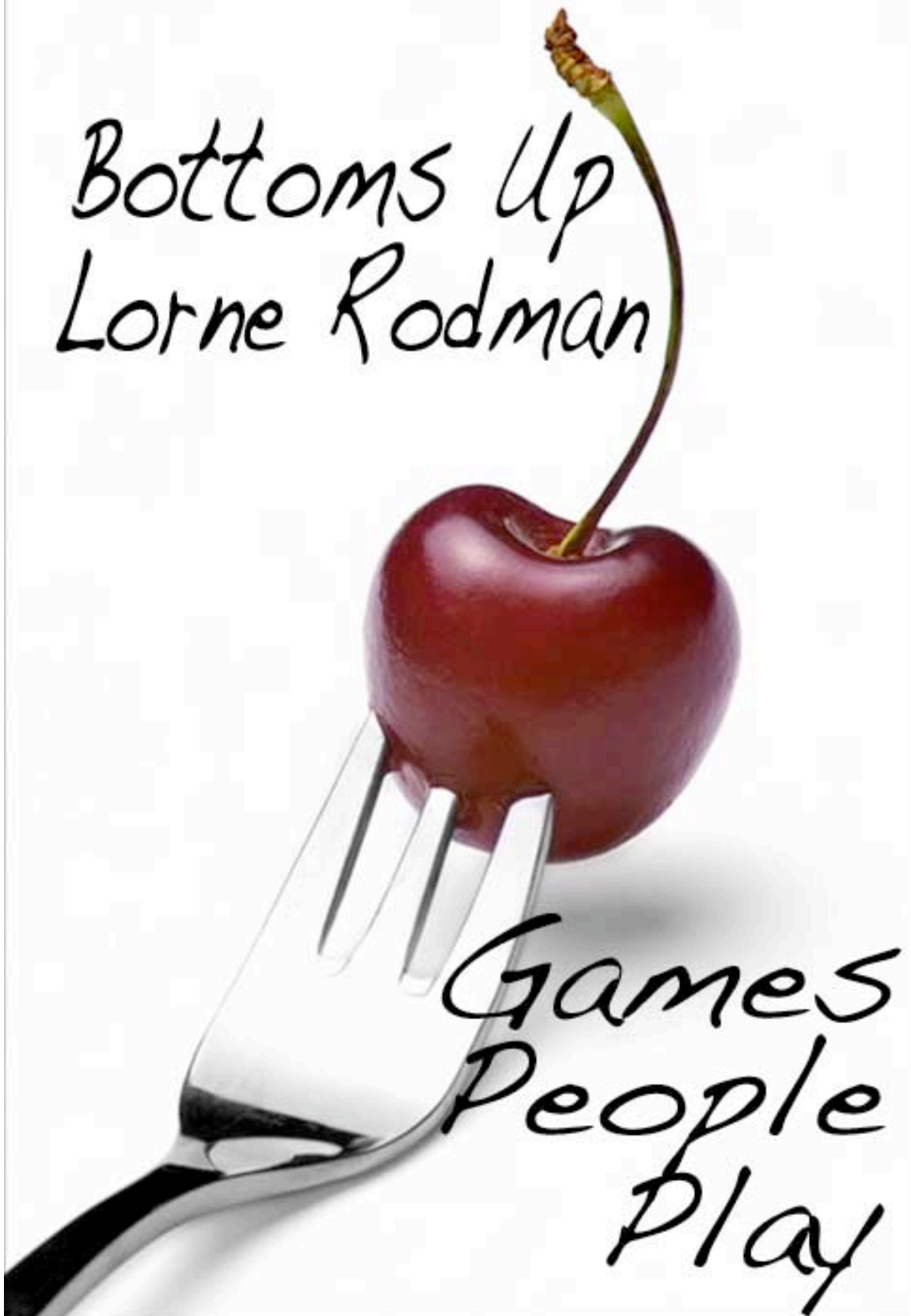


Bottoms Up
Lorne Rodman



Games People Play: Bottoms Up

Copyright © 2008 by Lorne Rodman

All rights reserved. No part of this eBook may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews. For information address Torquere Press, Inc., PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78650.

ISBN: 978-1-60370-397-0, 1-60370-397-7

Printed in the United States of America.

Torquere Press electronic edition / June 2008

Torquere Press eBooks are published by Torquere Press Inc., PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78650.

www.torquerepress.com

Chapter One

An A minus.

Trace'd gotten a fucking A minus on his paper examining the socio-economic influence's on Thomas Hardy's heroes, specifically Michael Henchard from *The Mayor of Casterbridge*.

He had to sit, he was so stunned. He had bullshitted his way from one end of that paper to the other. Seriously. And here he was with an A minus. He checked the front page again, making sure Professor Orilio had given him the right paper back. Yeah, there was his name: Trace Kent.

Okay, someone had to buy him a beer because this was too fucking cool. If only his ability to bullshit was *always* at an A minus level.

He put his head back and cheered, grinning at the way the freshmen gave his bench a very wide berth. Just wait baby-college-goers, he thought. One day you too will cheer for the rare A that graces your papers.

Laughing, he shoved his paper into his backpack and contemplated his choices.

If it was Friday he'd just go down to the Dance Hall because he'd be sure to run into someone he could tell, but it could be rather thin on student patrons on a Tuesday.

He'd go cruise along University Avenue. He was bound to run into someone he knew at one of the restaurants there.

Bounding up, he swung his backpack over his left shoulder and turned right, smacking hard into someone.

"Whoa, there." Hard hands caught his arms when he rebounded, steadying him. "You okay?"

"Yeah, sorry. Sorry. I wasn't looking." He glanced up into the man's face. Oh, now. This guy was good looking.

"No problem. It's a blind corner." Smile lines crinkled up around the man's eyes and mouth, and those hands didn't loosen at all. They just held him warmly. Tanned skin topped by dark hair showed off pretty green eyes, and that smiling mouth... well, it was very pretty.

"Yeah, it is." Which was a stupid thing to say, but he was trying to prolong this inadvertent meeting.

"Where were you going in such a hurry?"

Now was the fact that this guy was still holding him flirting? He was going to go with yes, because it was just that kind of day. "Nowhere, really. I was looking for someone to have a drink with."

"Oh, too bad I'm on the clock." The guy winked, drawing attention to how pretty those green eyes were. "I could use a drink."

"How much longer are you on the clock for, man? That A's not going anywhere."

"I get off in about an hour." Okay, definitely flirting. The man was smiling, thumbs moving in little circles on his arms.

"Yeah? I could go to the library or something..." He didn't make any attempt to step away.

"Yeah? Where did you have in mind for a drink?" Somehow it was like, ten times hotter all of a sudden, and his clothes were too tight. Something about the guy's voice was doing it for him.

"I'm pretty easy." He grinned, letting the guy take that any way he wanted. "The Reading Room's got a nice atmosphere and beer on tap."

"Then why don't I meet you there. You can get us a table." One hand slid down his arm, grasping his wrist, bending his arm so they could shake on it. "I'm Colt, by the way. David Colt."

"Nice to bump into you, Colt. I'm Trace Kent."

"You'll be seeing more of me soon. Later, honey." Colt turned to walk away, showing off a tiny, tight ass in a pair of old jeans.

Wow.

An A minus and Colt.

Score.

Laughing, he sauntered off in the general direction of the library to kill some time before heading to The Reading Room.

Colt cleaned up quick, changing his uniform shirt for a nice button-down that he had in his locker. He didn't bother to wash up too much, just his hands, knowing that the scent of good, hard work could be a turn-on.

He headed for the bar, grinning and whistling, glad it was near enough to campus that he didn't have to move his car. He had a feeling about the kid, a good one, and he wanted to be able to play the "I don't have a car with me" card if he had to.

The kid stood out like a beacon when Colt walked in, but it was crowded enough that he could take his time and watch for a bit.

Trace was telling some story to the bartender, talking with his hands, smile lighting up his face. God, the kid was cute. It wasn't just youth and good looks, though. There was something about him that Colt thought screamed for a bruising. The bartender laughed as Trace hit the punchline of his story. Trace sat back on his stool, and took a drink from his mug, throat working as he swallowed.

Blond hair, blue eyes... such a contrast to him. Colt figured that skin would be pale anywhere the sun didn't touch it. Ready for his touch. Trace drummed his fingers against the bar and shook his head at the bartender. He looked at his watch and shrugged.

Stifling his grin, Colt headed for the bar. It was time to make his entrance.

The kid caught sight of him, face lighting up with a wide smile. Now didn't that make a man feel ten feet tall? "Colt! Hi!"

"Hey, there. You save us a spot?" He held out a hand, wanting to feel Trace's skin again.

Trace's hand slid right into his as easy as you please. "There's a couple booths in the back still free. I ordered some nachos to go with the beers."

"You rock." They went to a back booth and settled in, Colt choosing to sit next to Trace instead of across from him.

"So how come I've never seen you around campus before?" Trace asked, not seeming to mind his being close at all.

"No one notices a gardener, honey." Shit, generally he liked it that way. He only ran into the ones who had promise, after all.

"I don't know, Colt." Trace shifted back enough to give him a nice slow once-over. "You're worth noticing."

"You'd be surprised." It was a good life, all things considered. "So what kind of beer are we having?"

"Oh, it's just Coors. Still, tastes better on draught than out of a can." Trace held up his glass. "To my lone A minus."

"Congratulations." He toasted back, smiling into those bright eyes.

Trace leaned close. "I'll tell you a secret -- it was a fluke."

"I won't tell if you don't, honey." He liked the feel of Trace's arm against this, liked the taste of beer on the air.

"It's a deal." Trace laughed, eyes crinkling up. "You know, you've got the prettiest green eyes I have ever seen."

"Thank you." He'd been told more than once that he was kinda plain, but that his eyes saved him.

Their food came and Trace groaned. "Man, I was waiting for these -- I skipped lunch today."

"I had a cheese sandwich." Outside, sitting on his mower. Not a bad thing, but he needed his strength.

"These are better than a cheese sandwich." Trace dug in with gusto, dipping the loaded chip into the sour cream. A bit of the sour cream sat on Trace's upper lip, and then a pink tongue snaked out and licked it away.

His skin sparked with heat, and Colt watched that mouth, putting all his want into it. Hoping Trace noticed. It seemed Trace did, because the next bite wasn't nearly as big, but it involved a lot of unnecessary lip licking. Sweet. He did like a boy who could put on a show. It boded well for later.

"You like the nachos?" Trace asked him, eyes on his mouth.

"Huh?" Had he even tried them? "Yeah. Crunchy and good."

Trace chuckled. "I'm almost done my beer, man. You want to stay for another, or..."

"No. I think we should get real food somewhere." And take it home. Somewhere private.

"You got someplace in mind?"

"I was thinking Vinnie's." They had great, fast take-out Italian, the students cleared out of there after lunch, and they had an antipasto that was amazing finger food.

"Oh, they do take-out." Oh, yeah, Trace was on the same wavelength.

"They do. Come on." Draining his beer, Colt munched a chip before scooting out of the booth.

Trace's hand slid along his ass as Trace moved out of the booth as well. Oh, hello. Someone was ready to play. Too bad the kid didn't know who was in charge. Colt would have to show him.

They left the bar, shoulders rubbing as they walked. Vinnie's was only a couple blocks over. "You live around here, Colt?"

"Close enough, I guess. I'm on the other side of campus, a few miles. I don't have roommates, though."

Trace's eyes lit right up. "Oh, that rocks."

"Then we'll go to mine." He grinned over. "I left my car parked over on this side of campus, just in case we were going to your place."

"Food and then car? Or car and then food?" Trace looked him right in the eyes. "I'm easy."

"Food, then car." Walking would be a good way to get their blood up. A good way to work the blood through their bodies.

"So what do you like to do when you aren't having Italian with humanities majors?"

"I like to read. I watch movies. I occasionally flog folks for money." He wondered if Trace would think that was a joke. Judging by the full-bellied laugh he got, Trace did. "What do you do besides study?" he asked, changing it up a little.

"I work over at Platter's Music, selling vinyl -- you know, records."

Vinnie's was just up ahead now, and Trace walked faster

"Yeah. I was actually alive when you could only buy forty-fives, if you wanted one song... No iTunes." He tried not to roll his eyes, but God that made him feel old.

"Oh man, I can't imagine living without my iTunes, but I like the records, too, you know? It's nice having something in your hand. Sounds more pure on a lot of 'em, too." Trace held the door to the restaurant open for him, taking another feel of his ass when he went in. Colt pushed back, letting Trace get a good feel. Might be the only one the kid got for a bit. The low sound Trace gave was sexy, the kid's fingers working his butt.

"You're skipping the appetizer, honey." Grinning, he turned around, right up in the kid's face. "Be careful you don't get more than you bargain for."

Trace's eyes went wide for a moment, and then he grinned. "Have you *seen* your ass, man?"

"Not lately. I gave up yoga years ago." Winking, Colt turned and sauntered over to the take out counter, grabbing a menu.

Trace's laughter floated over to him, the kid joining him at the counter. "I like those cannoli things for dessert."

"So do I. I like tiramisu, though, too. We ought to get both and feed each other." Why bother with subtle?

Trace grinned hard at him. "Works for me."

"Excellent. Antipasto platter, two manicottis, an order of cannoli and some tiramisu, please," he told the girl behind the counter.

