



## Chapter One

“To one who waits, a moment seems a year.”

Jack crumpled the sliver of paper and tossed it onto the table. He put it out of his mind as he nibbled on the fortune cookie, not quite tasting it. Maybe it was time to head out, find his own place, maybe a small farm or ranch. Some place where he could forget haunted brown eyes, no matter the smile below them. Jack sighed and sipped his Coke, telling himself it was all a mistake. He should have never let the kid get so close. He hadn't seen it comin', and now he was

payin' the price.

"More Coke, sir?"

He waved away the waitress and dug his wallet out. Jack handed her his Visa card and the check off the table, waiting until she was gone to bury his fingers in his hair and growl. He wasn't ready to go back home and face the emptiness of the house. Mack's place was always open, but Jack didn't feel like being quite that social tonight. In a few days, the place would be swarmin' with the Sextons. Jack didn't begrudge Robbie and Seth their happiness, but a part of him ached to feel the same thing. Only trouble was, the one he wanted was too young and too... Hell, too young was just the tip of the iceberg.

The waitress brought Jack's card and the receipt back. He signed one copy and slipped the other into his wallet with his card before sliding out of the booth. Once outside, he tugged his coat tighter around him and fought the bitter cold as it searched for a way into his lungs. Thank God he'd fixed the truck's heater back in October.

Just as Jack got in and buckled up, his cell phone vibrated in his pocket. With a little squirming and cussing, he finally managed to dig the damn thing out of his jeans. He flipped it open and groaned at the display before answering.

"Hey."

"You stoppin' by Wal-Mart on your way home?" Ty asked.

"I can. Why?"

"My damn brake pads are starting to grind. I'll pay ya back."

"Sure. It's a '95, isn't it?"

"Yep. Thanks, man. I owe ya."

"No problem. Be home soon."

Jack pressed 'end' and tipped his head back, exhaling slowly. He had to get this shit under control. Nobody'd ever twisted him up quite as bad as Ty, and the damn kid was half his age. Sighing, he started the truck and pulled out of the parking lot, heading in the direction of Wal-Mart. Things had been easier when Robbie and Seth were there. Yeah, he had to watch them together, but at least it kept his mind off of Ty -- for the most part. He rolled into the Wal-Mart parking lot and steeled himself to deal with the holiday rush.

Inside, it was a madhouse, as always, people hurrying around, doing last-minute Christmas shopping. Two days before Christmas Eve, and folks still hadn't finished. Jack made his way to the automotive department, thanking God it wasn't nearly as crowded as the toy section across the way. He ducked into an aisle blessedly free of shoppers, and found the book on the shelf that

allowed customers to look up parts. He found the pads for Ty's truck, grabbed them, and headed toward the Lawn and Garden Center registers. After several minutes of waiting, he was done with the insanity of holiday shopping and had never been so grateful to see his truck.

On the way home, he wondered if maybe Ty had gone out with Jeremy and Kent, the new farmhand. When he pulled up in front of the side house, though, he sighed. Not only was Ty on the porch, but Robbie and Seth were there, too, Robbie's hand in Seth's back pocket, both of them looking at ease. Ty laughed at something Robbie said, and then turned those brown eyes on him.

"Oh, man, thank you." Ty came down the porch steps and Jack handed him the bag. "How much I owe ya?"

"Nothin'. Merry Christmas," Jack managed to find a smile.

"Oh. Wow. Thanks." The grin he got in return nearly did him in right then and there, the kid looking younger and more innocent in that one moment than he ever had before. Ty tipped his head toward Robbie and Seth. "They're heading over to Miller's Hall. You wanna come with us? Shoot some pool, drink a few beers?"

Jack mulled it over. Hell, if anything, he could use a drink. "Sure. Lemme change out of my work clothes, though." He nodded to Robbie and Seth as he went up the steps. "How y'all doin'?"

"Doing good," Robbie said, leaning back against Seth. "You going with us?"

"If y'all don't mind."

Seth grinned. "You know better than that. We'll meet you two there."

"Will do." Jack watched them go, caught Ty's gaze for a moment, and then went inside. The screen door opened a moment later, just as he stepped into the kitchen.

"Thanks again," Ty said.

"No problem, kid. Can't risk your brakes goin' out." Jack rummaged until he found a beer, then popped it open, taking a huge swallow.

Ty laughed. "We're going out and you're already drinking?"

"Needed it." Jack took another big drink, and set the bottle on the counter. "By the way..." He turned and Ty looked up from where he'd been reading the brake pads box. "Happy birthday."

The kid smiled, lighting up his entire face. "Thanks. Finally legal." As if to accentuate his point, Ty grabbed Jack's half-empty beer off the counter top and finished it off.

Jack made a point to not look at the way the kid's throat worked with every swallow, or the

expanse of flesh exposed, waiting for a kiss or two. When the bottle hit the inside of the trash can, Jack snapped himself out of his daze. "I'm gonna go get changed."

"Cool. I'll be down here."

He took the steps two at a time, needing to put as much space between him and Ty as possible. His control was slipping the more they were alone. Every inch of Jack's body ached for Ty's touch, his fantasies only fueling the fire slowly driving him mad. Safe in his room, Jack slumped back against the closed door, eyes closed, and tried to steady his racing heartbeat. This was killing him.

"Jack?"

Jack opened his eyes, realizing he'd been standing there for a good while longer than he'd intended. "Yeah. Just gimme a minute."

"You okay, man?"

No? Jack shook his head. Just open the door, take the chance.

"Jack. C'mon." Ty tried turning the doorknob, muttering something when it proved to be locked. "Look, we don't have to go out. I can call Robbie's cell and--"

"No. I'm okay, kid." Really. Jack heard the wood creak when Ty leaned against the wall.

"Then what's wrong? You've been acting weird for a while now," Ty said quietly.

Taking a deep breath and saying a prayer, Jack turned and opened the door. Ty stared at him from the opposite wall, hands shoved into faded jeans pockets. Booted feet set shoulder-width apart, stretching the denim across lean hips, he watched Jack with a curious but worried expression. Jesus, Jack was in trouble and he knew it.

"I'm okay. Really," Jack said finally.

"Then why have you been avoiding me? Thought we were friends."

Jack sighed and raked a hand through his already-graying hair. "Goddamn it, Ty! I'm avoiding you because I want you too much."

"What's stopping you?"

Brow furrowed, Jack met Ty's gaze. "What?"

Ty pushed off from the wall and stepped up to Jack. Without another word, he cupped the back of Jack's head and kissed him. Too stunned to move, all Jack could do was stand there, dumbfounded as a hot tongue licked and coaxed his lips apart. Only then did he react. He

grabbed Ty's face between his hands and plundered the kid's mouth, entire body shuddering at the groan he got in return. Ty's fingers twisted in his hair, every tug sending jolts through Jack. Gasping, they broke apart, each trying to lick the other's flavor from swollen lips.

