy and sweet kisses. This was a fucking lightning storm. Denny panted, bucked, pushed Robin right down into the cushions.

"Denny!" Robin whimpered and shuddered and went stiff, fingers digging into his skin.

"Oh, fuck, Robin." God, he didn't think he'd filled his jeans since he was maybe fifteen. He just had, though.

Robin nodded, hands relaxing, the kid working to catch his breath.

"You look fucking amazing, Robin. So hot."

"Yeah? You're a fucking stud. So strong. Damn." Robin stretched beneath him, moaning a little.

"Glad you like it." Yeah. Now he could maybe do dinner before he had to throw Robin down and fuck the kid hard. "You hungry?"

Robin laughed softly, continuing to rub against him. "Oh yeah."

"For food, you goof." He was happy right down in his bones. Robin wearing the collar he'd made with his own hands? Man, that was... damn.

Robin's laughter was good, that happy smile lighting up Robin's face bright. "I could eat, too."

"Cool." Food. Hot sex. What more could a man ask for?

"Oh, man, you weren't wanting to go out, were you? I kind of messed up my jeans and I didn't exactly bring along another pair."

"Nah. I was planning to stay in. We can wash them." Denny paused, so hoping he wasn't overstepping. "Maybe you could keep some stuff here, though. Just in case."

Robin blushed a little, but nodded. "If you're to make a habit of being so fucking sexy the minute I see you, maybe that's a good idea."

"Cool! I mean, I don't think I'm all that, but it would be good. I'd like it." He would. Oh, he would. He'd love to see Robin's things hanging next to his in the closet. "Pizza or burgers?"

"I'm easy." Robin blushed at the words. "Well... yeah. You kind of guessed that, I'm sure." Robin's fingers slid along his collarbone. "And you don't have to think you're all that, Denny. But I do, and I get off on it. On you."

He bent and kissed Robin, slow, easy, tongue pushing in to taste. Telling Robin all sorts of things there was no way he could say out loud. Not yet, at least.

Robin moaned, hands sliding around him.

They were on fire for each other. No other way to describe it. Denny nibbled his way down to Robin's neck, tugging the links of chain with his teeth.

Robin's breath hitched, another moan sounding. "Oh fuck, yes, you're something else, Denny."

"Mmmhmm." He wasn't really listening, was just tasting, looking. God, Robin looked good beneath him, felt amazing, made him hard again right away.

"Naked this time," Robin muttered, tugging at his T-shirt.

"Uh-huh." Now that, he heard. Naked was one of those words that cut through everything else. Denny did a push up and started working his clothes off, then Robin's.

"Oh fuck, Denny. Fuck." Robin's voice had gone all husky, the kid's hands sliding on Denny's muscles as he worked.

Finally they got their clothes off, Denny leaning back down, rubbing skin against skin. One of Robin's legs wrapped around the back of his thighs, the kid holding on as their mouths met.

The kiss went on and on, Denny pushing down hard, at least until he lost purchase with his bad leg and almost fell right off the couch.

Robin blinked, looking a little dazed. "You okay?"

"Yeah." He shook his head. "Just a little clumsy."

"We could move to the bed?" Robin asked. He looked hopeful, the brat.

"We could." Denny had to laugh at that look. That "do me do me do me" look.

"I'll race you," Robin suggested. "Last one to the bed has to tie the other one up."

"Oh, sure." God, the kid was something else. "You have to get me my crutches first. So we're even."

"Okay."

Robin rolled out from under him and didn't give him a chance to stand up before handing him his crutches and hightailing it to the bed, that sweet ass moving fast.

Little turd. He must have liked the tying up pretty well. Of course, that suited Denny fine too. He took his time hauling himself up, making Robin wait.

The kid was bouncing away, looking as eager as could be. His collar looked good on Robin's neck, matching the one around the kid's waist pretty good.

He grinned, feeling a little silly clumping over to the bed with his cock waving, but Robin looked at him like he was a feast, so he ignored it. "So I guess I get to tie you up, yeah?"

Robin nodded eagerly and then relented. "Well... I did kind of cheat. So, only if you want to."

And there was that hopeful "do me do me do me" look again.

"I like a man who knows what he wants, Robin." He set the crutches aside and sat on the bed. "Besides, you look hot tied to my bed."

There was that color in Robin's cheeks, sweet and hot. "I felt pretty damned hot, tied to your bed. On fucking fire."

"Yeah? I could tell, kid." He so could. Denny sat back, contemplating what he could do this time.

The heat in Robin's cheeks deepened, but the kid didn't look down, just kept looking at him, anticipation and want oozing off him.

Too hot. Denny grinned, slid his hand up from Robin's belly to his neck. So many things they still hadn't done.

Robin's head dropped back, a soft moan sounding as that fine belly rippled.

"What do you want, Robin? Want me to tie your hands? Want me to turn you over and tie your arms to the headboard? Do you from behind?"

Robin shivered at both suggestions. "Yes."

"You're a little slut, aren't you?" He said it fondly, no heat in it except the sexual. "Turn around, kid. Face the wall."

Robin leaned in and gave him a kiss first, eyes hot on his face before turning to face the wall, kneeling.

Denny grabbed a pillow to prop his leg up nice and tight before bending to lick Robin's back, from ass to neck.

A shudder moved through the kid. "Denny... Oh. Oh, fuck."

"You look fucking decadent." He slid his hands along Robin's arms, pulling them up to the headboard, bending over the kid's back to fasten them down.

Robin rippled for him, breath catching on a moan.

He petted, gentling the kid a little. "Slow, babe. Slow."

"You don't make me think slow thoughts, Denny."

"I know. You do the same to me, Robin. You really do." He started on the collar, licking between the links.

Robin shuddered, legs spreading a little as the kid found his balance, hands wrapping around the top of the headboard.

He worked his way down, nibbling Robin's neck, licking down between his shoulders, setting out to blow the kid's mind.

Each lick and nibble earned him another sound, Robin rippling and wriggling, pushing into his touches as much as the kid could.

It was fucking hot. The kid looked so good, kneeling like that, back bowed a bit in front of him, head down, tight little butt moving. He could see Robin's soft, furry balls swinging and he reached down to touch them, savoring the texture of the fine hairs there, so different from the curls around Robin's cock.

Robin made a noise and spread his legs, nearly unbalancing himself.

He understood that, for sure. Denny made sure not to catch poor Robin by the balls, instead bringing his other arm around Robin's waist to steady him as Denny licked his way down that sweet bumpy spine. Robin's skin was soft, salty and warm. The sheets under him and the pillow under his bad leg felt scratchy in comparison.

"Oh fuck, Denny." Robin whimpered, moving and shifting, pushing into every touch of his tongue.

"That's the plan, kid. I promise." But first he was gonna taste and touch everything. The tiny hairs at the small of Robin's back felt like the ones on the kid's balls, but the skin was different, almost baby-butt smooth compared to the wrinkled flesh still in his hand. There was a dimple where Robin's ass cheeks met, and Denny tasted that too, finding it a little more salty, maybe because sweat pooled there. The kid was addictive.

"Gonna make me come, Denny." Robin was breathless, trembling almost imperceptibly.

"Don't mind, kid. We got all night." Oh, he would love to see Robin do that, without him ever touching that hot, red cock. Moving back and down some more, he let go of Robin's balls and spread that wiggling little ass, licking all around Robin's hole.

"Denny!"

Robin cried out his name, a ripple going through the kid, that sweet little hole clenching as Robin shot.

He loved the sound of his name cried out like that. By Robin. The kid was young. Denny would bet he could raise Robin again if he kept going, pushing his tongue right in as Robin squeezed down.

"Denny!" Robin cried his name again, pushing back onto his tongue. "Gonna keep me hard, man."

"Mmmhmm." That was *so* the idea. His mouth was busy though, so he patted one cheek comfortingly, some little devil in him making him end on a sharp smack.

Robin squeaked.

Now, he wasn't sure if that was good or bad, so he reached around to feel Robin's cock. Some men would wilt right away after a spank.

Not this kid. Robin was still hard, moaning as Denny's hand wrapped around the hard prick.

Hell, yes. Oh, God, this kid was fun to play with. Denny's cock jumped at the thought of turning that ass a nice rosy hue. Next time. This time he bit hard into one side of Robin's ass, one finger sliding into the hole he'd wet so well while the other hand stroked and pulled.

Robin went wild, bucking and humping, trying to push into each sensation all at once.

"Yeah. Yeah, Robin. Gonna fuck you now." Fingers held steady for a minute, Denny carefully sat up, letting go of Robin's cock to reposition. And get the lube and the condoms. His cock was so hard his belly and thighs hurt with the strain. It was time to ride.

Robin shook as he waited, breath panting loudly.

He got a good bit of lube around the finger he had deep in Robin's body and started moving it in and out, adding another to stretch and open. His cock bumped Robin's hip and he hissed out a sharp breath, needing so bad.

Robin whimpered, shivering. "You okay, Denny?"

"Yeah. I... God, Robin." He pulled away, smoothing the condom on, careful not to touch too firmly. No shooting off before he aimed, yeah? The head of his cock pushed against Robin's opening, and he thrust in, trying to go slow and failing miserably.

Robin's back was rippling, the kid making noise, begging and sweet.

He pulled Robin back against him, wishing he had two full thighs so he could plant that sweet ass on his cock and stretch the kid back against him, but he'd make do. Denny braced himself and went to town, pounding Robin hard.

Robin sure wasn't complaining, pushing back into each thrust, crying out every time he shoved in.

That long cock slid right into his hand again as he reached for it, sliding and wet, and he squeezed it nice and hard, giving Robin a little of the rough stuff.

Robin bucked, ass squeezing his cock hard as the kid went wild, pushing back against him harder and harder.

"Fuck. Robin. You're damned hot. Love the way..." he trailed off, throat closing right up as that tight ass clamped down on him. Denny cried out, the sound a roar as he came so hard he almost lost his balance.

Robin's ass milked him as heat shot over his hand.

Oh. Oh, fuck. The kid was gonna kill him. But what a way to go. His arm muscles trembled as he held himself up. "Oh, man, Robin."

Robin was panting, shivering. "Yeah, Denny. Oh. That was... that blew my mind."

"Mine too." He toppled, going down on one side of the bed, pulling Robin with him before discarding the condom. "That was... damn."

Robin nodded and tried to turn in his arms, the cuffs keeping from him doing it.

"Crap. Sorry." That had to be as uncomfortable as fuck.

Denny rolled up and let the kid loose, snuggling down and rubbing those stretched out arms. "You okay?"

Robin nodded and rubbed against him, arms loose in his hands. "Yeah. Just wanted a chance to hold you. I can wait 'til you're done with that though."

He finished the impromptu massage and let Robin wrap around him. "Feels good."

"Oh yeah, Denny, it sure does."

Robin's face lifted for a kiss.

He gave it happily, tongue tracing Robin's lips, puling them close together so their come rubbed right into their skin.

"Oh, Denny.... so sexy." Robin dove back in for another kiss, rubbing harder against him.

Insatiable. He was probably not good for another one so soon, but he'd bet Robin was, and he squeezed one ass cheek, fingers digging into Robin's muscles.

Robin's eyes rolled, a low moan coming from him. "Oh, Denny... oh."

"You're amazing, Robin. So hot for me. Makes me humble." It did. Made him worry what would happen when Robin moved on. But he wouldn't think of that. He pressed a finger against Robin's hole instead, feeling it swollen and hot from him being there.

Robin whimpered and shuddered, started moving rhythmically.

God, that sweet prick was getting hard against him, pressing into his skin. He slid one finger back into Robin's body, feeling it open for him, biting the kid's neck in time.

"Denny!"

Robin sounded shocked, hands sliding up to hold onto his shoulders, fingers biting in.

"You feel so good inside, Robin. Hot, slick. Addictive." It was nothing but the truth. He didn't want to hurt the kid, but damn he wanted to feel where he'd been, feel what he's done to Robin's body. His finger curled, looking for that spot...

He knew he'd found it when Robin cried out and bucked against him again, the kid starting to ride him hard.

He started talking, voice blown from all of his hollering when he came, but unable to stop himself. "God, baby. Hot. Man, you can't believe what I want to do to this ass."

He pressed and pushed, manipulating that little gland, teeth finding the collar and pulling.

Robin's entire body went stiff, his eyes rolling back in his head.

Heat splashed against Denny's belly, that sweet ass holding his fingers so tight before Robin went limp.

"Robin? You okay?" He was afraid for a minute that kid had stopped breathing, but he could feel that heart racing against his chest.

It took a few moments, but at last those eyelashes fluttered, opened.

A sigh of relief swelled in his lungs. "Hey. You kinda scared me."

"What happened?"

"You blacked out." He petted, stroking Robin's back, feeling the sweat drying there.

"Oh, man. I've never done that before." Robin's eyes twinkled up at him. "Course I don't think I've ever come that hard or that often before either. You blow me away, Denny."

"I hear you. You're good for me, Robin." He hoped Robin stayed long enough for him to enjoy a lot longer. But even if he didn't, Denny figured it was good to be reminded he still had it. And he would never regret doing everything he could to blow Robin's mind.

Robin's hand was already around his prick when he woke up, so he went with it, hips pushing his cock through his fingers. He moaned as his back slid against heat, Denny solid behind him.

The events of the evening before came flooding back to him. Denny's gift, the amazing fucking, a quick bite and more amazing fucking. God, Denny was... well, amazing.

Robin slid his free hand up along his chest until his fingers were tugging at the chained collar Denny had given him, tugging on it like Denny had the night before.

The thought made him moan and move faster.

"Mmm. Hey. Morning, you." One big hand landed on his belly, holding him still, Denny shifting behind him.

"Oh. Oh, morning, Denny. I didn't mean to wake you. I kind of needed some touch." He shifted experimentally, trying to fuck his hand some more, but Denny's hold was solid. It made his cock throb.

"Yeah, I could tell, kid." Denny's cock slid against his ass, which still twinged a little from the night before. "I think you're a whole bundle of need. It's cool."

Robin whimpered, practically vibrating, wanting to rub between the two sensations of Denny's cock and his own hand, but Denny held him still and that was even better.

Denny's mouth was hot on his shoulder, wet, teeth grazing his skin. "What do you want, Robin?"

"Oh, fuck. Oh, Wow. Denny." Man, he was babbling, Denny making him fly. "Anything."

"No, Robin. Not anything. Only what you ask for." That voice... God.

"Oh. Okay." His mind went blank. Utterly and totally blank. "Um... jack me off?"

"Mmm. Yeah." Those throaty noises were, like... wow. Denny's hand slid down to his cock, big fingers surrounding him, pulling.

His eyes rolled in his head and he shivered, the pleasure so good. "Wow. Denny. More."