"What if I don't like manicotti?" Trace asked.

"You'll like it." He knew it. Anyone who could tear into guacamole like that... Yeah. Sensual man.

"Yeah? I'll expect compensation if I don't." That hand was back on his ass.

"Oh, I'll give you plenty to be happy about." Quick as a wink, he grabbed Trace's hand, holding it tight in his. "No touching until I tell you to, honey."

"You not into PDAs, man?" Poor sweet, deluded man.

"Oh, we'll go there, too. Eventually." It made his mouth water, just thinking of showing Trace off, naked and hard and covered with his marks.

Trace laughed, looking a little bemused. "Well, let's get to your place so we can start with the non-PDAs, huh?" Trace knocked their hips together.

"You know it." They would start with a little foreplay, but he'd move to the main event soon enough. Test the waters; see how a few smacks to the ass worked.

They made it back to his car on small talk, favorite movies, colors, bullshit like that. Trace was full of smiles, eyes sliding over him now and then, making it clear he was interested. Colt's whole body was on high alert, which was kind of amazing. He was used to having a little more control.

Once they were in the car, it didn't take long to get to his place.

"Man, this food smells amazing."

"It does. I love the sauce at Vinnie's." He hoped to God he'd picked up the dirty clothes and done dishes. He hadn't planned on having company.

Trace grabbed the food and followed him up the walk. "This is nice. Gardening must pay better than I thought."

"Huh? Oh, it does okay." His little place just looked good because he loved to work on it. He'd bought it for a song years ago. Well, that and he got a lot of money off his patents and shit.

He let Trace in, and the moment they'd crossed the threshold, the kid's free hand was going for his ass again.

Colt caught it with the hand not holding the food. "Now, now, we need to eat first."

"Spoilsport." Trace winked and laughed, sitting at his little dining room table in the room just off to the left of the front hall.

"No. I just like to take things deliberately. I'm old. I find a little anticipation works wonders." He laid out their little feast on the floor, getting his good navy blue napkins out and tossing the pillows from the couch and matching chairs around as seats.

Trace scoffed. "You're not that old."

"Old enough that I don't need to be all over it that fast." Colt winked to soften the words, not meaning them to be nasty at all.

"Long as we don't wait too long," murmured Trace, moving to sit on the pillows across from him and watching his every movement.

"We'll get to it. Antipasto?" He held out a piece of salami, figuring it was safer than an olive to start.

"Don't mind if I do." Trace's grin was back, the salami lifted from his hand and popped into Trace's mouth.

"Not gonna let me feed you? That's touching, hmm?" Impatient brat. Lord, this was going to be fun.

"Oh!" Trace laughed. "Sure, if you want." The kid opened his mouth like a baby bird.

That was much better. He picked a little ring of pepper this time. Something to contrast with the rich meat. Colt plopped it right on the tip of Trace's tongue, right where it would sting a little.

Trace's eyes went wide, and he chewed fast, swallowing quickly. "Whoa. Hot."

"Makes the cheese seem less overpowering." Next a piece of fresh mozzarella.

Trace started getting into it, leaning forward this time, taking the cheese off his hand, tongue sliding out to lick his fingers.

"That's it." Smiling, Colt trailed his fingers over Trace's lips. "See how it adds to the flavor of the cheese?"

"Yeah," Trace's voice had gone thick, lips opening to catch one of his fingers and suck it in for a moment.

"Now I think you ought to pick something for me." He sat back, waiting to see what the kid would do.

"Yeah." Trace's fingers hovered above the antipasto container for a moment, and then a piece of salami was offered over.

"Mmm." His teeth closed on it, and he nipped it out of Trace's fingers, licking some of the dressing up. Slowly.

Trace groaned, a little shiver going through him. "M...more?"

"Yes. Please." His own voice sounded deep and scratchy. Damn. Just damn.

Trace licked his own lips, fingers moving over the items in the take-out container before finally settling on a balsamic vinegar and olive oil-soaked tomato slice. Picking it up, Trace brought it to his lips. Colt took his time, licking and sucking at Trace's fingers. The tartness of the tomato contrasted beautifully with the more earthy taste of man.

"Oh, God." Trace's eyes had gone dark, his voice all husky. Colt couldn't see, but he'd bet Trace's cock was already hard.

"No, just food." He tried for a grin, even if he probably looked more like a shark than anything.

Trace's laugh was sexy as hell.

Then Trace picked up a piece of cheese and put it in his own mouth, sucking on his fingers one after the other.

"Little tease. Ready for the main event?" The manicotti would be perfect by now, the sauce soaking in.

Trace's eyes lit up, and then he laughed again. "You mean food, don't you?"

"For now, yeah." Oh, this one had serious joy in him. Colt liked that. "Come on, get some pasta."

"We can use forks for this, right?" Sassy brat.

"We can." Laughing, Colt pulled out the plastic forks that had come with the take out. "Wimp."

Trace's mouth dropped open, and then snapped shut again. "Oh, it's on now." The kid dragged his fingers through the sauce and then held them up to Colt's mouth.

Yum. Colt sucked on Trace's fingers, the sweet and hot and tart of the sauce making his eyes close. "Lovely."

"If you can make me this hot just by sucking on my fingers, you are going to blow the top of my head off when we start doing more."

"I am. I have ideas." Spanking that sweet ass. Flogging it. Oh, he never drew blood, but his marks would *glow*.

"I like the sound of that." Trace dipped his fingers into the container, grabbing a piece of manicotti and biting it in half before holding out the other half for him.

Colt licked up the drips first, then nipped the pasta out of Trace's hand. Oh, God that was good.

"Man, making a mess has never been this sexy." Trace rubbed a saucy finger against his lower lip and then leaned in to lick it off. The kid was learning quickly.

Allowing himself a moment of luxury, Colt grabbed Trace's arms and pulled him closer, kissing that sweet mouth hard. Groaning, Trace opened wide for him, tongue sliding with his. Trace tasted of sauce and antipasto, beer, and something decidedly male beneath that.

They needed to finish the food. A little self control. That was all he needed. Colt sat back, adjusting himself. "Tasty."

"Yeah, that's one word for it." Trace grinned. "Unless you were talking about the food again."

"No. No, I was talking about you." There was just something about this one. Colt did the feeding this time, popping a piece of the manicotti into Trace's mouth.

Trace's tongue came out to lick off his fingers, lips closing over one to suck on it. The pretty blue eyes half closed, and a low moan vibrated around his finger. They could wait on dessert. Colt dug in, feeding them both, the salad and pasta disappearing just fast enough that they wouldn't get gross later on. Then he pounced.

Trace was ready for him, mouth opening eagerly beneath his, arms sliding slowly around his waist and holding on. Colt lowered Trace to the floor, kicking away a few of the pillows they'd strewn around to eat on. He pressed his lips to Trace's and pushed his tongue deep, exploring that sweet mouth for all he was worth. Trace bucked up against him, rubbing almost frantically against him.

"Shh. Hush, lovely. Do you need to come before we start? I told you I have plans." Reaching between them, he stroked Trace's cock through his trousers.

"Skin, man. Don't wanna come in my jeans." Still, Trace humped right up against his hand like the guy hadn't been touched in months.

"You don't have to." Colt unzipped Trace's jeans, reaching in to pull out a cock with a nice heft to it. "Pretty."

Trace's groan was sweet, the heavy cock sliding through his hand as Trace kept humping. Finally he put one hand on Trace's belly, stroking hard with the other, pulling and pulling. Demanding. Trace's fingers dug into his shoulders, the kid's mouth opening wide on a low cry. Then heat poured out over his hand, adding the scent of sex to the air.

"Beautiful." How much prettier would Trace be when he'd been really well-worked? It boggled the mind.

Relaxing beneath him, Trace grinned up. The grip on his shoulders eased, turned into petting. "Sorry, man. It was all that teasing."

"Why are you sorry? This just means you'll last longer while I tease you more." Oh, look how wide those eyes went.

Trace recovered fairly quickly, hand sliding over his chest and down to his crotch to squeeze him through his clothes. "What about you?"

"Oh, trust me, I'll get mine." He moved gently, slowly, turning Trace over face down to rub at that sweet, tight ass.

Groaning, Trace pushed up against him. The kid was still eager. Good.

"You have to relax now." His fingers dug in, trying to ease the muscles a bit, get Trace loose for the next round.

"You want me to just lie here?" Trace sounded confused.

"For the moment, yes." Smiling, Colt rubbed a little harder, his fingers slipping down to touch Trace's balls. Trace's only answer was a groan, the kid finally relaxing, letting him have his way.

"Sweet. You're very sweet." Look at that skin. Taking a deep breath, Colt pulled his hand back and smacked Trace's ass.

Trace bucked. "Hey!"

"Hmm? You like it?" He could tell Trace did by the way the kid circled his hips, squirming.

Trace shrugged, glancing back over his shoulder.

"Don't be wishy-washy, sweet. Either you like it or you don't. I need to know, now."

Trace swallowed and nodded. "Yes."

"Good." Oh, good. He struck again, watching his handprint appear on Trace's skin. They'd take this first one slow, see what Trace was made of.

"Fuck." Trace wriggled, ass pushing back toward him before moving forward again as if trying to get away.

"Soon." Grinning, Colt gave another smack, then another, varying the speed and force.

"Oh, God." Trace began to lift his ass up into each smack.

"You take them beautifully, sweet. Truly." Look at that. Colt took a deep breath, reminding himself to slow down.

"I've never... oh, God." Trace was breathless and, he'd bet, harder than a rock.

Colt pulled Trace up, letting him kneel, moving to the side so he could spank and watch Trace's face. Perfect. Trace's face was a study in pleasure and confusion, but the kid's body wasn't confused, not for a second.

"Just let go and feel it, sweet. Let it move through you." He all but whispered it, the sound of his hand hitting Trace's flesh louder than his voice, but he knew Trace heard him.

Trace took a few breaths and he could tell when the kid decided to forget about his inhibitions and let go. Smiling, Colt took a few more good swings, wanting Trace to feel the heat, wanting to see those muscles jump. Then he moved up behind the kid and rubbed. "Makes it all more, somehow, doesn't it?"

"Uh... Uh-huh." Moaning, Trace pulled away and then pushed back up against him.

"You're so responsive, sweet. I knew you would be."

"H...how?"

"I'm a good judge of character." Colt knew people who needed what he could give.

"Oh." Trace licked his lips, body shining with sweat, breath panting from him.

"Yes. Oh." Moving up behind Trace, Colt rubbed against that fiery ass, loving how it felt against him. He closed his eyes, trying not to want more than Trace could give. At least right now.

Groaning, Trace pushed back against him. "Gonna fuck me?"

"Oh, yes. I am." All he needed to find was the lube and the condoms. Luckily he kept some in the little drawer in the coffee table and he hardly had to move at all to get them.

"Thank God." Trace pushed back against him again, hissing as the reddened ass made contact. Still, it didn't stop Trace from doing it again.

"So pretty." He did love a nicely tanned ass. Colt bent down and kissed each cheek, letting his tongue touch the top of Trace's crease.

A shudder went through the kid -- so damn responsive; he had a hunch with Trace you'd never have to listen to what the kid's mouth was saying. The scent of hot male skin made him moan, and Colt licked a little more, rubbing his cheek against Trace's ass. So fucking warm. So smooth.

"Fuck, man. You are something else." Trace's voice was thick and full of a deep-seated need.

"You have no idea, honey." Lube. Fingers. Yeah.

Trace groaned for him again, body tight against him for a half a second before Trace opened up and let him in. The hot flesh rippled around his fingers, Trace arching and riding his touch. Sweet and hot inside, even hotter than the flesh outside, warmed by his hand. Colt opened his fingers, then closed them before pushing deep to search out Trace's gland. He knew the second he hit it, Trace shouting out, whole body bucking. Oh yeah, Trace was a hot one.

"Feels good, huh? Tell me, sweet. Tell me how good it feels." He wanted to hear it from Trace's lips.

"s good." Trace groaned, back arching as he hit the kid's gland again. "Fuck! Good. Good. Good."

"That's it." Colt bit at Trace's skin, sucking up little marks wherever he could.

"Come on," groaned Trace. "I'm ready for you."

"Yes." He was ready, too. All he had to do was slip on the rubber and line up, his fingers pulling free. Then he was pushing deep, letting Trace feel every inch. Trace's spine rippled, soft noises coming from the kid as Colt pushed in. It was babbles more than anything else, but he could make out the odd word -- more and good and oh, fucking God. Smiling, Colt moved faster, knowing that Trace could take it, knowing the kid was way too far gone for anything soft and easy. Truth was, so was he.

That reddened ass was hot against his hips, Trace crying out every time he smacked against it. The kid started meeting his thrusts, too, pushing back against each one like a two-dollar whore.

"Sweet." Colt moaned it, hands on Trace's hips, hauling that ass back against him, loving the sound of them together.

"Hot," Trace countered, panting hard.

"Mmmhmm." Reaching down and around, Colt took a hold of Trace's cock, pulling at the hard flesh, the soft skin amazing him.

"Fuck!" Trace shouted, going nuts pushing into his hand, back onto his cock.

"That's the idea." He couldn't help it. It was too easy to let pass.

Trace didn't laugh, didn't respond at all, just rocked wildly. Poor baby was so far gone. Colt could have done anything to him and Trace would say yes. Good thing all he wanted was for Trace to come for him. Come on his cock.

