



Making Your Own Luck
By Sean Michael

Isaac stared at his hands.

Honestly, when he'd woken up this morning, he should have just turned over and gone back to sleep. Well, okay, he'd sort of done that, which was part of the fucking problem, wasn't it?

Yeah.

Fuck.

He'd gotten out of bed on the wrong side; he'd stumbled over the edge of the rug and landed against the dressing table, sending his shaving mirror, his scissors, and his shoe horn flying. The mirror broke -- great -- the shoe horn was still missing -- fucking fabulous -- and the scissors fell, which would have been way more upsetting if he'd had a damned lover to be unfaithful, which he didn't.

Or he had, just not anymore because sometimes superstitions came after the fact and, if he dropped scissors around Justin now, he'd drop them on the cheating fucker's balls.

Point first.

Damn it.

After all that, he'd headed for work at the university, only to make it halfway there before his tire blew, leaving him stranded on the median on Pickney road, watching the traffic zoom by. His cell was out of juice, his students were undoubtedly leaving his classes like lemmings, and...

Well, he'd gotten reamed by the head of his department, lost his lucky rabbit's foot, got a rejection on an article he'd submitted on the power of suggestion to Zen Today magazine (too academic, not approachable enough), and then walked to the closest place to his goddamn office to have something to eat before he went to hide for the rest of the day.

He had a blister on his finger from trying to change the tire, a cut on his other hand from hitting the car out of frustration when the lug nut stuck, and...

And if his fucking coffee and water and chicken salad sandwich didn't show up soon he was going to have a meltdown of mammoth fucking proportions!

Isaac slammed his hand down on the table, the salt cellar turning over with a thunk, salt spilling out over the bright red tablecloth.

"God damn it." He snarled out the words, snatched up the salt and threw it over his left shoulder.

"What the hell?"

He half-turned to discover the low, growly voice belonged to a very large, very buff stud of a man with the greenest eyes.

"Uh. Sorry." Fuck. "Spilled salt. Bad luck. You know?"

"I know it was bad luck for me." The guy made a show of wiping the salt from his shoulders and out of his military short brown hair.

"Sorry." If he got his ass kicked, he was going to...

To...

Throw a ladder at the growly son of a bitch.

The guy stared at him for a moment. "You really believe in that shit?"

"Yeah." He did. Even if some of it was weird and ridiculous, the history behind it was fascinating, enthralling, and he spent his life studying it.

Wasted his life, according to Justin.

The guy indicated the other chair at his table. "May I?"

"I. Yeah... Yeah, okay." He guessed so.

The big guy pulled out the chair and sat. "So why the salt?"

"What do you mean? Why did I throw it, why do people throw it, or why does it exist?" Those were all very different questions.

"Why did you throw it?"

"Because I spilled it."

"What could possibly happen if you didn't throw it on the nearest innocent bystander? Bysitter. Whatever."

God, this guy had a great voice. Great.

"It's bad luck. Some historians say the superstition came about because Judas spilled salt at the Last Supper."

"No shit? Still. You threw salt on me, man. And that's not cool." Mr. Studly waved at a waitress to get her attention.

"Look, I apologized, huh?" Jesus. He just wanted to get home and fucking hide.

"And I accept your apology, but I figure the least you can do is have lunch with me." The guy smiled up at the waitress. "I'll have the soup and salad, please."

"Yes, sir. Your chicken salad is coming. Did you want hot coffee or iced?" she asked Isaac.

"Hot, please."

Wait. Why was he having lunch with this stranger again?

"I'll have a glass of milk with mine."

When the waitress had gone the guy held out his hand. "I'm Rusty."

"Isaac." The man had beautiful, strong, heavy hands.

"Good to meet you. Even if you did 'assalt' me."

He blinked.

Stared.

"Oh, that was bad. Funny, but bad."

"Yep." Rusty gave him a shit-eating grin.

"So, what do you do when you're not interfering with a guy's good luck?"

"I do believe your good luck was interfering with my lunch." Rusty winked and then went on. "I sculpt."

"Sculpt? Honestly? Are you a student here?" He motioned to the nearby campus.

"Nope. Teacher. Brand new, too. And I'm having the most interesting first day."

Oh, great.

He'd mortally offended *faculty*. "I'm an adjunct working on my PhD. Folklore and popular culture."

"Let me guess -- you specialize in superstitions."

"As a matter of fact..." He felt his cheeks heat. God. God, he was a dork of mammoth proportions.

"That's pretty cool."

"I enjoy it. What do you sculpt?"

"Whatever the clay wants. And whatever the person commissioning me wants."

"Ah. Yeah. I understand that." Except he didn't, really, and he sucked at small talk and oh, thank God. Food.

Coffee.

Something to do with his hands and mouth.

Rusty peppered his soup and the two of them ate in silence for awhile. His chicken salad was good - crunchy and spicy and sweet all at once.

"This is good food. I'll have to thank the art department secretary for the tip. Maybe you could help the new guy out, too. What do you like to do for fun around here?"

"Well, what are you into? Dancing? Drinking? Art films?"

"Sure." Rusty drank half his milk. "I'm easy."

"Well, the kids like Egypt, down on Eighth. There's the Rusty Hinge that's quieter." He tended to hang at Rainbow Eddie's.

"Either of those queer-friendly?"

"The Hinge is okay, but I prefer Eddie's, if you go during the week, the crowd's not all trolling." Wait. What?

Queer?

Damn.

Rusty gave him a slow, warm smile. "So you're familiar with the place."

He shrugged, showed off his pride bracelet that he wore in case the kids needed to talk, the lucky acorn charm dangling from it. "Yeah. Yeah, I am."

"Cool. It's always nice to meet family."

"Even if you get a little salty?"

"Hey, it made for a great introduction, didn't it? It's hard being the new kid, not knowing anyone." Rusty didn't look the last bit put out.

"Well, Eddie's is open on Friday nights, but it'll be swarming with twenty year olds looking to hook up. Not my scene, really."

"What is your scene?"

"I'm not eighteen anymore. I like coffee shops and fireplaces." He stopped and thought about his answer some more. "I love to be out on the lake, out on my bike. That sort of thing." On not-Friday-the-Thirteenth days, anyway.

"Now that sounds like a nice way to spend the day. What do you think about quiet dinners by that fireplace and posing for clay masters?"

"Me?" He wasn't anything statuesque, not at all. Hell, he was just a guy. Wait. What if that was just theoretical?

"No, the other guy you tossed salt all over."

He tilted his head, pursed his lips. "Is it hard to self-sculpt?"