"Yes. More." Denny gave him exactly what he asked for, that callused hand moving harder, faster on his skin.

"Oh, wow. Good." Suddenly, now that his climax was barreling down on him, he flashed on all sorts of things he wanted to ask Denny to do, images flashing through his head and he screamed, coming hard to the image of Denny fucking him while he stood, chained to the wall.

"You make me so hot, Robin. The way you throw yourself into it. I love it." Denny brought a wet hand up to his face, smearing it right over Robin's lips.

Moaning, he followed Denny's fingers, catching one and tugging it in, tasting the sharp flavor of his own come and then the salty sweat and metallic taste of Denny's finger.

"You like that, huh?" Denny smiled against his skin, that thick cock rubbing and rubbing at him.

He nodded and pulled in another finger, cleaning it off, too, even as he tried to rub back against Denny's cock. "I want you to fuck me," he told Denny.

"Baby, we wore your ass out last night. I don't want to hurt you." Denny stroked his lips, nibbling him, licking his neck.

Oh. Oh, wow. Denny calling him baby in that morning rough voice made him shiver.

"But I want you. So bad."

"I know, Robin. But no. There's other things..." Denny moved him, moved them both so Denny was sort of sitting up against the headboard with him on Denny's lap, Denny's cock sliding up under his cock, under his balls, Denny gently pushing his thighs to close tight.

Oh man, he wanted, but Denny refusing him like that, insisting... wow, that sent a thrill down his spine. The cock sliding against him was making shivers happen to. "Oh..."

"Yeah. Good. So good." They moved together, Denny's cock leaving a wet trail on his skin.

He shuddered, cock going hard again as his balls were jostled with each slide of Denny's cock. "You make me so horny."

"Good. I like it." The collar jangled as Denny touched it, a small, metallic sound.

He groaned, head going back, exposing his neck. "I love the collar, Denny."

"I do too. It's like a mark. Like this, only mine." Now Denny touched Robin's tattoo, tickling his belly.

He shivered, moving with Denny, hands sliding to those strong shoulders and holding on. "Yours," he whispered, liking the way it sounded.

God, he was a slut.

"Mine." Didn't seem like Denny minded. In fact, it made Denny move faster, made him push and roll and grunt.

"Touch me, please." He could have done it himself, could have brought himself off, but his hand wasn't Denny's. Not by a long shot.

"Yeah." Immediate relief came in the form of Denny's hand circling him again, pulling him in time with that hot cock rubbing and rubbing. His sore ass rode Denny's pelvis, little shocks of sensation making him gasp.

Oh, fuck, he was almost there again already, body shuddering with it.

"Come on, Robin. I'm about to blow. Need to see you..." Denny was rocking, shuddering.

"Oh! Denny!" He cried out, body shaking as he came at Denny's words.

"Fuck! Oh, Robin. Baby." Denny was right behind him, well on his way too, wet heat splashing his thighs as Denny shot hard.

He whimpered and collapsed against Denny's strength. "Oh, wow. Wow."

"Yeah. You're gonna be the death of me, kid." The chuckle in Denny's chest actually bumped him around like he was on a raft.

"Oh, not for a while, I hope, Denny. You make me feel too good to let you go."

He felt color fill his cheeks. He hadn't meant to say that, to sound so needy, to expose himself like that.

"I'll stick around, Robin." Denny turned him, took a kiss. "Count on it."

He wrapped his arms around Denny's neck and pushed into another kiss. "I will."

Denny's stomach rumbled. "Breakfast?"

He nodded, hungry too and kind of wishing they didn't have to eat.

"I'm not working today," he reminded Denny.

"Oh, cool. Well, since I'm my own boss and I have no orders in..." Denny grinned, kissing him again.

"Cool!" He wriggled, groaning as his ass rubbed against Denny's thighs. "God, you make me want, Denny."

"Yeah. Me too, kid. But we need a shower." Denny lifted him up and off, that amazing strength showing right off.

He groaned, fingers sliding over those strong shoulders. "You're... wow, just wow, Denny."

He leaned in and kissed one pec and then took off toward the shower, knowing if he didn't go, he'd be begging Denny to put it off in favor of fucking him again.

Chapter Five

Someone had called in sick and Robin had been stuck working the closing shift at the bookstore. It sucked because it had been a couple of days since he'd seen Denny and it was killing him.

God, he was such a slut for the man.

Who could blame him, though? Denny was a stud.

He waved to Brian, who'd worked the closing shift with him, and headed for the burger joint on Wilson Street. He'd grab a bite to eat and then give Denny a call, see if he could drop in. His fingers went to the chain links around his neck. Man, he'd gotten so invested in such a short time.

"Hey, you." Man, it was like thinking of Denny conjured him up, because there he was, going into the Burger Buddy. Denny had told him about the place a while back.

He could feel his smile pull the corners of his mouth up, feel himself lighting up like it was the fourth of July. "Denny! Hey, man."

"How's it going, honey? Are you meeting someone, or do you want to have a bite with me?" The little gears in Denny's leg whirred, the shiny chrome hanging out of the baggy board shorts.

"I'd love to have a bite with you." As if he'd even looked at anyone else since meeting Denny.

"Well, babe, I just mean I hope you're making friends." Denny winked, hand landing on his back to steer him.

"Sure. There's not many I can call at this hour to come have burgers with me, though." He enjoyed that hand on his back, the warmth seeping through his clothes.

"Well, glad you didn't have to call me, then." They got in, staring at the big sign that offered everything from turkey burgers with avocado to chiliburgers.

"You wanna get 'em to go and come back to my place?" He was way more interested in getting Denny alone than in what burger he was going to have.

"Sure. Sounds good. You should get the chiliburger."

"Yeah? It's good?"

"God, yeah." He got that full on Denny smile, even as one big hand slid down his back to pat his ass.

He pushed back automatically into that touch, and then jerked away and blushed. He'd almost forgotten they were in public. "Yeah, okay. I'll have one of those."

"Cool. Two chili burgers, two onion rings, two chocolate shakes. To go." So confident.

Most guys ordered for him like that and he'd have decked them, but it was pretty damn sexy when Denny did it.

They got their food to go and headed out, Denny letting him carry the bag. "Your place, huh?"

"Well, I didn't want to be rude and invite myself to yours..." Even if Denny's place was better for... well, everything. It wasn't hard to beat a little room in a boarding house.

"Well, come on, then. We'll go to my place." Denny changed direction, clumping right along, the weird little dance-walk he did with his leg on so darned cute.

"So, what have you been up to the last couple days?" The real question was had Denny missed him as much as he'd missed Denny? Of course, he couldn't just come out and ask that.

"Been thinking about you, for one thing. What have you been up to?" He could almost feel Denny looking him over, like it was a touch.

He smiled happily, his cock feeling a little happy, too, at that look. "Been working. Evening shift for a couple days and then I did a double shift today."

"Been busy, huh?" Denny shrugged a little. "Got me caught up, too, but I sure missed you"

"Yeah, I hear that." He smiled at Denny. "Wait 'til we get back to your place and I'll show you how much."

"You think? I might tie you to the bed. Then I'll do the showing." Oh. Oh, that look was something.

He was fully hard now, Denny sending him flying with little more than a look and a few words. "Whatever you want, Denny."

"Good." With his hands full of food, he couldn't fight back when Denny tickled him.

He wound up dancing away instead, but Denny proved to be surprisingly agile and quick on that bad leg and Robin couldn't take off running full tilt without threatening their supper.

"Don't make me chase you, babe. It will end badly." Denny goosed him, laughing like a loon.

He shrieked, jumping about a foot in the air. "That's *got* to be cheating."

"Sure it is. I have to take any advantage I can. I'm older and slower." Denny sounded so good when he was happy.

"Oh yeah, you're real old and slow." He bumped their shoulders together. "I think you're just right how you are."

"Thanks." They made pretty good time to Denny's, but he could tell the leg was going to have to come off and Denny would need his crutches.

"You want some help with your leg, man?"

"Yeah. If you don't mind?" They got inside, and Denny pointed to the kitchen island. "Set the food down there."

He put down the food and then went over to Denny. "What do you need me to do?"

"Help me with the straps, huh?" That big body eased down on the couch, Denny smiling at him a little tiredly.

"I can do that." He knelt in front of Denny and undid the straps, his fingers lingering on Denny's skin, knowing the bottom of the leg got sore.

"Mmm. There's some lotion, over in the side table. Could you?" Denny stroked his cheek, thanking him with the touch.

He nuzzled for a half a second, and then fetched the body cream, slicking up his hands and working the lotion into Denny's leg. "That better?"

"Much. Much better." Those pretty eyes closed a moment, Denny sighing. "Okay, now I could eat. Hand me my crutches, huh?"

Sure he could do that. Or he could go Denny one better. "How about I bring the food over instead? Unless you have a rule about eating on the couch?"

"I don't. Bring me a beer, too, and I'll love on you all night." He got a wink, a grin.

"It's a deal!"

Robin popped up and rooted through Denny's fridge, finding a couple of beers. He opened them and then grabbed the food, too, landing beside Denny on the couch.

"You rock, babe. I thought I wasn't that tired. Guess I needed to sit and eat before walking back."

"You should have said." He wouldn't have thought less of Denny if he'd needed to rest up.

"I didn't know it until we were almost home." One big hand slipped over to land on his leg.

He took it and held it in his until he realized there was no way he could possibly eat his chiliburger one-handed. Laughing, he took his hand back and started eating. The flavors popped in his mouth, waking up all his taste buds. "Oh, my God! This is *good*," he managed around his mouthful.

"Told you. Told you I know all the good places to eat." Yeah, someone knew the town really well.

"I'm not eating anywhere anymore without you as my guide." He said it jokingly, but if Denny wanted to take him up on it he wouldn't say no.

"Works for me. I'd like showing you off." The grin was much stronger now, more real, and Denny was stroking him high on his thigh.

He swallowed, thinking he should have the restraint to actually finish his burger before he responded to that touch, but he was already shifting a little closer.

Denny chuckled, reading his mind. "Food first."

"Damn." He gave Denny a grin and then concentrated on eating instead of crawling into Denny's lap.

"Mmm. Man, I like their chili, huh? It has to be the onions. Good thing we're both having them."

"Oh, man, I didn't even think of that!" Good thing Denny had. He used a couple napkins to clean his face off, and then cleared up the food containers, throwing them out.

"I think of everything." Patting his good leg, Denny jerked his head a little. "Come sit. We'll ponder dessert."

He went happily, sitting on that good leg and sliding his arms around Denny's shoulders. God, he loved Denny's muscles.

"Hey, you. Man, it was good to meet up with you tonight."

"Yeah. I've missed you. You gonna do me?" He blushed, knowing he was being such a slut, but wanting it too much to be shy.

"Maybe. I might make you jack off." Denny's voice went all low and husky, hot and good.

He groaned, wriggling in Denny's lap. He wanted more, he wanted Denny to fuck him, but he knew, too, that he'd do what Denny wanted.

"You're so hot, Robin. I swear, you make me crazy." Denny touched the chain around his neck. "Thing is, when you have shit happen to you like I have? You learn patience."

He tilted his head back, those callused fingers hot on his skin. "But you don't have to be patient all the time, Denny."

"I know. Tonight I want something slower, though. Something hot and good, but slow." Denny's cock was rising hard beneath the thin cargo shorts he wore, pressing against Robin's leg.

Robin groaned. He swallowed and nodded. "Okay." Anything Denny wanted. Anything. He shied away from the implications in that thought.

"Good boy." He got a kiss as his reward, long and deep, Denny's tongue tasting weirdly like his. It must have been the chiliburger.

He clung to the kiss, happily letting it go on and on, Denny's tongue exploring his mouth more thoroughly than anyone ever had. They sat there and kissed, Denny's hands smoothing down over his body, holding him close. Those hands. So strong.

He was turned on and he wanted more, but this was good, Denny made it good. Denny made him want.

"You have to relax, honey. You'll get way too wound up, way too fast." Denny was laughing at him, but there was nothing mean in it.

"You're too sexy," he pointed out. He didn't *try* to get wound up, Denny just got him going zero to sixty in nothing flat.

"Breathe for me, then." Low, deep, Denny's voice became commanding, the laughter stopping.

"Breathe? But I am breathing..." He wanted to do it right, to do it the way Denny meant it.

"I know. But I mean deep. In through your nose. Out through your mouth."

So he did that, breathing slowly. In and out, in and out, watching Denny's eyes as he breathed, too.

"Better?"

He was better, suddenly. Well, maybe not better, but more in control. "Yeah, I am." He couldn't help but sound surprised.

"There you go." He got a sweet, slow kiss, Denny rewarding him. At least it felt like a reward.

He almost threw his arms around Denny's neck and deepened the kiss, but thought better of it. Instead, he went with the slow, sweet pace.

They broke for air minutes later, blinking at each other a little. "Good, Robin. Good boy. Now, what about these clothes, huh?"

"They need to go," he suggested hopefully.

"They do. Start with yours." Sitting back, Denny's hands dropped, letting Robin do his thing.

Grinning, Robin got his shirt off without having to stand up, but there was no way he could get his pants off and stay in Denny's lap. So he stood, quickly shucking his shoes, socks and pants.

"Pretty, pretty." Denny was staring, licking his lips.

"Yeah? Your turn -- it's only fair."

"You take them off me. You were so helpful with my leg. I got spoiled." Oh, someone was ready to play, even if he was being bossy-man.

"I can definitely help with that." Laughing and eager, he knelt between Denny's legs and started work Denny's T-shirt up.

"I like help." Denny helped, though, hauling the shirt up and off, tossing it away. Robin got a little distracted at that point, his fingers getting caught in the muscles of Denny's abs. Those muscles tensed up under his hands, quivering for a moment while Denny blew out a breath. "The rest, babe."

He whimpered softly, wanting to keep on touching. But there was something about Denny's voice, and he started working on Denny's shorts. Lifting up on his good leg, Denny helped him, letting him have a clear path to the floor. He slid the cargo shorts off the bad leg, and then the good one, waiting for Denny to sit again before undoing Denny's shoe from his good leg and sliding the shorts right off.

Then he looked. Denny was a stud, no doubt about it, bad leg or not.

"I like how you look on your knees." Stroking his cheek, Denny hummed, shifting a little, making that big cock bob.

He licked his lips. "Yeah? I like how you look from here."

"Show me how much you like?" Challenge lit that grin right up. So hot.

"I thought you'd never ask." Groaning, he leaned right in, tonguing Denny's slit, searching for some of that hot flavor.

"Yeah? Oh. Oh, babe." Denny's big hands cupped his head, fingers stroking his cheeks.

