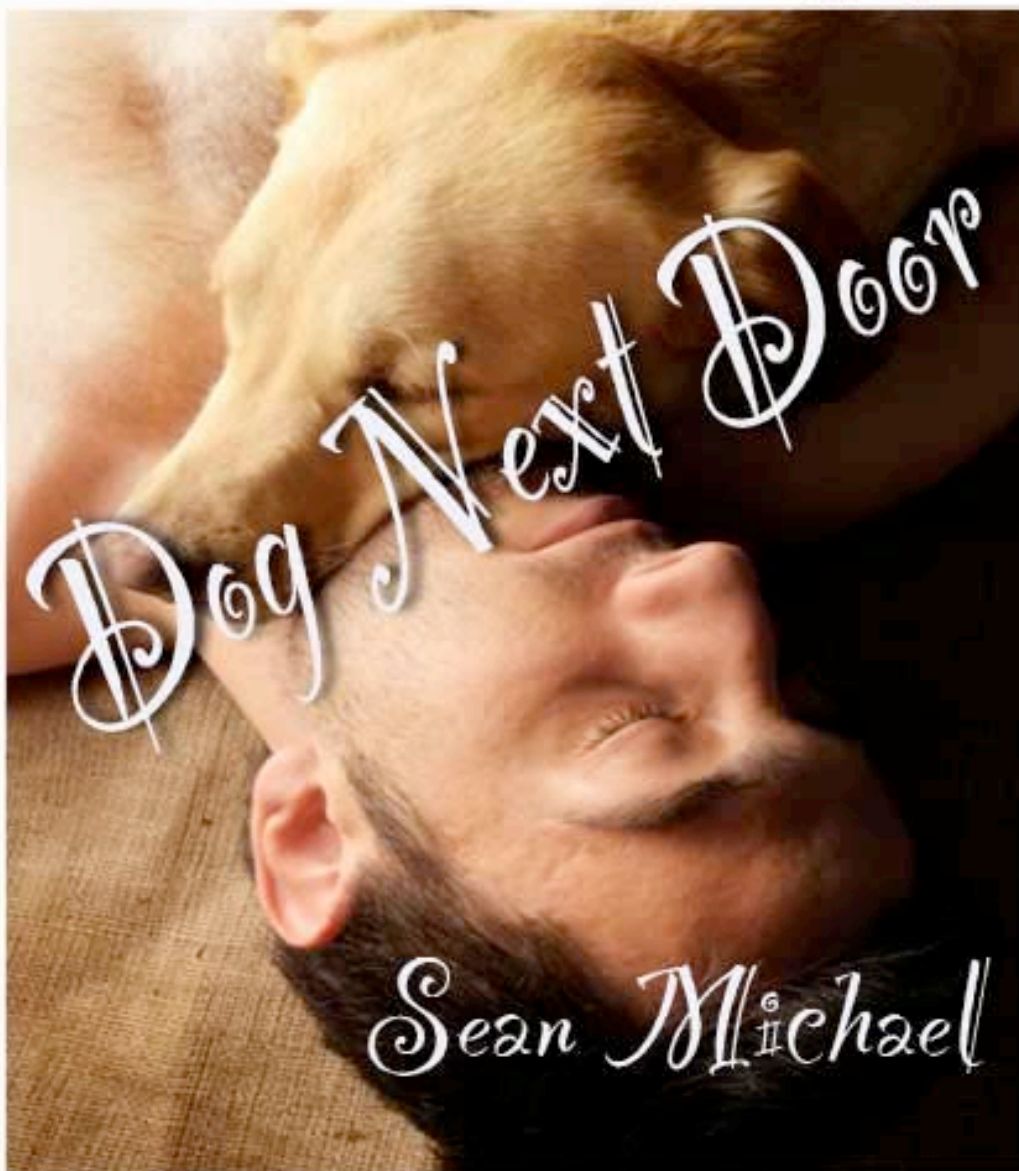




A Torquere Press Single Shot



The Dog Next Door
By Sean Michael

Keifer sighed, shook out his arms, then went to survey last night's damage.

It had been wild. He remembered the moon and music, running in the tall grass, chest pounding with the power of it.