"Fuck. Fuck." The word was repeated over and over and he could feel Trace's cock get even harder in his hand, the muscles around his own prick beginning to squeeze. That's right, they were almost there.

"Yes." Colt stopped thinking, stopped playing the angles and just gave Trace what he needed. He stroked, pushed, and moved them together. Trace shouted, letting it all out as his ass clamped down hard on Colt's cock, spunk spraying out over his hand.

"Oh..." He moaned it out, his hips smacking Trace's ass a few more times before he came, panting for breath. God almighty, he'd needed that.

Trace held firm beneath him, not sinking down, though the kid was panting like a steam engine. Then Trace laughed breathlessly and looked back over his shoulder. "Fucking A, man. That was awesome."

Awesome. Colt laughed out loud, kissing the corner Trace's mouth. "It was indeed."

Trace grinned on back, body tightening briefly around his cock, like a kiss.

"Sweet." What else could he say? He'd known Trace was gonna be good, but the kid was even better than he'd hoped. He was going to have to keep this one for a bit.

Trace finally collapsed, the kid groaning a little as his cock slid out of the tight heat. "Oh, man. Floor's too hard to nap on."

"I have a bed." A very nice one. One that was damned fine for napping.

"That would rock, man." Trace stood and stretched, muscles flexing. One hand reached down to rub at his ass, Trace frowning a bit at what was no doubt a burn.

Humming, Colt rubbed at Trace's butt, too, savoring the heat. "It's a good look for you, sweet."

Trace's cheeks picked up some color -- not as much as that sweet ass, but some. "I... We gonna go have that nap, man?"

"We are." Looping an arm around Trace's waist, Colt led them to the bedroom. A nap was the

least he could offer for a job so well done. And waking up together would give him an opportunity to go to the next game.

He couldn't wait.

Trace woke up in a rush like he always did. Just boom, awake. He envied folks who could do that slow, snoozy, take your time thing. Not him. He just... woke up. Of course there were worse things than waking up all well-fucked.

Colt had pegged him but good, fucked him nice and hard. His hole still ached a little.

Of course not as bad as his ass did.

Fuck.

Colt had spanked him.

He'd *let* Colt spank him.

His cheeks heated nearly as much as his ass.

He had to get out of here.

Pulling back the covers, he slipped out of bed, trying to remember where the hell his clothes were.

"Mmm. Where you goin'?" Sleepy and hoarse, Colt's accent was a lot stronger first thing in the morning.

Oh, damn. He'd been hoping to get out of there without waking Colt up. "Gotta go," he muttered. "You don't have to show me out."

Colt sat up, the covers sliding away as the man stood and kinda... stalked him. "Do you have to work or somethin'?"

"Uh, yeah. Something." He nodded, cheeks still burning. God. He'd let Colt... yeah, right. He had to go.

"What's wrong, Trace?" One of Colt's hands landed on his arm, sliding down so one long finger could grasp his wrist.

"I just..." He shook his head. He didn't want to get into this. How he'd gotten off on Colt spanking him. How Colt had done it in the first place -- just hauled off and smacked him until he'd been begging.

"Just what?" The man reeled him in like a fish, pulling him up against Colt's lean body. Colt's lean, naked body.

His morning wood, which had faded hard when he'd remembered the spanking came rushing back to life. Traitor. "You spanked me, man!"

"I did. You have skin that was made for it." Colt didn't look the least bit disturbed.

He shook his head, tugging out of Colt's hold and backing away. "You say that like it's nothing, like it's normal."

"What's normal these days, honey?" Colt shrugged. "We do what we like."

"Yeah, well I didn't like it." Colt must have bewitched him or something. He was a grown man. He didn't get off on spanking.

He went down the hall to the dining-living room combo and found his clothes where they'd been tossed. He started pulling them on with short, tight movements. He had to get out of here.

Colt followed him, seeming completely at ease with his nakedness, arms folded over his chest. "You should take my number, honey. For when you want to come back."

He shook his head, trying to ignore the way that nakedness turned him on. "I'm not coming back, man."

He pulled on the t-shirt, made sure he had his wallet and his keys.

"If you say so." The man moved damned fast, pushing him up against the door and kissing him hard. "I'll see you on campus, if nothing else. And every time I do, you'll think of your sore ass."

He pushed back against the man. "Fuck off."

He slammed the door behind him as he left, ignoring the fact that he was harder than ever.

Asshole.

He ever saw Colt on campus, he'd be sure to change direction. Hands shoved in his pockets he headed back toward campus where he'd left his car.

And if his jeans rubbed against his aching ass, reminding him of Colt with every step, well no one else needed to know that, now did they?

Chapter Two

Colt clipped the hedges a little slower than normal, watching Trace where he sat on the grass, reading some sort of textbook. The kid had said he wouldn't be back, and he hadn't for two weeks. Maybe Colt was losing his touch. Who knew? He couldn't help himself; he had to see Trace again somehow.

Trace's book obviously wasn't holding his attention, and every now and then Trace would wriggle or adjust. Every little shimmy made Colt want to take Trace back to bed and beat that ass black and blue. Made him hard, so that he had to hide behind the bushes.

Eventually, Trace gave up on his book and leaned back, shirt riding up a bit as he tilted his face up to the sunshine. God, that was pretty. What was it about this kid that made him so crazy? Colt had even dreamed about that ass at night.

Trace shifted some, and Colt could see his package grow a little -- not a lot, not so anyone not looking as closely as he was would notice. But he was looking and did notice and it made him wonder what Trace was thinking about. Hopefully, the kid was thinking about him. Colt wandered closer, snipping at a branch here and there.

When he saw the kid shift and rub at his ass, which couldn't possibly still be sore, he knew it was indeed him Trace was thinking about. The kid licked his lips and Colt swore he could hear a groan.

Finally, he just gave up and walked over, standing a few feet away so he wouldn't loom. "Having good thoughts, honey?"

Trace jerked, hand yanking away from his ass guiltily, and color surged into the kid's cheeks. "Oh. Colt. Hey." That fine prick was still hard, no matter how embarrassed or surprised Trace thought himself to be.

"I just thought I'd say hi, since I saw you." Yeah, like he hadn't been following the kid around. "You doing okay?"

Trace scrambled up, wiping his hands on his jeans. "Yeah. I'm good." Stepping from one foot to the other, Trace wouldn't quite meet his eyes. "You?"

Colt wondered if that hint of longing in Trace's voice was really there or just his imagination. "I'm fine. Look, I wanted to apologize." He really didn't, but it was what Trace wanted to hear. "I'm sorry if I was out of line when we got together."

"Yeah? I... Yeah, okay." Trace grinned and nodded. He held out his hand. "No hard feelings."

"No. No hard feelings. If you want to grab a beer sometime..."

Interest flared in Trace's eyes, the kid giving a nod. "Yeah, sure." Trace's tongue licked over the red lips, wetting them, and he was given a slow once over. "I would."

"Well, that sounds like a plan, then. What are you up to on Friday?" Time to push, just a little.

"There's a party on fraternity row." Trace's chin lifted, almost defiantly.

"Ah. Well, I tell you what." He slipped his card into Trace's front jeans' pocket. "You got my number. You call me when you make up your mind." Damn it, he wasn't gonna beg, and right now he was out of games. He wasn't sure, but he thought maybe that was a flash of disappointment in Trace's eyes. Colt closed his eyes a moment, searching for that deep sense of self he usually had. Why this kid made him uncertain was a mystery, but clearly Trace needed him to be in control. "You can blow off the frat party. Save you a call."

"I guess I could start the evening off with a drink with you."

"You could." They would end the night together, too. No way would there be any other outcome. Of course if Trace needed to think he wasn't, that was just fine. He'd learn.

"There's a nice pub on Eglinton."

It didn't escape Colt's notice that Trace had picked a pub on the opposite end of the campus to fraternity row. "Then I'll meet you there. Say nine?" There. Not pressuring Trace to have supper again, and giving him time to get home and make some preparations.

"Yeah. Sure." Trace nodded and then the kid gave him one of those bright smiles. "I'll see you then."

"Cool." Colt stepped close, letting one hand drift across Trace's ass. "You bet you will."

Heat flared in Trace's eyes, that ass pushing back against his hand before Trace straightened away from his touch.

"Friday. If you need me before then, just holler." He'd be there to put out the fire, no matter what.

"It'll be Friday." Trace nodded and grabbed the blanket he'd been sitting on, shoving it into his backpack. Poor kid still didn't realize what he needed. Or simply wasn't ready to admit it yet.

Who knew, he might never admit it. Colt was going to try every trick in the book to make it work, though. He wanted this one. Bad.

Anyone who could twist his belly into this kind of knot was worth it.

Trace was late getting to the bar, mostly because he'd dithered back and forth over whether or not he was going. Over what he'd wear if he did go. He was here now, though, almost a half hour late, dressed in his only clean pair of jeans and a white t-shirt. He didn't want Colt to think it had taken him an hour to get dressed.

A part of him hoped that Colt had given up waiting, while the rest of him, including his prick, couldn't wait to see Colt again. Go home with him...

He pushed into the bar, looking around. Colt was there, leaning against the bar, talking to this hot bartender who looked more Colt's age. Colt was smiling, chatting up a storm, looking truly edible. Trace was shocked to feel a surge of jealousy go through him. Colt was *his* date, not the bartender's.

He strode up to them, interrupting their conversation. "Hey, Colt. I hope I haven't made you wait too long."

Colt looked him up and down, almost too casually, one eyebrow raising. "Long enough, I guess."

"Yeah, well I didn't realize if I wasn't bang on time that you'd pick up someone else." Which was probably as rude as interrupting them in the first place, but he just couldn't help himself. He wanted to tell Colt to fuck off and walk out. He wanted to throw himself over the man's lap and beg for a repeat of their first encounter.

Colt stared a moment before shrugging. "I wasn't picking up anyone. I was just passing time."

"Yeah. Well. Can I buy you a beer?"

"Sure." Finally he got a smile, one that lit up Colt's eyes. "I'd love that."

"Cool." He smiled back and turned to the bartender. "Two, please."

The bartender nodded and stopped being so friendly, just pulling a couple of pints and handing them over.

He raised his glass. "Here's to second dates."

"You know it. I always think people are less inhibited on second dates." Cole lowered his voice. "Just imagine."

"Oh, fuck." He put his mug to his mouth and drank a good half his beer, just like that, his eyes feeling like they were going to pop out of his head. He didn't bolt, though, did he?

Grinning, Colt sat back, turning toward him and spreading those muscled legs a little so he could see the bulge pressing against Colt's jeans. Oh, God. He'd never known anyone who'd gotten to him as quickly as Colt did. He had a sudden hunch that the parties on fraternity row were going to have to do without him tonight.

"Should we move to a booth, honey?" Colt's fingers were cold from where they'd wrapped around the beer, trailing over the back of his hand.

"Yeah, we should." Because there was no way he was admitting he thought they should move out of the bar altogether. Not so soon. He grabbed his glass back up and headed to the back where there were still one or two empty booths.

Colt slid in across from him, smiling a little, the look predatory. "Better."

He chuckled, feeling a little like prey. It was kind of exciting, actually. He licked his lips and slid his foot out to touch Colt's leg.

"So, what have you been up to, honey?" Colt asked, licking a little foam off his upper lip.

He shrugged. "Classes, papers, the usual shit. You?"

"Working. Thinking about you." There was no mistaking the meaning of that, the way Colt looked at him.

"I might have done some thinking, too." The admission made him start to color and he quickly took a few long swigs of his beer to cover it.

"I was hoping, but I wasn't sure. Your ass is hard to forget, honey."

He almost choked to death on his beer, feeling it go down wrong. He came up coughing, setting the glass down, his eyes watering.

"Sorry. Napkin?" Grinning, Colt handed over a handful of bar napkins, looking pleased with the world.

He grabbed them, wiping his mouth off. The man wasn't sorry at all, but Trace was having a hard time caring. "You finished your beer yet?"

"I have. You ready to go? We can always get more beer on the way home." Colt stood, showing off that bulge again.

Stopping on the way would take time. He didn't think either of them wanted to wait. "You don't have any in your fridge?"

"A few, yeah. Enough." Jerking his head toward the door, Colt headed out, waving to the pretty bartender on the way out.

Trace hurried after the man, shooting the bartender a glare.

"Your place or mine, honey?" Colt asked, hands in his pockets while he sort of ambled along. The man walked like he owned the world.

"Yours is good. I had a bit of a roommate disaster." A gross puking disaster. The place reeked.

"Oh, man. That sucks. No problem. My place is better equipped, I bet." He got a wink, just hot as anything.

God, he didn't even know what that meant and he was drooling anyway. Colt was hotter than anyone he'd ever dated. Or fucked. Maybe it was because the man was a bit older, maybe it was the slight accent. Or maybe even it was the way the man's jeans fit him. It didn't matter, Trace was pretty damn hooked.

They headed to Colt's place, the man not even asking if he wanted to drive or anything, just leading him to the car. By the time they got there, Trace was nearly vibrating, not sure what to expect. Not sure what he was hoping for.

They got in the door and Colt locked it behind them, turning to give him another one of those searing once overs. "Strip."

His hands were at his waistband before he could even think. Then he froze. "What?" The word was more squeak than anything else.

"I want you naked, honey. You're lucky I didn't ask at the bar." Colt's callused hand cupped his cheek, just for a moment. "Strip."