He managed to nuzzle into Denny's hands and keep licking at Denny's big cock like it was a popsicle. He nibbled his way down to the base and then tongued it all the way back up. Denny stretched under his touch, body rippling, those heavy muscles so pretty. That fat cock was hot, salty, ready for him.

He took the head into his mouth, sucking strongly, eager and hungry. Grunting, Denny rocked into him, loving on him by pushing and pushing. He took Denny in as far as he could, swallowing and sucking, making love to Denny's cock as best as he could. His chin bumped Denny's balls, and they felt firm, fuzzy, and warm as anything. Oh, he loved that he could make Denny crazy for him.

His fingers curled tight around Denny's thighs, his head starting to bob like mad. They moved together so easily, and Denny seemed to forget all about ordering him around, or making him go slowly, letting him go and do. He slid one hand to Denny's balls, tugging on them and rolling them in his fingers as he sucked hard.

"Shit! Robin. Honey. Gonna." Moving restlessly, Denny pushed against him, silently begging him to move faster.

He would have grinned, but his mouth was a little busy, so instead he gave Denny what Denny wanted, head jerking up and down as quickly as he could manage.

It took all of five more seconds for Denny to shout for him, that big body curling up around his head. Denny shot hard, cock jerking, bitter and warm and wet. He swallowed it down, feeling the heat hit his belly.

God, it was good with Denny.

"Oh. Good." Denny stroked his hair back off his forehead, smiling down into his eyes. "Good."

He rubbed against Denny's hand. "Yeah. Yeah."

"Come here, babe. All the way up here." Patting his good leg, Denny winked, muscles shifting when he laughed.

Robin didn't need to be asked twice. His cock hard enough to cut diamonds, he climbed onto Denny's lap.

"Look at you. Needing so bad." Reaching down, Denny pulled at his cock, a few nice tugs, hard enough to make him moan.

He tried to get his legs spread, but he couldn't do it without losing his balance, so he just held on.

"Shh. I got you. I got you, honey." Cupping his ass with one hand, Denny used the other to rub against his cock.

"Feels good." And it did. Both the touches and the fact that he had faith in Denny, that he knew Denny would take care of him.

"Mmmhmm. It does. Good enough that we'll postpone the show you were going to give me." He got a kiss, warm and hard and deep, Denny's tongue pushing deep.

He was going to give Denny a show? Oh, right, Denny was going to make him jack off. Groaning, he lost himself in Denny's kisses. This was better anyway.

Chuckling, Denny kissed his chin, his throat, leaving little stinging spots where he sucked and bit. That hand kept working him, squeezing his cock.

"Marking me..." He moaned, hips moving with Denny's hand as much as possible.

"I am. So damned pretty with a few bruises." Lips and tongue moved against his skin, finally latching on his shoulder, Denny biting down.

He bucked, crying out, the words and bite merging together to make his balls draw up.

"That's it. See how hot you are for me, honey? I want to see everything. Come on, put on a show for me anyway." Denny pushed him harder and faster, thumb rubbing the head of his cock, demanding he come.

"Denny! Oh, shit, I'm gonna!" He was going to blow all over the place and that's exactly what he did, coming in long spurts, each one encouraged by a squeeze and a tug.

"Yeah. Oh, yeah. God, that's good." Denny's mouth caught his again, lips and tongue so hot, so good on his, easing him right down.

He wrapped his arms around Denny's neck and held on tight as he opened up to Denny.

Somehow, his late night at work and all of the time alone seemed worth it. Some things were worth waiting for.

Chapter Six

Denny woke up at two am, blinking at the light coming in from the front room. He and Robin had staggered to bed after they had their fun, and he'd slept like the dead. Man, it was hell to get old. He'd socked right out. Looked like Robin was snoozing, too, though.

Robin made a sleepy sounding noise and pressed closer. The kid was like an octopus, all arms and legs tangled around him. It made him smile, made him grab that sweet butt and haul Robin up a little, just enough to settle that warm body against his chest.

"Mmm... it's good, Denny." Robin patted his chest, the words slurred with sleep.

"It is, babe." He patted, too, his hand shaping that hot little ass. Robin pushed back into his touch, wriggling against his palm. "You feeling okay? Didn't wear you out, did I?" Denny grinned, waiting for the indignation.

"Are you kidding? I'm still raring to go!" Robin looked into his eyes. "You haven't even had me yet!"

"No? Huh. Imagine that." Drawing back, he let his hand fly, popping Robin on the butt.

Robin squeaked, laughed, and pushed back against his hand, obviously demanding another.

"Greedy." He popped again, though, giving it all up.

Robin's gasp was sweet, as was the little wiggle and the nod. "For you, Denny, yeah?"

"Only for me." That had to be clear. Very, very clear.

Robin stopped and looked at him, eyes suddenly serious. "Yeah, that works for me."

"Good. Good." He nodded, his hand shaping Robin's ass, feeling heat there, then pulling back to whack again.

Robin pushed back into the smack, crying out and rubbing against his thigh.

"Shh. No yelling now. I'm going to tan your hide good." Shifting, he moved up on the bed, pulling Robin up across his lap so he could lay down some spanking. Robin wiggled until the hard cock was between his thighs, hot as a brand. "That's it. No coming, though." He couldn't squeeze his thighs as well as most guys, but he'd bet Robin didn't have any complaints.

Robin groaned, but answered dutifully. "Okay, Denny."

"That's it." Grinning, he stroked the hot skin, his fingers pressing against the redness there.

"No yelling, no coming -- is begging allowed?"

"Yes. You can beg all you want, babe." Denny liked the begging. Hell, he liked all the parts.

"Thank God!" Robin looked up at him, laughing, eyes happy. His sweet slut wiggled some more, hard prick rubbing between Denny's legs. "Please, Denny. More?"

"Hmm. Maybe you haven't earned more." But he went ahead and gave it because he really wanted to.

Robin moaned happily, hips sawing away, sliding heat along his inner thighs.

"Going to make you feel so good." He wasn't about hurting, or humiliating. He was into fun. Pleasure.

"You are. God, Denny. You so are." Robin's eager enthusiasm was sexy as hell.

He finally quit wasting his breath, working Robin over with his hand until that ass and those thighs were cherry red, almost glowing. The tiniest breath would make the kid come.

Robin's hands were fisted in the sheets, little whimpers coming from him. "Please, Denny."

"Shh. Oh, look at you." He scraped his thumbnail lightly across Robin's skin.

Robin bucked and cried out. Look at that. Oh, he loved that sweet skin, loved how it reddened and bruised.

"Denny. Please. I need to come." Robin trembled as he spoke, hips sawing, moving that hard cock between his thighs.

"What if I'm not ready for you to?" He wouldn't deny Robin much longer. He wanted to hear the answer.

Robin stilled, groaning. "Denny. Oh, God. Please don't make me wait."

"Shh. Hush now." He stroked Robin's ass, so gently, a barely there touch.

Whimpering softly, Robin trembled, knuckles turning white as he fisted the sheets, obviously trying as hard as he could not to come.

"So good. So good to me." He gave Robin one last smack, feeling it all the way up his arm. "Come."

Robin screamed his name, hips snapping and driving the hard cock through his legs. Heat

sprayed from Robin, fisted hands opening and closing as a low moan sounded and Robin collapsed on his lap.

"There, babe. I got you, so fucking hot." He was awed.

Robin panted, one hand reaching to pat his side. "God, you make me feel... so much, Denny. It's so big with you."

"Good." There was nothing he wanted to contemplate less than Robin leaving, especially because he was boring.

Robin shifted, looking up at him. "What about you, Denny. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, I'm going to have you do lots for me, huh?" He laughed, scooting back a little on the bed so he could stretch out. "Maybe this time I'll have you take a ride."

Robin's cheeks went as red as his ass, but he moved eagerly enough. "Gonna feel it every time I come down on you."

"I know. And I'll feel your heat. Get us ready?" He wanted to watch, wanted to see Robin's flushed skin and heavy lidded eyes.

"Both of us?" Robin asked, already reaching for the lube on the little steel bedside table.

"Yes. Yeah. Both of us."

Robin spurted some lube on his fingers. "Who first?"

"You, babe. That way you're ready when I'm about to pop." He was close now, but damn. Watching that would make him crazy.

"Like this?" Robin asked, kneeling with his legs spread and reaching back behind himself.

"Like that. Oh, Christ." Look at that. Robin's face was on fire, and so was that sweet ass.

Groaning, Robin pushed a couple fingers into his ass. Denny could see them disappearing, reappearing and disappearing again. Panting, Robin kept it up, torturing him.

"Now, babe. I need it now. You ready?" He wouldn't hurt Robin like that, but he might otherwise up and die.

Robin's fingers were trembling as they slid a condom down over his cock and then slicked the latex up with lube. Then Robin straddled him, meeting his gaze. "I'm ready."

"Oh, thank God." That ass felt like fire against his thighs, and Denny grabbed Robin's hips to pull him into place.

Robin moaned for him and that ass squeezed his cock in the most amazing, tight heat. Damn. Gritting his teeth, he hung on, pulling Robin all the way down until he was seated deep. Then he cupped a hand behind Robin's head and pulled the kid down for a kiss. Robin's mouth opened to him, tongue sliding against his even as Robin started to move on his cock.

They rocked together, that sweet ass hot against him, the feel of Robin around him amazing. Sometimes he wondered how he'd gotten so lucky. Robin suddenly cried out as he slid in, nudging the kid's gland, and the sweet cock began to fill.

"That's it. Right like that." Look at that face. Robin looked so damned good when pleasure was on him, so hot.

Robin moved faster, riding him hard and staying right there where it made Robin's cock jerk time and again.

He let go of that fine ass with one hand and grabbed Robin's cock. It was as warm, flushed as dark, and Denny was proud of both it and Robin's butt. He'd done both of those things.

Robin shouted, bouncing harder, driving the hard prick through his fingers. Denny grunted, holding on tight, keeping Robin from flying right off his lap. The kid was damned energetic, which made him even hotter.

"Fuck! Denny, I'm gonna blow!" Those pretty eyes looked right at his, and he'd be damned if Robin wasn't asking his permission.

"Come on, babe. Do it, then." He wanted to see, wanted to feel. He figured he'd never get tired of it.

That was all it took. Robin cried out, bucking hard and shooting up over his hand, all over his chest.

"Sweet. Sweet, Robin. That's fucking amazing." He gritted his teeth, not quite ready to end it yet, but close. So close.

Though he was panting, Robin kept moving, body squeezing his prick.

"Babe. I. Oh. Damn." Denny shot, his whole body rocking with it, his shout ringing out loud.

Robin collapsed down onto him and spread kisses over his chest. He petted and stroked, praising the kid under his breath. Damn, but Robin was energetic, giving, loving.

Robin's panting faded, body becoming heavy as Robin's breath evened out. Denny held on, letting Robin rest. That poor body had worked hard.

He couldn't wait to do it all over again.

Robin whistled as he set the table for breakfast. Bacon was cooking, the eggs were all ready to be poured into another pan to be scrambled. The toaster popped and he grabbed the slices from it, juggling them between his hands until he got them onto the plate to be buttered.

He was debating waking Denny or trying to keep everything warm. Of course, the bacon was not going to last if he had to wait -- he'd eat it all. On the other hand, he could always make more.

He took the bacon off the pan and patted it dry, popping some into his mouth and almost burning his tongue. It was worth it, though; the salty, smoky crunch was delicious.

He sat down, only to jump up again as his ass screamed from the contact with the chair. "Ow!"

He heard a snuffle and a groan, Denny shifting around. "You okay?"

"Yeah, yeah. I'm fine." He went back to the bed and slid his hand over Denny's head. "It's okay."

"Oh, good." Grinning, Denny waved down at his stump. "I'm not so good at running to the rescue."

"I bet you'd do it if you had to."

"Sure I would. But that didn't sound like 'ow, I'm burning alive,' so I figured we were good."

He giggled and popped Denny in the arm. "We are. It was um... kinda 'ow my ass really hurts too much to sit on hard kitchen chairs."

"Ah." Winking, Denny slid one hand around to rub his butt. "You could bring breakfast here."

He groaned, not sure whether he wanted to pull away from Denny's touch or push back into it. "Y...yeah?"

"Uh-huh. I know you'd love to give me breakfast in bed." Look at Denny's eyes twinkle.

Robin nodded eagerly. He so could feed Denny. He popped back over to the kitchen. "I have to finish up the eggs."

"Okay, babe." Denny sprawled out and watched Robin, big hands folded behind his head.

Robin took a nice, long look, admiring the man, the muscles. He was smiling as he put the eggs into the pan, began stirring them with a spoon, scrambling them up.

"So, do you like to cook?" Denny's rumble felt like it should be a part of every morning.

"I like eating. Which means I need to cook, you know?" He got the eggs scrambled up and plated them with the bacon and the toast.

"Yeah. I like to order Chinese and go get pizza, too." Laughing, Denny rolled back to a sitting position. "Where the heck is my leg?"

"I think it's by the couch. You don't need it right now." He set the tray on the bed before grabbing a couple of pillows to sit on.

"I do. I need to run to the head. Unless you want to be my crutch."

"I could be your crutch. If you don't mind." He liked helping Denny, liked being there for the guy.

"I don't mind a bit. Come on over on this side, and if you bend your knees... yeah, like that." The heavy body felt solid and right against him, Denny's arm heavy across his back. "I swear, I knocked three nurses' backs out when it first happened.

He laughed. "You're not that heavy, Denny. Not at all."

"Well, if you get someone out of one of those hospital beds and they're not lifting from the knees..." They got Denny up and to the bathroom, and they were back to bed in minutes, ready to go with breakfast.

He sat gingerly on his pillows and picked up the fork, offering over a bite.

"Mmm. Nice, babe." Denny munched before picking up a piece of bacon and feeding it to him.

He crunched it happily. "I love bacon, man."

"No shit? I would never have noticed." There was not one mean bone in that laughter, only fond amusement.

He stuck out his tongue and took another piece for himself.

"Hey, now. Be nice and feed the crippled old man." Denny would say stuff like that, like it was the most hilarious thing in the world. It was so cool, how it never bothered him.

Robin laughed. "Crippled old man. Right." Like either of things fit Denny at all. Robin put the end of a slice of bacon in his mouth and leaned over for Denny to grab the other end. He nearly ruined it by laughing, but managed not to.

They ate all the way down, like Lady and the Tramp or something, and Denny was chuckling by the time their lips met. "Dork."

"Maybe. But you've got to admit it was fun." He licked at Denny's lips, getting the last of the salt and smoke flavor from them.

"It was. I'm not complaining. Toast?" Buttery fingers pushed a piece of toast against his mouth.

He opened up, taking a bite and licking some of the butter from Denny's fingers, teeth teasing the pads.