"God, what are we doing?" Jack muttered.

"Don't care. Please, Jack, don't stop."

Unable to resist the breathless plea or the heated look in Ty's eyes, Jack gave in, reeling Ty in for another kiss. Ty moaned, the sensation of hardness on Jack's hip nearly doing Jack in right then and there. *Sweet Jesus, give me strength to go slow.*

Things were quickly spiraling out of control and Jack had no resistance left. He somehow managed to pull Ty into the room and close the door, all without breaking contact. Ty rubbed on him like a damn tomcat, heat and hardness damn near burning Jack up from the inside out. He managed to get a hand between them and cupped Ty's cock through denim. Ty moaned, head falling to Jack's shoulder, shudders running through the kid's lean, trim body.

"Jack." Ty's lips found a spot on Jack's neck and sucked up a mark, the pleasure going straight to Jack's groin. "Fuck."

Jack nodded, unable to speak. He kept stroking the hard length through Ty's jeans, Ty grinding on him. They fell back onto the bed and Ty straddled Jack, pushing their bodies together. "Jesus. Ty." Fuck. If they didn't stop now, he was gonna embarrass the ever-living hell out of himself. Ty's heavy breathing, puffing hot on Jack's neck, his jaw, wasn't helping.

"Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Ty jerked, hips snapping against Jack as his cock flexed in his jeans.

"Oh, Jesus," Jack whispered, seconds before his own orgasm overtook him, embarrassment forgotten in favor of coming.

Ty slumped onto him, face buried in the bend of Jack's neck. The silence was deafening. When Ty spoke, Jack barely heard him. "I need to go." He was up and gone before Jack could form a coherent thought.

Jack closed his eyes, shame and self-loathing forming a tight knot in his throat. Stupid. He was utterly, completely stupid for ever doing it. The lingering taste of Ty's mouth on his lips only cemented that fact.

## Chapter Two

"Hey. Jack?"

Jack shook his head to clear the fog from his brain and glanced at Robbie. "Yeah. Yeah, I'm here. Just zoned a little."

Robbie didn't quite look like he believed that. He followed Jack's line of sight, which inevitably landed on the pool table where Ty and Seth were tied up in an intense game. "Uh-huh. Something tells me this is gonna be interesting."

"The kid's good at pool. Seth's gonna have a hard time--"

"I'm not talking about the game, man," Robbie interrupted. Jack met Robbie's gaze and knew the man saw right through him. One eyebrow lifted, Robbie smiled just a little. "How long?"

Jack sighed and rolled his eyes, sitting back in his chair. He folded his arms across his chest and ignored the look Robbie gave him. "Long enough to know better," he said finally. "I think I fucked up. He kissed me earlier, before we left the house. Things got a bit out of hand. Wasn't anything major -- just rubbing off. Then he disappeared. Didn't see him again until I went out to my truck to come here. He was waiting, and the drive was awkward, to say the least."

"Don't think I've ever heard you talk this much," Robbie commented. Jack glared at him. "Look, Ty's young. Hell, I don't think he's even gay, but there must be something there, Jack. Otherwise, he wouldn't have initiated anything."

"Yeah. I suppose."

Robbie nodded at the waitress who came by to collect their empty beer bottles and leave two more. When she was gone, Robbie took a swallow and set his bottle on the table. "So, you gonna be around when the clan invades?"

Jack studied his own beer, picking at the label absently while still watching Ty and Seth. "Sure. Hell, if anything, your mama's cookin' makes the holiday hell worth enduring." For the first time all night, he grinned, Robbie's laughter infectious despite Jack's sullen mood. He knew Robbie was just trying to get his mind off of shit, but it wasn't easy when the focus of a man's thoughts was just a few feet away, bent over a pool table, jeans tight over a nicely-shaped ass.

"You're drooling."

"Kiss my ass."

"No, thanks. I'll stick to Seth."

Shaking his head, Jack snorted. "And you say I'm bad."

Robbie leaned forward until Jack had no choice but to look at him, as Robbie blocked Jack's view completely. "You are. You're being a chicken shit."

"What?" Jack scowled. "Like hell I am! He's a kid, for Christ's sake, Robbie." He looked around when he realized a few others were staring. He lowered his voice. "I'm twice his age. I'm looking to settle down; he's just now old enough to drink. What the hell does an old man have to offer someone young like him? Tell me."

"Stability? Family? Love?"

Taken aback, Jack blinked. "How the hell did you know that?"

"I'm not an idiot, Jack," Robbie shot back.

"You said yourself he's a kid."

It was Robbie's turn to sigh with what sounded a lot like exasperation. "Are you going to argue all night with me? Or are you going to pursue that?" He tipped his head toward the pool table just as Ty set his cue stick down.

Jack had no idea how to answer that. Robbie was right: Jack wanted to settle down. Ty still had his youth to look forward to -- exploring, partying, just having fun in general. Jack felt like he'd be stifling the kid if anything developed. But God above, their tryst earlier lingered at the forefront of Jack's mind. Ty wanted him -- no doubt about it. The question was: could Jack keep it casual, and shield his heart from the prospect of crashing and burning?

Ty plopped down in the chair across from Robbie, right beside Jack, and took a swig of Jack's beer, just as easy as he pleased. Robbie's self-satisfied smirk went unnoticed by anyone but Jack. "So when's the raid supposed to start?" Ty asked.

"Mama, Kristy, and Chris will be there around noon tomorrow," Robbie said. "Seth and I will be on over a little later. I have a client coming in for an appointment around two. We'll close up shop after that. Shouldn't take too long."

"Cool." Ty nudged Jack with his elbow. "You're quiet."

It killed Jack that Ty seemed unmoved by anything that happened earlier. For a while, the silence between them had been uncomfortable. Now Ty acted like nothing had happened at all. Lord. Jack knew he was getting in too deep already. "I'm fine," he said, summoning a smile he didn't really feel. "Just tired. A good night's sleep should help."

"Why don't you go on home?" Ty asked. "Y'all can drop me off, can't you?"

Robbie shrugged. "Sure. Don't see why not."

Jack finished off his beer. "Think I'll do that." He shook Robbie's hand, patted Ty's shoulder.

"Tell Seth I said bye. See y'all tomorrow sometime." He tipped his hat at the waitress and walked out, in desperate need of the fresh air.

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"What gives?"

Seth sat back down, gaze shifting from Robbie to Ty, then back to Robbie. "What'd I miss?"

"Jack said he'd see us tomorrow," Robbie said. He tipped back his beer and killed it before setting the bottle down. The stare he pinned on Ty should've been warning enough. "Do you like him?"