"Huh?" Rusty blinked, looking lost. "Oh! I meant the other guy who tossed salt on me."

He chuckled, a light blush coloring his face. "Wait, now I'm really confused." And more than a little intrigued.

"Maybe we both are. You should come to my place for supper tonight and we'll figure it out."

"I... I have to warn you, it's Friday the Thirteenth. The *worst* shit is happening to me today. If you're willing to risk it."

"I am, as long as you haven't lumped an invitation to dinner in with the 'worst shit' happening to you."

"No. No, you are, so far, not in the negative column." That could change, but... So far, so good.

"Well then, I'm willing to risk it." Rusty pulled a battered notebook out of his pocket along with a tiny, worn down pencil and wrote an address and number on a piece of paper he tore out of the notebook.

It was passed over to him. "How does six thirty sound?"

"My car should be done by five, so that's great."

"Should I even ask? About the car, I mean."

"It's Friday the Thirteenth, man. I blew a tire." He showed his bruised, cut hand. "The lug nuts beat me."

"You *are* having a shit day. Well, I promise to make it better. You like grilled food, man?"

"I do. I'm easy about my food, as a rule."

"Okay, sounds good." Rusty finished up his soup, all but licking the bowl. "You know where that is?" Rusty nodded at the card with his address on it.

"If I don't, I can MapQuest it." He was an idiot, but he wasn't stupid.

Rusty pulled his wallet out of his pants. "Great. You don't mind if I eat and run, do you? I have office hours at the studio in about four minutes."

"No sweat, man. None at all."

Hell, he could sit for a while longer.

Drink coffee.

Hope for a lack of passing black cats.

Rusty hummed as he made up the salad dressing, pouring it into the little glass container he'd traded a small abstract bird for. The steaks were marinating, the potatoes already foil-wrapped and on the grill. Supper was pretty much ready to go when his guest arrived.

He chuckled a little. He'd been in town almost two months and was having a bear of a time making new friends. Maybe buying the converted barn just outside of town hadn't been the hottest idea in the world. Except that he had a good amount of land to himself, and he wasn't right on top of his neighbors, which, given that he was up all hours of the night sometimes, was a definite plus.

Never mind that the place had character and was way bigger than he could have afforded in the city where real estate was at a premium.

Besides, where else was he going to find a huge room like the one that housed his studio?

Chuckling to himself, he went out to take a peek at the potatoes and make sure they were doing okay. Then he glanced up the road; his real reason for coming out was revealed -- he was checking to see if Isaac was coming yet.

Isaac was adorable -- lean and athletic, classical in shape with a pointed chin and wide, bright eyes. He'd love to see if he could capture that brightness in permanent form, but not everyone was comfortable posing. Still, he could only ask.

Of course that wasn't the only reason he'd invited Isaac to dinner. The truth was he was attracted to the man. From those bright eyes all the way to the superstitious nature.

Which reminded him that he'd made a purchase on his way home. He went in and found the huge, gaudy salt shaker and brought it back out to the table on the deck.

A tiny little blue car came pattering up the drive. Oh, man. That was a roller skate run by rubber bands. He headed toward the side of the barn where the garage area was. Isaac pulled in, driving carefully before parking and stepping out. The man looked good -- tight black T-shirt, faded jeans. Edible.

All he needed was a little salt.

Oh, fuck, Rusty cracked himself up sometimes. He bit back his chuckles and moved in for a hug. He was an artist -- they were allowed to be eccentric and go in for a hug instead of a handshake.

Oh, feel that.

This man was a wet dream looking for a sculptor to happen to.

He let go of Isaac slowly, reluctantly. "Hey, man. You made it."

"I did. Two new tires later. Something smells good."

"Baked potato is all that's on at the moment. There's steak in a marinade, though. If you're hungry I can get them going right away."

"I wasn't talking about the food." Isaac turned bright pink. "I like your cologne."

"Oh." He grinned, feeling it pull up from somewhere deep inside himself. "Thanks."

"You're welcome." Isaac smiled, hand gesturing to the place. "This is wonderful. Honestly. Did you know that painting up on your barn is a hex sign? They're Dutch, usually found in Pennsylvania. That one isn't completely traditional, but still interesting."

"No, I didn't. Is a hex sign good or bad?" He put his hand in the small of Isaac's back and led him over to the table and grill.

"They're for good luck, prosperity. It's neat." Isaac's ass was heavenly -- round and firm and swaying as he walked.

"I'd have to say, it's doing well by me so far." He resisted dropping his hand and squeezing. Barely. He wanted to though. He wanted a number of things, all of a sudden. He needed a distraction. "So, how do you like your steak?"

"Medium-well, please. This is a great set up. Do you work out here?"

"I do. I'll take you for a tour if you'd like, after we've eaten." He gave Isaac a slightly sheepish smile. "Lunch was the last I had and a little soup and salad just doesn't quite cut it for all afternoon."

"You're the only thing on my schedule today, man. I'm in no hurry to get back to work."

He gave Isaac a surprised look. "You work on Friday nights? I thought everyone went out to party?"

"I have papers to grade this weekend."

Rusty made a face and then winked. "Art professors never have papers to grade and the artwork? Either I like it or I don't, and either the kids used the techniques I called for or they were lazy. Makes grading easy."

"Oh, that's handy. I have freshmen."

"That sounds ominous."

Isaac grinned. "It's like a disease..."

Rusty laughed and finally turned his attention to the steaks sitting on the sidebar of the grill. He turned one side of the grill up to high and placed the steaks on it, side by side.

He could hear Isaac whistling, wandering around the patio, the yard.

"I've just got to go get the salad and buns. I won't be two ticks."

"Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Nah, just relax. Everything's made, table's set."

Rusty went in and made short work of grabbing a couple of beers, the salad and dressing and the little basket with buns in it. As he made his way back outside, trying to balance everything, he thought maybe he should have taken that offer of help after all.

He bumped into the ladder that was leaning against the wall, everything starting to tilt.

"Shit!" He managed to right himself, but he was tilting back and forth, trying not to drop anything.

"I'm coming!" Isaac came running and ran smack dab into the ladder, which was falling. The ladder swacked the man in the face and Isaac went down.

Boom.

"Shit! Shit! Shit!" He dropped the stuff in favor of going to Isaac. He slapped the man's face gently. "Isaac? Isaac, man, come on now."

Those huge dark eyes stared at him. "Ow."

"Are you okay, man?"

"Yeah. You?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. I think the salad's toast, though." At least the beers were safe.

"It's lettuce. It washes."

He chuckled and got up, holding a hand out to Isaac.