They shared the rest of breakfast over laughter and lots of biting and sucking, really enjoying the simple feast. Denny made everything more fun. By the time the plate was cleared and the crumbs cleaned up, Robin was full and horny, his ass aching from sitting so long, even with the pillows beneath it.

"You're squirming, babe." Denny gave him a knowing look. "Come lie down, huh?"

"Yeah, you warmed my ass pretty good." It wasn't in any way a complaint. He got naked and settled on his stomach, half on the bed, half on Denny.

"Better?" One big hand came to rest on his ass, but not hard, a gentle touch. It made him squirm, the sensation shooting up his spine.

"Uh-huh," he gasped, pushing against Denny, cock rubbing on the solid thigh.

"Good. I hope it's not so bad. I couldn't help it. Wanted to see that pretty color." Another small stroke had him shivering.

"It's not ba...bad," he managed before moaning. He humped a little harder against Denny's thigh.

"No, I'd say it's good." Neck bending almost double, Denny kissed him, mouth catching his, tongue pushing inside.

Groaning, he sucked on Denny's tongue, one hand searching for, and finding, Denny's cock.

"Mmm. Yeah, babe. I swear, I could eat you up." Denny was hard for him, a little wet at the tip, and almost as thick as his wrist.

"Any time, Denny." He tugged on Denny's lower lip, his hand working as hard as his hips.

Humming, Denny kissed him deep and hard, hands both coming to grab his ass. The tiny squeeze set off all sorts of little earthquakes in his body. His movements became frantic, his cock leaking all over Denny's leg.

"Shh. I got you, babe. I got you. Breathe for me." It was like Denny was in complete control. Only the sound of the man's heavy breathing gave him away. Well, and his amazing cock.

Moaning for Denny, he breathed. He could hear his own heart beating a million times a minute and his balls ached.

Denny felt so damn good.

"That's it. Better." Rubbing harder at his butt, Denny encouraged him to move, to stroke his cock against anything he could.

He was losing it fast, his own cock about ready to blow. Robin moved his hand faster, kind of wanting Denny to orgasm when he did. They moved together, rattling the plates that still sat on the bed, Denny's moans loud enough for him to hear, now. That hot cock pulsed in his hand, telling him Denny was almost there.

Thank God, because he was so ready to blow.

He rubbed his thumb beneath the head of Denny's cock as his own come sprayed from him, slicking up Denny's thigh. A short, sharp cry sounded, and Denny came for him, almost lifting him up off the bed with his frantic movements. They smelled so good together.

He leaned up to take Denny's mouth, to share in the taste of satisfying their stomachs and their cocks.

It was a really good way to start the day, especially when Denny smiled against his mouth, the little, "Oh, babe," telling him how happy Denny was.

He swallowed Denny's words and cuddled in close.

He was happy too, happier than he could ever remember being.

Chapter Seven

Denny rolled over and stretched, yawning and blinking a little at the clock.

Shit. How had it gotten to be one in the afternoon? He had a minute of panic, thinking he needed to be at work, opening the shop. Then he felt the warm, compact body next to him and smiled. He poked Robin right in the ribs.

"Tell me it's Saturday."

"Huh? Okay -- it's Saturday." Robin blinked at him.

"Is it actually Saturday?" He needed to know.

Robin yawned and stretched and pushed up. "Um... Yeah. It is."

"Cool. Man, we should go out, do something fun." They could go to the park, maybe the river. The dinosaur museum.

"Yeah?" Robin wriggled closer. "What have you got in mind?"

"I was thinking we could get some food, maybe head to the dino museum. That would be fun, huh? They have an earthquake floor."

"That sounds cool -- fun." Robin pressed close and kissed him.

Denny hummed, taking the kiss, loving the closeness, the feel of Robin against him. Still, there was more to it than necking and sex, right? So he wanted to go out.

Their mouths parted gently, Robin smiling at him. "You wanna eat at the pizza place?"

"Sure. I could murder a calzone right now." They needed to bathe first, though, because, *dude*.

"Cool. You wanna shower together or something? You know, conserve water..."

"You know it." Uh-huh. Like he'd turn down the chance to hold Robin. "You can haul my big ass there."

"My pleasure." Robin popped out of bed and came round to help him up. The kid grinned as he slipped beneath Denny's arm.

"Cool." Levering up, he headed for the bathroom, letting Robin lead him on a wandering path to the head.

While he took care of business, Robin got the shower started, reddened ass up in the air as he bent over the tub. Sweet. Denny grabbed that ass, as gently as he could, squeezing a little. He wanted Robin to feel it, but not to hurt. Robin groaned and pushed back into his hand.

"Such a sweet, hot ass. I love the color, babe. You're good to me." They really needed to bathe, get moving before they starved to death, but damn.

"I was thinking the same thing about you." Robin stood and grabbed his hands, helping him into the shower.

"Yeah? Cool." Actually, the water was nice and hot, exactly the way he liked it, and Denny hummed, reaching for the little bar along the back wall automatically.

Robin grabbed the soap and began making bubbles, grinning at him.

"What are you pondering, babe?" It looked kinda evil, whatever it was.

"Well... this soap is awfully slick..."

"Uh-huh. And?" Little tease. "It might leave a residue."

Robin giggled for him. "Residue..." The soap shot out of Robin's hands and those slick fingers reached for him.

"What? Soap stiffness could be bad in certain places." He chuckled, letting Robin catch him, letting those hands move on him.

Slick fingers skated across his nipples and headed south. Denny shivered, trying not to let go of the handicap bar, knowing he'd slip. It felt good enough to ponder it, though.

"I've gotta make sure you're clean all over." Fingers carded through the hair around his cock, and then Robin palmed his balls.

"Uhn. Oh, babe. Good. Don't make me slip." He wanted to warn Robin that his balance could be bad.

"I've got you covered."

"Kay." Denny decided to trust, letting Robin hold him, touch him. It had been a long time since he trusted someone else not to let him fall.

Going to his knees, Robin cleaned his legs, fingers teasing his skin. It felt amazing, the soft touches enough to keep him at a low-level hum, not enough to make him lose his concentration. Before standing again, Robin rubbed one lightly stubbled cheek against his prick.

"Mmm. Babe. Good. C'mere." He pulled Robin close with his free hand, taking a kiss that went on and on.

One hand wrapped around his shoulders, the other slid down and grabbed both their cocks, stroking slowly.

Oh, that was nice. Denny closed his eyes a moment, letting the water wash him down, letting Robin's sweet touch make him loose and hard, all at once. Up and down, and up and down. It was hypnotic, as was the play of Robin's tongue against him own.

He groaned, his hips rocking a little, but oh... "Robin. Sweet. I need to get horizontal. My leg is shaking."

Robin helped him, eased him down onto the little bench.

"Thanks, babe." He smiled up, his cock aching now that he didn't have to balance. "You're good at that."

"What? This?" Robin's hand returned to his cock, stroking him more quickly now.

"That, too. But I mean taking care of me." He grunted at the end of the last word, his hips rising up.

Robin grinned at the noise he'd made, fingers working the tip of his cock whenever that hand slid up. "I want you to be comfortable."

"I am. You have no idea." So comfortable that he almost forgot to reach out and grab Robin's cock, but he finally got his hand working, pulling a little.

Robin beamed at him, hips working, pushing the long cock through his fingers as Robin stroked him off.

"That's it, babe." They could come, and then go have a nice lunch. Yeah. Denny worked Robin a little harder, thumb rubbing up over the tip.

"Denny!" Robin's eyes got wide the way they did when he was close, and his hand jacked harder, faster.

"Uh-huh. Sweet, good. Babe." he was close himself, so ready to go off he could feel it in his toes.

Robin called his name again, shouting as spunk shot up over Denny's fingers. Denny pushed into Robin's hand once, twice more, his balls pulling up against his body. Then he came, his cock jerking, his breath coming in great gasps. Robin's mouth was on his before he'd caught his breath, stealing it away again.

He ran his hands up and down Robin's back, digging in a little when he reached that sweet ass. "All clean."

Robin hissed, and then nodded. "Yeah. You, too."

"Mmm. You okay, babe?" He wanted to make sure the kid wasn't too sore.

"I'm good. We should maybe focus on stuff that involves not sitting, though." Robin grinned, eyes twinkling at him.

"That's why we go to the museum, huh?"

"Yeah. It should be good. Dinosaurs are great." Robin brought his hands up and roared, ending up laughing.

Denny grabbed the kid and kissed him one more time. Then he popped that little bubble butt. "Come on, you. Get me my leg."

They were going to have a glorious day off.

Robin was loving the Dinosaur Museum. It made him feel like a kid, checking out all the cool fossils and displays and stuff. The earthquake thing had been awesome. They'd been wandering for quite a while, though, and he figure Denny had to be getting tired.

"There's a cafeteria here, right? You wanna go grab a snack or a coffee or something?"

"I don't think so, babe, but there's a McD's right across the parking lot, or a Burger King. We decide we want back in, they'll stamp our hand."

Oh, right. Sometimes he forgot he was in small town Colorado. "Let's go get us some burgers, then."

"Sounds good." Denny grinned. "We can stop by the car and get my cane, huh?"

"Sure thing." Oh yeah, he'd made the right move suggesting they go sit and eat.

"Cool." They got Denny's cane, and that seemed to help a lot, Denny moving faster, easier.

"So you enjoying the museum or is this like your thousandth time?"

"Oh, I take everyone who visits here. I love it. The spitting dino thrills me every time." There was a giant model dinosaur that spat water all the way across the one display room.

Robin grinned. "He was pretty funny, and neat at the same time. I've always loved anywhere I could pretend I was at a dig. There was a time I was thinking of being a paleontologist."

"Yeah? We should go to Dinosaur Hill. It's an easy enough hike with my sport shoe thingie and some ski poles. There are still pieces of an old dig there."

"Really? That would be great if you're up to the hike."

"Maybe not today, but soon, huh?" Smiling at him, Denny held the door for him. "You mind if I give you the cash and sit?"

"Nope, not at all. But keep your cash in your pocket -- you paid for our tickets into the museum." He gave Denny a wink and headed for the counter.

He realized as he got into line that he hadn't asked Denny what he wanted, but it was okay because he pretty much knew. Wow. He knew what kind of burger Denny ordered, knew the man would want a 7-Up, and a tiny bit of ketchup for his fries if there wasn't chili cheese fries available.

That was... he couldn't decide on whether it was really cool or kind of scary.

The food came, and he finally settled on "cool" when he turned and saw Denny sitting there, head bobbing to the music on the PA, smiling right at him. For him. He smiled right back, something warm filling him up and making it hard to swallow.

He brought the tray over to where Denny was, grinning like crazy.

"Mmm. Fat and salt on a plate." Denny really didn't sound too upset, and heck, Robin knew how much he worked out, so it wasn't like it would go to the hips.

He sat down gingerly and took the wrapper off his own burger and started munching, offering over the fries. Salting them, Denny dug in, making happy little noises. The man ate like he did everything else. With complete attention and a lot of joy.

Robin stole a few of the fries back, adding them to his hamburger.

"That's just wrong, babe." Winking, Denny squirted mustard on his own burger.

"Yep. Very wrong." He added some more fries, put on a bit more ketchup. "And like most wrong things, it's also *so* good."

"Uh-huh." The teasing was so familiar now, so fun. It was easy to be with Denny, having a day out.

"Did you want to go back after we're done or are you ready to go home?"

"Oh, I think we ought to go back. There's the whole fake dig thing for kids we haven't played in."

"Oh, yeah!" He nodded, bouncing a little. "Too cool."

"I wouldn't want to miss that." Denny patted his belly. "You think we ought to have fried pies?"

He swallowed the last of his burger and fries sandwich and nodded. "I do. If I was thinking I'd have bought 'em when I got the burgers." He popped up and gathered their crap on the tray to throw out.

"You rock, babe." Denny seemed so happy to be with him that it made him bounce.

He put an extra little wiggle in his walk for Denny, and then stood in line again. It was shorter this time and he soon had their cherry pies.

"Mmm." That look was worth any kind of wait, Denny looking like a kid in a candy store. "I love those things."

"They're good for sure." He had half of his and then passed the rest over. "You might as well have it, I'm full enough to burst."

"Skinny man. That's unnatural." Denny sucked his other half down, too, moaning a little, licking those big fingers.

Robin shrugged, grinned. "Good genes." His eyes were on Denny's fingers, though, watching as that man worked his tongue around them. He tried hard not to groan. He might not have been successful.

"Eating like a bird. I mean, as much exercise as you get with me, you'd think you'd eat more." Those eyes twinkled for him, Denny's teasing gentle.

He felt his cheeks heat, knowing what kind of exercise Denny was talking about. "You know. Eating like a bird doesn't actually mean what people think it does. Most birds eat more than their own body weight every day." The diversion might have worked better if his voice hadn't been so husky.

"Yeah? Well, I guess that makes me more like a big old bear, huh?" One eyebrow waggled.

"Bears like to snuggle."

"Oh, good answer." He laughed. Yeah, Denny was a big old bear. A big old sexy bear.

If Denny didn't stop doing stuff like licking fingers and saying sexy things, Robin was going to pop a boner and then they would have to sit for a bit until it faded.

"You're staring at me, babe." Denny stopped all the teasing and stared back, obviously trying for serious. Failing, but trying.

"I can't help it," he admitted.

"No?" Denny's good leg moved, that big foot covering his under the table. "S'okay with me."

"Good." Suddenly he wished they weren't in the middle of a busy fast food joint. And he was staring; he couldn't look away.

"S'okay, babe. We could go home, if you want... Go out later tonight for supper..."

"Oh, you wanted to stay, though." He grinned and shook himself. "I'll be good. Promise."

"I don't know if I will." Denny tilted his head. "Could be fun, though, huh? Flirting all day long?"

"Yeah, that could be fun." He slid his foot along Denny's good leg.

"It could. I say we do it." Good thing Denny was up for anything, easy as pie to be with.

"Cool." He grabbed the last of their garbage and threw it out. Then he held his hand out to Denny. "Come on, I hear the rest of the afternoon calling our name."

"I have my cane." Winking, Denny took his hand and rose, holding on and squeezing a moment.

He liked that Denny wasn't embarrassed to pull out the cane and use it when he needed to. That leg didn't stop Denny, didn't even really slow the man down.

"You can walk ahead," he suggested, starting the teasing early.

Well, only slightly teasing -- he really did want to see that ass.

"Okay, brat." Denny went ahead, and the man couldn't really wiggle for him, not with the bad leg, but he had a feeling Denny was giving it some extra flex.

And, wiggle or not, it was a fantastic view.

He followed it all the way back to the museum, and then he slipped back up next to Denny, his hands fisted in his jeans pockets to try to hide the wood. "You're inspirational, man."