He was going to get indignant about the bar comment. He was going to protest about having orders snapped at him. But anything he might have said was derailed the moment Colt touched him. He blinked, turning his head to lick at one of Colt's fingers before that hand disappeared, and then he did as he'd been told. Colt watched him like a hawk, every movement becoming a show, a performance. It was both unnerving and hot as hell. He moved slowly and deliberately. He didn't bump and grind or anything, he would have felt stupid doing that. Colt hadn't asked, but something told him he should, so he folded his clothes and piled them on the floor by the wall. When he was done, he stood there, cock just as hard as could be, pointing up at the ceiling - there was no denying that Colt turned him on but good.

"Pretty. You're very pretty, sweet. I do like this." Colt stepped up and trailed one hand over his cock. "You look a little unfinished, though."

He shuddered under the touch, balls beginning to draw up. "Un... unfinished?"

"Mmmhmm. No bruises. No adornments. How do you feel about nipple clamps?"

Oh, Colt had to be kidding, right? The man was just trying to get a rise out of him. Well, Colt already had a rise out of his cock... He didn't give Colt the satisfaction of responding. Out loud.

There wasn't much he could do about the way his nipples had gone hard -- it was cold in Colt's place.

"Oh, look at that." Reaching out again, Colt pinched his left nipple. Those touches were so deliberate, every one timed, every one a motion of its own, and he was starting to vibrate, waiting for the next one.

He bit his lower lip, hard, and then looked Colt right in the eye. "You getting naked, too?"

"I am. Eventually. I like the contrast right now." Colt stood back, hands on hips, before going to get something out of a box by the coffee table.

Trace crossed his arms over his chest, his eyes narrowing as he tried to figure out what Colt was up to. The thing was, he didn't know what to expect, and that had him on edge. And hard as a box of rocks.

Colt came back with two small, sparkling objects, smiling at him. That wicked look was becoming familiar. Necessary.

"What's that?" he asked suspiciously.

"These? Nipple clamps. They're going to look fucking hot on you." Colt showed him one, opening the little jaw and moving toward his chest.

He took a step back. "Whoa. I'm not so sure about that." Maybe he shouldn't have come. Maybe his nipples had gone hard because there was a breeze in here. That was it. It was cold. He was surprised there wasn't shrinkage.

"I am. You have to trust me." That clamp hovered, held in Colt's fingers, the man teasing him unmercifully.

He bit his lip, wanting to run. His legs locked though, keeping him right there and he made no move to cover his nipples. He just waited, holding his breath.

"Good. That's good." Colt smiled and attached one clamp to his left nipple. The sting had him going up on tiptoe, crying out with it.

"Shit!" He bit his lower lip, fingers curling. Why did Colt think he wanted this kind of thing? Why the hell was it turning him on so fucking hard might be a better question.

"Burns, huh? Wait until I take them off later." Colt attached the other clamp, letting the teeth slam closed on his flesh.

He jerked and cried out again, fingernails digging into his palms. "God. Colt..." He didn't have a clue what he wanted to say, to do.

"Yes. It's tingly. Itchy. You want to tear them off, want to touch them to see if that makes them better." Softly, almost gently, Colt scratched the flesh just above his nipples, sending a shaft of pure need through him. This sound came out of him, soft and needy, almost a wail. "Mmm. Listen to you. Look at you." That hand slid down his belly, reaching down to cup his cock.

"Oh, please." Nothing had ever felt so good as Colt's hand on his cock just at that moment.

"Please what? This?" Squeezing, Colt really let him feel the touches, let him know he wasn't alone in this at all.

"Uh-huh. Yes." He spread his legs a little, the ache in his nipples making the pleasure intense.

"That's it. It feels amazing, doesn't it? Like they're connected by an invisible string. Soon I'll get the clamps with the chain, one that goes across, one that attaches to a cockring."

His eyes widened. "Cockring..." He was going to faint. Or come.

"Yes. Every shiver will pull, right here." Colt's fingers slid along the base of his shaft, then down around his balls. He groaned, toes curling, on the edge. "Come on, honey. Come for me now and I'll get naked."

That's all it took, was Colt telling him to come and he did, the pleasure shooting through him, pouring out of his cock.

"Fucking perfect." Colt smiled at him, rubbing his come into his skin, starting with his cock, then moving to his balls. "Beautiful."

"Y...you said you'd get naked, too."

"I will. I was just admiring. Now, go on over and sit down." Colt waved him to the couch, waiting for him to sit before starting at the top button.

He wriggled where he sat, twitching his chest, wanting to touch, to rub at the ache in his nipples. His eyes were riveted, though, glued to Colt.

"You can touch, honey. I don't mind." The shirt came off unbearable slowness, Colt peeling it off.

He licked his lips and shook his head. He wasn't going to. It was a point of pride now.

"Good boy." Those pretty eyes flashed for him, Colt starting on the tight jeans next.

"Do I get a reward?"

"Well, now, that depends. What sort of reward do you think is fair?" The jeans slid down, then off, leaving Colt bare, his cock standing out, hard as anything.

"You get to decide." He finally raised his gaze from Colt's cock to his eyes. "Isn't that how it works?"

"It is, but I can certainly negotiate." Hands on his hips, Colt widened his stance, showing off, giving him something to really get him going again. Fuck, the man was sexy. Hot.

"I want to taste you."

"Mmm. Now, that's tempting." Colt stroked himself a few times, eyes half closed, mouth open. Fuck, that was hot.

He almost wrapped his hand around his own cock, but didn't, sitting on his hands instead.

"That definitely deserves a reward, honey." Slow but sure, Colt walked over, putting that cock right in front of him. "No using your hands."

He whimpered a little, but it was a taste he wanted, after all, so that worked for him. Leaning forward, he lapped the drops of liquid from the tip. Groaning, Colt rubbed the head of that cock against his lips, holding it steady with one hand, backing away when he tried to suck. "You said taste."

Groaning, he licked his lips, getting every last bit of flavor. "Can I suck?" It didn't hurt to ask, right?

"Soon. I get to have my reward first, hmm? Stand up and bend over." Colt backed off a couple of steps, giving him room.

Oh, he was going to get fucked. He could *so* go for that. He stood up eagerly, bending over, hands on the couch. He spread his legs and locked his arms.

"That's it." The air moved around him when Colt stepped up close, one hand trailing over his ass. That was all the warning he got before a stinging slap landed on his left cheek.

"Fuck!" His whole body jerked forward.

"It's almost too much, isn't it, sweet? Almost." Another blow landed, just like the first, just like the first time he and Colt were together. It made his nipples vibrate inside the clamps.

"I..." He what? He just kept his mouth shut and breathed through his nose, waiting for the next hit. His cock was leaking like a drippy faucet.

Colt touched his butt, fingers gentle, almost cool on his hot-hot skin. He panted, body tensing and relaxing, waiting for the next blow, trying to relax and enjoy this touch.

"Shh. You have to let it happen, sweet. Let me touch you and give you what you need." A soft kiss fell on the back of his neck.

"Oh..." He shuddered, the gentle touch going right through him.

"You see? I can be sweet on occasion, love." Colt stroked his skin before slapping him again, the sound like a shot.

Jerking, he gasped, groaned. "Fuck." He bit his tongue, keeping the word "more" from coming out.

"I know what you want." It was a bare whisper, but he heard it, and it sent a chill up his spine.

His hands opened and closed against the couch. "What do I want?"

"You want me to do it again." The words sounded stark when Colt put them that way. But they were true.

"Then do it," he growled.

"Yes." Colt hit him again, then again, making his skin sing with delicious pain.

He cried out, rocking back into each smack. His breathing became heavy, sweat breaking out over his skin. His nipples ached. Almost as much as his ass did.

"I could watch you like this for hours. Watch how your skin changes color." Another blow, then another fell, his nerves starting to jump.

"Hours..." Oh, God. He would go insane.

"Mmmhmm. I would love it. My hand would be as raw as your ass." The man sounded almost dreamy.

His fingers curled into fists, his ass pumping back to meet every thrust. God. It would be... he would... He moaned.

"Yeah. Just like that, huh?" The next blow landed low, almost on his thigh, the breeze brushing his balls.

He swallowed hard, nodded. Yeah, just like that. He wiggled his ass, begging wordlessly. Colt gave him what he needed, smacking hard, hand landing on his skin so fiercely that it bounced.

Tears started to leak from his eyes and the words "More, please," tore from his throat.

"Yes. Yes, sweet. More. All you can take."

"Yes." He hissed, still pushing into the smacks. He didn't know how much more he could take, but he knew Colt would give it to him.

He couldn't even begin to say how long it went on. Colt seemed tireless, and by the time the last ringing smack was resounding through the room, he was crying, pumping his hips in the air. It was immense, the feeling. He cried out into the silence. Oh, fuck, he needed. He needed... something.

The lightest scrape of Colt's fingertips over his ass made his balls draw up, and that low voice murmured for him, approving. "So damned pretty."

His head snapped back as he shot, his hips pumping the air.

"Oh, Christ, honey. You make me... God."

He whimpered softly. "You want me?" he asked, his hole clenching.

"I do. I want that more than anything." One finger tapped his hole, making his skin scream. His hips pumped, pulling away from that touch and then pushing back into it.

"That's a hell of a dance, honey." Colt moved away for a few seconds, then moved back, fingers slick now with lube.

"I need." It was so damn easy to admit right now, his ass on fire from Colt's hand. His nipples almost numb now in the clamps. He felt like he could ask for anything, admit anything and Colt would give it to him and not laugh at him.

Bending, Colt kissed each one of his asscheeks, those lips feeling cool against his overheated skin. "You've got it. Anything, sweet."

He groaned, pushing back. "Need you to do me. Come on, man. I'm empty."

"Yes." The sound of a condom wrapper split the silence, and Colt's cock nudged his hole seconds later, poking him hard.

"Fuck! Yes." He pushed back, fingers digging into the sofa cushions.

"Gonna make you feel it for days," Colt said, bending to whisper in his ear. "Make you keep feeling it, even if you run from me again."

"Good and hard," he agreed. He didn't know about running, he didn't know about anything right now, but the way his ass and nipples were on fire and how he needed.

Colt's teeth closed on his nape as that cock filled him, pushing in so deep that he figured he'd *never* forget it. God.

"Shit. Yes." He whimpered, but it was a happy noise, and he squeezed his ass hard around Colt's cock -- he didn't want the man to forget him either.

"So tight. Still so fucking tight." Colt slid all the way in, hard and deep, before pulling back to do it all over again.

He met the next thrust, crying out as Colt's hips hit his stinging ass. God, he was going to blow. Especially when he felt Colt's hand smack against his hip, the one place on his lower body that wasn't bruised. It bounced right off, in time with Colt's thrusts. He needed his hands against the couch so he didn't face plant, so he couldn't get one wrapped around his prick. It didn't matter; he went hard anyway, his balls swinging.

"Oh, honey. I can feel you. I can feel every bit." There was no slowing down, Colt slamming into him, making him grunt.

He closed his eyes, arms braced, taking it all. Colt grabbed his hips, hoisting his ass higher in the air, and those hard thumbs dug into the flesh on their side, right against his sore skin. He shouted, nearly screaming as he shot, the come pouring out of him like he was a hose.

"Beautiful." Colt murmured it against his neck, thrusting strongly into him a few more times before shooting hard, convulsing against his back. Locking his elbows to keep from crashing down, he supported them, panting, his whole body hot.

"I do like the way you surrender, sweet. Makes me crazy." Quiet, low, Colt's words sent a shudder through him.

"I make *you* crazy?" He laughed, the sound shaky. He didn't think he could hold them up much longer.

"You so do." Colt shifted, pulling away gently, easing him down and taking off the nipple clamps without warning. He shouted at the sudden sharp pain as the blood began to flow, Colt's fingers rubbing, soothing. Then the man seemed to kind of fold up next to him, leaning against his side.

He leaned back, pushing into Colt's warmth, his eyes closed. Folding those strong arms around him, Colt held on, one hand hot as fire on his back, the other almost cool. He let Colt hold him, let everything else disappear.

It was a good place to be.

Colt woke to find Trace still there with him, sleeping the sleep of the beaten and bruised and well-fucked. It was a fine, fine look, one Colt would like to see more often. Stretching, he pondered the bathroom, and some coffee, but he wasn't sure he wanted to give Trace a chance to bolt. So he rolled over and slid an arm around Trace's waist, instead.

Trace groaned and moved closer, nuzzling.

"Hey, honey. How do you like your eggs?" He murmured it against Trace's neck, smiling a little.

"Huh? Eggs?" Trace's eyes blinked open.

"Uh-huh. Over easy? Scrambled?" He wasn't going to let Trace freak out, at least not right away.

"Um... over hard."

"I like hard, too." That made him grin wider. "Bacon? Sausage?"

Trace blinked and then laughed, nudged him as he answered, "Sausage."

"That's the spirit, sweet." Colt moved them around a little, taking a kiss. To hell with morning breath.

Trace shifted closer, morning wood pressing against Colt's belly. Hello. That was just what he needed. Colt reached down, running his fingers up and down the full length.

"Fuck!" Bucking, Trace pushed into his hand.

"If you like." That would be fun, even if he was a little sore himself this morning.

"I could." Trace nodded. "I mean you could." Yeah, Trace liked being on the receiving end, that was clear.