"Is my nose bleeding?"

"Nope. You look okay. I'm really sorry."

"It's Friday the Thirteenth, you know."

He helped Isaac up. "So you've mentioned. I'd tell you it's a bunch of hooey, but you're certainly having a day."

"Yeah, well..." Isaac grinned at him. "I have you and rolls and steaks."

Rusty beamed. "Yeah, man, I'd like to be your silver lining."

Isaac nodded, smile going wider.

He brushed Isaac off, spending maybe a little more time on the man's ass than it needed. "Come on, let's make sure we haven't cooked the shit out of those steaks."

"I'll rescue what I can of the salad."

"No, don't worry about it. Unless you're *really* in the mood for greens."

Isaac grabbed the basket of buns, which had landed upright. "No, bread and steak is perfect."

"Cool. There's baked potatoes on the grill, too." He went to the grill and turned the steaks. "Oh, I think these are going to wind up perfect."

Grinning, he pulled the potatoes off the grill and popped them onto the plastic plates he'd set the table with. Then he added the steaks. As long as their beer didn't spray everywhere when opened, they were set.

There was a bruise coming up across the bridge of Isaac's nose, just a little one. He desperately wanted to kiss it better. Giving in to the impulse, he leaned forward and gently brushed the spot with his lips.

"Oh." Isaac smiled, chin lifting to brush their lips together in a quick, quick kiss.

He smiled. "You might be having a bad luck Friday the Thirteenth, but I have to tell you -- mine's turning out really well."

"There's only about five hours of today left, too."

"I'll do my best to make them good for you."

"I'd like that, Rusty."

"Me, too. Now let's eat these steaks before they get cold!" That would be bad luck right there.

They sat and ate. They finished their beers, then opened another pair, both of them laughing at stupid jokes, enjoying the sun set. The food was good, filling, but it was the company that made the night.

The mosquitoes were just starting to come out when they cleared the table, Isaac helping easily. "Are you going to show me your studio?"

"I am. Let's just get these into the kitchen and get ourselves another couple beers."

"Sounds like a plan, although I'll have to stop there if I'm driving home."

"I'll keep that in mind." If he was driving home. That meant there was the possibility that Isaac might stay.

There was a spring in his step as Rusty led the way to the kitchen. He thought he could maybe feel the touch of Isaac's hand on his ass.

Nice.

"So this is the kitchen. The fridge and stove give it away." Everything was nice and modern, fresh.

"It's all new -- you wouldn't expect that from the outside."

"I know, cool, isn't it? The inside is all modern and sleek with high walls and big rooms, clean and awesome and the outside is a barn. I love it."

"It's amazing. It makes my apartment look very... beige."

Rusty chuckled. "Yeah? Is beige a lucky color?"

"Not, it's the neutral color of all rentals."

"Ah. I rented for a long time. Owning is better. You can do what you want to the walls. Even knock 'em out." He opened the door to his studio, the huge room taking up the back half of the barn. You couldn't see it from the front, but the entire back wall of the barn had been turned into windows.

"Oh..." Isaac blinked, looked around and around. "It's amazing."

Rusty nodded; he had the best studio in the fucking world.

He took Isaac's hand and led him over to his finished pieces. "These are my latest."

He had a few very realistic ones of people, a couple of busts -- mostly commissions. And then there were his pride and joy, the abstract ones, the ones he poured his heart into. They didn't look like anything in particular, but there was joy and anger, sadness, fear, love.

Isaac went right for the one for passion, lips parted. "Oh, that's fascinating."

He beamed. "Thanks. These are for my latest exhibit." He was actually ahead of the game, too, with seven of twelve pieces completed and still several months to go before he had to ship them off to New York.

"Wow. They're amazing." Isaac clasped his hands behind his back, eyes wide.

"There's still five more pieces to come, but they're flowing well. I'm not sure I'm going to want to break up the set, though. I may make some smaller companion pieces to actually sell." His agent was going to shit a brick, but damn it, the pieces worked better together.

"You'd make a good subject," he told Isaac, imagining the lines that were hidden beneath the man's clothes.

"Me? Are you kidding?"

"I don't kid about the art, man."

"No one's ever wanted to sculpt me before."

It would be intimate, hot. "Their loss, my gain." He grinned and walked around Isaac, unapologetically checking the man out. "Very much my gain."

"I..." Isaac grinned. "God, that's hot."

"So are you." He stopped in front of Isaac and reached to put his hands on the man's hips.

"Does that feel good?" Isaac stepped closer, hips swaying, just a bit.

"It does. How about this?" Leaning in, he licked at Isaac's lower lip and then brought their lips together.

The kiss was soft, slow, a little beer-soaked, not the fiery blast he'd expected, but not something he wanted to stop. He stayed right there with it, with Isaac, letting the kiss be what it was. Isaac hummed softly, then that lean body pressed against him, just for a moment, letting him feel.

Groaning, he broke the kiss so he could look into Isaac's eyes and ask, "Would you like to see my bedroom?"

"Are you propositioning me, sir?"

He grinned, nodded. "Is that allowed on a Friday the Thirteenth?"

Isaac tilted his head. "I have no fucking idea, man."

"Then let's go."

One hand slipped into his, the other one landed on the front of his jeans and rubbed his cock. "Lead the way."

Rusty moaned softly and squeezed Isaac's hand. His first step was a stumble, but he found his footing soon enough.

"Do you seduce your dinner partners often?"

"No, but then they're not usually as hot as you are."

"Flatterer." Isaac's shoulder bumped against his. "I approve."

Rusty laughed at that. "Good. Good. I might do it again."

They stopped in the hallway, mouths coming together again, the kiss sweeter this time, richer. He finally let his hand slide down to touch Isaac's ass. It felt as good as it looked, better even.

"Mmm." Isaac groaned, pushed back into his touch.

He squeezed and kneaded Isaac's ass, his cock surging against his zipper.

"Fuck, ye..." The sound was cut off as a phone started ringing.

Rusty growled. Who the fuck was calling him on a Friday night?

"Do you need to get that?"

"I suppose I'd better. Nobody calls on a Friday evening unless they really need to talk to me." He sighed and went to the kitchen, picked up the phone. "Hello."

"Rus? It's Lisa. It's Mom. She fell and broke her hip. You have to come."

"Shit. Is she in the hospital?" Damn. It would take him a couple of hours to get there, but he could be packed and ready in five minutes.

"Yeah. St. Francis. I'm on the way there now; her neighbor just called."

"Okay, honey. I'll be there in a couple of hours."

"Love you, Rus."