"I try." He got a sideways look, up and down, Denny smiling. "You know, no one else has thought so in a long while."

"I didn't know you and I were the only gay guys in town." 'Cause that was the only way that could be true. Denny might have one fake leg, but the man was *hot*.

"Well, there ain't a lot, despite this being the biggest town between Salt Lake and Denver." They showed their ticket at the museum, the sleepy girl behind the counter nodding them through. No hand stamp required. "Hey, did I ever tell you about Orvis?"

"Orvis? Nope." They followed the signs toward the little dig they had set up for the kiddies.

"It's a clothing optional hot springs. They have private rooms."

"Oh..." He *stared* at Denny. "Why have you not mentioned this before? You are taking me, right?"

"Well, it's a drive. About three hours up to Ouray. But yeah, I'll take you." Denny chuckled, bumping him a little, sounding happy as anything.

"Damn, Denny. Clothing optional hot springs with private rooms? That sounds like a piece of heaven. I've got next weekend off."

"Yeah? Well, cool. We'll go." Denny leaned close. "You can do it with a view of the mountains."

"Oh, damn, Denny. You keep up with the talk like that and I won't be able to walk." As it was he needed to start thinking of cold and icky stuff or he was going to embarrass himself in front of the kids at the dig.

"Think nuns. Baseball." They got to the little area that was walled off with glass, fake fossils sticking all up out of crushed walnut shells. Denny nonchalantly sat down where the shoe storage was and unstrapped his prosthetic leg.

Robin tugged off his sneakers and put them in one of the little compartments. "Nuns. Right." That was almost better than cold stuff.

"All I have to think about is getting that pretend sand in my gears." All of the kids crowded around, Denny's fake leg way more interesting than fake dinosaur bones.

Robin chuckled, staying his ground beside Denny, watching as Denny showed the kids how it worked. God, Denny was something else.

"Okay, kids. Time to play. You guys leave my leg alone, okay?" Grinning, Denny grabbed his cane and leaned on it, getting up and teetering a little.

Robin jumped in, sliding an arm around Denny's waist and supporting him.

"Thanks, babe. Get me on the little bench inside and then we can grab some tools and dig."

"Sure thing. It'll be fun, if we can get in edgewise between the kids."

"Oh, don't worry. I can make a space." Denny always seemed to take up more room than his body needed, like he was a force of nature.

Sure enough, they got a spot together and grabbed a couple of brushes. It was incredibly cute, to watch Denny uncover a stegosaurus spine, little by little. He did more watching than digging, but he loved every second of it.

He cheered as Denny got it all uncovered. "Look at you, Mr. Paleontologist."

"This is a hoot. I could never do it for real, but..." Denny broke off, helping a little kid who had fallen down.

"But it's fun to play for the afternoon," he finished for Denny. Grinning, he helped brush crushed walnuts from the kid's leg.

"Yeah. It is. You okay, kiddo?" The little one nodded and toddled off, and he and Denny played a bit longer before Denny reached over and touched his hand. "Thanks for coming today, babe."

He risked turning his hand over and squeezing Denny's quickly. "Thanks for inviting me -- I've had a blast."

"Cool. So, did you still want to nap some today and then head out for a late dinner?"

"If nap's a euphemism, you bet." He gave Denny his best winning smile.

"Partly. Partly not. Does that work?" Pushing up, Denny balanced on his cane, the thing slipping around a little in the walnuts. It kind of made Denny look like Gulliver in Lilliput.

Robin jumped up and got his arm around Denny's waist. "Yeah, yeah, that works."

"Cool." It was so easy, so good with Denny. It almost seemed strange.

"Come on, old man. Let's go get napping."

"Mmm. I do like a nap, Euphemism or not." They got Denny's leg back on, got headed out, the glow of a good day lingering.

As they headed back to Denny's place, Robin couldn't help thinking maybe he was heading home.

Chapter Eight

Denny didn't want to say anything, but man, Robin's place was too small for him to be comfortable in.

Like, tiny. Denny was a big guy, so moving around in there would have been chancy, at best, but it was even worse when there were no safety bars and none of his own stuff. Like crutches.

"Babe, come help me up, huh?" He wanted to take Robin to bed, but he'd taken his leg off, and couldn't reach his cane. The stupid thing was it was only about three feet to the bed from the desk he was sitting at, but it might as well have been fifty without his leg.

Robin threw out the last of the take-out containers and came right over, holding his hands out, smiling happily. "Sure thing."

"Mmm. Hey, you." He pulled himself up, leaning on Robin's arm. "Take me to bed, huh?"

"I thought you'd never ask." Robin grinned and shook his ass while they took the three or four steps over to the bed and sat together.

Even the bed was pretty small. Oh, it would do, but his big old monster was better. Making a mental note to talk to Robin about it after, Denny pulled the kid close and kissed that pretty mouth. Robin opened up right away for him, always so eager.

Smiling into the kiss a tiny bit, Denny pulled Robin closer, then closer, like he wanted them to merge into one being. Then he'd have three legs and never lose his balance. Robin seemed down with that plan, body pushing hard against him until they both flopped over. He landed on his back, Robin half on top of him.

"Hey there." Denny blinked a little, automatically grabbing that fine little ass.

Robin laughed. "Hey. Imagine meeting you here."

"No kidding. I swear, the people who show up in bed!" Of course, that idea made him a little growly. He'd best be the only one who showed up.

Robin snorted. "Your bed better not have a revolving door, man. I mean don't care what you used to do, but..."

"I was thinking the same thing." That made his chest swell up a little with pride, that Robin would get jealous over him.

"Yeah? Cool." Robin's mouth closed over his again, the kiss long and with a hint of fierceness.

"Mmmhmm." Humming into the kiss, Denny let it rock him back against the bed, let it make him forget everything but the taste and feel of Robin.

"You taste good," Robin muttered against his lips, body rubbing. He could feel the heat of Robin's body even through their jeans.

"So do you. Feel good, too." He let his fingers slide down farther, cupping Robin's balls through the cloth.

Robin groaned, pushing into the touch. Yeah. He squeezed a little, knowing the stiff denim would make it pleasant, not painful.

"God, Denny, love what you do to me."

"Good. Want you to hang around." Squeezing again got him another little moan, but suddenly it wasn't enough. He needed skin.

"Hanging. Definitely hanging, Denny." Robin moved against him.

"I hope so." His hands remembered how to move with a little dexterity, and Denny worked at Robin's clothes, getting underneath.

"Oh, yeah, naked. Naked is good." Robin's fingers proved to be as dexterous, fingers undoing the buttons of his shirt in what had to be record time.

Lord, the kid was a sexy little monkey. Denny got Robin's shirt off, got those faded jeans pulled down.

Robin returned the favor, stripping him down as well and wriggling against him.

Finally naked, they rubbed a little, Denny pulling Robin over top of him so they could get their cocks lined up. "Sweet, babe."

"God, you feel good." Robin peppered his face with kisses.

"Lord." He hadn't tanned Robin's ass in days. Now didn't seem like the time, but he made a note in his head to do it, because damn. That ass needed color.

Robin's fingers were busy, exploring Denny's chest and belly. Moaning low, Denny pulled Robin more firmly against him, rocking up so their cocks scraped together, the tips leaving little wet smears.

It didn't take Robin long before he was moaning loudly, hips humping against him like they were in a race. Denny found himself nodding, panting, loving on Robin with all he had; hands, mouth, body, he was giving it all. Robin kissed him, lips and tongue all sloppy and wet. Denny let his

good leg curl up, his other bit of one giving him leverage so he could pull Robin even closer. There wasn't going to be time for games. Not this time.

"God, Denny." Robin whimpered, rolling with him.

"Uh-huh. Need to come, baby. Need to see you when you do." He pinched Robin's ass hard enough to sting.

"Denny!" Robin's eyes went wide and he came, hot seed spilling between them.

"Look at you. Oh, baby." Denny kissed that sweet mouth, loving how hot Robin was, loving the feel of them together.

"What about you?" Robin pushed a hand between them, grabbing hold of his cock.

"I'm ready." He was. He so was. Denny had needed for Robin to come first, so he could watch.

Robin worked him fast, hand sliding on his cock, more familiar now with how he liked it. His toes curled, his eyes squeezing shut, and Denny came, his ass bucking up, his cock sliding through Robin's clenched hand. It was better than anything else in the world.

Smiling down at him, Robin kept touching, making his orgasm seem to go on. Hell, it almost killed him, the way everything got so sensitive. Well, that and the way the little bed cramped his good leg.

The touches stopped, Robin kissing him again before flopping down on him. "Mmm..."

"Yeah. Good, babe. Your bed's too small, though. You know, you ought to move in with me." It had been long enough, right?

Robin chuckled. "Yeah, right."

"What?" Denny pulled back to look Robin in the eye. "I mean it."

"Oh." Robin went red. "And I laughed. I'm sorry, man. I didn't think you were serious."

"Well, why not?" Hell, they'd known each other a while, liked each other a lot. Liked the same foods, the same TV.

"Well. Because. I." Robin sat up, blinking at him. "I like having my own place."

"Oh." Denny curled his leg up under him, keeping his hands to himself. "I didn't mean to upset you."

"It's just. I just." Robin got up and put on his jeans, pulling them up. He started pacing the small space. "It's a big step, Denny."

"Sure. Sure it is." Denny reached for his prosthetic, but it was a little out of reach, closer to the desk than the bed. "Don't worry about it, huh?"

Robin came back and sat next to him, fingers reaching, touching his good leg. "Things are really good. Can't we just leave them the way they are?"

"Yeah." Denny forced a smile, covering Robin's hand with his. There was no fool like an old fool, was there? "Yeah, everything's good as is."

Robin beamed at him. "Cool." Robin kissed him again, tongue hot against his lips.

He let the kiss happen, but Denny had completely lost the mood. Robin was so young. He shouldn't let it get to him that the kid's reaction was a resounding "no." It did, though. Made him start to second-guess things.

"You gonna stay the night?" Robin asked, fingers sliding over his chest.

"I can stay a while." He grabbed Robin's hand and kissed those fingers, ready to run, but knowing it would hurt Robin's feelings.

"Cool." Robin snuggled close. "You want me to massage your leg?"

"Nah. I'm good. How about we put on a movie?" He wrapped an arm around Robin's waist, trying not to think about it.

"Sure. I think I've got *Sunshine* in there. It's a bizarre sci-fi flick. Sound good?"

"Sounds fine, babe." Anything sounded fine. He could doze off, not have to face the thinking.

Robin leaned over and grabbed the remote from the side table, turning on the TV and starting the movie. Then Robin cuddled up against him.

Denny sat up a little, making more room on the tiny bed. They were going to leave things like they were.

Now Denny had to decide if that was going to be good enough for him.

Chapter Nine

Robin picked up a couple of "Noah's Ark" pizzas from D'nofrio's and piled them on the back of his bike before heading off to Denny's.

He hoped Denny was home. He maybe should have called first, except it seemed every time he called Denny and invited the man over, Denny had some excuse for why he couldn't come.

Robin thought maybe it had something to do with Denny asking him to move in. Which had really thrown him. He liked Denny, liked him a lot, but moving in together? That had come out of the blue.

Seriously.

They didn't know each other *that* well.

He didn't even know if he was sticking around or moving on in a few months. The fact that he'd already stayed in one place longer than he had in quite a while was neither here nor there. Anyway. It was probably just that Denny hated his little room at the boarding house.

He pushed the whole moving in with Denny thing out to the back of his mind, where it belonged, and rode to Denny's.

Ten minutes later found him knocking on the door, the smell of the pizzas making his stomach growl loudly.

Denny opened a few minutes later, leaning on his cane, a smile coming up when he saw Robin. "Hey, babe. What's up?"

"Hey!" He grinned and held up the pizza boxes. "Food?"

"Uh. Sure. Come on in." Denny stepped back, letting him slide through the door. "The place is kind of a mess. Sorry, I didn't expect you."

"I can go if it's a bad time..." He kept his smile pasted on. He didn't want to go.

"No! No, I just wanted to warn you." They got paper plates and towels, Denny clearing off the couch. "So, how goes it, babe?"

He beamed at Denny and started pulling the pizza apart. "Cool. I've missed you. Been a few days, yeah?"

"Yeah. I've been kind of out of it. Working, you know?"

Robin nodded, blinking and wishing he'd worn his glasses instead of his contacts.

"Well, I thought I'd take a chance and come see you. I figured you had to eat, right?"

"Yeah. Yeah, it's better than ramen, huh? I found a case of that in the pantry." Denny grinned, grabbing a piece of the pizza. "Mmm. Greasy."

"You've been living off ramen? Dude, ew, flashbacks." He started munching on his own piece. Yeah, it was good.

"I didn't want to go to the store." Denny shrugged, licking cheese off his lip. "Man, I sound pathetic. Really, I was just working."

"You get wrapped up in your pieces sometimes?" Denny had missed a bit of grease beside his mouth and Robin leaned in to lick it off.

"Sometimes, yeah. I work at my own pace, you know?" Denny smiled, patting his arm with the hand not holding the pizza.

"Yeah." Robin's hand went to the chain link necklace Denny had given him. "I'm hoping you're free this evening, though."

"It so happens I am." He got a wide smile, Denny toasting him with another piece of pizza.

"Cool!" Robin bounced in place, grabbing a second piece of pizza of his own and chowing down.

They finished off their meal in silence, the sound of munching about the only thing going on. It could've been weird but Denny didn't see upset, so Robin went with it.

"We still on for next weekend at the place with the hot springs and private rooms?" They'd talked about it, but hadn't made firm plans.

"Sure. I'll have to call and check in with Angie, make sure they'll clean a room for us beforehand." Denny met his eyes, brows going up. "I mean, they clean hard every day, but I like to be sure."

Robin giggled. "You think whoever's been in there before us will have been up to what we're going to get up to?" He waggled his eyebrows in his best cheesy dude way.

"Wouldn't you assume that if you went in after us?" Man, Denny's eyebrow waggle had years of experience on his.

He laughed and pounced Denny, bringing their mouths together in a sloppy kiss. Denny got sticky fingers under his butt and lifted, keeping their mouths together while they humped a little. Suddenly it was like everything had clicked back into place.

He reached for Denny's waist, pushing the T-shirt Denny wore up so he could get to skin.

"Mmm. You get naked, too." Not that Denny was helping. The man kept pushing up against him.

"Sure." He was getting a good long feel of Denny first, though, because right now, touching Denny and flicking Denny's little nipples to get those noises out of his lover was more important than getting his own shirt off.

"Robin. You, too." Denny's voice took on a commanding note, slowing him down, making him blink.

"Yeah, okay." Eyes on Denny, he tugged his own T-shirt over his head.