"Who?" Ty knew damn well who, but he didn't wanna think about it right now. Humping another man earlier was enough shock for one night. He still didn't know what the hell had gotten into him. Just... Jack was there, they both were horny, and Ty's curiosity won out over his common sense.

"C'mon, Ty," Robbie sighed. "Don't lead the man on. If this isn't something you want to pursue, then tell Jack now."

"Ahh, that," Seth said. "You know Jack cares a great deal for you."

Jesus! He rubbed off one time and now every gay man in the city wanted to rake him over the coals for freaking out? Ty grabbed his hat and stood. "I'm not ready for this shit," he said. "See y'all tomorrow." He left them sitting there. He was fucking fuming. Only when he got outside did he realize that he still needed a ride home. God damn it to Hell.

A moment later, a truck rumbled up beside him. The passenger-side door opened and Waylon Jennings crooned about Amanda before the volume went down. "Get in."

Ty peered in at Jack. "Thought you went home."

"Been sittin' out here, figured you'd be out soon enough. Come on."

Ty climbed into the cab and soon as he was buckled, Jack pulled onto the main road. Ty stared out the passenger window, the silence between them nearly choking him. He'd done this; he'd driven the wedge -- or whatever it was -- between them. It had been a mistake, the whole mess in Jack's bedroom. A spur-of-the-moment, stupid thing. He wasn't gay. *Then why did it feel so good?*

"Earth to Ty."

"Huh? Oh, sorry." Only then did Ty realize they'd stopped. Nothing but dormant cotton fields surrounded them and the dirt road. "What's up?"



"I'm too old for this."

"Jeez, Jack. You're only forty-two."

"Yeah. Too old to be chasin' a dream, kid," Jack said. Ty wasn't sure what to say -- he'd never been anyone's dream before. "So, I'm leaving."

"What?" Ty jerked his head up to meet Jack's gaze, not wanting to believe what he'd heard.

"Stayin' here only makes things worse. I got friends in Tennessee who need a hand on their farm."

It felt like he'd been sucker-punched in the gut and Ty knew, in an almost frightening moment of clarity, that it was his fault. He'd fucked up and now he had no idea how to fix it. *Say somethin', stupid!* The words were there, but Ty couldn't get them out. He stared, open-mouthed, unable to make his voice obey the screaming protests in his brain. The thought of Jack leaving brought to mind things Ty didn't wanna think about. Without a word, Jack straightened in the seat and started the truck again.

"When are you leaving?" Ty nearly choked the words out.

"Tomorrow morning," Jack said.

It was now or never -- time to find out if the spark he'd felt before was just a one-time thing. Ty hoped to hell it was. He put his hand on Jack's, stopping Jack from shifting the truck into first gear. Jack stared at their hands, his expression unreadable.

"Ty--"

"Just hear me out. Okay?"

Jack nodded, but didn't look up.

"I don't know if I like guys. Hell, scratch that -- I *know* I don't. But you... Man, it's different. I trust you."

"I don't wanna be an experiment, kid."

Ty ignored the way his gut twisted. He'd been raised with lines clearly drawn; the fear of eternal damnation was still strong. "You're not." *Just shut up and kiss me before the fear takes over again.*

When Jack cupped the back of Ty's head, Ty didn't stop him. A part of Ty hoped he'd be repulsed, but he couldn't begin to quiet the sound that escaped him. Jack's lips touched his and Ty shuddered, groaning softly as he opened his mouth. Their tongues met, a brief duel for control before Ty gave in and Jack took over.

*I'm not gay, I'm not gay.*

Jack ended the kiss and rested his forehead against Ty's. "It's better if I just go. Don't wanna cause you any more trouble, Ty."

Eyes closed, Ty breathed the man in. Jack smelled like sunshine and rich, old leather. Underneath, there was a hint of aftershave, something spicy that made Ty's pulse quicken. Could he really let this man go? Jack was the closest Ty ever had to a best friend, and truth be told, Ty didn't want to think about Jack not being there. "Don't go," Ty whispered.

"Why not?"

Ty opened his eyes to find Jack watching him. "Cause I..." He felt himself grow hot, his breath and words stuck in his throat. "I want you too much."

For several seconds, Jack didn't say anything. Ty began to regret ever opening his mouth, but then Jack kissed him again. Surprised, it took a moment for Ty to respond. When his senses returned, he moaned into Jack's mouth, barely aware of the fact that he was soon on his back on the bench seat. With a little shifting, he spread his legs, a groan slipping free when he felt hardness digging into him. His own cock pushed against the zipper of his jeans and he rocked his hips, grinding their bodies together. Jack kissed a path down Ty's neck, teeth scraping.

"Jesus. Jack. Fuck." The world glazed over, sparks lighting Ty's skin with every touch. He tugged at Jack's shirt, desperate for skin. Jack pushed up his shirt, too, and Ty's brain damn near shorted out when that hot mouth closed around one nipple. "Aww, shit!" He grabbed the back of Jack's head, fingers fisting in the man's hair. Who knew a guy's nipples were so fucking sensitive? Ty hissed, hips jerking when Jack nipped him.

"Need you," Jack murmured, working his way down. "God damn, Ty."

Ty shuddered, stomach muscles going tight. He nodded, unable to get his brain and mouth to work. He only hoped Jack understood that he wanted this -- even if he couldn't talk right now. The button on his jeans popped open, and then the zipper descended slowly. Ty bit back a whimper and tried not to let on how desperate he was as Jack's fingers slipped into his jeans. Heat warmed his cock through his briefs and his prick twitched, trying to get more.

"Don't tease. Oh, fuck, Jack, please!"

Jack pulled Ty's underwear down with excruciating slowness. Ty growled and squirmed, then gasped when Jack's hand wrapped around his shaft. Everything else in the world faded, leaving just the two of them and Jack's fist pumping his cock. Ty thrust up and nearly screamed when wet heat enveloped his cock head. He shook beneath Jack, panting and moaning as the man sucked his cock like a fucking pro, head bobbing, lips and tongue sliding and flicking. This beat the hell out of any other blowjob he'd ever received. This was... Fuck, this was Jack, sucking his cock and playing with his balls. Ty groaned and spread his legs more, as much as his jeans would

allow.

"Don't stop. Oh, God."

Jack cupped his balls and did something, pressed a finger just behind them. Whatever it was, Ty's back bowed, his shout filling the truck cab as he thrust his cock down Jack's throat. Jack didn't pull back, but instead sucked harder. He rubbed that one spot and lightning sparked along Ty's spine in rapid waves. Before he was ready, Ty bucked, come spraying into Jack's mouth. The man moaned and never stopped, just swallowed every drop. Breathless, Ty slumped onto the seat, everything supersensitive.