"Love you, too, honey. I'll be there soon. Don't fret." He hung up the phone and turned to give Isaac an apologetic look. "I've got to go; my mom's broken her hip."

"Oh, man. How can I help?"

"I appreciate the offer, but there's nothing, really. Except to tell me you won't hold it against me, and we'll try this again sometime?"

"You have my word." Isaac kissed his cheek. "I'll just go, then. Let you do what you need to."

"Thanks, man. And I'm sorry about this. I really wanted you to see my bedroom."

"Things happen. You'll show me when you get back."

"I will. It's up in the loft and it looks great. Especially the big bed." He leaned in to take a kiss.

Isaac kissed him, but quickly. "Go. Pack. I'll do your dishes before I go."

"No, you don't have to do that, man. My ladder attacked you. I think that gets you out of doing dishes."

"It'll be a second of my time, and you have a mom to see."

"Okay. Thanks." He kissed Isaac's nose and headed for his bedroom to throw a few things in a bag. Hell of a way to end a date.

Maybe they'd been gotten by Friday the Thirteenth after all.

"And please, guys, if you have questions about the mid-term, I'll be there during office hours." God save him from late October.

Isaac gathered his stuff and headed out from his last class of the day. Man, a coffee was in order.

A long, studly form detached itself from the wall and wandered toward him. "Hey, Isaac."

He looked over, smiled. "Rusty! God, how are you? How's your mom?" He hadn't heard back from Rusty in quite a few weeks. He figured the man was busy.

"Being the terror of the hospital. They actually moved her to a rehabilitation center last week. She's planning to be back home by Christmas."

"Oh, that's good." He smiled, tickled. "Better than good. You have a class over here?"

"No." Rusty gave him a grin. "I was hungry and didn't want to eat on my own."

"I just finished my last class." He could eat.

"Cool. And if you feel a need to throw salt over your shoulder, I'll be right across from you, out of harm's way."

"Ass." He grinned, swatted Rusty playfully.

Rusty danced out of the way, laughing.

"Come on, you can show me somewhere fun to eat. My treat."

"How do you feel about Mexican food?"

"I love it with a margarita chaser."

"Margaritas it is. Dos Rios is a little hole in the wall, but they've got killer chips."

"Sounds great. Margaritas, killer chips, and you -- a guy couldn't ask much more out of lunch."

Isaac blushed, pleased. "So, have you been working hard?"

They headed out into the pale sunlight, walking down the sidewalk and trying to avoid the mass of wandering students.

"I have been. I spent a week at my mother's, trying to impress upon her the need to follow doctor's orders. At least until she's feeling well again. Then I've spent the last few weeks trying to make up for the bad impression needing personal time right at the start of the new job leaves. And I've been going back on weekends to help Lisa deal with the patient from hell." Rusty chuckled. "I've been thinking about you, though, wishing there was more of a certain salt-wielding professor in my days."

"Yeah? That's cool. I tried to call a couple of times, but the cat ate your phone number and most of your address..." Demon was a bitch-kitty.

"Now, if a student told me that about their paper I'd accuse them of lying."

"You haven't met Demon."

That had Rusty laughing out loud, some of the students around them turning to look. "Your cat's name is Demon?"

"It is." He gave Rusty his best wide-eyed innocent look. "Aren't they all named Demon?"

Rusty's laughter increased. "I wouldn't know -- I don't have a cat. Never have. I guess I'm not cat people."

"I inherited Demon. The professor who was head of my steering committee had a heart attack two years ago. I ended up with half of her classes, her Japanese folklore collection, her print of Van Gogh's Sunflowers, and her cat."

"And Demon lives up to his name, huh?" Rusty skirted another crowd of kids and put a hand on his lower back, guiding him along.

"God, yes. He's black and vicious." And Isaac sort of loved him.

"Aren't black cats supposed to be bad luck? Oops, I hope not." Rusty chuckled and pointed as a skinny black cat shot across the sidewalk and into some bushes, right in front of them.

"Only if they cross your path." He sighed and grinned. Great.

"Ah. Well. I guess we're doomed then." Rusty gave him a wink. "I'll risk it."

"You think it's wise?" he winked, playing along.

"I think you're worth it."

"Oh..." Well, wasn't that something. Really, honestly something. They came up to the restaurant and Rusty held the door open for him.

"Thanks, man." He headed in, waved to the waitress doubling as hostess. "Table for two, please."

"Follow me, please." She led them to a seat near the window, putting the menus down. "Is this okay?"

"It's great." He sat down, grabbed the menu and started reading. Oh, chalupas. "Are you sculpting anything new?"

"Yeah, the next piece in the emotion series for that gallery."

"Oh, really? How long does it take you?"

"It depends. Sometimes I'm up all night and get it done in a matter of hours. Other times..." Rusty shrugged. "Sometimes it's real work."

"Wow." He couldn't imagine doing something like that for a living. Something so... esoteric. Which, okay, was weird given that he was a folklore student, but still...

Rusty chuckled. "It's not nearly as glamorous as it sounds."

"No? It sounds sort of... stunning."

"You could find out for yourself -- I'd still like you to sit for me."

"Really? I'd love to." He could watch Rusty work, he thought. There was chemistry there.

"Awesome. What are you doing this weekend?"

"Nothing, believe it or not. No grading. The big games this weekend, you know." He winked over.

"Do you usually go and cheer on the home team?"

"Nope. I usually sit at home with beer and listen to opera, really loudly." The crowds were amazing.

"Oh, do you want company?"

"I'd love that. We can make a day of it, if you want?"

"I'd like that, too."

The waitress came by for their order.

"Oh, I haven't even looked at the menu yet." Rusty chuckled and took a look.

"The enchiladas are good, and the tacos." He grinned at the waitress. "I'd like the chalupa plate, a margarita, and some guacamole."

"And I'll have the enchiladas, please and some extra chips to share the guacamole, and also a margarita."

"Frozen or on the rocks?" the waitress asked him first.

Isaac looked over at Rusty. "Would you think I was girly if I took frozen?"

"I might. But I wouldn't hold it against you." Rusty gave him a wink and turned back to the waitress. "I'll have mine frozen, too, please."

The waitress chuckled and he leaned back, amused. Okay, that was clever, sexy and cute.

Once she'd left, Rusty leaned back, too, one foot sliding alongside his. He wasn't even sure Rusty was doing it on purpose until he looked in the man's eyes.

"Hey, Mr. Artist. I seem to have your foot."

Rusty smiled, the look reaching his eyes. "And here I thought I had yours."

They chuckled together, a bit stupid.

Their margaritas came and Rusty toasted him. "To lunch together."