"Then I will." He bit at the curve of Trace's neck and shoulder, letting the sweet thing feel his teeth. Groaning, Trace shifted, head going back to give him more skin to work with. "So pretty. You remember where the lube is, right? The rubbers?" Morning wood had a tendency to go down too soon, so he knew they needed to get moving.

"Side table drawer?" He could tell Trace was taking a stab in the dark.

"That works." Grinning, he patted Trace's ass to help him along. Trace hissed, but still wriggled back against his hand. A moment later lube and a condom were passed over.

"That's it, honey. Now, I'll let you choose how you want it." That much he could do. This time.

"Want you to fuck me," muttered Trace wriggling back down into his arms and pressing close.

"Yes, love. But how do you want me?" Really, they needed to work on Trace asking for what he wanted. "Behind? Want to ride me. Want to be on your back?"

"Back?"

"Yeah. On your back." He wasn't sure if Trace wanted it that way, or if he just wasn't sure what Colt meant.

"Yeah. Like that." Trace nodded, still rubbing against him.

"Perfect." Growling a little, he rolled Trace to lie flat on his back, spreading those long legs with his hands.

A shiver went through Trace, and then he relaxed, legs spreading further. Nodding his approval, Colt let his hands explore, touching Trace's cock, his balls, before scraping his fingernails over that bruised, upraised ass.

"Ungh!" Trace bucked, crying out.

"Like that, huh? Yeah." Colt liked it, too, he surely did. He loved how responsive that skin was, how tender. Trace nodded tightly, hands fisting in the sheets. He popped open the lube, getting the fingers of one hand good and slick. His other hand stayed under Trace's ass, lifting him up. Trace's hands slid over his shoulders, touched his face, his hair.

"That's good, honey. Real good." Smiling, he bent and kissed Trace's belly. Then he slid two fingers into that stretched, little hole. Moaning, Trace moved with him, pushing onto his fingers. "So hot for me. I swear. You're so hot." He pushed his fingers in and out, letting Trace feel him, opening up and testing for soreness.

"You make me hot." Trace gasped out the words, riding his fingers eagerly.

"Good." Grinning, Colt moved his fingers a little harder, needing to know that Trace was ready.

"Fuck! More!" Trace dug his heels into the mattress, bucking.

"I'll give you more soon. Real soon." Lord, look at that, straining, almost twisting, Trace was just going crazy for him.

Trace all but whimpered. "Please, Colt. *Please*."

"Yes. Anything, sweet." He finally gave in, pulling his hand free and slipping the rubber on before slicking up his cock. Colt paused a long moment, just on the outside, the tip of his cock against Trace's hole.

Trace went wild beneath him, bucking and rubbing, trying to impale himself.

"Shh." Flattening one hand on Trace's belly, he pushed in a little, holding that lithe body still so he controlled the pace.

Trace *did* whimper this time, breath panting as the hot little hole squeezed tight around him. His eyes tried to close, but Colt kept them open, watching Trace's face. The flush on those cheeks was almost as enticing as the color on Trace's ass.

"More. Please." Trace could beg so prettily when he wasn't thinking about it, when he was just going with how he felt.

"Yes. More." Gritting his teeth, Colt thrust harder, starting to slide in and out, letting his hips hit Trace's ass on every push.

Trace reached down and grabbed his own cock, tugging on it good and hard.

"No. Mine." That was something Trace was just going to have to learn. That belonged to him. He took Trace's hand and pulled it away.

"What? Colt, come on, I need." Trace tugged, trying to get his hand back.

"I know. I love to watch you need." He gave Trace a smile, knowing it probably made him evil, but not caring a bit.

"Bastard," muttered Trace, still trying to get his hand back, body bucking as he tried to get Colt to go faster, harder, too.

"I am. I want what I want." When he wanted it. Colt slowed down, even though it damned near killed him.

Trace gurgled, strangling on a scream. "Please. Please, Colt, I'm begging. You hear me? Begging. I need to come. *Need* it so bad."

"I hear you, baby. I hear. It's so fucking sweet." He moved faster, rewarding Trace with hard snaps of his hips.

"Fuck! Like that! Come *on*." Trace's chest heaved with each breath, his eyes begging every bit as hard as his voice.

"I got you, honey. I know what you need." Lord. His breath came fast and hard, and Colt had to reach for Trace's cock, so they'd be together at the end.

Trace's fingers curled into his sheets, holding on as Trace shouted and tried to buck, caught between his hand and his cock. Fucking A. That was... damn. Yeah. He could see that every fucking day. Trace's begging turned into inarticulate, needy noises, the kid's eyes fucking huge.

Colt speeded up one last time, losing the rhythm. He couldn't help it; he was so far gone that his body moved of its own accord.

"Colt!" Trace shouted his name, body bucking hard as he came. The spunk sprayed up over his hand and splashed onto Trace's belly.

"Oh, God." Colt came hard, pushing into Trace's body, his whole frame shaking.

Trace went limp, panting, pulling in each breath like it might be his last.

"Oh, honey." Colt flopped down, careful not to smoosh Trace too much. "'Morning."

Trace nodded. "Yeah. Morning. Damn."

"You okay, honey?" Better than okay, had better be the answer. They'd worked hard.

Laughing, Trace pressed close. "Ask me again when my brain's working."

"Okay. I can do that. After some breakfast, maybe." He would love to cook for Trace, as sensual as the kid was.

Trace's stomach chose that moment to grumble, making the kid laugh harder. "I could eat."

"I could, too. I can make brunch." Fruit. Smoked salmon. He wasn't a high class guy, usually, but sometimes a life around academia had its uses.

"Cool." It looked like Trace wasn't even thinking of bolting. Go him.

"Come with me? We can stop and wash up a little." Colt stood, stripping off the condom and tying it off before offering Trace a hand.

Trace took the offered hand, pulling himself up. "As long as you don't need me to actually cook, man."

"No. I can do it. You just have to stand around and look pretty." He ran a hand over Trace's ass. Trace hissed a little, but that ass pushed back into his touch like Trace was desperate for it. That was just gratifying as all hell. He gave one more pat before heading to the kitchen. "Come on, honey. Let's have food. Maybe we should call it dessert."

"You can call it what you want, man. Just feed me." Trace yawned and stretched up, hands high.

"I can do that, honey. I sure can." Still no running. Who would have known? The trick must be just not letting Trace have time to think.

Colt figured he could live with that.

Chapter Three

Trace didn't mean to be an asshole or a user, he really didn't, but he didn't call Colt that night. Or the next. Before he knew it, it had been a week. And a week of thinking about it, or rather trying not to... Well, he figured at this point Colt wasn't expecting his call anyway.

So Friday night found him playing darts with some of the guys at the Red Crown off campus. The place was packed, all sorts of guys, from geeks to jocks, milling around and drinking beer. No one was as hot as Colt, though. Not one of them.

He finished out his round, not doing as well as he'd have liked, and went over to the bar for a beer.

"Hey, Trace! Long time, no see." One of his roommate's buddies, Brad something, clapped him on the shoulder, grinning hugely.

He grinned back. "Hey, man. How's it going?"

"Good, good. You want to split a pitcher?"

He hesitated a moment and then figured why the hell not. "Sure thing, man."

"Cool. I'll buy." Huh. Look at that. Brad was flirting with him, if he wasn't totally off. Who knew? Maybe he was.

"I'm not gong to say no to that." He laughed and clapped Brad on the back.

"Come on, man, there's a table over here." Brad got the beer and the glasses, leading the way. It was weirdly familiar, a lot like his first time out with Colt. Brad's ass had nothing on Colt's, though.

He shook his head. He hadn't called Colt; the man wasn't here. Comparisons were just going to leave him horny and dissatisfied.

"So what have you been up to, man?" Brad leaned in, elbows on the table, white teeth shining in the low light.

"Oh, the usual." 'Liar,' said a little voice in the back of his head.

"Oh. Well, that's good, huh?" It was kind of excruciating, trying to make small talk. He was kind of getting used to how Colt made things easy. Smooth.

"Yeah, yeah." He nodded, cleared his throat. "How about you?"

"Been working my ass off, man, I tell you what. I told my advisor. No more organic chem when

I'm working thirty hours a week." Brad went on about how bad chem was, pouring him another glass.

Trace realized he was downing them pretty quickly, but really, there was only so much you could hear about chem labs before you were pretty much sick of the subject. He got kind of fascinated, watching Brad's lips move, though, kind of flappy and pink. Weird. He tilted his glass to his lips and discovered it was empty, so he held it out for a refill; he was feeling no pain.

Brad smiled and gave him more, the guy's words seeming to slur. They sounded like, "Hey, you want to go somewhere?"

He looked at his beer, and then up at Brad. The guy was good-looking, even if they didn't really have anything in common. They both liked beer, right? And sex, too, he'd bet. He'd also bet he could ride Brad's ass...

"Sure."

"No. No, he doesn't want to go somewhere. Not with you, at least."

Oh. Oh, he knew that voice, that warm hand on his shoulder. Colt. He leaned back and smiled. "Hey, you." It was like Brad had ceased to exist.

"Hey. You're looking happy, honey." Colt didn't look happy. He didn't look jealous, really. Just furious.

Maybe it was the beer glasses. Except they usually made things look better. Trace looked down at the half a glass in his hand and back up at Colt. "Sure," he agreed, not sure what was up.

Colt leveled a glare at Brad. "I think you've had enough. You'll want to get a cab going home."

"Oh, right." Trace hefted his glass at Brad. "I was having a drink with my friend. Brad, this is Colt, Colt, this is Brad." Man, he should have had some supper before he'd gone for the pitcher; he usually held his beer better than this.

Colt snorted. "You're buddies, and you pulled this trick, *Brad*." Wow. Colt had an instant dislike thing going on.

"What trick?" He blinked from Colt to Brad, trying to figure out what he'd missed.

"Come on, honey. Let's go." Colt put a hand under his arm and drew him up, helping him when he wobbled.

"Catch ya later." With a half wave to Brad, he let Colt lead him through the bar. The man really was sexy. They got outside, and the night air made him feel lightheaded and weak, like the beer had hit him all at once. Hard. "Whoa. I maybe had one too many." He leaned against Colt, glad for the man's strength.

"No. No, you had a little mixed cocktail. He was drugging you, honey." Colt was growly-mad. Like really angry. He could tell.

"What? Brad? No." He couldn't believe it. Him and Brad were friends. He shook his head, the whole world swirling. "Fuck."

"Shh. No sudden moves, honey." Colt laughed a little. "I bet he's been trying to be more than friends for a long time and you've been oblivious."

"That's crazy. This whole thing is crazy." Nothing made sense at the moment, except that Colt was warm and steady, so he held on to that.

"Honey, your pupils look like someone made them with a felt tip pen. You're drugged out of your gourd."

"I feel funny," he admitted, holding on hard to Colt's arm.

"I know, honey. Let me get you home, huh?" Colt was so steady, so warm, like the only solid thing in his world.

"Okay." He clung to Colt, trying not to fall.

"You want to go to your place, honey? You'll have to tell me where to go."

Maybe he shouldn't go to his place, though. Brad knew his roommate. They were friends or something -- he couldn't quite remember at this moment. "Can we go to yours?"

"Yeah. Sure we can, honey. I actually have some stuff that will help." Colt guided him to the parking lot. He stumbled a few times, feeling clumsy and stupid.

"S'okay, honey. It is." They got in Colt's car and headed out, and man, that made him woozy.

He put one hand out onto the dashboard and grabbed the door with the other, closing his eyes and trying hard not to throw up.

"Breathe in through your nose and out through your mouth, honey." Smooth and easy, Colt took the main road back to his place, not jarring him.

"Kay." Yeah, Colt didn't want him throwing up all over the upholstery. He'd never been so grateful to come to a stop before.

"Okay, Trace. Come on." It was kind of weird, to have Colt taking care of him like this, not ordering him around or smacking his butt. Come to think of it, he wished he felt good enough for the smacking. Which was crazy, but there it was.

He put his arm around Colt's waist and held on as they walked. God, it the air looked weird.

"Only a few more steps." They got in, Colt helping him to the couch and lowering him down.
"I'll get you some water, honey."

"Thanks, man." He put his head in his hands.

"No problem." Moving around quietly, Colt helped take his shoes off, lying him back, then going to get him water.

He felt like an idiot, but at the same time he was glad there was someone he trusted there to take care of him. Huh. He trusted Colt... yeah, he did.

"Here you go." His head was tilted back, cool water sliding down his throat, helping wash away the nausea a little. Then Colt put an ice pack on his forehead.

"Oh. Oh, thank you." He groaned and lay as still as he could, focusing on how good the ice pack felt.

"No problem, honey. I swear, you're just trouble with a capital T." There was no real censure there, though, just fond amusement.

"The T stands for Trace, man." He thought maybe he was starting to feel better now that the world wasn't swimming quite so badly.

"Uh-huh. That's what you say." As soon as he'd drank most of the water, Colt sat down on the couch, too, one hip just on the edge.

"I can't believe Brad would do this to me, man. I thought we were buds." He thought rape drugs were supposed to make you horny or pass out or something, not make you sick.

"I think he probably didn't think about it. He saw an opportunity and took it." Warm fingers rearranged the ice pack, then stroked his cheek.

"Asshole." Trace muttered and tried to nuzzle into Colt's touches.