"Holy... fuck," he panted. He wanted to do something in return, but damned if he couldn't get his body to cooperate.

Jack slid back up Ty's body and kissed him hard, rocking and grinding against him. Ty sucked the man's tongue, reeling on the taste of himself in Jack's mouth. It was enough to make his prick twitch, despite having just come. Jack broke the kiss and stared down at him.

"Ty."

Blue eyes blazing with need locked onto Ty's. Hell, he didn't know how to suck a dick, but god damn it, he was willing to learn if it meant that look. He shoved Jack up and bent down, tearing at the cowboy's jeans. Jack got them undone and Ty swallowed when a hard, thick cock pushed out at him. Jesus. Jack went commando?

"You don't have... Oh, fuck."

The sound of Jack's head hitting the window was loud, but not nearly as loud as the moan Ty got when he licked the precome off the slit of Jack's cock. Jack's fingers tensed on Ty's shoulders, digging in a little. Ty hoped to hell he did this right -- all he had to go on was what others -- including Jack -- had done to him. The taste was bittersweet but different, not unpleasant. Jack's skin was smooth and hot, and Ty found himself fascinated by the foreskin. He circled the shaft with his hand and pumped slowly, Jack's hips matching the rhythm. Every pull brought the foreskin up to the head and Ty licked, earning a low, deep, needy groan. He wanted more of those.

"Jesus fuck. Ty. Just like that. Aww, hell, baby -- don't fucking stop."

Ty had absolutely no intention of stopping. Knowing he could reduce this strong, hard-working man to a babbling puddle was a heady feeling and Ty only wanted more moans and pleas. Taking cues from what Jack had done to him, Ty slid his lips around the head and sucked, cheeks hollowing. Jack shouted something incoherently and his fingers gripped Ty's shoulders harder. Ty figured that was a good thing, so he tried going down more. Jack's thighs started shaking, the man panting and muttering. About halfway was as far as Ty could go without gagging, so he started bobbing his head, sucking and swallowing, tongue grazing the hard, hot flesh in his mouth. He remembered the way he tasted when Jack kissed him -- now he wanted to taste, too.

"Ty. Shit." Jack tried to get him to stop, but Ty resisted, sucking harder. Jack hissed and grabbed Ty's head. "Ohhh, fuck!"

It was all the warning Ty had before Jack shot. He barely managed to keep up, nearly choking as hot, sticky spunk poured down his throat. But damn, he didn't want it to stop.

## Chapter Three

Jack woke up to shouting in the room next door. He frowned when he realized it was Ty. Flinging off the blanket, Jack got out of bed and went out into the hall in nothing but his boxers. Kent and Jeremy were both there, standing in their own doorways. Jack shook his head and waved them off.

"I've got it." He knew -- just knew -- what it was about.

When Jeremy and Kent went back into their own rooms, Jack knocked on Ty's bedroom door. He didn't bother waiting for an answer the second something crashed into a wall. He flung open the door and found Ty sitting on the bed, head cradled in his hands. The cordless phone lay on the floor in several pieces. Jack shut the door and knelt down in front of Ty.

"Hey. Hey." Jack smoothed a hand over Ty's hair, but didn't try to force Ty to look at him. "Wanna talk?"

Ty swallowed, and then shook his head slowly. "Not really. Just..." His voice started to break before he continued. "Don't leave."

"Not gonna leave," Jack said quietly. He sat on the bed and kissed Ty's hair, wondering how he could even begin to fix this. Hell, he knew he couldn't fix it completely, but god damn it, he was going to try. "What can I do?"

"I don't know." Ty sighed and dropped his hands between his knees. "I'm just sick of their shit."

"Folks again?"

Ty nodded. "I can't sleep. What time is it?"

"Little past one in the morning. There might be something half-decent on TV. Wanna go check?"

Ty laughed a little, which was a very welcome alternative to the shouting earlier. "Sure."

Jack smiled and stood, pulling Ty up with him. For a moment, they stared at each other, the weariness in those brown eyes tearing Jack apart. Without thinking, he reached out and brushed a hand over Ty's cheek. The words stuck in his throat, despite how strongly he felt them. Right now, he figured the last thing Ty needed was an old cowboy going all sappy on him. "Come on," he said, forcing his hand back down.

"Wait." Ty caught his wrist. "I don't wanna dance around each other like this, Jack."

"I know," Jack sighed. "I also know you need your space and I don't wanna be the one to run you off."

"So why won't you kiss me?"

"What?" Jack looked up, brow furrowed.

Instead of repeating himself, Ty cupped the back of Jack's head and gave him a kiss that curled Jack's toes. By the time they parted, Jack was breathless and hard as stone. Judging by the tent in Ty's shorts, the feeling was quite mutual.

"Downstairs. We can share a blanket on the couch."

Ty chuckled and grabbed his thick quilted bedspread. "After you."

They headed downstairs and Jack motioned toward the living room. "Find us somethin' good. You thirsty?"

"Coke is good. Oh, and some popcorn?"

Jack grinned. "Coke and popcorn it is."

While Ty found them a movie to watch, Jack got the snacks. Leaning on the counter, waiting for the popcorn in the microwave, Jack tried to put things into perspective. He remembered coming out -- the fear, the uncertainty, the paranoia of growing up in a Texas town full of manly men and wanting to do more than just casually admire. But he also remembered the sheer elation of finally meeting another gay man, the relief of knowing he wasn't alone -- and that there was nothing "wrong" with him.

The microwave dinged and Jack shook his head to clear it. After grabbing the popcorn, plus two cans of Coke out of the fridge, he went into the living room. Ty looked quite comfortable on the couch, lying on his side, the blanket over him. Jack set the popcorn and drinks on the coffee table just as Ty lifted the blanket. Smiling, Jack stretched out behind Ty, thankful for the wide couch.

"So what're we watchin'?"

"*Poseidon*. It's the remake of *The Poseidon Adventure*."

"Sounds good."

Felt damn good, too. Despite the contentment of just watching a movie together, Jack couldn't begin to hide the effect their position had on him. Whenever Ty moved, that tight-as-sin butt rubbed against Jack's prick. The heat, even between their shorts, threatened to drive Jack insane. After several torturous minutes, Jack realized it was intentional. Putting his hand on Ty's hip, Jack squeezed his eyes shut.

"Ty."

"Yeah?"

"Stop."

This time, it was crystal clear as Ty rubbed his ass against Jack. "Why?"

Aw, hell. Jack groaned and thrust forward, smirking at the way Ty jerked a little. "Because," he whispered in Ty's ear, "that ass is entirely too tempting."

"Finger me?"

Oh, sweet fuck. Jack shuddered, knowing only a thread of control kept him from coming right then and there.

"Jack, please."