"Indeed. To your health."

Rusty sipped at his margarita and gave him a thumbs up. "That's an excellent frozen margarita. It bodes well for the food."

"I love it here. It's cheap, out of the way, friendly."

"And surprisingly student free at the moment."

The waitress brought the chips and guacamole and Rusty dug right in. "Sorry, I'm starving."

"No worries. The guac looks good." Oh, man. It tasted even better.

"You're right, the food is awesome."

An alarm suddenly sounded, a loud ringing, and a moment later the sprinklers went on, soaking them in short order.

Isaac stood up, eyes wide. "Damn!"

He heard a short scream from the back and turned, immediately going crashing down on his ass, and knocking his mouth on the edge of the chair.

Rusty grabbed his arm and helped him up. "Shit! You're bleeding."

"Kitchen fire!" The waitress came rushing out. "Everyone has to get out. Now!"

"Shit." Rusty's arm went around him.

He spit, shuddering as one of his teeth came out. "Oh, fuck."

"Come on, Izzy, let's get out of here." Rusty led him through the tables to the front door.

He stumbled along, noticing, almost idly, that they still hadn't fixed the horseshoe that was hanging by the door, even though he'd let the hostess know that if you left it that way, the luck would pour out.

There was an ambulance and a fire truck pulling up as they pushed out the front door, and Rusty led him right toward the ambulance. "Let's get you checked out."

"I can't believe this." His mouth felt huge, sore, throbbing.

"It's okay, Iz." Rusty petted him, hands stroking his arm. "It'll be okay."

"Uh-huh." He stopped, gagged, and spit out blood. Nasty.

Just.

Nasty.

Rusty rang the bell at Isaac's house, box of chocolates and flowers in hand.

It might have been cliché, but he thought Isaac more than deserved it after breaking his tooth at Dos Rios. It had been a rude end to their lunch out together.

Luckily, Isaac was okay, but they hadn't had a chance to see each other until now. The day of the big game. Which they were going to spend together at Isaac's house. Rusty figured they were pretty safe there. At least he hoped so.

Isaac opened the door, pretty face all black and blue still. "Hey. How're you?"

"Good, good. You look like hell." It was the truth.

"Yeah. The tooth's fixed, though, and the restaurant paid for it. Are the flowers for me?"

"Yes, and so are the chocolates." He handed them both over.

"Come on in. It's not as neat as your place."

In truth, it was just an apartment. An apartment filled with knick knacks and books, movies and CDs. It was weird and warm and amazing.

"It's pretty cool, Izzy. I like it." He moved around, touching the knick knacks, checking out the books and movies and CDs. "It's cool."

"Thanks. It's just a place to have my stuff."

"You don't like it? Have you got a backyard?"

"I don't mind it, and I have a little fenced-in patio. Come look." Isaac headed over to the sliding glass doors, unlocked them and opened them up.

"Oh, this is cute. You can grill and eat out." It wasn't being in the country, but it was private and inviting.

"I have a tiny little hibachi." They stepped out onto the patio, and into the sunshine. "And a little table and two chairs."

"Sounds perfect for the two of us." He slipped his arm around Isaac's waist, hand on the man's hip.

Isaac leaned against his arm, sighed a little. "Are you looking forward to the afternoon?"

"I am. Especially the part where I get to spend it with you." In fact he was looking forward to that a lot.

Isaac's smile was beautiful, even with the bruises. "You are a sweet-talker. It's very flattering.

"Oh, good. I'd hate to think you were feeling insulted." He gave Isaac a wink.

"Not even a little." Isaac's hand landed on his butt, squeezed it.

"Oh!" He laughed and pushed back into Isaac's touch. "Good."

"How do you feel about pizza?"

"It's one of the four major food groups, isn't it?"

"Pizza. Beer. Steak." Isaac stopped. "And chocolate? Wine?"

"Dessert." He was pretty sure about that.

"Dessert, it is. We could start with chocolate. Someone really wicked cool brought me some."

"Oh? Do I have a rival for your affections?" he teased.

"Oh, he's a good guy. Artist. Hot. Not the best of luck, but..." Isaac teased right back.

He put back his head and laughed. While he didn't believe in all the charms and stuff, he had to admit he and Isaac hadn't had the best of luck. "Things are turning around for me. I can feel it."

"You think..." Isaac ducked as a big blue jay dove into the patio, squawking.

He laughed. "I do -- that's the blue bird of happiness, right?" And it flew right into Isaac's apartment.

"Would you be terribly surprised to hear that having a bird fly into your house is terrible luck?"

"No way -- you can't be serious!"

"You want to read it in a book?"

Something inside the apartment crashed down.

"Christ, it certainly sounds unlucky enough. Let's see if we can't get it out of your place without breaking it or anything else!" Rusty was starting to think there wasn't anything that wasn't believed to be bad luck of one kind or another.

"I'll get a broom." Isaac ran for the kitchen, while the poor, terrified bird smashed into bookcases and walls, artwork and...

Oh, God.

The biggest cat he'd ever seen came flying from underneath the sofa, claws the size of hawk's talons, blazing eyes shooting sparks as the beast yowled and reached for the bird.

"Demon! No!"

Trying to stay out of the way of those enormous claws, Rusty waved his arms at the bird, trying to herd it back out the French doors.

Isaac waved the broom at the cat, the cat attacked the broom, then used the handle as a lever to launch itself at the jay.

"Shit!" Rusty managed to get between them, but the hell-beast landed on him, claws digging into his shoulder and back. He yowled nearly as loudly as the cat.

"God *damn* it!" Isaac whipped around, the end of the broom smashing into the television and sending sparks flying in what seemed like a huge arc, setting a curtain, a throw rug, and the cat's tail on fire.

Thinking on his feet, despite the pain throbbing in his back where the cat's claws had dug into him, Rusty yanked the curtains down and threw them on the throw rug. He stomped at the fire, glad he'd worn his work boots and not his sneakers. "Water!" he shouted. "Put out the cat!"

"I'm trying!" Isaac grabbed the vase with the flowers he'd brought, the water splashing on the cat, the carnations flopping on the either stunned or dead bird.

Rusty surveyed the damage. The fire was out at least, smoke rising from the curtains, the rug, and the extremely pissed off demon-cat. The TV was toast and also smoking a little. There were ruined flowers and a probably dead bird on the floor, along with bits and pieces of various knick knacks. His shirt was torn and his back and shoulders were beginning to throb.

"You know, I'm beginning to see why a bird flying into your house could be considered terrible luck."