"I am. Never denied it." That voice went low and deep, buzzing along the edge of his consciousness.

"Huh? No, not you." Colt was being nice.

"Oh. Sorry, immediate response. Maybe we ought to take you to bed now, honey. I think it's wearing off enough that I can let you sleep."

"I don't think I'm up to anything, Colt. My head hurts too much."

"I know. I mean bed to sleep. The couch will get too short after a bit." Oh. Colt was rocking the gentleman thing.

"Okay." He smiled up at Colt, his arm going around the man's neck when Colt encouraged him to do so.

"Upsey daisy." They staggered to the bedroom, his head swimming from moving again. Colt got him settled, though, got him a trash can with a plastic bag.

"Thanks," he murmured, lying his head down on Colt's pillow. Mmm... soft.

"No problem. Want a bedtime story, baby?" Oh, now Colt was being the asshole.

Two could play that game, even if he was out of it. "Yes."

"I could do other things, but you keep running away." Colt felt him up a little, but didn't take it any farther than a friendly grope. "But you know, we always end up having those first date jitters all over."

"I got jitters now." Like he wasn't right in his own skin.

"Shh. No jitters. It's just the drug." Cuddling right up, Colt held him, and it should have felt claustrophobic, but it was good.

He sighed and pressed closer, letting his eyes close. Colt had him. He was okay.

Colt woke up stiff as all get out, and feeling like he'd slept in his clothes. Which, come to think on it, he had. Trace was sleeping, the bags under his eyes huge, but the shivering and jittering gone. Thank God. What he needed was more water, and maybe some food. His stomach growled, reminding him that he hadn't eaten the night before himself; he'd intended to kidnap Trace for supper. That had worked out so well.

Trace groaned, pushing into him like a heat seeking missile.

"Mmm. Morning, honey. How're you feeling?" Just in case Trace didn't remember where he was, Colt wanted to give him a little adjustment time. Not take advantage of him.

"Like someone bashed me in the head with a shovel. God, I didn't have *that* much to drink, did I?"

"No, baby. You had a little extra in your beer." He nuzzled in, licking just under Trace's ear.

"A little extra... oh, fuck, I remember now. I'm going to kill that fucker." Trace growled and then hummed a little, tilting his head.

"Okay. I can work with that." Poor baby. "You want a shower?"

"Yeah, yeah, I do."

"I thought you might." It wasn't like he was gonna do anything with Trace all hung over, anyway. "Come on, honey."

Trace followed him like a little lamb, all the way to the shower and then in under the warm spray, leaning against the tile. "Hey, did I every thank you last night? You know, for rescuing me?"

"You did, but feel free to do it more enthusiastically." Hell, it never hurt to encourage good behavior.

Trace chuckled. "Hey, if you have a couple aspirin and a glass of water for me? I might get very enthusiastic."

"I can do that." Grinning, he slid out of shower. Water. Aspirin. Then maybe they could get busy. When he slid back into the shower, Trace was standing under the spray, face turned up to the water. "Feels good, huh? Here, honey." He held the cold water away from the spray, popping the pills into Trace's mouth.

Trace stepped out to suck back the glass of water. "Thanks. I'm starting to feel more human again."

"Good. I was a little worried about you." He studied Trace's face, his eyes.

"You were?" Trace smiled at him, leaning back against the tile again.

"I was. I was mad as hell, too." He had been. Furious. Shit, who liked to know that the guy you dreamed about on a daily basis wanted to be at some random bar with some asshole than with you?

"Mad? At Brad for what he did?"

"Partly." Sighing, he soaped Trace up a little, just so he could turn the kid around and touch that ass he so admired. "Partly at you for avoiding me and getting in trouble."

Trace looked over his shoulder, even as that ass pushed back into his hands. "You can't be mad at me for getting drugged -- that wasn't my fault."

"No, but I can be mad at you for knowing you had someone waiting for you to call. Someone

who wouldn't do that to you." His hands clenched, and Colt backed off a little. He never brought anger into what he did in bed, or the shower.

Trace sighed and sank against the tile a little. "You didn't call me either..."

"I'm not the one who runs away." Still, that was true. "Fair enough, honey."

"I don't... I just... It's hard sometimes, Colt."

"I know." He turned Trace around to rinse him off. "I know it is. But I think you trust me more than you thought you did."

Trace raised his head and met his eyes. "Yeah, I do. I knew you wouldn't take advantage of me last night."

"Hey, I want my partners totally aware." He grinned, staring right into those pretty eyes. "I want you to feel everything."

Trace's cheeks heated up for him. "I always do, man."

"Good." Colt leaned in and took a wet kiss. "I want you to."

"Yeah? Because you, you know, do that to me?"

"Yes." At least he thought the answer to that was yes. If it made sense at all.

"I like it," muttered Trace not looking at him again.

"Then why fight it so hard?"

"Because I let you *spank* me! That's not normal, man."

The water was cooling, so Colt turned it off, getting some towels to dry them. "Come on, honey. Let's get something to eat, huh? We'll talk on it."

"I thought you wanted a proper display of gratitude?"

"I do, but I want to know that you're not freaked out." He held out a hand, waiting for Trace to come with him.

It took a moment, but Trace's hand landed in his. He pulled the kid to the kitchen, and opted for fruit and cereal rather than cooking, since they were naked. He figured coffee wouldn't sit very well, so he made tea and toast.

Trace offered to help, but was relegated to sitting at the table when it became clear he wasn't the world's best in the kitchen.

"Anyone could have knocked over that jug of milk," Trace pointed out.

"Uh-huh. Absolutely anyone." Cereal and milk. How hard was that? It tickled him to death.

Trace grunted and grabbed his bowl, chowing down.

Poor guy was going to do anything to avoid their chat, but Colt knew he couldn't go any farther in the game until they'd talked. "So, what's so abnormal about it?"

"I'm a grown man."

"You think this is about discipline? Like a kid?" Oh, hell no. He knew some guys were into daddy play, but Colt wasn't one of them.

"You *are* spanking me, Colt."

"Uh-huh. And that? Is all about heightening the sensation. The excitement. Hell, it may even be about control. But I don't feel the least bit fatherly with you."

Trace had a few more mouthfuls of his cereal. "If folks knew, they'd say we were sick."

"Well, I say what we do is our business. Do you think we're sick?" He propped his chin on his hands, watching. It would be a sorry thing if Trace really thought it was wrong. Colt liked him a lot, but he would eventually need acceptance, or it wouldn't work.

Trace bit his lips and then shook his head. "It scares me a little," Trace admitted.

He reached out and touched Trace's wrist. "But it doesn't disgust you, right?"

"No. I need it too much." The words were added in a whisper.

"Then we can work with that." Smiling, he squeezed Trace's hand, letting his fingers slide back and forth.

Trace groaned. "You've got the best hands."

"Thanks, honey." Pulling a little, he got Trace across the table for a kiss that tasted like milk and cereal.

Trace groaned again, the sound pure pleasure this time.

"Mmm." Colt eased back, meeting those eyes, not letting Trace hide. "Better now?"

"Yeah." Trace's fingers twisted with his. "You want that thank you now?"

"I do." He knew it wasn't over, the doubt and the fear, but they had it out in the open now.

"You want a blow job?" That was more of his eager boy.

"Honey, I want whatever you do." The way to do this was to give Trace some power, now. Some choice.

"What if I want to fuck you?"

Colt sat back, staring a little. That was... well, he hadn't thought on it. The very idea kinda made him stiffen up, lose the glow. "I don't think you really want to. I think you want to suck me, honey."

"Of course I want to suck you. You've got a sweet cock."

"Then come and get me." Hell, he was happy to dodge that bullet. Trace didn't need to be asked twice, the kid pushing away from the table and going to his knees, crawling over to nuzzle into his crotch. Sweet. Colt reached down to stroke Trace's wet hair, letting it curl around his fingers. "That's good, honey."

"You smell fantastic." Opening his mouth, Trace began to lick and nibble.

"Hopefully I'm not too soapy." He wanted to taste good, too. He grinned at that, figuring he could produce some flavor on demand.

"Nope, not soapy." Trace grinned and rubbed stubbled cheeks along his prick.

"Oh, good." That felt good enough that Colt spread and pushed up on his heels, groaning. He needed that mouth in the worst way.

Trace grinned, tongue sliding back and forth across the head of his prick. Colt pushed, letting his cock rub and press, demanding without words. Hey, he could only give up control for so long. He knew his limitations. Trace responded to him immediately, opening up and taking him in.

"Sweet..." Always had to praise. Always. Colt smiled down, thumbs rubbing Trace's cheeks. Trace nuzzled against his touch for just a moment, and then it was all about the sucking, Trace taking him in deep.

Holding back for a few seconds, he let Trace take him. Then Colt started to hump, letting his hips roll up and down. Trace opened wide, letting him in, letting him take that hot mouth. Sliding in and out, he groaned, his balls drawing up. Good. So good. He could tell Trace meant it. The suction got harder, Trace's hands gripping his thighs.

"Come on, sweet. You can do better. Deeper." He let his head roll back, staring at the ceiling, loving the way Trace sucked him.

Trace's efforts redoubled at his words, the kid taking him right to the root. Colt pushed and pushed, his balls tight and hot, his cock on fire. God, he wanted to make it last. Then Trace swallowed around the head of his cock, fingers coming up to play with his balls. Colt lost it, coming hard, his whole body a live wire. God. Yeah. He was just... he was so screwed.

Trace kept sucking softly, tongue working to clean his prick. Colt just stroked Trace's hair, praising him silently. Thanking him. He was a little wrung out, and having trouble moving. Trace eventually pulled off, panting a little and resting his head on Colt's thigh.

"That's it, sweet. That was perfect. What do you want, huh?" He tilted Trace's chin up, smiling down into those eyes.

"Whatever you want to give me, Colt."

"Come here, sweet." He pulled Trace up, bending to take a kiss and taste himself right there, in Trace's mouth. Opening for him, Trace groaned, pressing close.

Colt gave everything he had left to that kiss, reaching down to touch Trace's cock. He worked the head with his thumb, making Trace shudder. Moaning into his mouth, Trace pushed closer, hands sliding on his back. He almost nodded, but stopped just short of doing something painful. He wanted to tell Trace how good it was, though, so he stroked faster, harder, letting it slide through his hand into Trace's skin.

"Fuck!" Trace jerked, and started humping into the tunnel of his hand.

Now that he could breathe, he could speak. "That's it, sweet. Look at you. So hot. So damned pretty. More."

"Yes, please more." Trace's fingers grasped at his skin, soft whimpers coming from that pretty mouth.

"I got you. I want to see. Want you to come for me." Colt squeezed hard. Pulled just as hard, knowing he wanted Trace to push right over the edge.

Trace's eyes went dark, his hips sawing away.

"Come on, baby. Come on." Colt demanded it, his free hand sliding on Trace's ass, fingers pinching.

"Colt!" With a cry Trace jerked and came, heat spraying up over his hand.

"Perfect. Oh, love. Perfect." Trace was delectable in his pleasure, skin hot and damp, eyes closed, mouth swollen and open.

The strong, young body leaned against him, Trace panting for him. Colt held Trace right where

he was, a fierce wave of possessiveness sweeping over him. If Trace had been up to it, Colt would have beaten him black and blue.

Trace shivered. "Your kitchen floor is cold, man."

"Sorry. Come on, honey. Let's get more comfy, huh?" They could move, snuggle. Let Trace rest up again.

"Yeah, that sounds great." Trace laughed. "That headache's gone, but I could stand to nap a bit."

"I bet. You had a hard night. Come on." He wasn't getting any younger; naps were a good thing for him, too.

Trace's arm wrapped around his waist as they headed back toward his bedroom. "You've got a great bed, Colt. And I didn't actually mean that as a come on..." Yeah, he'd just bet Trace had a crap, old bed. It wasn't a priority for most students.

"Come on, honey," he repeated, pulling Trace up and heading for bed. "I bought it a few years ago with part of a severance package."

They climbed on up and Trace snuggled right in. "Severance from what?"

"I was a professor." Colt shrugged. "That seems like another life now."

"Really? Maybe that's why you have that..." Trace waved one hand. "Air of authority."

"Maybe. Maybe I just have control issues." Stroking Trace's belly, Colt drew random patterns on that smooth skin. Trace chuckled, belly muscles flexing for him. "I'm not going to be able to be sweet and kind much longer, Trace. You know that, right?"

"Huh?"

"I mean, I'm going to want to love on you my way once you rest up some more." He could feel his fucking hands tingle, just thinking about it.

"Oh. Oh..." Trace wriggled and pressed close, cock obviously trying to fill where it pressed against him.

"Shh. You need a nap, honey. So do I. But when we get up..." He patted Trace's ass, just to make his point.

He heard Trace's soft gasp, felt the kid's cheeks heat with a blush. Trace didn't say anything, but he didn't pull away either. It was a small step, but one in the right direction.

Colt hugged him as a reward, then gave him a light kiss. "Sleep, honey. Trust me. You'll need it."

"Promises, promises." Trace sounded half asleep already.

"I always keep my promises." He let Trace drift off, smiling a little. The sheets were soft, the bed was big enough for both of them, and Trace wasn't running away.

That would be plenty good enough for now.

Chapter Four

Trace checked his look in the mirror. He was wearing a nice shirt and dress pants. He'd just shaved. Hell, even his hair'd just been cut, though that was more coincidence than design. He and Colt had hung out the last two weekends and they'd called a couple times during the week just to say 'hey'.