Unable to resist, Jack shoved at Ty's shorts. When they were gone, he lifted Ty's leg up onto his hip, spreading Ty open. He put his fingers to Ty's lips. "Get 'em wet," he instructed.

It took all he had to keep still as Ty's tongue stroked his skin. Up, down, between. Dear God, the kid was a fucking natural. Jack finally withdrew his fingers from Ty's mouth and replaced them with his tongue. Ty moaned, one arm coming back to curl around Jack's neck. He lowered his hand and swallowed the needy groan pouring into him as he tapped Ty's hole. Ty scooted his leg up higher, fingers threading through Jack's hair. Taking that as his cue, Jack pressed the tip of one finger in. Ty gasped, eyes snapping open. Jack watched him, flying on the heat in that stare as he sank his middle finger deep into Ty's ass.

"Oh, fuck." Ty rocked, hips surging. "Tight. Fuck. Jack."

Jesus. If one finger got the kid babbling, Jack couldn't wait to show Ty what a cock could do. He licked Ty's lips, tongue tracing them, their breath mingling. "Shh... not gonna move anymore 'til you say so." His middle finger was buried deep, but he kept it still. When he felt Ty begin to relax a little, he gave the smooth gland inside an experimental stroke.

"Fuck!" Ty jerked, eyes going wide. "What the hell?"

Jack grinned and bent his head, nipping Ty's bottom lip. "Feel good?" he whispered.

"D-do it again."

He did and Ty let out a low sound Jack swore was a whimper. He pushed his tongue into Ty's mouth, sweeping through it. At the same time, he rubbed Ty's prostate with steady, slow circles. Ty cried out into the kiss and grabbed Jack's wrist, but instead of stopping Jack, he urged him to go faster. Jack growled and quickened the strokes, entire body going tight as Ty moaned and bucked and ground down against his hand. Breaking for a quick breath and to look down into those brown eyes, Jack knew Ty was close.

"Don't stop. Jack!" Ty arched and Jack crushed their mouths together, muffling the cries as Ty's

asshole went insanely tight around his finger and heat splashed his wrist.

"God damn," Jack hissed. He gave in and let go, the friction of rubbing against Ty enough to tip him over the edge. He moaned and dropped his head to Ty's shoulder, shuddering through the last of the tremors.

Neither of them said a word, and a few moments later, he felt Ty finally relax against him, soulful eyes hidden as Ty's breathing evened out. Jack kissed Ty softly and eased his finger out. He thought for a minute to get something to clean them up, but the prospect of moving -- of letting go right now -- outweighed everything else. Tugging the blanket around them, he settled in, holding Ty to him as he dozed.

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Ty tried to push the thoughts to the back of his mind and instead focused on tightening the bolt on the stall door. Throwing himself into the barn renovations beat the hell out of listening to voices in his head that told him, over and over, that he was going to burn in hell. Jaw clenching, he forced his mind away from what happened last night, this morning, whatever. He hated his family, hated the fact that no matter how fucking good it felt when Jack touched him, the fear came back full-force. Ty honestly didn't know if he was gay -- a part of him was too terrified to explore the possibility. He knew he shouldn't be, but if there was anything his militantly religious parents had been good at, it was hammering their views and beliefs home with a vengeance.

"Ty!" Jeremy ran over, phone in hand. "Phone for ya, man. Want me to finish this?"

Ty wiped his hands on his jeans and stood. "Thanks. Um, I'm pretty much done. Just need to replace the tack mounts and this stall will be done." He took the phone and walked away as Jeremy started sorting the brackets for the tack mounts. "Hello?"

"I certainly don't remember ever teaching you to hang up on someone."

A lump formed somewhere in his throat and Ty glanced around, then wandered a little farther away. "I was angry."

Arlene Newbourne snorted. "Son, you should know better. Your daddy's mad and quite frankly, so am I."

Resisting the urge to growl, Ty grit his teeth and closed his eyes, inhaling slowly through his nose. "Why? Because I choose to live here?"

"When's the last time you went to church?"

"What?"

"You heard me. I think a good, long talk with God will set you right."



"Mama, I'm fine. I'm happy here."

Voice lowering, Arlene practically hissed into the phone. "You're sharing a house with... those men. That isn't healthy."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Ty shouted, scaring a few nearby birds into the air.

"Tyler Douglas Newbourne! Don't you dare speak that way! And you know what I'm talking about. They sleep with men. What happens when one of them forces himself onto you? I can't look out for their souls, but I can for yours."

Ty began shaking, entire world going red.

"And I've seen how that old one stares at you. He's old enough to be your daddy! Probably has a litter of boys he's corrupt--"

"Enough!" Ty screamed into the phone. "I've fucking had it! You can say whatever the fuck you want about me, but I'll be God damned if I'm gonna sit and listen to you badmouth the only person I've ever loved!"

Ty froze, jaw dropping. Just as quickly, his knees hit the ground, hand holding the phone shaking. He barely registered the sobs on the other end, or the enraged male voice that boomed over the line when his father took over.

Love. Oh, dear God.

"Tyler!"

He put the phone back to his ear. "What?"

"If I ever hear you speak to your mother or myself like that again, boy, I'll put the fear of God in you. We're on our way with the pastor."

No. Ty shook his head. "Dad. Please."

"I never should have agreed to you moving out. You obviously haven't learned anything. Get packed."

Stunned at the sudden click, Ty just blinked. "Please God, no," he whispered. He had to get out. Now. If he was gone, then they couldn't find him and they wouldn't have a reason to bother Jack. He turned off the phone and hurried back into the house. Thank God Jack had gone to town. Ty didn't think he could handle doing what he had to do if Jack was there. He packed up as quickly as possible, tossing only the things he needed into his tattered duffel bag. Then he headed back downstairs, letting out a shaky breath when he didn't see Jack's truck outside. He stopped for a moment and stared at the couch in the living room.

He didn't want to go, but he had no idea what else to do. His parents would never understand, never accept anything. To them, gays should burn in Hell, souls damned for eternity. It was how Ty had been raised, and despite how much he disagreed, especially now, the fear was too strong to ignore. If he stayed, he knew what would happen. Last night had been incredible. But maybe it had also been a mistake.

Ty found Mack in the office, going over paperwork. He knocked on the door frame and Mack waved him inside. "I need to leave," Ty said, figuring he'd just cut to the chase.

Mack sighed and slipped off his reading glasses, motioning for Ty to sit down. "Your folks again?"

Ty nodded. "Yeah. I just... I need some time."

"Are you sure you want to go?"

"No, but..." Ty chewed on his bottom lip and stared at the digital clock on Mack's desk. He had maybe half an hour before his folks showed up. "I have to."

Mack stood and offered his hand. "You know you can come back anytime. I've got your cousin's address, so I'll mail your last check."