"That's it." Now it was Denny's turn to stroke and pet, thumbs rubbing Robin's nipples.

Groaning, he pressed into the touches. "Let me really feel you, Denny."

"What do you want, babe? Need to know exactly what it is."

"Spank me, Denny, and then take me. I need to feel your hand and your cock." He needed to know Denny would still do that; he needed to know that Denny wanted to.

"Yeah." Denny grinned, pirate style, and flipped him like a cheese omelet.

He moaned, loving that strength. Arching up, he wiggled his ass up toward Denny.

"Shh. Let me do the doing, babe. No topping from below." All Denny did was stroke his skin, fingers moving in slow circles.

Robin groaned, hands opening and closing on the sheets as he tried to relax.

"That's better. Much better, babe." Denny stroked him a little more firmly, tapping a little under his left cheek.

He spread his legs, trying hard not to rub against the bed, though he wanted to, he wanted to so badly.

"I got you. I told you that, huh?" Denny smacked him, good and hard, the suddenness making him jump.

"Y...yes, Denny." He could feel the heat from that one smack spread and fade. He whimpered, hips pushing back the tiniest bit, wanting another so much.

"Feels hot, doesn't it? Been too long." Denny slapped him again, this time right on one cheek.

"Yes! God, Denny. Please." He loved it when Denny tanned his ass, when Denny took charge and gave him what he needed.

"More, huh?" Another blow fell, then another, Denny establishing a rhythm, seeming to really get into it.

He pushed up into each hit, his ass rising and falling.

Denny chuckled, pausing, pushing him down to still him. "This is going to take a while, babe."

"Huh? How long is a 'while'?" He groaned, loving the feeling of Denny's hand on him, holding him down. He deliberately pushed back against Denny's hand.

"Yeah. I'm going to make this last." Danny pushed him down until he gave in, holding him so close they could be the same person. Then that big hand rose and fell again.

He cried out, wanting to let Denny know he felt it.

"I do love those sounds, babe. I so do."

"Love making them. Love that you make me make them." He pushed his ass up again. "Make me make more."

"Pushy." Denny laughed, whacking him from his thighs to his lower back.

He cried out, jerking and shifting and loving it.

The spanking went on and on, and he could feel Denny's hardness against him, feel how hot Denny's hand felt whenever the man stopped to stroke his leg or his lower back. So damned good to him, giving him what he needed. He stopped trying to push into it, stopped doing anything but feeling. Every now and then he'd cry out to Denny, his hands clenching in the sheets.

When he thought he couldn't bear it anymore, Denny gave him one more, then two, and then it stopped.

He lay there panting, trying to catch his breath. "Denny... please."

"Please what, babe? Please, more? Please let you ride me?"

"God, yes. Please. I want to feel you inside." He wanted that hot, hard cock filling him. He wanted to feel the hairs on Denny's thighs scrapping against his bruised ass.

"I want that too, babe." Those strong hands lifted him up, pulling him into position, getting him sitting astride like he needed to.

Robin reached for the lube, opening the tube. "Give me your hand."

"Oh, I don't know, babe. I think you ought to get yourself ready." There was something wicked there, something a little evil.

He groaned. "Denny... I want to feel *you* inside me."

"Oh, babe." Denny hauled his ass up and gave him a kiss that made his lungs burn from lack of air.

He moaned into the kiss, holding onto Denny, opening wide.

Then Denny was pushing him back a little, offering over one big hand. "Okay, babe. Lube me up."

He beamed at Denny and spurted lube all over Denny's big old fingers, rubbing and feeling them up.

"Mmm. Slut." The word was fond, not mean, and as soon as the lube was spread all over, Denny was reaching behind Robin, pushing those fingers between his cheeks.

"Yes. For you. God, Denny." He bore down, taking Denny in. It felt good. So good.

"Uh-huh. Hot. So sweet." Denny's other hand pushed up under his bottom, his skin so sensitive it was all but making him scream.

He set his hands on Denny's chest, fingers grabbing at the soft curls as he rode Denny's fingers.

"So tight, babe. Been a while, huh? Missed your ass." Denny was making him crazy with all the things he man said.

"Stretch me wide, Denny. God, you make me crazy." He arched his back, crying out as Denny's fingers went deep and hit his gland.

"I know what you need. No worries, babe. I'll make sure you get it, huh?" Those fingers hit his sweet spot again and again.

"Yeah. You do, Denny." He whimpered, body shuddering in response to the deep touches.

"Good. So good, babe. Look at how pretty you are." Denny was smiling for him, those eyes seeing right into him.

"You make me feel sexy, Denny." He moaned, dancing on Denny's fingers.

"You are." Just about the time he thought he'd go nuts from the pressure and heat of Denny's fingers, they pulled out, and Denny got him positioned over that thick cock.

He closed his eyes, groaning as he slowly lowered himself onto Denny. Strong hands wrapped around his hips, helping him as he went down. His own hands slid around Denny's wrists, holding on.

"Jesus. Hot. Fucking amazing." Denny's hips flexed, pushing up and up, their skin smacking together.

He met Denny's eyes, feeling like he was going to combust into flames and burn right up where he was. He could feel each amazing drag as Denny pulled out, and then in again as they came back together. His ass burned, his skin feeling tight and too hot, the stretch almost too much for him. Then Denny grabbed his cock, stroking up and down, and oh, God...

"Yes! Denny!" He rode harder, thighs working as he went up and down.

Denny nodded, squeezing at the tip, pushing hard at the base; up and down. So good. They shifted and Denny's cock hit his prostate, making him cry out, move faster.

"Babe. I need... So tight. I'm gonna, okay?" Denny was panting, sweat beading on the crinkled forehead, those teeth clenched tight.

"Yeah." He grabbed his cock, fingers going around Denny's, squeezing tighter. Then he was coming, body squeezing tight around Denny's cock.

"Robin! Oh, babe. Yeah." Denny was still rocking against him, pumping into him like a machine.

He kept squeezing his ass muscles over and over, giving Denny's cock the best massage he could manage.

"That's. Fuck, babe!" Denny came for him, inside him, giving him everything.

He collapsed down against Denny, hands wandering lazily.

"Well, now. Welcome back, babe." Denny patted his ass, every little touch stinging madly.

He wriggled, not sure if he was trying to push back into Denny's touch or get away from it. Either way, he was pretty much right where he wanted to be.

Denny held Robin close and watched the kid sleep. He wasn't much for hard thinking. It wasted time better spent living, or at least that had been his philosophy since he'd lost his leg. He was pondering his relationship with Robin pretty hard, though.

He wanted more. He wanted Robin to move in. Hell, he'd been avoiding the kid for days,

because he knew if he had this, he'd start to resent not having it all the time. The twinges were already setting in.

Denny sighed and shifted, trying to get more comfy, trying hard to just let it go.

"Shh, shh." Robin petted his chest, hand lingering. Hell, the kid was mostly still asleep.

"It's okay, babe. I think I might need to pee, though." That would at least explain the restlessness.

Robin shifted and raised his head, blinking sleepily for a moment. "Want your leg or your crutches?"

"My crutches, if you can reach them. Thanks, babe."

Robin popped up and went to get his crutches, which had managed to slide several feet from the bed. "Here you go."

"Thanks, man." He crawled out of bed, grabbing the crutches, giving Robin a kiss on the way by.

Robin copped a feel of his ass as he went by, then collapsed back into bed.

Poor kid had to be worn out. They'd fucked hard earlier. There was serious peace to be found in beating Robin's ass, and he didn't want to contemplate that too much, either.

Robin wasn't asleep when he got back though. The kid was lying on his stomach, beaten ass up in the air, eyes smiling as Denny got back in bed.

"Hey, you. Feeling okay?" He stroked that hot ass when he sat down, fingers lingering.

Robin shivered and groaned. "Sensitive." Those sweet eyes were full of heat as they watched him. "I'm really good. You?"

"Good. I'm good." The smile out-won any other emotion, and Denny let it shine.

Robin smiled right on back, scooting closer and pressing their lips together. "Mmm."

"So what's on your plate the next few days?" See? He could do short term.

"Gotta work tomorrow, but I've got a few days off after. We could do that trip to the pools."

"Sounds like a plan, babe." Sure. Their stay up in Ouray overnight... might be fun.

"Cool." Robin pushed in for another kiss, one hand sliding across his chest, finding one of his nipples and toying with it.

"Oh. Nice, babe. I like that." The rest of his deep thoughts slid away under that touch.

"Yeah?" Robin twisted a little, and then gentled the touch again. "You want more?"

"I do. Feels good." Sometimes he liked it a little rough. Oh, he'd never take what he dished out to the kid, but sometimes it was nice to know he was alive.

Robin's lips covered his, tongue pushing into his mouth as those wandering fingers went to his other nipple and twisted and pinched. Denny jerked and moaned, his cock going hard in a rush, his hands clenching at the crumpled sheets.

"I can smell you," Robin whispered, eyes wide.

"Yeah? Do I smell good, babe?" He let his hips roll up, let Robin see how hard he was, how he was getting wet.

"You do. Makes me want to taste you." Robin started to wriggle down the bed.

"So taste me, huh?" He could *so* go for that. Getting sucked always made him feel a little self indulgent.

"Yeah." Robin settled at his middle, hand grabbing his cock and tilting it. Robin swiped at his cock head, tongue picking up the drops of liquid slowly leaking from his slit.

Denny moaned, his belly tight, his leg drumming on the bed a little. "More, Robin."

"Yeah, yeah. You're going to have to lie back and enjoy it." Robin licked across his cock head again, obviously intent on taking his time.

"You ordering me around now, huh?" It was cute. Hot. And so was that mouth, making him shake a little.

Robin laughed, but nodded, too, taking another swipe, hand moving to tickle his balls.

"Uhn!" Damn. That was... Well, that was damned good. As evidenced by the way he was shaking.

Robin's lips wrapped around the head of his prick, the suction light, almost not enough at all.

"Robin. Come on. I need more friction." Damn it. Denny wiggled, growling, trying to wrap his good leg around those lean hips.

Robin giggled. "Pushy, pushy."

"God damn it." Yeah, he was pushy. He fucking needed. "Robin. Come on!"

This time the laughter came around his cock, Robin taking the head of his dick in.

That was better. So much better. The kid actually sucked him, licking at the underside before tugging sharply with closed lips. The gentle touches on his balls continued, the suction around his cock increasing as Robin's head began to bob.

Denny was moving now, rocking and rolling, wanting more and more. It was greedy and selfish and all sorts of shit, but it felt too good to matter, so he put one hand on the back of Robin's head and silently asked for even more.

Robin gave it to him, lips tightening, head bobbing like he was in a race.

Finally. Panting, Denny tipped his head back and closed his eyes, his whole body on fire. He wanted to come, needed to come hard, and soon enough he did, shaking and shouting and shooting.

Robin pulled off, kissing the tip of his cock. "Mmm... that sounded like it was good." Oh, listen to how smug Robin sounded.

He'd have to do something about that. Sometime. Not now. He was too happy. "It was good."

Robin popped up to kiss him, beaming at him.

"Thank you, babe." He didn't have the first clue why he was thanking the kid for something Robin had so obviously enjoyed, but it seemed right.

"You're welcome." Robin's prick was hot and hard against his hip and the kid started rubbing, eyes half-glazed with pleasure.

"So pretty." It seemed like a huge effort to raise his hand, but he did it, thumb sliding over the tip of Robin's cock.

Groaning, Robin pushed into his hand, heat gliding through his palm. He stroked, loving the texture of Robin's skin, loving the way every touch made the kid shake. His other hand landed on Robin's ass, pressing against the bruises.

"Denny!" Robin's eyes went wide, the sweet hips moving faster. "Oh, God."

"Nope. Just a guy." Made him smile, though, the way Robin was so desperate for him.

Half laughing, half moaning, Robin came for him, come spraying over his hand and side. Then Robin collapsed against him, murmuring a happy little sound.

"I got you, huh? You're amazing, babe." Denny needed to remember that, especially when he got a little bitter.

"So are you." Robin kissed his skin and cuddled in closer.

"Yeah? Some days I don't know if I believe it." Grinning, he stared at the ceiling, wrapping his arms around Robin and wallowing in touch.

"Well, you should. I don't know anyone like you, Denny. You make me happy."

"Yeah? Well, then, I'm happy." He would learn to be happy with what he had if it killed him.

Shit, it would be a great way to go, wouldn't it?

Chapter Ten

Robin drove his bike up to Orvis and he had to admit, he liked having Denny snuggled up against his back like the world's studliest bike bunny. He had pretty much had a hard-on the whole way up, even when the scenery started diverting some of his attention.

He pulled up at Orvis Hot Springs and cut the engine. Wow. This looked totally cool.

He took off his helmet and half twisted. "How're you doing?"

"A little stiff." His bike wasn't bad, Denny had said. There was just enough room to stretch out the intact leg, and the mechanical leg didn't have to stretch, so that was okay. They'd stopped every half hour or so, on the four hour drive. He didn't want the trip to leave Denny uncomfortable.

"I'm a little stiff myself." He winked, giving Denny a once over. He was really glad they'd done this.

"You look it." Denny laughed, tapping his thigh. "Come on, babe. Let me up so I can walk it off a little."

He got off the bike and gave Denny a hand, keeping an arm around Denny's waist until he was sure the guy was steady. Falling would not be conducive to having a good afternoon.

"There we go." One hand on his shoulder, Denny stretched, back popping. "Oh, yeah. That's a sweet bike, babe."

"Yeah, it is, isn't it?" He grinned and bounced a bit. "And I did like having you up tight against me."

"I did, too. You're gonna love the springs. They really heal what ails you." Denny grinned back. "You ever been to a hot springs?"

"Nope, never." He stowed their helmets, pocketed his key and tossed the bag with their stuff in it over his shoulder. "You gonna be gentle with this hot tub virgin?"

"I am." Putting a hand on the small of Robin's back, Denny steered him toward the entrance. "Though this is less bubbly, more steamy."

"Are we gonna be able to go to an outdoor pool and still do the private and naked thing?" The view was truly amazing.

"The private tubs are all indoors, I think, but they have windows." Denny felt him up a little and

he encouraged it, wriggling back into the touch. "We can do naked outside, though. Progress to a private pool."

Robin groaned, but nodded. Denny had this thing about slowing down and taking time. It made him crazy, but it was good, too, he couldn't deny that. "Okay."

"Excellent. Let's hit the big pool, then. It has the best view." Denny had explained that they were pre-paid for their private room, but they had to check in and shower, and they had to wear a robe or towel anywhere outside of the pools.

"No waving it for the world to see, huh?" He laughed, rubbing shoulders with Denny.

"Nope. There's rules. I don't make 'em." Denny lowered his voice. "'Course, that means only I get to see your bruised ass."