"Yeah." Isaac stared. "Look. I'll get the cat carrier and a box for the bird and get to the emergency vets. No one's watching anything here."

"You want me to come with you? We could go back to mine after..." Could they salvage the day? He had to at least make the attempt.

Isaac chuckled, softly, but the sound was a bit hysterical. "Are you sure that's wise? I might blow your house up or something."

"It's possible, but I've got insurance -- we'll take the money and run away to the Barbados or something."

Those poor, wild eyes looked at him, just a little panicked. "Okay."

"Hey." He took Isaac's arms and tugged him in close. "It's just a few things, hmm? We're all okay, even that crazy monster cat of yours."

"Yeah. I. Ye..."

The bird suddenly took off, flying right out the door.

"There you go; your luck has turned already." Rusty patted Isaac on the back and then hightailed it over to the door, closing it firmly. And locking it.

"I hope so." Isaac went to get the cat carrier, shoulders slumped, defeated.

Oh, that wouldn't do, not at all.

"When we're finished at the vet we should pop over to the hardware store and that Bed and Bath place. Redecorating is as good as a move, right?"

"I..." Isaac met his eyes, tried to smile. "I think I'll need to hit Best Buy. It was time for a new TV, right?"

"Yep. These things happen for a reason." He gently kissed Isaac's nose and then his lips, worried about pressing too hard and hurting bruises.

"Yeah. Come on. Emergency vet ho."

Rusty chuckled. "You know what, Izzy? Dating you is quite the adventure. I'm betting I'll never be bored."

Isaac met his eyes, a grin appearing suddenly, like the sun coming from behind the clouds.

That was more like it.

He smiled back, winked. "Come on; let's get the devil's companion's tail seen to."

They'd have their date, even if it was spent at the animal hospital.

Raining.

It was raining.

He looked at Rusty, listened to Demon yowling from his crate. "Do you think this is a sign?"

"Sure it is -- this way Demon can't catch on fire again. Or spontaneously re-combust. Or anything like that."

"I should take him home; let him sleep it off." Then he could just hang himself in the bathroom.

"Yeah, let's drop him off at your place and then go back to mine. You need a little pampering."

"You don't have to be so nice to me, you know."

"Izzy -- I want to get into your pants. Being nice usually works better at that than being an asshole."

"Where did you come up with Izzy?" He finally just girded himself and stepped out into the rain.

"I don't know. I have a bad habit of calling people by nicknames. And Izzy seems like a good short form for Isaac. Do you mind it?" Rusty opened the back door for him to put the cat carrier in.

"No. No, I don't." He needed a beer in the worst way.

"Cool. You want me to drive?" Rusty held out his hand for the keys.

"Yes. I think I do. Thanks." He handed the keys over and Rusty grabbed for them, the key ring slipping. Isaac snarled, grabbing at them. "No. No you don't. NO fucking falling into a gutter or something."

"Hey. Hey, relax." Rusty grabbed his hand and held it, took the keys from him. "It's okay, Izzy. It's okay."

"I just... fuck, you know? Fuck! I don't get it."

"Get in the car before you get soaked."

Once they were settled in their seats Rusty turned and grabbed his hand again. "Let's just go to my place. Your cat can recuperate there. I have beer -- hell, I have whiskey, a warm bed, and a big shoulder, hmm?"

"I need to stop and get food and litter, then."

"There's that big supermarket on the highway just before the turn-off for my place." Rusty got the car started and headed them in the right direction. "You're going to be okay, Izzy."

"I know. I mean, it doesn't seem like I know and I swear to you, I am not the world's biggest fuck up. I just..." Shut up, Isaac. Sit there and shut the fuck up.

"Have you ever considered that you know too much about the signs and portents that bring bad luck?"

"What?"

"Maybe, just maybe, you're looking so hard for the bad luck that it happens to you."

Oh, great. The man thought he was causing this, on purpose.

"I mean, it's like horoscopes, right? If you read that you're going to have a good day then you do. If it says you're going to have a bad day, you do. Because that's what you're focused on, you know?"

"Yeah. Maybe. You know, I think I maybe ought to just go home, clean my mess up." Become less of a loser. Love on his cat.

"I'm sorry, man. I didn't mean to upset. Please, let me turn the day around for you?"

"I... Are you sure?"

"I am. Even if all we do is sit in front of the fireplace and have a drink or two and pet your cat."

"I'd love that." Isaac sighed, feeling like the worst kind of girl.

Rusty looked happy at his answer, though, and they continued on toward the big mall just outside of town. "Did you want to wait here while I get the cat stuff together?"

"No. You've done enough, man, really. Just sit." He opened the door and headed out into the downpour.

The back of his shirt was grabbed and Rusty tugged him back into the car. "No, I'm going in, either with you or on my own."

"What? You're already *soaked*!"

"So a little more water won't hurt." Rusty stroked his cheek. "Believe it or not, I'm still enjoying myself."

"You swear?"

"I do." Rusty moved in and gave him a soft kiss.

It felt good.

He hadn't been sure anything after today would feel good.

The cat meowed pitifully from the back seat and Rusty chuckled. "I think someone's hinting."

"I think someone's stoned." The vet had given Demon some of the good painkillers after pronouncing the tail sore but safe.

Rusty laughed. "Let's go get what we need for him. I want to get you in front of the fire."

"Yeah. Come on. Maybe, if we're lucky, no one will open an umbrella inside and the roof won't collapse, crushing us all."

The cat was curled up on a cushion next to the fireplace, fast asleep.

Isaac was clean and wearing his thick terry robe, sitting on the couch that swallowed people up like they were loose change.

Rusty himself was only wearing a pair of boxers and couple Band-Aids on his shoulder as he brought a pair of spiked hot chocolates into the living room. He just hoped Isaac hadn't fallen asleep like the cat.

Those warm eyes stared at him, watched every move like the man was worried the house was going to collapse.

He gave Isaac a smile. "Relax, man. We're going to have a nice snuggle and a cup of cocoa." He put the cups down on the side table first and then sat next to Isaac.

"I love hot chocolate. Just love it. My mom made it for me when I was sick as a kid."

"Yeah? Mine's special, too. It has a shot of Frangelico in it." He passed one of the mugs over.

"Oh, grown up cocoa!" Look at that sweet smile.

Rusty took a sip himself, checking to make sure it wasn't too hot. "Oh, that's perfect." It was warm all the way down his throat and into his stomach.

Isaac hummed happily, drinking the cocoa, leaning into him.

It felt good, doing sweet things for this man. Which was good, because he had a hunch there was a dearth of good things happening in Isaac's life. The man simply knew too many bad luck omens.