The windows were all intact. That was good. The couch cushions were mostly all still there. Again, good. TV still had a screen. Good. Fridge open. He winced. That would explain the fact that he felt sort of like a python that had swallowed a buffalo. Whole. The entire refrigerator situation was more than a little disastrous, so he just kicked it shut and headed out to the patio.

His neighbor Felix was out in his yard, shirt off, leaning over the engine of a sweet '69 Corvette Stingray.

The man was built like a brick shithouse, his skin gleaming with sweat in the bright sunlight. Dark curls in desperate need of a cut exploded out of the top of Felix's head. The man had dark brown eyes and the prettiest lips Keifer'd ever seen on a man: thick and full and red.

Cursing, Felix straightened and flung a wrench toward a toolbox, cursing again when it sailed over top of it and landed in grass that needed cutting almost as badly as Felix's hair did. Felix ducked his head a bit when he noticed Keifer on his patio. "Sorry. She's being stubborn."

"Uh-huh. Sucks." He blinked a little more, feeling less hung over now and more just tired.

"Everything okay with that pup you were working on last night? He was making a hell of a racket. Not that I'm complaining, I just didn't realize you sometimes brought your work home with you."

"Huh?" Shit. "Yeah. Yeah, he's cool. He was just scared." And trapped in the fucking house, which always worked so well.

"You could always knock on my door if you need an extra pair of hands. I like dogs." There was something wistful in the way Felix said it.

"Yeah? You a dog man?" God, he needed a cup of coffee, if he was going to be so articulate without.

"Yep. I've had a few over time. Better friends than most men." Felix laughed suddenly. "Damn, it's too early in the morning to be maudlin. And for beer -- you want a lemonade?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I do. Thanks." He grinned and headed down, careful where he stepped.

Felix went over to a cooler and pulled out a couple cans of lemonade, passing one over.

"Thanks, man." He perched on the steps, letting the sun bake him. "So, what's wrong with the 'vette?"

Felix chuckled, the sound deep and sexy. "What's not? I bought her for a song, basically gutted."

"Ah." He wouldn't be able to fix something like that for love or money. Give him a cat or a dog any day.

"I own a place over on Main Street, making this kind of a busman's holiday, I guess. I love it, though. And she's going to be a beauty when she's done."

"Yeah? I understand that." Even though, right this second, he didn't have any animals at the house.

Felix took a long drink from his can, throat working, chest and belly muscles on wonderful display.

That was lickable.

Really, truly lickable.

Down boy.

"Doing anything fun with your weekend?" Felix asked, interrupting his ogling.

"I was thinking about heading up to the lake. You?"

"I'll probably just hang out here, work on the 'ray, maybe go for ice cream at that new parlor up the street. They make it themselves, I hear."

"No shit? I could eat my weight in sweets." Obviously he'd eaten his weight in everything else last night.

"Yeah? We should go check it out later. If we're both around." The words were casual as Felix smiled at him.

"Sure, just come bang on the door whenever you're ready." He didn't get up, though. The view out here was too good.

"Sure." Felix seemed to hesitate for a second. "If you're not going to the lake we could have supper first. The ice cream shop is near to the Two Quarters Diner."

"That sounds like a plan." The moon was waning now; he was off the hook for another twenty-eight days.

"It's a plan then." He noted Felix didn't call it a date, but he thought maybe it was meant to be one.

"Cool. I'll let you get back to work, man. I had a long night. I'm thinking nap."

"Yeah, I should get back to her." Felix grinned and looked over at his car. The man didn't make any effort to get up, though.

They grinned at each other, soaking up the sunshine, both just sitting there. The quiet could have been awkward, but it wasn't. In fact, it felt... right.

Right enough that he dozed off out there in the sunshine.

Felix took a shower and changed into his good shorts and a new T-shirt. Maybe he was being silly; it was after all just dinner and ice cream with his neighbor, but he didn't want to look like a sweaty grease-monkey.

Keifer was a good-looking man. Felix had always thought so, ever since he moved in next door nearly a year ago. He snorted at himself. Nearly a year before he'd managed to get out to dinner with the man. Of course a year ago he'd still been feeling a little raw. He shook that off and headed to the front door, grabbing his keys on his way out.