Ty got up and shook Mack's hand, grateful the man didn't press for details. "Thanks for everything, Mack."

Behind the smile, there was something more -- like Mack *knew* why Ty was running. "Take care of yourself, kid."

"I will." Before he could change his mind, Ty walked out, duffel bag in hand. He didn't look back. He knew if he did, he'd never leave, and the wrath of his family wasn't something he wanted to subject anyone to -- especially Jack. Hand on his truck door handle, Ty closed his eyes and drew in a deep breath. He was doing the right thing. Wasn't he?

## Chapter Four

Jack knew something wasn't right. He felt it deep down in his bones, but he couldn't pinpoint what *it* was. Shaking his head, he unloaded the truck, and then it hit him, just what was out of place. Or rather, what was missing: Ty's truck. Brow furrowed, Jack went into the farmhands' house and up to Ty's room.

"Ty?"

When he didn't get an answer, he opened the bedroom door. The bed was made, which was unlike Ty, and various little things -- a sock here, a dusty pair of jeans there -- were all missing. What the fuck? Closing the door again, Jack mulled over what had happened the past few days. Surely Ty hadn't left. Jack headed back downstairs and out, toward the main farmhouse. Stepping into the doorway of Mack's office, Jack cleared his throat.

Mack glanced up. "Guess you've noticed."

"Where is he?"

"I'm sorry," Mack said. "You know I can't tell you that -- matter of confidentiality."

"I gotta know where he is, Mack."

"Jack, short of you looking in the file cabinet when I'm not around, I can't help you. I'm sorry," Mack said as he stood and started to leave the office. Just before he walked out, he added in a whisper, "Lock it when you're done."

Alone, the file cabinet in question conveniently left ajar, Jack pondered if he really was ready to stoop low enough to delve into Mack's personnel files. Those files were confidential. Before he could weigh the wisdom of his next action, Jack was across the room, staring at the folders tucked into the drawer. One name stood out among the others, printed on white labeled-tabs: Newbourne, Tyler Douglas.

Jack needed to know where Ty'd gone. He wasn't ready to walk away -- even if Ty was. He had a damn strong feeling why Ty left, though. Pulling out the file and giving the doorway a cautious glance, Jack thumbed through until he found the emergency contact information for Ty. No parents, obviously, but Ty's cousin -- Bernie Newbourne -- was listed. Bernie lived just outside of Nashville, that much Jack remembered from conversations with Ty. Jack grabbed a pen and a Post-It note off Mack's desk and jotted down Bernie's address and telephone number. Then he tucked the folder back into the drawer and closed the cabinet, locking it up. He put the key in the top drawer of Mack's desk, scribbled a note for Mack to say he was taking some time off, and hurried out.

Just before he reached the farmhands' house, his cell phone rang. Gut instinct told him who it was before he even got the phone open.

"Where the hell are you?"

Ty sighed. "I'm sorry, Jack. I just can't stay."

"Why not, Ty?" Jack asked as he took the stairs two at a time. "What happened? Was it me, something I did?"

"No! God, no. Look, my folks said they were coming for me. I had to leave. If I'm not there, then maybe they'll just turn around and go home. I can't bring that shit down on you, Jack."

Leaning against his bedroom door, eyes closed, Jack held the phone like a lifeline. "Ty, I can handle it. I'm here and I'm willing to help you, if you'll let me."

"I'm sorry, Jack," Ty said quietly. "I can't do it. Gettin' too deep already."

Before Jack could ask, the line went dead. He swallowed the sudden lump in his throat and stared at the display that read "Ty" before snapping the phone shut. Yeah, too deep. That was a damn good way to put it. He'd been too deep for a while now. Jesus -- how'd he ever let himself fall so hard? Forcing those thoughts away, he opened his door and focused his mind on getting clothes together. He'd told Mack he'd be back in a few days. Mack would understand. Besides, there was plenty of help and Mack knew what was going on to begin with.

After getting a few days' worth of clothes tossed into a bag, Jack grabbed his cell phone charger and went back out. Mack was waiting for him, leaning against Jack's truck. Jack tossed his bag into the bed and thumbed his keys.

"Bring him back."

"I am."

Mack gave him a single nod and stepped away. Jack got in and started up the truck, then buckled. "Need any money?"

"Nah, I'm good. Thanks, Mack."

Mack stared off into the distance. "He's a good kid, but more than that, I know you love him. I think he's finally come to realize what I've suspected all along -- that he feels more for you than mere friendship. He's scared -- of what that means, of his folks, of taking a step he never thought he'd take. We've all been there."

"Yeah, yeah, we have."

Mack patted the door. "Go on. Bring our boy back."

"Will do, boss."

\*\*\*

Somewhere halfway between Athens, Alabama, and the Tennessee state line, Ty turned off his truck and let his head fall back against the headrest. With his eyes closed, he hoped to stave off the burning in them. He'd hoped leaving would have eased something, but it hadn't. If anything, he felt worse. No woman had ever done this to him, yet here he sat, on the shoulder of north-bound Interstate 65, tears threatening as he tried his damndest to push away thoughts of the only person he ever considered a best friend.

A semi flew by, setting the truck rocking a little. Ty sighed and opened his eyes. He stared straight ahead and after a moment, started the truck again. Bernie would be expecting him in just over an hour or so. Ty pulled back onto the road and continued on his way toward Nashville -- and inevitably away from something he was terrified to admit.

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Around six, Ty pulled up in front of Bernie's cabin. Tucked away in a rural area just outside of Nashville, it was quiet and thankfully out of the way of his folks. Bernie was the black sheep of the family -- his exile half self-imposed, half not. The fact that his lover happened to have a dick was as much a reason for that as Bernie's sharp-tongued, college-educated wit. Bernie came out to meet him, not giving him any kind of lecture or anything. Ty couldn't be more grateful.

"How was the drive? You hungry?" Bernie asked as Ty followed him into the house.

"Yeah, I could eat." Ty dropped his bag near the door and looked around. Jack had never been here, but damned if Ty didn't see the man's face everywhere he looked. "Um, mind if I grab a quick shower first?"

"Sure, go ahead," Bernie said from the kitchen. "I'll get Mark to start his famous beef stew. That okay?"

Ty nodded. "Sounds good." He met his cousin's gaze briefly, saw a hint of sympathy, and swallowed the lump in his throat as he turned and headed down the hall.

A few minutes later, under the spray of hot water, Ty rested his forehead to the tile and swore under his breath. Everything inside ached. His gut twisted into knots, his throat and chest tightened with every breath. He could still feel Jack's hands on him, lips moving over his skin, fingers sliding inside him. Without thought, Ty touched himself, not bothering to stop the soft whimper as he began stroking. Every stroke, Jack moved with him, kisses soft, hands gripping, pulling Ty back into strong arms. Ty came before he was ready, tears mixing with the water as well.