"Thank you. It's... beautiful out here."

He nodded. "It is. I couldn't believe it when I found it sitting here empty and waiting for me."

"Sounds like the perfect situation."

"I thought it was. Then I met you and I found out exactly what it was missing."

"A big dork with a scary demon cat?"

"Exactly!" He laughed and rubbed noses with Isaac. "Only, I'd describe you more as a sexy dork."

"Yeah? I can live with that, you know." Isaac carefully took his mug, then set them both aside. "So, I don't see any broken mirrors here..."

He smiled and gathered Isaac up into his arms. "No, no broken mirrors."

"No ladders to walk under." Isaac pressed against him, fingers sliding through his hair.

"No, I threw it into the woods." There would be no impediments.

"No birds. No bad pennies. No brooms. Fuck, kiss me."

"Thank God." He pressed their lips together, opening Isaac's soft lips to dip his tongue into.

Isaac moaned, the kiss going deep almost immediately, flavored with chocolate. Their tongues twisted together, their breath shared between them. His hands wrapped around Isaac's waist, the fabric of the robe soft, familiar. It fell open as he pulled Isaac against him, their bare chests rubbing together.

"Mmm." The sound Isaac made was pure pleasure, pure joy.

He slid one hand up to tease Isaac's nipple. He flicked it gently, rubbed and pinched it. He loved the little grunt, then, when Isaac shrugged the robe off, he offered a low moan of his own. One hand stayed with Isaac's nipples, the other slid over Isaac's shoulders and down along the lean back.

Isaac eased his boxers down and off, the tips of the long fingers nudging his cock.

"Izzy. Damn." He pushed up; he wanted more.

"Yeah." Isaac's fingers slipped down, traced the vein on his shaft and it burned, almost, the touch warm and tingling.

"Don't stop. Please." His hands opened and closed against Isaac's skin for a moment, then he slid one hand down, looking to reciprocate.

"No. No more bad luck. I won't stop." Isaac smiled at him and he was struck again by how fucking beautiful Isaac was, even under the bruises.

He wrapped his own hand around Isaac's cock. "Good."

Isaac's prick was longer than his, thinner, with a sweet little curve to the left and a broad, wet-tipped head. He rubbed his thumb over the head, spreading the liquid.

"Fuck." Isaac arched, so prettily, and those fingers squeezed a little tighter.

"Yeah, maybe later, huh?" He watched Isaac's face, moving his hand faster, Isaac's cock like a brand against his palm.

"Later is good for me. This is good for me." Isaac started rocking, nice and easy, like they had all the time in the world.

He shifted Isaac slightly so their cocks were closer, and he wrapped his hand around them both. This amazing deep sound pushed into his lips as their cocks touched. Isaac was so hot against him, the skin delicate and smooth.

He wanted to sculpt it, wanted to work the clay like he was working the flesh. Could he even capture it? Then it didn't matter, as he lost himself in the sensations.

Isaac's hands moved over him like little butterflies, stroking and flitting and fluttering. Groaning, he pushed into those touches, his hand working their cocks together. Then Isaac's hand joined his, the pressure just a little stronger, just a bit better, and his hips started jerking, rolling up into Isaac's weight.

"Izzy. Shit. 'S good." He tightened his hand, thumb bumping against the tips again and again.

"Uh-huh. Good. Rus, I'm close, huh? Close."

He was just barely coherent enough to ask, "What do you need?"

"You. Kiss me." Isaac didn't wait for him, though. The man's lips landed on his and the kisses went on and on.

His hand faltered for a moment, and then sped again as he stroked them in earnest, searching for their release. Every stroke made Isaac grunt and moan, the sounds pushing into his lips as hot drops slipped over his fingers. It all felt so good: Isaac's kisses, the weight of the man on top of him, the heat of their cocks together.

One of the hands on his arm squeezed tight, and Isaac went stiff for a heartbeat before heat sprayed over his cock. Oh, God, the smell was more than enough to send him over, too and he cried out, nice and loud, adding his own heat to the mix.

The kiss gentled, got lazy and sloppy, their tongues playing together. He let go of Isaac's cock, but continued to rub up against the man. Their cocks slid together, slick and easy.

"Mmm. Going to get sticky." Rusty thought that wasn't a complaint.

"I have a shower." It was as modern as the rest of the place and worth showing off, too.

"I know. I saw it when I went to change. I liked it." Isaac kept rubbing.

"Fits two. Comfortably." He smiled and continued to meet Isaac's movements. "Bed does, too."

"Yeah? Is that an invitation?" Isaac's fingers traced his lips, the pads so much softer than his own callused hands.

He caught one between his teeth and nibbled on the tip for a moment, then he licked at the pad before answering. "Your cat is already here, there's no reason for you not to stay."

"I'll make pancakes for you in the morning."

"I'm going to hold you to that. Homemade pancakes are one of my favorite things."

The top of that particular list was lying naked on top of him.

"I happen to be a world-class pancake flipper, my dear sir." Isaac smiled at him and Rusty thought he could see what the man would have looked like five years ago -- a goofy, laughing, relaxed man.

He wondered what it would take to find that man again.

He knew he wanted to find out.

Apple slices dipped in honey with cinnamon were his new favorite food.

Isaac leaned to snap up the next bite from Rusty's fingers, tongue catching the honey before it spilled on the blankets they'd spread out before the fire. Laughing, Rusty leaned over him and brought their mouths together, sharing the bite with him.

Mmm. Sweet. They were both naked, leaving the towels from their shower behind, and he'd been having more fun than was decent exploring Rusty's body.

Rusty grabbed another apple, dipped it into the honey, and then let the sweet liquid drip onto his right nipple. Grinning up at him, Rusty leaned in and licked his nipple clean.

"Evil man." He brought Rusty's fingers to his mouth, licking and sucking them until it was just bare skin.

Groaning, Rusty pressed closer. "You're a very sexy man, Izzy."

"Thank you. You... make my mouth dry, you know?"

Rusty tilted his head. "Is that a good thing?"

"I think so." He wanted it to be.

"Okay, then." Rusty beamed and licked at his bottom lip. "More apple?"

"Uh-uh." He dragged his fingers through the sticky honey, then painted Rusty's lips with the amber sweetness. "Did you know licking honey off your lover's lips is incredibly good luck?" Isaac didn't know if it was, but it ought to be, if it wasn't.

Rusty grinned at him. "That's what I like to hear. About things that are good luck. Because let me tell you, the day I met you? That was a very lucky day, Isaac."

He licked the honey off Rusty's lip, humming under his breath. "It was. Somehow, it was."