He knocked on Keifer's door.

"Come on in!" He heard the music get softer.

He let himself in, looking around curiously. The place was pure male -- big cushy sofa, huge TV, stereo. What he didn't see anywhere was the man he'd come for. "Keifer?"

"Right here. I poured root beer all over my shirt." Keifer came down the hallway bare-chested, long brown hair loose. A sweater was held in one hand.

"Ah." Felix managed a smile and to not drool all over his own clean shirt. Keifer looked great naked from the waist up.

"Yeah, I know. Grace, that's me." The sweater went on, one blue eye and one brown eye appearing from the neck hole.

They were kind of fascinating, those different-colored eyes. Tonight, sitting across from Keifer at the diner, he'd have an excuse to look his fill. "Now I won't feel so bad if I spill down my front during dinner."

"No reason to feel bad, man. I'm the king of klutzy."

"I find klutzy kind of endearing, actually." He offered Keifer a grin. "I thought we could walk -- it's a nice evening and it isn't too far."

"Sounds perfect." He couldn't help but notice the rainbow sun catcher on the sliding glass door. Nice. He'd suspected, but it was cool to know for sure.

They started ambling up toward the diner. Keifer hummed as they walked, seeming to pay attention to everything. Everything. It was the big old trees that drew Felix's attention. "The leaves'll be changing soon enough, I guess."

"Yeah, this summer's gone quickly."

"I like the fall. Especially Halloween. I love having the kids come up and say 'trick or treat'."

"Are you the guy who gives out the good chocolate?"

Felix chuckled and nodded. "I am. Don't hate me because the kids love my house best." Andy'd never wanted to hand anything out, had poo-poo'ed it every year.

"Hey, I give out dog biscuits to the pups that come through!"

Felix laughed. "Get a lot of those, do you?"

"Yeah, actually. They're drawn to me."

"Yeah? I guess that's handy, being a vet and all."

"Yup." Keifer had the most amazing smile.

"All animals like you or just the dogs?"

Keifer chuckled. "Believe it or not, most animals like me, but dogs like me best."

"I wanted to be a vet when I was little." Before he'd found out his talent lay in doctoring cars not dogs.

"Yeah? I wanted to be a race car driver."

Felix laughed. "And here we are today -- I'm the mechanic and you're the vet."

"Yep and I never drive fast, and you don't have any pets. Ah, the irony." That grin was wild, stretching Keifer's cheeks.

They'd arrived at the diner, so Felix held the door open for Keifer, nodding his agreement.

"Thanks, man." Felix could hear Keifer's stomach rumbling, the sound shockingly loud.

He chuckled. "You forget to eat, man?"

"Had a lot of exercise the last few days."

"The food here will fill you up." There was a booth free along the windows and they headed for it.

"It smells like heaven in here." Was Keifer drooling?

"It does. They've got the best pie in the world, too. Oh, we were supposed to be doing ice cream for dessert. Maybe we'll have to take some pie home with us, hmm?"

"What kind of pie?"

"My favorite's the old-fashioned apple, but I'm pretty fond of the cherry, too."

"I like coconut cream, best of all."

"Oh, I like that, too." Felix patted his belly, not a spare tire because he worked out regularly. "I'm a fan of sweets."

"Yeah? I like crunchy stuff and I'm a big meat eater." That was hard to believe, really. Keifer was rail thin. Maybe he was one of those high metabolism people who could eat and eat and not gain any weight.

Their waiter came over and Felix grinned; he always thought this place should have waitresses with beehive hairdos who cracked gum. Instead, it was almost always some pretty little twinks. Not that he was complaining at all.

"I'll have a Coke, please." They always wanted your drink order first.

"Milk for me, thanks."

"The special today is the Turkey Sandwich with a homemade mustard mayonnaise and home fries or turkey, mashed and gravy. The soup is, guess what -- Turkey!" The waiter handed them the handwritten menus. "I'll be back in a few minutes to take your orders."

"Mustard mayonnaise..." Keifer's lips twitched. "That's either interesting or nasty."