The spanking thing still weirded him out a little bit, but he was getting off on it big time, and Colt rocked his world every time they got together, whether they did spanking or played with nipple clamps or just fucked. It was all good.

Tonight they were starting the weekend doing something different -- they were going out. Somewhere nice, too, dating a bit of an older guy had its perks. First the hot sex, and now eating somewhere with cloth on the tables because that's what Colt wanted.

A glance at his watch had him swearing and hurrying out the door -- he didn't want to be late.

The Dusty Penguin was off campus but not too far from his place so he walked, or half jogged, really, so he was slightly breathless, but on time when he hit got there. Colt wasn't there yet, which made his shoulders slump with disappointment. He hoped nothing had happened to Colt, or that he wasn't being stood up.

He took a seat at the bar and debated ordering a beer, finally deciding that as Colt was late, it wouldn't be rude to have something to wet his mouth with.

He sat there for a few minutes, pondering, before the bartender sat a cold beer down in front of him. "From the guy at the end of the bar."

"Cool, thanks." Colt must have been early and was already waiting for him. He grinned and grabbed the beer, turning to look for Colt.

It wasn't Colt, though. There was a good looking guy, not a college student, wearing jeans and a sports coat. Neat, clean, not bad looking, and grinning at him.

Well, he'd kind of already accepted the beer so he just waved it at the guy and smile and mouthed "Thank you".

The guy nodded, moving down a few stools, leaving one between them. "You're welcome."

"I'm waiting for someone," he admitted before taking a sip.

"Oh. Someone special?" Wow. That smile was something. What was it suddenly that had all the cute guys jonesing for him? Did he have a sign on him that said 'I like to be spanked' or something?

"Yeah, kind of." Colt was... yeah, special worked.

"Bummer. I mean, I've seen you out with that one guy, but I was hoping it was casual." At least the guy didn't seem ready to drug his beer.

He shook his head; he let Colt spank him -- there was *nothing* casual about that.

"So what do you do?" he asked by way of conversation when the silence got awkward.

"I work at the college. Biology department. I'm in research. You're a student, right?"

"Uh-huh. So are the rumors true that they're doing cloning experiments in the biology labs?" He'd heard all sorts of shit from his roommate's friends.

"No. That would actually give my life some mystery, huh?" The guy moved even closer, leaning over next to him. "Look, if he's not going to come..."

"He's here." Colt's hand fell on his shoulder, fingers squeezing warmly. "Come on, honey. Sorry I'm late."

"Hey." Trace smiled up at Colt, shoulder tingling from just that simple touch. "No problem. Is our table ready?" When Colt nodded he turned back to the guy. "Well, thanks for the drink."

"No problem." The smile tightened around the guy's mouth, but he seemed to take defeat pretty well.

Colt's hand slid into his. "Hey, baby. How's it going?"

They headed for their table and he forgot all about the guy, chatting with Colt about his day and his classes.

"Sounds like things are going well, huh?" Colt grinned, holding his chair.

"Yeah, I just might pass all my courses this semester. Though that A minus was definitely a fluke." He laughed, letting Colt push his chair in as he sat, letting Colt put the napkin on his lap.

"How about you -- have a good day?"

"Not bad. I had to work my ass off to clean up that treefall, but that just means my muscles are primed." He got an evil grin, Colt ordering them a bottle of wine.

His cheeks pinked a touch, but not too much because most of his blood was happily rushing southward, trying to fill his prick.

"You like that, huh?"

He nodded. "I think it's an excellent choice of wine." He tried damn hard not to grin.

"Oh, good. What did you want to eat? The steaks are good here, but so are the pastas." Colt's foot slid against his under the table.

"Steak sounds great." Man, his voice was already all husky -- just from Colt playing footsie with him.

"Two of the strips medium rare, salads and potatoes, then," Colt told the waiter, smiling at him.

He smiled back, feeling good. Colt made him feel special.

"So, I was thinking about what we wanted to do tonight after supper. Maybe a movie? Maybe we just go to my place?" Look at that smile. It was positively gleeful. Like Colt could see right into his mind and knew which one he wanted, which one made him hard.

He decided to tease a little. "A movie sounds good."

"Oh, yeah?" Colt leaned forward over the table, just touching his hand. "I could give you a hand job in the dark, huh?"

Oh, fuck. He'd just been teasing, but suddenly he was harder than ever. "Okay." Like he'd turn something down that made him go boing like that.

The waiter showed up then, but it wasn't their salads. It was a beer. For him. The kid rolled his eyes. "The guy from the bar says he bets you like beer better than wine."

Trace blinked, surprised. He'd forgotten all about the guy from the bar.

Colt stared. "Thanks, but no. Just tell him to have it on us. We'll put it on our tab."

"You don't have to do that, Colt." He'd been up front with the guy that he was with someone else.

"What? This way he'll know what's what. I'm just letting him know you're not for sale."

"No, I'm not." He'd never been one of those guys who wanted a sugar daddy. That wasn't why he was with Colt.

"There you go. He's the kind that thinks he can buy you away, honey." Shaking it off, Colt grinned and tugged his hand.

He let Colt link their fingers, and grinned right back. "He's using the wrong currency, man."

"Oh, good." Relaxing visibly, Colt hummed along with the muzak, finally letting go of his hand when the salad and bread came.

The salads were good, the bread still warm and they chowed down, only talking to compliment

the food. The steaks showed up just as they finished the salad, and man, that was some good meat. Tender, juicy, and Colt made porno noises eating it. It was something to see and hear and Trace almost couldn't eat his own he was so turned on by watching and listening to Colt.

They settle back after they ate, chatting a little like normal people, which was rockin' cool. He was just about to ask Colt if he wanted dessert when a piece of chocolate cake appeared in front of him.

"I think that's the biggest piece of chocolate cake I've ever seen." He laughed, giving Colt a look, wondering what was up.

"Uh-huh." Colt was frowning again. "Excuse me a minute, honey." Uh-oh. Colt got up and headed right over to where the friendly guy from the bar had a table for one.

"Colt." He tried to get Colt's attention without causing a scene, but Colt either didn't hear him or didn't care.

Trace winced.

There wasn't anything loud. Colt leaned down, one hand on the table, and murmured something to the guy. Mr. Beer and Dessert frowned, gesturing, and suddenly Colt was ramrod straight and pointing to the door.

Trace frowned. Oh, now what the hell was going on?

The guy nodded sharply and got up, leading the way outside. Colt followed without even a glance back at him.

What the fuck? His frown deepening, Trace stood up to follow them out.

Colt and the guy weren't right out front, but he could hear raised voices coming from the alley beside the building. Shouts and muffled grunts.

He shot a, "We'll be back to pay, I swear," at the maitre'd before heading toward the noise. He got there just in time to see Colt take the other guy down with a vicious right cross. The guy went down like a felled tree.

Trace's jaw dropped. "Colt! What the hell...?"

Colt whirled around, staring at him, chest rising and falling hard. "Go back inside, honey."

"But... You... He..." At a loss for words, Trace pointed to Colt and the guy on the ground and waved his hands about.

"He. Yeah. He was saying awful things about you, honey." Colt's lip curled. "I don't let anyone get away with that."

His jaw dropped open again. "Awful things? What kind of... Jesus."

"Just go inside." There was a thread of steel in Colt's words. Almost like a threat.

It made his back go up, but given that Colt had just knocked some guy out, he figured maybe this wasn't the time. He turned on his heel and went back, telling himself the only reason he wasn't just going home was because he had told the maitre'd personally that he'd be back to make sure the bill was taken care of.

Colt came in maybe five minutes later, hair a little ruffled, a cut on his lip. He smiled a little when he sat down, but it didn't quite reach his eyes.

Trace wasn't in a smiling mood himself. He was unsettled, the evening's easy, happy mood long gone. "You wanna tell me what the hell that was, Colt?"

"Well, he wasn't taking no for an answer. When I took him out to explain that you were unavailable, he got ugly." Colt shrugged.

"I already told him that, Colt." It wasn't like the guy was forcing himself on him, or drugging him like Brad had.

"Yeah, well, he wasn't getting it." Rubbing his knuckles before grabbing his wine, Colt sipped, sighing a little.

"But he wasn't threatening me or anything. If he was being an asshole, I could have told him where to get off."

"Honey, that's my job. You were out with me." It was the dismissive tone that kind of got to him, like Colt thought nothing of it.

"Now you're just being an asshole. I don't need you to fight my battles for me!" He waved his hand at their waiter, wanting the bill.

"What?" Those eyebrows went right up. "Honey, I was fighting my battle."

"I'm not sure how somebody coming on to *me* is *your* battle."

"Because he was disrespecting me. I mean, it was one thing when you told him no and you were by yourself. Then it was your problem. But once he knew you were with me, and I told him to let it go, it became my problem."

Trace frowned, pretty sure his gut reaction of "no, it's not your problem" was still right, but he was getting messed up somewhere in Colt's logic, there.

The waiter finally brought their bill over, interrupting the argument. If it was an argument they were having.

"Thanks." Colt paid the bill, standing and holding out a hand for him. "Come on, honey. It makes no sense to be mad at me over this."

"No? You just dismissed me like I was nothing." He got up, sulking as he slid his hand into Colt's.

"No. I'm just a little overprotective. I'm not sure you can blame me after what happened with that friend of your roommate's." They left the restaurant, Colt's hand warm and firm around his.

"Hey, that could have happened to anyone."

"I know. But it happened to you." The grip on his hand tightened. "I worry. I can't help it."

"I guess that's a good thing." It had to mean Colt cared about him, right?

They got in Colt's car and closed the doors before Colt said anything else. "So what's bothering you? The idea that I'm fighting your battles, as you put it, or that I hit someone?"

"I don't know, Colt. It's like... like you think I belong to you or something."

Colt met his eyes, staring right into him. "Don't you?"

His mouth dropped open, his eyes going wide. "Don't I what?"

"You belong to me, just like I do you, baby. That's what." Colt never looked away. Never let go of his hand.

"So if some guy was coming on to you, you wouldn't be pissed if I took him out to the back-alley and beat him up?"

"Nope. I'd be tickled to death." Look at that smile.

"Yeah?" He wriggled in his seat, kind of turned on at the thought of Colt thinking he belonged to the man. It kind of hit him the same place the spanking did, somewhere deep down, primal.

"Yeah. I like the idea of you putting up for me, honey." Colt sealed that with a kiss.

He opened up automatically, the hard kiss making his dick dance. It didn't seem to matter what Colt said or did, he was interested. He wanted.

"Mmm. Too public. And I've already made a scene." Grinning, Colt pulled away, looking reluctant as hell.

"We could go back to your place." He wriggled again, ass sliding against the seat. God, he *wanted* that hand on his ass. Not, he'd enjoy it if it happened, but he flat out wanted it.

"We could." Those hands landed on his shoulders, instead, holding him still. "If you're sure you're cool with all of this. I don't want any doubts."

"No doubts, huh?" He took a deep breath and looked into Colt's so very serious eyes. He was scared of it -- of wanting it, maybe needing it so badly -- but he was sure. "Please take me home, Colt." He didn't know what it meant, what it made him, but he was sure.

Colt gave him one more hard, short kiss, and turned the key in the ignition, throwing the truck into gear. "Home. You know what it does to me to hear you call my place home?"

He blinked -- he hadn't even realized he'd done it. "I... I guess it feels more like home than the place I live. That's just a place to sleep, you know?" Colt hadn't even ever seen it, but that didn't matter, 'cause it was true, it wasn't home.

"Good. Makes me want." Yeah. He could see how much Colt wanted. Could smell it.

He suddenly remembered something Colt had said, about flogging folks for money. "You get off on doing it, don't you?"

"Huh?" Those eyes slid across to meet his before Colt looked back at the road. "Of course I do, or I wouldn't keep doing it."

"Is it the same when you get paid for it?" Oh, Christ, he was being an idiot, wanting Colt to tell him he was special. He felt his ears go pink.

"No. No, it's not the same at all, and I haven't done that since we met." Colt hit the gas a little harder, the truck taking a corner on two wheels. "I told you it went both ways."

Still feeling like an idiot for asking, but also feeling better, Trace kept his reply to, "Okay," so he didn't say anything else stupid.

They slid into Colt's driveway, and the man never said a word to him, just got out and came around to open his door, holding his hand all the way inside. Then Colt pressed him back against the front door and kissed him silly.

Trace wrapped his arms around Colt and opened wide, his cock hard, rubbing up against Colt's body. He let everything else go. Colt pushed one leg between his, giving him friction, and reached under him, pushing at his ass so his feet almost left the floor. So strong. Colt was just so darned strong.

Moaning, he humped against Colt as best as he could, that strength making him horny, needy. "Want... want you."

"I know. I know you do, honey. But you're going to have to be more specific this time." Those lips moved against his cheek, down his neck. "What do you want?"

"I want you to fuck me." He took a deep breath and just let go, trusting Colt would catch him, that it would be okay. "I want you to spank me."

"Oh, babe." Colt's mouth crashed down on his, bruising his lips a little, but it didn't matter. It felt too good. Finally, Colt stepped away, leaving him gasping. "Strip."

He did as he was told, not even hesitating. A shiver went through him as he stood there naked in front of Colt, his clothes there beside him. A shiver that had nothing to do with being cold.