That had him moaning, his ass cheeks clenching. "Yeah, Denny. That's only yours." He wouldn't ever share that with anyone but Denny.

"I thought so, huh?" Denny patted his butt. "Come on, babe. Let's get wet."

"Yeah!" He bounced as they signed in and then they went to shower and get on their robes. "You gonna leave your leg on in the water?"

"Nope. I'll take it off. I brought my folding cane. It's in the backpack." Man, Denny thought of everything.

"Cool."

Ready, they headed out, the view nearly taking Robin's breath away. "Wow. That's. Really wow."

The pool was currently empty and it was easy as anything to take his robe off, dropping it on top of their bag, and slip into the water. "You need any help?" he asked softly.

"Yeah. I'd love some, babe." Denny left the robe on for a moment, sitting on a bench to take his leg off.

Robin popped back out, shivering a little. There was a light breeze and the air was so much colder than the hot spring water. He offered Denny his hand, impressed as always by how Denny never let his leg stop him from doing the stuff he wanted to. They moved carefully, Denny balancing by holding his arm. Then they were in the water, and Denny was making with the happy noises.

They had a whole big pool to themselves, but Robin settled between Denny's legs, leaning back against the muscled chest he loved so much. "This is the life, huh?"

"It is." Denny put a hand on his belly, low enough to be really friendly. The water verged on too hot, but compared to the cooler air, it was okay. It felt amazing.

"Mmm..." He wriggled happily, enjoying the sensation of Denny's muscles against his back, of the soft cock and balls up against his ass -- he'd been feeling that all the way here, but with far too many layers between them.

"Hey, now. Nothing adult in the public pool, babe." Denny sounded breathless, happy.

"I'm just sitting here." He went for innocent, trying hard not to overdo it.

"Uh-huh. Brat." Denny pinched his thigh a little, but not really enough to sting.

He giggled and wriggled again before stilling and behaving. He honestly didn't want to get caught doing stuff out here if anyone happened along.

The view really was beautiful, and the hot water felt really good. Denny's arms around him felt even better.

"Happy, babe?" He could actually feel Denny's muscles relaxing, which was a cool thing.

"Yeah, I am." He tilted his head to smile into Denny's eyes.

"Cool. It's peaceful. There are places here that remind you that there's a God." Denny wasn't a devout man, he knew, but everyone had to have faith in something, right?

"Yeah. It's peaceful and kind of stunning at the same time." He thought maybe he could float here with Denny for an awfully long time; the view was only a small part of that.

"Mmm. The one thing you have to remember is that we have to get out if you get lightheaded. The water can lower your blood pressure."

Okay, maybe not that long. Just in shifts.

"Yeah? We'll be careful." He wasn't going to let anything happen to Denny, the man was too important.

"I know. I'm not worried, babe. I wasn't sure if you knew." Denny laughed, the movement bumping him around. "Once my scars healed up, this was one of my therapies. Hot tubs and hot springs."

"That sounds pretty sweet." He imagined there'd been lots of hard stuff, too. Lots of stuff that hurt, physically and mentally. Suddenly, he turned around and hugged Denny tight.

"Mmm. Hey, you." Denny sounded a little surprised, but those long arms wrapped around him and held on tight.

"Hey." He held on for a little while, emotion overwhelming him a little.

"You okay?" He felt Denny press a kiss to his temple, warm and damp along his hairline.

"Uh-huh." A little surprised by the way his heart was beating and the heat in his stomach. He hadn't ever felt like this before. Not with anyone, not ever. "I think I'm experiencing that light-headedness thing." That would explain it.

"Well, we can sit on the edge a minute." Denny helped him up out of the water, putting the towel over his lap.

In return, he helped Denny get up next to him, sharing the towel. He grabbed his robe, spreading it across both their shoulders. The air seemed really cold after the heat of the pool. It felt good, though, and he pushed in close against Denny, giggling.

"What?" That long arm went around him again, Denny leaning close.

"Too hot in the pool, too cold out here, though I like having to share body heat." He glanced around, but they were still on their own, so he gave Denny a quick, heartfelt kiss.

"Sweet," Denny said on a gasp when they parted for air. "Love that."

"Love y--that, too." He pressed another kiss on Denny and then jumped up. "Let's go back in."

"Okay." Denny sounded a little stunned, and he hoped he hadn't messed shit up with his little slip.

He helped Denny get back into the water and curled up with him again, his heart still beating too fast, but he was pretty sure it had very little to do with the heat of the water.

"So, what's your favorite animal?" Denny asked, fingers running up and down Robin's arm.

"Just one? A platypus. They're like four animals in one, you know?"

"That's kind of cool. I never thought of that." Denny chuckled, stirring the hair at his nape. "I like bears."

"Yeah? How come?"

"I saw a grizzly when I was a kid. I was fly-fishing with my old man. The Bear was huge and muscled and gorgeous." Denny sounded wistful.

Robin squeezed Denny tight. "He sounds like you."

"Yeah? Well, I can't snag a trout or a salmon with my bare hands, not unless I'm at Red Lobster."

Robin giggled, fingers petting Denny's lovely chest. "No, but you are huge and muscled and gorgeous."

"You're good to me, babe." Licking the back of his neck, Denny rumbled, the sound better, happier.

"I try. I want you to be happy." He wanted that a whole lot. It was a little bit scary how important that was becoming. This whole thing was getting more intense every day and he wasn't sure how he felt about that.

"I know, babe. Ditto." He could feel Denny's good leg floating up under his, and it made them both chuckle.

"Did you want to move on in to the private pool now?" He hoped so. He knew Denny liked to take things slowly, let them build. Which was all well and good, but sometimes you had to go a little faster; you had to get there eventually.

"Sure. Maybe we can stop and get a drink, too. I'm parched."

"Yeah, sounds good." He bounced up and helped Denny climb out of the pool. "Did I see juice for sale in the lobby?"

"Yeah, I think so. I could go for some of that Naked Orange Pineapple." Denny leaned on him until they could get the cane going, and he got to carry their stuff and Denny's leg.

"It is not called that." It probably was, though; why would Denny make it up?

"Is so." He got a sideways grin. "Naked juice. It's organic and shit, babe."

He nudged Denny. "Don't you mean orgasmic and shit?"

"That, too, though I gotta admit juice has never made me come. Not like you."

The little boy behind the welcome desk up front heard that, and his eyes about popped out of his head.

Robin laughed, hiding his face in Denny's chest for a moment. That was almost like being caught getting busy, only not because they weren't actually doing anything.

So he turned and gave the guy behind the desk a wink. "We'll take two naked drinks, please."

"Uh. Orange, or the one with pineapple?"

"With pineapple, please." Denny's fingers teased his skin just above the edge of his towel. That made things get... interesting at the front of his towel.

Robin grabbed the drinks when the very red-faced desk clerk handed them over. He signed the sheet to get them added to their room charge and managed not to start laughing again until they'd rounded a corner in the hall.

"Oh, man, did you *see* his face?"

"Poor guy. I mean, he has to know what's going on here, huh?" The private room was nice, the little pool big enough for about four people, but he and Denny could take up a lot of space when they wanted to.

Robin screwed up his face, not wanting to think about the guy imagining what they might be doing. Teasing was one thing, the guy actually picturing them was another. "I bet he tries not to think about it."

"Probably." They got Denny settled on the side of the pool, foot dangling in the water. "I want to think about it."

Robin couldn't agree more. "I want to do more than think about it." He slipped into the water, floating in between Denny's legs.

"Well, then. We should warm up a little." Denny reached around, pinching his nipples.

He jerked and then pushed into the touch, making a little noise.

"Sweet. I do love how you do that, babe. How you like my touch."

How could anyone not like Denny's touch? It was addictive. "There's nothing else like your touch."

"Flatterer." One big hand slid down his belly, tickling a little.

"Nope, truth-teller." And if saying it got him more of those touches, then he'd keep saying stuff like that. A lot.

"Pretty." He got something even better, Denny's hand slipping down and cupping him, rolling his balls.

Moaning, he pushed up, giving Denny better access. The sound of their breathing and the lapping of the water at the edge of the pool was the only sound for a while, Denny exploring him pretty thoroughly, holding him up.

God, Denny was strong and sexy. Robin rolled up and twisted, brought their mouths together. Denny kissed him hard, thumb starting to work the underside of his cock. Denny's prick dug into his back, hot and damp.

His hips started moving, pushing between Denny's hand and the hard cock.

"Hot." The water was an extra layer of sensation, almost steaming hot, caressing his legs.

"You are." He licked at Denny's mouth, surrounded by water and man.

"Mmm." That was kind of the end of the talking, Denny rocking with him, seeming happy to touch him, to focus on his pleasure.

His eyes closed and he felt and it was so good. Denny was hot and hard and knew where to touch him to get the most out of it.

"Love you, babe," Denny whispered, breath hot against his mouth, the tiny sound almost lost.

A whimper came from him as the words sent a shot of warmth through his body. Robin turned, twisting in Denny's arms and kissed him hard. Denny kissed back, bringing him up so they could hump together, Denny still stroking him good and hard. Those strong arms held him easily, Denny's upper body so damned amazing.

He slid his fingers over Denny's shoulders, to Denny's neck. He wanted to make Denny feel as good as he did right this very moment. It seemed like it was working, too. Denny moaned into his mouth, humping harder against him. He got a hand between them, wrapped it around both their cocks.

"Oh." Denny pulled back, eyes going wide. "Oh, babe. More."

He squeezed them together and began to stroke. Up and down, he worked them together. God, it felt amazing. Denny's breath started coming short, that cock swelling in his hand. So much for taking it slow, huh?

He tugged faster, his hips moving in time.

"Mmmhmm. I..." Denny snapped his hips, grunting, skin so hot it eclipsed the feel of the water. Warm, wet come slide over his fingers when Denny came, making him moan happily.

He wasn't far behind, either, his hand moving even faster now. Then he was coming, hips humping against Denny as pleasure flowed out of him.

Leaning off to the side, Denny snagged a towel and cleaned them up before kissing him again, nice and long and slow.

When the kiss ended, he put his head on Denny's shoulder, resting against the strong body. It felt good. It felt really, really good.

Like, scary good.

Denny didn't say anything else. Heck, maybe that whispered "I love you" had said it all.

Robin packed his stuff up into the big duffel that fit on the back of his bike. He called his boss at work and his landlady and told them he didn't need his room or his job anymore. He was going. It was well-past time; he'd already stayed too long.

Once he was all packed, the extra stuff he'd slowly gathered in the months he'd been here thrown out or given away, he sat on the edge of his bed, staring at the phone.

It wouldn't be fair to up and go and not tell Denny, though that's what he wanted to do. If he heard Denny's voice, he might not go, and that scared him, that that's all it would take. He'd maybe give up his wandering ways and settle in, if Denny asked him to. He might do that.

Denny made him hard. Denny made him feel good. So good. Too good. He'd never meant for this to happen. None of it; they were supposed to be making each other feel good. Why had Denny had to say "I love you"? Why had he nearly said it himself? Things had been perfect just the way they were.

Taking a deep breath, he dialed Denny's number, the land line, not the cell, pretty sure that he'd get the answering machine because Denny would be working. He wasn't sure what he was going to do if Denny himself answered.

Robin did get the answering machine and heat went through him. He wasn't sure if he was relieved or disappointed. "Denny, it's me. I... I have to go. I'm sorry." He hung up the phone. As goodbyes went, it was pretty lame, but he was all twisted up inside and it was the best he could do.

Tugging his helmet over his head, he straddled his bike, ignoring the memories of how it had felt to have Denny snuggled up against his back, his ass. He was on the road again, like it should be, looking for the next adventure.

As he drove past the city limits, he could hear those three little words in his head, echoing.

Chapter Eleven

Denny flipped from one channel to another, his leg propped up on pillows on the couch, his mood as dark as the thriller he was watching on TV.

He was really a live and let live kind of guy. A pull his sock up and get on with it kind of guy. It had been two weeks since Robin had left. Two weeks of wondering what he'd done wrong and why he'd tried to date a kid that young and of berating himself for being an old fart with one leg.

Grunting, he turned off the TV and tossed the remote aside. Damn it. He needed to do something. Maybe he'd get that paint he'd bought and redo the master bedroom. Just because Robin wasn't moving in didn't mean he couldn't make things nice.

He still hadn't moved when a soft knock sounded on the door. Soft enough, he would likely have missed it if he hadn't turned off the television.

Denny frowned, pondering not getting up. Had to be some kind of salesman.

It came again, a little harder this time, two short raps.

Sighing, he hoisted himself up and hopped to the door, not willing to go to the bedroom and get his damned crutch.

He opened the door on a dejected looking figure, Robin standing there in his leathers, helmet in one hand, head hanging low.

Robin's head came up when he opened the door. "Oh. I thought you weren't going to answer."

"I wasn't." *Whoa. Down boy. Remember who left,* he told himself.

"Well, I'm glad you did." Robin swallowed, looking about as miserable as he felt.

"What's up, babe?"

Robin looked back toward his bike, parked at the curb, and then down the street before turning back to him. "Can I come in?"

"Sure." Leaning on the door frame, Denny scooted back, sliding on his one foot.

"You need help getting to a chair or the couch or something?"

"Nah. I'm good." Giving up on standing on ceremony, Denny turned and hopped back to the couch.

Robin's sigh followed him and then Robin did, too, coming to sit on the couch next to him. Robin opened his mouth, and then closed it, biting his lower lip.

"Well, come on, babe. Spit it out." Denny grinned a little, trying to encourage Robin to say his piece.

Robin took a deep breath. "I'm sorry I left, Denny. It was stupid."

"Yeah? You sure?" He didn't want to be mean, but he wasn't sure he was ready to start over.

"I've been miserable." Robin watched his foot as he scuffed at the carpet. "I just got..." Robin added the last word very quietly, "Scared."

"Scared." Yeah, he guessed he could see that. Denny's wild days were behind him. Losing his leg hadn't made him stodgy or anything, but it had made him... grounded. Older.

Robin's head jerked in something resembling a nod. "I never felt like this before, Denny. About anyone. Not ever." Robin finally met his eyes again. "Which doesn't excuse me for being a jerk and running away, I know."

"Well, I sure wish you would have talked to me, yeah." He spread his hands, not sure what else to say.

"I'm here now, though, and you haven't kicked me out yet, so there must be some hope, right?" Robin moved closer.

"Some hope for what, babe? I mean, I really need to know what you want, here." He couldn't play any more games.

"Some hope that you're going to forgive me for being an idiot and take me back. I care for you a lot, Denny and I want to stay with you. Like permanently. That's never happened to me before." The words came out in a rush like once Robin started he didn't want to stop until he'd said it all.