"Yeah. Sounds like someone made too much turkey." He glanced at the menu, zeroing in on the chicken fried steak with mashed potatoes and country gravy.

"I don't mind turkey. Hell, I buy a lot of it, but mustard mayonnaise..."

"Tell you what, you don't like it I'll share my chicken fried steak with you."

"That's fair." Keifer nodded. "I'll take a chance, then."

Their waiter came back with their drinks and both he and Keifer placed their orders.

When the waiter'd gone again Felix leaned back in his seat. "So why haven't we done this before?"

Keifer had moved in next door over a year ago, almost two years after Andy'd left.

"Because we're busy guys, and I work the late shift?"

He chuckled. "That would do it."

"So, tell me entertaining shit about you that I don't know." Keifer's eyes really were fascinating.

"Um. I'm a dinosaur enthusiast. I know most little boys are, but I never quite grew out of it."

"No shit? That's kind of cool. Do you have a favorite?" Keifer didn't seem like he was just humoring Felix.

"Just one? No, I couldn't choose. There's fascinating stuff about all of them, from the littlest to the biggest." He had books and books about them at home.

"So, are you like a Jurassic Park fan, or is that icky pseduo-sciency?"

He laughed, delighted. "Yeah, it's low on real science, but it's still a fun movie. What about you? You got a favorite animal to treat?"

"I'm a dog person, no question. I love the retrievers best, I think, but any dog is my friend."

Felix nodded, unsurprised really. "I always figured most vets, deep down, were dog people. I don't know why, it just seems to fit."

"I knew a girl in school; she hates dogs. She runs a cat hospital in Toronto."

"I don't trust people who hate dogs." At least not anymore. Andy hadn't liked dogs or Halloween, Felix should have taken that for a sign.

"No?"

"Nope. If you can't love an animal who loves you unconditionally and is loyal to the end, maybe you have a problem with those qualities."

"I can believe that, yeah." Keifer reached out, touched his wrist. "I take it there was a dog hating ex?"

The touch surprised him -- it wasn't like it was electric or anything, but he felt it deep in his belly. It made him want more.

"That obvious, huh?" He didn't mean to be bitter. He wasn't, not really, not anymore.

"A little, yeah. Although I've been told I'm observant."

"I thought we were forever. It seemed I was a little more in love than he was." Felix shrugged; he really tried not to dwell on it. "It was a couple years ago now." He smiled at Keifer. "Ancient history, yeah?"

"I think we've all been there with somebody."

"Yeah? I wouldn't wish that last few weeks on anyone. Or the months that followed."

"No. No, me either. The end of anything sucks rocks."

"It does." Felix picked up his Coke, determined to get them on a more positive line of conversation. "New beginnings are much better. Here's to 'em."

"Cheers." Keifer clinked glasses with him and beamed.

They chatted idly until their food came and Felix tried not to watch too hard as Keifer literally licked his lips. He hoped that Keifer liked his turkey dinner, because while Felix would honor his offer to share, his own food smelled amazing and he was suddenly pretty damn hungry. The way Keifer dug in, though, he didn't have to worry. The man ate like he was ravenous.

Felix enjoyed his own meal. He couldn't make stuff like this, filling and good, super-tasty. Not that he couldn't cook, but it always tasted better when someone else made it.

Finally, after about ten minutes, they both slowed down enough to talk again. "Oh, yum." Keifer actually rubbed his belly.

"It looks like the turkey's a hit. My steak's just right."

"Yeah. I was ready for it." Keifer winked, patted his belly.

"You what they call a foodie?"

"Shit, no. I mean, I like food, but I'm not a connoisseur or anything."

He chuckled, nodded. "I like to eat, but it doesn't need to be fancy. Hell, I've found the fancier it is, the hungrier you leave the table."

Those mismatched eyes seemed to catch the light as Keifer nodded. "God, I went to one of those wear-a-suit-or-die places. A hundred dollars a plate, and I swear there was only a carrot, an asparagus spear, and a piece of steak so thin you could read through it."

Felix cackled. "Did they at least provide the reading material?"

"No. Not only that, but my date was one of those godawful men that spent the entire evening letting me know how incredibly wealthy he was." Keifer leaned forward, like he was telling a secret. "You know, Blackberry this and Armani that 'only the best'. Gag."