Eyes gleaming, Colt stripped down, too, very slowly. Deliberately. That thick cock was hard, red, already wet for him, but he knew better than to touch without Colt's say so, by now.

"Bedroom," Colt said, and it came out a low growl.

He found the words "Yes, sir," coming out of his mouth and he high-tailed it there, eager and ready for whatever Colt wanted to give him.

"On the bed, honey. Hands and knees." Right behind him, Colt stroked his ass for a brief moment, giving him a little push. It made his balls draw up, made his cock ache.

He went right to the middle of the bed, trying to catch his breath. Swallowing, he looked back to see what Colt was up to.

Colt stroked his back, calming him. "No worries, honey. We've done this before. We'll wait to add anything new to the mix, huh?"

He nodded. "I like the *spanking*."

"I know. There's a whole lot of things I want to try with you, baby. But not now. Now we need this." The air moved when Colt stepped around to the side of the bed, making its own kind of caress.

"Yes, please." He wriggled his ass, his whole body tense with the need for that hand to smack him, for Colt to make his ass burn.

"Shh. Hush, now." Colt kept making soothing noises and petting him until he relaxed. Only then did the first blow fall.

He cried out, body jerking. "Fuck!"

"Sweet." Colt always called him sweet. He'd bet he was the only one Colt ever used that on. Then another strong slap landed on his ass, and forgot to think even that much.

He spread his legs a little farther apart, his cock hard as nails.

"That's it. Look how pretty." Colt's hand cupped his balls, rolling them, the heat unbelievable. Then the man popped him again, making his other as cheek sting.

"Nghng." The inarticulate noise left him. It was about as coherent as he was going to get under the circumstances.

That hand hit him over and over, the sound of it hitting his ass crisp and sharp and hot. The feeling was huge. Overwhelming. His ass heated up, the burn going deep into his muscles. His cock jerked with each hit, beginning to leak. Whimpers and cries filled his ears and he realized at some point they were his noises, and he didn't care, just pushed back, meeting Colt's every smack.

Colt started talking to him, telling him how well he was doing, how fucking pretty he was. The man never tired, just kept going, until his ass was on fire. The sound of each smack rang in his ears, and eventually he couldn't see past the tears that streamed down his face as he gasped for breath.

"God, baby. That's it. Just give in to it. Let it take you." Colt moved up on the bed with him, he knew it when the mattress dipped, and the blows started landing on the backs of his thighs.

"Colt!" He screamed out his lover's name, his body starting to shake.

"Come for me, honey. Come and then I'll give you what you really want."

He didn't even have time to wonder what exactly it was Colt thought he really wanted before he found his release, his body bowing hard as he shot. He felt the orgasm down to his toes, making them curl as his balls emptied.

"Oh. Yes." The heat of Colt's hand was replaced by the heat of his body, that hard cock rubbing against his balls.

Groaning, he pushed back, loving how hot Colt was.

"Slick now." That was all the warning he got before Colt's fingers pushed inside him, the cool, slick feeling a shock.

He cried out, body clamping down tight around Colt's fingers for a moment.

"Shh. I got you. You know that." All he had to do was breathe. He knew that. Colt had him.

"Yeah. Yeah." He nodded, slowly relaxing, opening up to Colt's fingers.

Those fingers moved in and out, opening him up, and before he had time to even look over his shoulder, Colt was sliding inside him, thick and hot. Inevitable.

"Yes!" God, yes. He braced his arms, ready for Colt to give it to him.

He got it. Colt slammed into him, moving back and forth way too fast and not fast enough. That hard body just smacked against his, hips spanking his ass. He pushed back into each thrust, trying to get it harder, faster, more. Colt grunted and thrust, pushing him to the edge and then some. Every thrust set his ass on fire.

His prick quickly got hard again, needy whimpers coming out of his mouth. "Colt. Please. God."

"I think I might just love you, honey," Colt whispered, the tone completely at odds with their frenetic pace.

"Colt!" He shouted, body bucking as he came again.

"Trace..." Colt groaned for him, raw and hot and so needy that it sent him flying. That hot cock jerked inside him, giving him everything Colt had to give.

He kept his arms locked, supporting Colt's weight as well as his own.

"Oh, Lord, honey. 'Bout killed me." A soft kiss landed on his nape before Colt eased away, slow and gentle.

"You?" Trace snorted and collapsed, melting down into the mattress. "Already dead here."

That had Colt laughing, flopping down next to him. "Well, that sucks. I was going to feed you dessert."

"Oh, look at that, I might have a pulse after all."

"Yeah. Thought you might." Rolling just a little, Colt peered up at him lazily. "It's not chocolate cake."

"Damn." He held his laughter back for as long as he could.

It didn't seem to matter to Colt when he broke out laughing. The man just joined right in, both of them rolling with it. As they quieted, their mouths met, the kiss soft and lazy.

It was getting easier, this whole being a part of a couple thing. Especially when the other half of the couple was Colt.

Epilogue

Colt whistled, getting the one side of his closet all cleaned out. Oh, Trace wasn't officially moving in. Yet. But he had agreed to leave some clothes and some toiletries.

It made him smile. Made him hot.

"Do you want a cabinet in the kitchen, too, honey?" he called, hauling a box of old clothes to the garage.

"We can't just share food?" Trace's eyes found his as he came back into the bedroom.

"Sure we can. I just didn't know if you wanted some space." Some people were weird about their plates and cups.

"No, I'm good." Trace opened up his sports bag and started putting away the things he'd brought. That sweet ass tempted him, wiggling as Trace worked.

"You are. Tempting, too." Damn, he loved that ass.

"Huh?" Trace straightened and shot him a look. "Tempting you to do what?"

"If you have to ask, I'm not doing enough for you."

Trace tilted his head. "You what? Oh!" Trace's cheeks colored just a touch.

"That's better." He liked seeing color in Trace's cheeks. Either set.

"All right, that's all my stuff." Trace rocked back on his heels and then stood, folding the sports bag and going to the hall to shove it in the bottom of the hall closet. "Now what?"

"Hmm. Now we can break in the new sheets?" That was his vote.

Trace nodded and moved into his space, an eager bulge in the front of his jeans. "Yeah, we could. Maybe even should, huh?"

"Yeah, I think so. I think they need to be christened." They needed more than that, but then he was thinking about a different 'they'.

Trace pressed close and pressed their mouths together, taking a kiss. "Then what are we waiting for?"

"Come on, honey." He tugged at Trace's hand, moving them to the bedroom where he had a few other new things besides sheets.

"You've got something in mind," crowed Trace. The kid was getting better at reading him.

"Maybe. Let's get naked and you can see." He had some toys. A few aids for the spanking, too. They'd start slow.

Trace grinned and began to strip, just like that.

"Pretty lover." Colt grinned right back, leaning back against the door and crossing his arms. Watching.

Trace's t-shirt and jeans were removed, and then Trace's underwear, the kid's prick already bobbing. Eager. Always so eager. Colt loved that. Loved the way Trace was really beginning to trust him. Trust them.

"Okay. You know the trunk I moved in? There's a bunch of stuff in it. Pick out one thing."

Trace gave him a questioning look and then went over to the trunk, gasping as he opened it. Colt had filled it with toys, from plugs to paddles and them some. They had a lot to learn about each other, still.

"Colt..." Trace reached in, fingers sliding over things.

"What, honey?" All he had to do was wait. Trace would tell him.

"There's a lot of stuff here. A lot of *kinky* stuff."

"Yup. You know me. I'm a freak, baby." Stripping off his shirt, Colt headed to the bed, sitting and spreading.

Trace watched him, eyes focused, fascinated. "Yeah..."

"So. Since you like to indulge my inner freak. Pick one." Sometimes he had to poke a little.

Trace chewed on his lower lip, glancing between him and the box a few times.

"It's okay, honey. If you'd rather just come here and ride me, I can go for that, too." He'd rather heat that ass. But hey, he loved it any way.

"It's not that. I just... am I supposed to pick something I think you want, or something I think I want?"

Colt gave Trace a look. "Something you want. You know we're in this together."

"Okay..." Trace kept looking, though he had a feeling the kid already knew what he wanted. Finally, Trace grabbed a paddle with little rubber bumps on it, handing it over with a blush.

"Oh, good choice." Yes. That would work. He stripped off his jeans. "Over my knees, honey."

Trace moved quickly, cock leading the way. The kid draped over his lap, cock between his legs.

"That's it. I like this one, huh? It will give you a great pattern." Trace was gaining confidence in leaps and bounds. Made him fucking proud.

Trace nodded. "I bet it feels neat." That ass wriggled in his lap, inviting him to have at it.

"Yeah. It'll feel weird compared to my hand, though. Ready?" He had to make sure.

Trace grabbed his free hand and held on, nodded. "Yeah. Okay."

Without anymore comment, Colt let the paddle fly, let it rise and then fall against Trace's ass. The sound was much more of a solid thud than the usual slap of his hand.

Trace jerked, hands squeezing him hard. "Fuck!"

"All right, honey? Want to keep on? I can make you fly." He wouldn't without Trace's okay, though.

"Yeah, it just surprised me." Trace looked up at him, face red, eyes *hungry*. "Don't stop."

"Not going to." His blood ran hot, his cock leaping against Trace's skin. "Not even." The paddle hit Trace's other cheek, and Colt set up a rhythm, slow and easy, each blow just a little harder than the last.

"Oh, God. Colt." Trace whimpered and it wasn't long before that sweet ass was pushing up into each hit, cock leaking like mad.

"So pretty, baby. I swear, you'd make a dead man hard." Make a dead man come. Colt just let Trace have it, watching every mark rise on that fine skin.

"Just want to make you hard." Groaning, Trace rubbed that pretty cock against his leg.

"It works. You do." Grinning wildly, Colt rubbed the paddle against Trace's ass, pushing down, giving Trace some friction.

"Oh, God." Trace humped wildly. "Please. Oh, please."

"Just a little more, honey. Just a little, and you can have me." He thumped Trace's ass again, listening to those beautiful noises.

Trace groaned, pushing up for the next hit. Two more, then three, before Colt let the paddle drop. He laid his hands on Trace's ass, feeling the heat.

"Colt. Please." Trace kissed his hand, tongue sliding on his skin.

"What do you want, honey?" He pulled Trace up for a kiss, tongue pushing in deep.

When their mouths parted, Trace was gasping, trying to rub against him. "You."

"Me. You. Some lube." He laughed, feeling tall as a mountain and twice as hard. "Get the lube and come back. You can ride me."

Trace was up flatteringly quick, going to the bedside table and grabbing the lube, then coming back. The bottle of slick was handed over, Trace licking his lips, breathing heavily.

"Here, you have some, too. Get me ready." The flip top fought him, but Colt got it open, got some lube on his finger, some on Trace's.

Soon as Trace's fingers were slick, Trace began to touch him, spreading the lube around on his prick. His hips jerked, his breath hitching, and Colt knew he had to move fast, or things would end a little too soon. He pulled Trace down against him again, his wet fingers sliding along Trace's crease. Trace spread wider for him, mouth on his skin, licking at his collarbone as sweet groans sounded.

"That's it." His fingers slid right in, Trace's hole hot and tight, making him groan, too. Then he set to stretching that tight space, needing in.

Trace moved on his fingers, up and down, the kid's hand sliding over his prick in tandem. Closing his eyes, Colt let his head fall back, let the feelings take him. God, so good. When he finally pulled his fingers free, he was ready to explode.

"Now," murmured Trace. "Please, now." Trace shifted, positioning himself over Colt's cock.

"Yeah. Now." He yanked Trace down, too far gone for gentle, feeling that hot ass against his thighs. Jesus, that was enough to kill a man.

"Colt!" Calling out his name, Trace grabbed for his shoulders, holding on as he rode.

"Harder." Gritting his teeth, Colt grabbed Trace's hips and forced the rhythm, up and down, harder and harder.

"Yes, sir." Trace's eyes shone at him, fingers digging into his shoulders.

"Oh, Christ." Yeah. Yeah, he was gonna blow any second. He reached around with his right hand and pulled at Trace's cock, wanting them to be together.

Trace shouted out his name, bouncing harder. They rocked, both of them on the razor's edge, and Colt wasn't surprised to be the first one to go over the edge. He shouted, his hips pumping.

Shouting again, Trace came, squeezing hard around his cock. He took the last of Trace's breath

with a kiss, his cock giving a few more good jerks. Damn. Damn. Trace sank against him, whimpering softly.

"Shh. You did great, honey. So good. You like my toy box?"

Pretty eyes looked up at him. "I do, Colt. I like you more."

"I hope it's more than that, baby." He met that look head on. "Because I love you."

Trace gave him a grin, the kid just full of all that joy he'd seen that first day. "Yeah, you said it first, man." Trace gave him a hard kiss. "I love you."

"Good. No games, there. Not one. Got it?" There were some things a man didn't play around with. He hoped to God Trace agreed about that.

"No games, man. I never said that to anyone before."

"Me either." At least not as an adult, and not in that way. He hugged Trace tight. "Still think what we do is bad, baby?"

"I think it's naughty as hell, Colt. But I like it." Well, naughty wasn't bad, now was it? Not at all.

"We can work with that, honey. We surely can." He could so work with that. Hopefully for a good, long time.

"Long as we work on it together." Trace cuddled in, just like he belonged.

"You know it, honey. Every step of the way."

end