"Well, this is where I ask again: are you sure? I mean, I don't think I can handle you running off all the time." Harsh? Sure. But necessary.

Robin winced. "I know. I'm sorry, Denny. Honest to God." The kid's lower lip was taking a real beating from his teeth. "I wanna stay with you. In fact." Robin stopped to worry his lower lip some more. "Is the uh, offer to stay here still, you know, open?"

Denny sat back, resisting the urge to cross his arms. The word "yes" trembled on his lower lip, but he held that back, too.

"I dunno. I mean, is this because you're out of a job and an apartment?"

"No. I got enough money saved up for a hostel and I can find someplace to work before it runs out." Robin met his eyes, looking shy and, yeah, scared. "It's because, when I'm not with you, all I want to do is go be with you."

"That's not a bad answer." He nodded, but he wasn't quite ready to let Robin off the hook.

"It's the only one I've got."

"Well, I don't know what to tell you, babe. I mean, I still love you, if that helps." Two weeks wasn't gonna change that.

Robin made a small sound and jerked, like he was going to throw himself at Denny and at the last minute had stopped. "You do? Because I do, too."

"Do what?" He wanted to hear it. He needed to hear it with a suddenness and an ache that surprised him.

Robin took a deep breath, but then met his eyes, and said quietly, seriously. "I love you, Denny."

"Well, now. That's a good thing." He stared right into Robin's eyes, right back into them, holding himself very still.

They stayed like that for a few moments, Robin beginning to vibrate. "Can I kiss you?"

"Yeah. Yeah, come here, babe." He held out a hand.

Robin ignored Denny's hand and launched into him instead. Arms wrapping around his neck, Robin planted a kiss on his lips.

Denny wasn't sure what to do for a moment. Then his body decided for him, and his arms wrapped around Robin, holding close.

Robin's tongue slid against his lips, begging wordlessly to be let in. Denny opened up, letting Robin have him, letting the kid explore. He wanted... Oh, the things he wanted, but he felt a little frozen. Robin's tongue swept through his mouth, over his gums and his teeth. Robin played with his tongue, trying to tease it back into Robin's mouth.

It worked. He unstuck himself and pulled Robin closer still, his tongue pushing into that hot mouth. Oh, yeah. Yeah, he'd missed that. A soft, keening sound came from Robin as warm hands wrapped around his shoulders, holding on tight.

"Mmmhmm." He made the little noise, wanting Robin to know it was okay, that they were right there together.

"Love you," Robin whispered, fingers plucking at his T-shirt. "Can we..."

"Yeah. Yeah, we can." There was still a lot of talking to do, but it wouldn't do a bit of good right now. Right now they needed to move to the bed.

"Here?" Robin asked, fingers already tugging his T-shirt out of his jeans.

"No, babe. Somewhere flat. Come on, let's go to bed." He levered Robin off him with one hand, pushing up with the other.

"Yeah, okay." Robin gave him another kiss and then stood, holding a hand out for him.

"Thanks." He leaned on Robin, deciding to trust again, at least on this level.

Robin slid beneath his arm and helped him over to the bed, beginning to strip him once they were there. There wasn't much to take off. Shorts and a T-shirt. Robin had way more.

Robin wasn't getting naked, though, he was concentrating on getting Denny naked. And then on touching him. Robin's hands and mouth explored him, touching him all over with quick, almost desperate movements.

"Shh. Come on, babe. Slow down a minute and feel it, huh? I need this to be real." He was breathing hard, his chest heaving.

"I feel it, Denny. Can't you feel it?" Robin stroked his nipples, his cock, fondled his balls. "This is real."

"I just need to be sure." His whole body throbbed, pushing him to say and do stupid things.

"Let me..." Robin wriggled down his body and dove onto his cock.

"Oh, fuck." That felt so good. God, he'd missed that.

Robin didn't answer. He bobbed his head, suction tight around Denny's cock.

Those lips felt like heaven, and he let his head fall back, let his fingers slide across Robin's head, tangling in the soft hair. Robin hummed and his tongue slid along Denny's prick.

"That's. Babe. Uh-huh." He loved how Robin took him, how that desperation made him grunt and thrust.

Robin swallowed around the head of his cock. The kid's fingers dug into his thighs, holding on. Denny started to hump up, needing more, needing everything. God, he was hot, his skin all but on fire. He could feel the flush rising, all the way from his thighs to his cheeks.

Robin kept bobbing, kept taking him in and sucking.

"Gonna, babe. Making me crazy." He wanted Robin to know, just in case.

Robin made a noise around his cock and it vibrated all along the length. He was going to take that as an acknowledgement.

Denny gave up trying not to get rough, not to get too needy. Instead, he thrust hard, sliding between those soft lips, working himself right to the edge. Robin didn't back off for a second, hands wrapping around his hips to encourage the movements.

It was the best thing he could ever remember, and Denny knew he'd take Robin back. He couldn't live without this.

Robin swallowed him down, and slowly pulled off his prick. Then Robin looked up at him. "Good?"

"Yeah, babe. Good." His thumb moved to rub the corner of that sweet mouth.

Robin whimpered, lips wrapping around his thumb and sucking.

"What do you need, babe?" Personally, he thought Robin needed that fine ass tanned, but he wanted to wait until he hadn't just come.

"To come," Robin moaned, climbing back up along his body and shedding clothes as he went.

Robin settled on top of him. The kid's hard cock nestled against his hip and Robin started to hump.

"We can do that, babe. We so can." He pulled at Robin's ass, yanking down, giving that prick some friction.

"Yes! Oh, Denny. God. I missed you." The chain Denny had made to match Robin's ink was still around his neck, swinging against Robin's skin as he moved.

"I missed you, too. Come on, babe." His fingers pressed against Robin's crease.

"Denny!" With his name on those pretty lips, Robin came. Heat sprayed up between their bodies and Robin jerked a couple more times before collapsing onto him.

"Mmm." That was so fucking hot. He could smell Robin's need. Hell, he could feel it on his leg, his hip.

"I'm so sorry, Denny. I won't do it again, I swear. I'm here to say." Robin's words were interspersed with kisses all over Denny's face.

"Shh. Shh. Hush. We'll work it out." They needed to bask a little.

"Yeah. Yeah, now that I know you're going to take me back." Robin buried his face in Denny's neck. "God, I was such an idiot."

"You were." He grinned against the side of Robin's head, needing to say that. Once.

Robin wasn't arguing at all. "I'm also really lucky you were willing to give me a second chance."

"Yep." Way more cheerful now, Denny gave Robin a hug. "Stop apologizing, okay? We can do more later."

"More apologizing or more making up?"

"Apologizing. Making up, too. Right now I kind of want to hold on." Reassure himself that Robin was there, and not going anywhere.

"Okay. That sounds good. Can I put my bike in your garage?" Even as he said it, Robin was cuddling in like he was where he belonged.

"You can. Sounds like a plan." It *was* where Robin belonged, really. Denny figured he should have fought harder to make the kid realize it.

Robin sighed as he went through the help wanted ads.

There was precious little going at the moment and his boss at the bookstore had been a lot less forgiving than Denny. A lot louder, too, giving him an earful, tearing a strip down one side of him and back up the other. Which also meant no reference.

He finally circled an ad for the city's road crew. It was better than nothing and today, that was all he had.

"Hey, babe." Denny smiled at him, coming in with a bag of groceries.

He smiled back. Denny looked good enough to eat. "Hey, yourself."

"So, what's the matter?" Man, Denny always knew. Like instantly.

He tossed the paper at the table. "I haven't been able to find a job yet."

"Well, you knew it would take some time. The Junction isn't exactly jumping." Denny unloaded his bags and then came to sit. "What can I do?"

"Not kick me out when I can't come up with my half of the rent and stuff. I'll pay you back, Denny. I swear."

"I'm not going to kick you out, babe." Grinning, Denny shook his head. "I just got you back."

"Yeah, but then I was the idiot who'd run off scared. Now I'm... the broke idiot who'd run off scared." He couldn't help grinning back, though.

"Uh. Well, yeah. But, you know, I know you're tryin'."

"I am, I swear." He gave Denny a smile, got up and hugged him. "You got more groceries you need help with?"

"Nah. It's all in." Scooting closer, Denny leaned on him. "I could use a shower, though. Got all sweaty at work."

"Yeah? You want someone to help wash your back?" He might not have a job, but he could take care of Denny.

"Hell, yes. Maybe we could have a soak." Denny liked to lounge in the bath, he'd found out, but rarely did. Even with the handicap rails it was tough to get up.

"I could do a soak. With you." He grabbed hold of Denny's hand.

"Cool. Come on." Denny got up, pulling him along toward the bathroom, whistling a little tune.

"You sound happy." It was a good sound.

"I am. It was a good day. Well, for me." Grinning even wider, Denny got the water running. "Can you get towels?"

"Yeah." He pulled two big towels out of the cupboard and put them on the heating rack.

Then he started stripping Denny, baring all those sweet muscles.

"Mmm. I do love your hands, babe. They're so quick." He got a wink, Denny pushing against his touch.

That had him laughing. "You're always complaining I'm too fast." Still, now that Denny was naked, he could feel his lover up properly.

"Uh-huh. You're impatient. Fast hands can be good, huh?"

"They sure can." He tweaked Denny's nipples and then skated his hands around to slide along Denny's crease.

"Sweet." Denny groaned a little, pushing against him some, before slipping into the tub. "C'mon."

He followed Denny and then fiddled with the taps, getting the water hot before flipping it to the shower. They were sprayed with warm water right off the bat like that.

"Yeah. Good idea. Rinse off before we soak, huh?" Denny was humming, making the best sounds ever.

"Yeah." He made quick work of soaping Denny up, and then he rubbed against Denny's body to get himself soapy, too. It made him giggle. It also made him hard.

"Dork." But Denny wasn't bitching, was he? No, sir, he was rubbing Robin's ass, hard enough to leave a sting.

Oh, God. Need shot through him like *that* and he moaned, pushing back automatically into the touches.

"Like that, huh?" That hand pulled back, and Robin would swear he could feel the air move, right before Denny whacked him on the ass.

He went up to his toes for a second and called out. "Yeah! Yeah, like that."

"Mmmhmm. I think we need this, babe." Denny smacked him again, the water adding an extra element, an extra quotient of sting.

"Yes, please, Denny." He wasn't above begging for it. He wasn't above sticking his ass out toward Denny and letting it do a little begging of its own, either.

"That's it, baby. That's it." That hand landed again and again, Denny sinking back against the little shower wall, pulling him down.

He pushed back into each hit; he hadn't realized how much he'd needed Denny to do this until now. His skin tingled, the hot water not helping to cool him off, and it made it so much *more*. So much better. He grabbed onto Denny's thigh, holding on tightly as the smacks rained down on him.

"God, Robin. Missed you so much. Missed you." That big hand felt good, right, making him moan.

"Don't stop. Don't stop." He begged as he spread his legs, keeping his balance.

"No. No, not going to stop." Hell, Denny was like a machine, the rhythm never slowing.

Robin's cock got harder and harder until he was sure he was going to burst any second now.

"It's good, babe. It's good. You can come."

"Denny!" His whole body went tight, his cock spurting all over Denny's legs.

"Oh. Oh, babe." Denny flattened one hand on his ass, rubbing a little, easing the ache and making it worse at the same time.

He whimpered. "What do you want?" He almost started wriggling around to give Denny a blow job, but figured as he'd asked, he should wait for the answer.

"I want you to come up here and kiss me."

"I can do that." That and so much more. Anything Denny wanted.

He shifted, moved. His fingers wrapped around Denny's shoulders as they kissed. That hot tongue pushed right into his mouth, Denny setting a hard rhythm, hands gripping his sore ass. Perfect.

"Don't stop," he whispered.

"More?" Those fingers squeezed, Denny really digging in.

He jerked, pushing hard against Denny.

"Always so hot for me. Hated the idea of losing that." Heck, Denny was talking more now than he had since Robin had come back.

"It scared me." It still did, honestly. He needed Denny so much he'd actually *come back*. He was here now, too, and staying as long as Denny would have him. Which he hoped was a good long time.

"Me, too." Denny rocked against him, kissing him again, shutting them both up.

He slid his hand down to wrap it around Denny's cock. He sure hoped Denny was secure leaning against the wall like that because he wanted to make Denny come.

"Oh, babe. Come on. Harder. More." Denny rocked into his touch, not hard enough, not with only one leg for leverage.

"I could suck you?" It wasn't really a question and he quickly sank to his knees in the tub. He ignored the way the porcelain hurt his knees and went to town on Denny's awesome dick.

"Oh, fuck!" Denny almost slipped. He could hear the wet noise, could hear Denny catch himself. It was all good, though, because the man was hard for him.

He sucked and licked and did everything he could to make Denny have a fantastic orgasm.

Sucking, he got drops of Denny's pre-come, and he knew he was doing good.

"Gonna soon," Denny grunted, thrusting hard and fast. "Too good not to."

Robin reached up, grabbing Denny's hips and encouraging the thrusts. He tried to support Denny a little, too, so Denny could concentrate on enjoying it.

That seemed to do the trick. Denny shouted, pushing into his mouth two, maybe three more times. Then Robin got what he wanted, Denny coming hard for him, low moans falling like the water.

He swallowed and swallowed so he didn't miss a drop. Denny tasted so... Denny. He loved that. He loved Denny.

He pulled slowly off and said so. "I love you."

"Oh, babe. I love you, too." Denny was panting, shaking with the effort of staying upright.

Robin stood and let Denny lean against him, supporting his lover. "Come on, let's get horizontal."

"Rinse off good, huh?" Poor Denny was looking a little unsteady, blinking hard.

"Yeah, yeah, we're good, Denny." He made sure they got good and wet again and then turned off the water and helped Denny out of the tub.

"Thanks, babe." Denny closed the toilet lid and eased down on it, sighing and reaching for a towel. "Could you get my crutches? I'll need more support than I can get one sided with you."

"Yeah, sure thing." He grabbed a towel and wrapped it around himself and then went and got Denny's crutches for him.

"Thanks." Denny gave him a bright smile when he came back, levering up with the crutches. "It would suck if I fell over before we got to bed."

"No, I already sucked," he teased, going ahead to pull the covers down.

"You did. Like crazy." They got settled, Denny's crutches propped next to the bed, Robin propped on Denny's chest. "Feel better?"

"Yeah. You always make things better." The sheets were cool against his hot ass, soothing.

"Good. That's what I want you to remember the next time you panic, huh?"

"Yeah. I can do that." He so could.

He had to remember that they were better together than they were apart. Him and Denny, they had it good. Oh, they still had a lot to deal with, and a long way to go. But he was pretty sure they would wind up having the whole deal.