"That's because you and I, we're making our own luck."

Rusty's mouth chased his tongue, lips closing over it. They were sweet -- both of them, so sweet as their tongues fought and played. Rusty's fingers ran along his side, tickling and stroking both.

It was easy to climb over on top of Rus, straddled the muscled thighs, and let their bodies rest together.

Rusty continued to touch him. "You gonna ride me, Izzy?"

That was the plan. "I was considering it, very seriously."

"Oh, good." He could feel Rusty's cock beneath his ass, hot and hard.

"I agree. Sex before a fireplace? Incredibly good luck."

Rusty chuckled, hands finding the lube and condoms he'd brought out earlier. The lube got waved at him.

"Waving lube? Good luck." He winked, turning to offer Rusty his ass while he nibbled on the inside of one bony ankle.

Rusty's laughter faded into a moan. "You have a great ass." Rusty took a double handful and kneaded.

"Are you still going to sculpt it?"

"Over and over and over again." Rusty opened his hand and traced the contours. "I'm going to immortalize it."

Oh, man.

That was incredibly erotic.

Vastly.

"I bet that's lucky." He moaned the words softly, pressed back into Rusty's hands.

"I know it is." Rusty's thumb rubbed over his hole. It disappeared and came back, slick this time.

Isaac leaned down, rested his face on Rusty's calf, and let himself feel. The lube was cool, but it warmed quickly, made his toes curl as Rusty's fingers spread him, so gently.

"Izzy... fuck, you're hot inside."

He moaned as Rusty added another finger, the ache delicious. "Think about how it'll feel on your prick."

"Fuck. Yes. Yes." Rusty's fingers rocked into him and stretched him open.

"I want you, deep inside me. Letting me feel you."

"Yeah. Yeah, let me just... there." Rusty's fingers pushed against his prostate.

"Rus!" Oh. Oh, fuck. Yes. Isaac's toes curled and his head jerked up at the jolt of pure lightning that shot up his spine.

"Oh, I want to do that again." Rusty did.

His body started moving of its own volition, and he drove back, begging for more. Rusty gave it to him for a few moments, and then the man's fingers disappeared. A soft protest left him. He couldn't help it. He wanted.

Rusty patted his ass. "Turn around, babe. I'm right here."

"Right. Right. Thank goodness." He was shivering a little as he moved.

Rusty grabbed a condom and slid it onto his cock as Isaac was shifting. By the time he'd shifted, Rusty had a hand wrapped around the hard cock, stroking.

"Mmm. Look at that. Hard cocks in front of the fire." He reached out, stroked a little on his own. "Great luck."

"Big hard cocks in front of the fire is the greatest luck." Rusty gave him a wink.

"Uh-huh. I'm ready. Fuck me."

One hand still on that magnificent cock, Rusty grabbed Isaac's ass and guided him back until the head of Rusty's cock rubbed against him. He eased back, feeling the stretch and burn as his body took the thick prick in.

"Oh, fuck. Wow. Tight." Rusty gasped the words like he couldn't catch his breath.

"Thick. Oh, damn, Rus." He groaned, started moving in slow, careful pulses.

Rusty groaned for him, hand wrapping around his hips, guiding him more than pulling him into it. Isaac settled his hands on Rusty's chest, braced himself as he worked that fat prick into him.

Rusty closed his eyes and bit his lower lip. "You're making me crazy, Izzy."

"Uh-huh. Crazy's good. Fuck, man. So good."

Rusty cracked his eyes open and grinned. "Crazy's lucky."

"Yeah." That was it. Lucky.

Finally, Rusty pushed up a little and Isaac's ass was settled on Rusty's hips. He swallowed hard, like that would relax his muscles, relieve the pressure, but it didn't. Nothing would, except moving.

"Yes!" Rusty's hiss was gratifying.

"I need you to move, Rus. I need to move." He was going to shatter into a million fucking pieces if he didn't move.

Rusty nodded, hands wrapping tighter around his hips to pull him up as the strong thighs shifted, pulling the thick cock from his body.

"Fuck." He threw his head back, groaning low as Rus pushed back in. "Do it again."

"Your wish is my... command." Rusty's breath hitched and then he pulled out and went back in again with a long, low groan.

On the next thrust in, Rusty's cock pushed across his gland and he jerked, his entire body lighting up. "There."

"I can see that." Rusty's grin grew wild, and he started pushing up harder, their movements becoming faster.

All he could do was hold on, let the feelings pour through his body, slam through him. Rus kept moving, body strong and sure beneath him. Their gazes locked, Rus looked so happy to be right here with him.

"You. You're something special." Something lucky.

"So are you."

"Good." He could live with that.

Then Rus pushed in again and it didn't matter because his world tilted, his balls drew up tight.

"Touch yourself." The words came out as a bark, Rus beginning to push up hard into him.

"Right." He balanced, fingers wrapping around his cock, the flesh swollen, aching, hot.

"Oh, fuck, look at you."

"Can't. Busy." Real busy. Oh, fuck yeah. He bore down, squeezing tight.

"Izzy!" Rusty cried out and slammed up into him, hands hard on his hips as they brought him down to meet each forceful thrust.

That was all it took and he was coming, the room lit by the fire and seeming wild as he shot.

"Fuck, yes!" Rusty nodded, slamming into him a couple more times. A long moan followed, Rusty's face a study in pleasure.

He let himself fall forward, throat working as he shivered through the aftershocks. Rusty's arms came around him, the thick cock still buried deep, brushing past his gland as they moved. His moan pushed out of his throat. Damn.

"This is a lucky fireplace, man."

"It is." He was exceedingly fond of it.

Rusty's mouth found his, the kiss sloppy, sweet.

"Mmm." One of his hands dragged along Rusty's side.

"Gotta come out." Matching actions to words, Rusty lifted him slightly and came out. The man got rid of the condom and then pulled him back down on the solid body. "There, that's better."

"Uh-huh." He was blinking slow now, lazy and sated.

Rusty patted his ass. "Look how well you fit."

"Must be luck."

"Yeah. And if this is the good? It's more than worth any bad."

Isaac found himself nodding, agreeing down to the core of himself. "I could go there, Rus. I so could."

Rusty's hand slid over his back, warm and easy. "I think we both already have."

"Mmm. You know what they say about lovers who come together in bad circumstances, don't you?"

"No, I don't. But I'm guessing you do."

He chuckled. "I personally think it's a fabulous omen. It might even mean love."

"Oh, I can live with that." Rusty gave him a squeeze and a kiss.

Fabulous omen indeed.

End.

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