It took another twenty minutes before Ty felt like he could face anybody. He dried off and wrapped the towel around his waist. Figuring Bernie took his bag into the guest room, Ty went down the hall and opened the door. Something akin to shock -- mixed with gut-wrenching ache and relief -- rushed through him when Jack turned around from where he'd been staring out the

window.

"We need to talk," Jack said.

Ty promised himself he wouldn't cry as he nodded and closed the door, giving them some privacy. "I'm sorry, Jack."

Jack sat on the bed and patted the space beside him. When Ty sat down, Jack drew in a deep breath and stared at his hands. "Not gonna lie and say it didn't hurt. It hurt like hell."

"I know."

"But you know what?"

"What?" A hand on Ty's cheek turned his face to Jack's, Jack's thumb grazing slowly over Ty's bottom lip.

"I'm not angry. I love you too much to walk away, Ty."

Despite his best intentions to not cry, Ty felt a tear fall down his cheek. Jack brushed it away with his fingers. "I'm scared," he admitted in a whisper.

"I can promise you that I will never break your heart. I might do stupid things sometimes, we might argue and fight, but I will never leave you."

"Jack."

It was all Ty got out -- all he *could* get out -- before Jack closed the distance between them. Ty sighed into Jack's mouth, the ache dissolving so strong that salty tears flavored the kiss. Jack licked Ty's lips, then kissed his cheek, mouth moving soft and slow over Ty's skin.

"We'll make it through this, darlin'," Jack murmured. "I promise you."

"I need you. I'm so tired of running, Jack." Ty slipped his fingers through Jack's hair, and then trailed them down the strong shoulders, the muscles in Jack's back moving smoothly under his touch.

"I'm right here."

Jack rose up and stripped off his shirt, then came back down. Blessed warm skin pressed to Ty's and he found that he couldn't get enough of it. He cupped the back of Jack's neck and pulled him in for another kiss, this one with intent. He needed more, needed to feel Jack around him, over him, inside him. A hand slipped between them and his towel was opened, fingers stroking up and down his cock. Ty moaned, arched into that feather-light touch.

"Jack. Please."

"Shh..."

Jack worked his way down, lips, teeth, and tongue blazing a trail over Ty's skin. By the time Jack reached his cock, Ty was almost shaking, need coiling tight in his belly. He threaded his fingers in Jack's hair and urged him downward. Jack didn't hesitate, didn't tease -- just lifted Ty's cock and closed his lips over the head, sucking long and slow. Ty cried out, the simple sensation almost too much. He felt it the moment Jack let go, and he plunged his cock into the man's mouth, thighs going tight as he pumped in and out. Jack's hands on his inner thighs coaxed Ty's legs apart and then up. The sensation of a talented tongue and steady sucking kept Ty's attention until he felt a finger touch his ass. Jack pulled off his cock, but just before Ty could protest, that wicked tongue was licking his hole.

"Jack!" Ty gasped, eyes popping wide open as he jerked, every nerve honed onto his asshole and the sudden plunge of Jack's tongue inside him. "Fuck! Oh, fuck... fuck..." He fisted the blanket in both hands, breath panting out of him. It was unreal, like nothing he'd ever felt. And dear God almighty, he didn't want it to ever stop.

Jack licked back up and sucked one of Ty's balls into his mouth. Looking down, Ty watched, met Jack's gaze just as a slick finger eased inside him. Ty groaned and nodded, falling back down, hips lifting. Jack moved down to his hole and licked some more, then added a second finger, slowly pushing both inside. Ty moaned, the stretch foreign but not painful. Jack kept on touching and licking -- his balls, his hole, back up to his cock, then back down again. Ty couldn't figure out which way to move, whether to thrust into Jack's mouth, or grind down on the man's fingers. By the time his brain figured it out, his body was already moving, rocking and riding as Jack thrust his fingers in and out.

"Jack," Ty panted. "Please. Fuck. Now."

Jack pulled his fingers out and dug in his jeans pocket for something. He set a foil packet on the bed and found the lube Ty kept in his bag for jerking off. Ty watched, too entranced to do anything but stare, as Jack undressed. Tight, faded jeans fell to the floor, followed by underwear, and Jack kicked his boots off, the clothes going as well. His cock was big, hard and leaking. Ty bit his bottom lip, his own prick throbbing against his stomach as Jack unrolled the rubber and slicked up. Then Jack was over him again, Ty's legs draped over the man's shoulders.

"I-- fuck, Jack..." Eyes wide, heart pounding so hard he thought he was gonna die, Ty couldn't begin to get the words out.

Jack leaned down and kissed him, slow and deep, scrambling Ty's brain until nothing was left but a sensation of burning and fullness Ty had never felt in his life. Ty grabbed Jack's biceps, fingers digging sharply as he lifted his hips. With a deep groan Ty felt in the pit of his belly, Jack slid the rest of the way inside him.

"Oh, Jesus." Ty stared up into eyes so blue, they hurt. "Oh, fuck." Jack was inside him. *Inside him.*

"Not gonna move 'til you're ready," Jack said. "Christ, darlin'. Feels so good. Been waitin' forever for this."

Ty snapped his mouth shut and nodded. He didn't trust himself to talk right now. It was all so big -- Jack's cock, the fullness, the knowledge that they were here, Jack was buried inside his body, and they hadn't been struck down by God-sent lightning. Jack gave an experimental rock of his hips and Ty sucked in a sharp breath. Jack smiled and did it again, and this time, Ty's eyes rolled back and he started grinding -- slowly, at first. Jack's lips found a sensitive spot on his neck and Ty moaned, hands sliding up to hold Jack's shoulders as Jack rocked a little, never quite pulling out.

"Love you," Jack whispered in Ty's ear. "So much, Ty."

"Yes!" Ty grabbed Jack's head and kissed him hard. "Please. Need this, need you. Love you too much."

"Aww, shit."

Jack pulled out and thrust back in, sending Ty's back up in an arch. Over and over, in and out, every stroke sent Ty soaring higher, Jack filling him up over and over again. Ty barely got a hand on his cock before he was shouting Jack's name, the burst of pleasure so strong it brought more tears to Ty's eyes. Jack cursed and came down, tongue pushing between Ty's lips. The kiss was hard and bruising, but Ty welcomed it, swallowed Jack's growl when he felt the man's cock throb deep inside him.

It took several seconds for either one of them to regain enough sense to move. Jack pulled out slowly and got rid of the rubber. He returned to the bed and slid in with Ty, pulling him close. Ty shuddered and rested his head on Jack's chest, listened to the rhythm of his heart. For the first time in his life, Ty wasn't scared. With Jack right here, holding him, the trouble with his family seemed so far away. Sleep came, welcomed and needed.

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Jack woke up to find himself alone. Frowning, he patted the bed beside him, but it was empty. Then he heard voices from down the hall and smelled the thick, rich aromas of coffee and stew. He got up and swung his legs over, scrubbing his hands down his face as he blinked away sleep. He had no idea what time it was, but judging from the growing darkness outside, he figured it was getting late in the evening. He got up and pulled on his jeans and shirt, then left the bedroom.

Ty and Bernie were sitting at the kitchen table, talking while Bernie's partner Mark set steaming bowls of stew in front of them. There was a fourth place set, right beside Ty. Jack smiled and walked in, bending down to kiss the top of Ty's head before sitting beside him.

"This smells wonderful," Jack said.



Mark grinned and sat down with his own bowl. "Thanks. Haven't fixed it in a while. Figured company's a good enough reason to go all out. Everybody, dig in."

A hand rested on Jack's thigh and he covered it with his own, giving Ty's fingers a gentle squeeze. "What time is it anyway?"

"Almost seven-thirty," Bernie chuckled. "Seems like your man wore ya out."

Jack didn't have to look to know Ty was blushing; he felt the heat and sweat on Ty's hand. "Yeah, sure did."

"So." Mark glanced up at Ty. "Any idea what you're gonna do?"

Ty shrugged. "If Mack will have me back there, I suppose I'll go home."

"What're you gonna do about your folks?" Bernie asked pointedly.

There was a heartbeat of silence before Ty said a word. "I don't know. Not sure I wanna think about it right now."

"You can't run from it, kiddo," Mark offered between spoonfuls of stew.

"How'd you do it?" Ty asked Bernie. "How'd you come out?"

Mark snorted and Bernie smacked him on the head. "Showed up with this bastard hooked on my arm," Bernie said. "That shut 'em all up real quick."

Ty looked like the blood had drained from his face and he made a sound that resembled a terrified squeak. Jack chuckled and put his arm around Ty's shoulders, giving him a squeeze. "I..."

"It's okay," Jack whispered in Ty's ear. "We'll work it out."

Ty nodded. "Okay." He let out a shaky breath. "Okay."

"Hey, no one said you have to come out right now." Bernie gave Ty a sympathetic smile. "Honestly. Mack Sexton? He won't care. Hell, he probably already knows. You know the Sextons won't give a shit -- look at Robbie and Seth."

"I know," Ty sighed. "Need to get out from under my folks. That's biggest issue, I think."

Jack mulled it over, wondering how to work this all out. Ty was right -- he had to get loose from his folks' control. "What can I do, darlin'? You know I'm here."

"I don't know." Ty shook his head. "Jesus, Jack. I'm twenty-one years old. It's time they stop

treating me like a kid, ya know?"

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Listen, if you want, we'll hang up here in Tennessee. Maybe get a hotel somewhere in Nashville, see the sights. Somewhere your folks won't find us." Jack glanced up, meeting Bernie and Mark's gazes. Both of them nodded. "And as much as I like Bernie and Mark, your folks might figure you'll end up here."

"He's right," Bernie said. "Take a week off. Go have fun -- just the two of you. Figure out what you want to do in the long run."

Ty stirred his stew and remained silent for a few seconds, then nodded. "Okay. I like that idea."

"Good." Jack gave Ty's shoulders a squeeze and let go. "Finish up dinner. We'll head to bed, get an early start."

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Jack bent and got the water going, nice and hot. Ty sat on the toilet seat, naked and looking too damn good for words. Jack started the shower and stepped in, crooking a finger. With a grin, Ty got in and pushed right up against him, taking a kiss that had Jack moaning. One thing was certain: Ty could kiss like nobody's business. Jack leaned back, ignoring the cold tile on his skin, and cupped Ty's ass, hauling that long body up against him. Ty hummed, rubbed on him like a cat.

"God. All this time," Ty murmured. "No more scared. Feels too good."

"No more scared, baby." Jack kissed Ty's hair, and then tipped his head, giving Ty more room to lick and nibble at his neck. He'd been afraid that Ty's upbringing -- all that God-fearing bullshit - - would've killed them, but he had a feeling Ty was finally getting beyond that, realizing that they weren't going to hell for loving.

"Jack." Ty shifted and their cocks slid together, water and precome slicking, letting them rub.

"What, darlin'? What do you need?" Jack spread Ty's cheeks, exposing the tight little hole to the thrum of warm water. Ty keened, going up on his toes, ass pushing back, tilting.

"Fuck! Please. God, please, in me, Jack."

Jack turned him around and Ty put his palms on the wall. "Don't move." Jack pushed back the curtain and grabbed the rubber he'd put on the toilet tank lid, just in case. He ripped it open, unrolled it, and rubbed the head over Ty's crease. "Spread for me, baby."

Ty reached back and lifted one ass cheek, putting his foot up on the tub edge. "Just go slow?"

"Always, 'til you want it hard." Jack wet two fingers and rubbed Ty's hole, pushing in slowly. Ty moaned, rocking back. "That's it. Get that ass ready for me."

"Oh, God. Jack."

"Right here, darlin'. Right here." Jack pulled his fingers out and pressed his cock in, eyes rolling back as that sweet, tight ass sucked him right into Heaven. "Oh, sweet Jesus. Ty."

"Jack. Yes." Ty's arm started moving and Jack could feel Ty's ass squeeze his cock with every stroke. "Move. God, please, fuck me."

Hands on Ty's hips, getting Ty's foot back down, Jack pulled out and thrust back in, slow and deep. Ty moaned and threw his head back, tugging faster on his cock. Jack changed his angle and started pumping in and out, Ty's moans and whimpers music to his ears. He felt it when Ty got close and he sped up, wet skin slapping wet skin as the water poured down on them.

"Come on, baby," Jack panted. "Need to feel you, Ty."

"Jack!"

Ty shouted, entire body tensing and going impossibly tight. Jack jerked and bucked, his own orgasm surprising the fuck out of him as he buried himself balls-deep in Ty's body. Panting, shaking, Jack rested his forehead against Ty's shoulders, arms wrapping tight around him.

"Love you," he whispered. "Jesus, I love you, Ty."

One of Ty's hands covered his and Jack linked their fingers. "Jack?"

"Hmm?"

"The water's gettin' cold."

Jack laughed. "Yeah. Bed?"

Ty nodded, and then turned, Jack slipping out of him. He stroked his fingers down Jack's face. "Love you, too."

"We'll make it through this."

"We will. I know we will."

Jack smiled and leaned in for a kiss. "Come on. Warm bed, warmer bodies." They *would* get through this shit, and be the stronger for it.

To be continued in Breakdown 2, coming soon from Torquere Press.

Breakdown 1: Nowhere to Run

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