Felix laughed and laughed. He could just see it. "Oh, Lord. You don't have to worry about 'airs' with me. Unless we go by the garage and blow air up your ass with the tire inflator."

Keifer blinked at him, then a wild spate of laughter filled the air, Keifer actually applauding. Felix chuckled along with Keifer, tickled more that he'd gotten such a laugh out of the man that at his own joke.

"Oh, man. You are something. I have a vast lack of mechanic jokes."

"Don't you worry. I'll make up for that lack in your life." He'd heard them all.

"Well, I promise to regale you with dog tales -- take Beanie, for instance. He's a whippet with an absolutely beautiful face, good temper, but every time the doorbell rings, he goes nuts."

"Yeah? That's got to be a little insane making."

"His people think so. We're working on it." Keifer was all animated as he talked about his patient. It was nice to see. They talked through coffee, through ordering pie to share so they could still have ice cream after.

"Oh, you've got a bit of cream on your..." Felix reached over without really even thinking about it, fingers wiping the whipped cream from the side of Keifer's lips.

When Keifer's tongue flicked out, touched his finger, it was electric. Damn. Just... damn. He stared into those mis-matched eyes, caught. A soft rumbling moan vibrated his finger.

Felix swallowed hard and made himself pull his hand back. He gave Keifer a smile. It felt a little tremulous, but he hadn't felt this need for anyone in a long time. Just one simple touch shouldn't have set him off so quickly.

"I guess we should get our bill and move on to ice-cream." His voice was all thick.

"Uh-huh." Keifer didn't move.

He didn't, either. He just sat there staring like an idiot.

It was the waiter showing up with their check and asking them if there was anything else they wanted that made him look away.

"No, no, we're good, thanks." Felix pulled his wallet out of his back pocket.

"What do I owe you?" Keifer was still staring at him, like the man was fascinated.

"It's okay. This one's on me." He licked his lips.

Keifer actually groaned.

Oh man, eating ice-cream was going to be fun.

Felix pulled out some cash and laid it down on the bill. "Shall we go next door?"

"Sure. You want to walk around the park once first?"

He chuckled and patted his belly. "Yeah, that's probably a good idea." Grinning, he stood and just managed to resist reaching out to take Keifer's hand.

They headed out on the paved trail, the wind warm, sweet smelling. "It's a beautiful evening. Was a nice day, actually." Felix turned his face up to the sky, letting the setting sun warm it.

"It was. I napped, cleaned up a little."

"You clean up well. Not that you weren't good looking to start. I mean. Oh, hell." He chuckled at himself.

Keifer grinned, bumped their elbows together. "Thanks."

Felix grinned back. "You're welcome."

A ball from the baseball diamond came rolling over to them. Felix picked it up and lobbed it back toward the outfielder.

"You have a great arm." Keifer's eyes were on the ball.

"Thanks. I played for my high school team. Outfielder. I was never good enough to be considered for a scholarship or anything, but I enjoyed the hell out of playing the game." He smiled at Keifer. "You play?"

"Fetch?"

He chuckled, head tilting some. "Fetch?" Must have been an occupational hazard. "No, ball. You know, baseball, football, basketball."

Keifer pinked, but nodded. "Baseball, yeah. I like to catch."

"I can see you as a catcher." They rounded the final corner and Felix nodded toward the little ice cream shop. "You know what you're having?"

"One scoop of chocolate, one scoop of coffee. You?"

"Oh, that sounds good. I uh... I can never decide. I always think I know what I'm going to have and then I actually get in there and suddenly I can't decide."

Keifer chuckled, but nodded. "I don't want chocolate often, but when I do, I do."

"Maybe I can have a lick or two of yours. That way I get a taste of two flavors, then if I have two of my own, I'd have four and that would mean less having to choose."

"That sounds fair, sure."

"I'll share mine with you as well, of course."

"You have yourself a deal." Keifer hooked their arms together, then they headed in, the bell above the door jangling.

It felt good, being there together, having a treat.

After a lot of hemming and hawing, he finally settled on vanilla and strawberry. Keifer chuckled, but ordered the chocolate and coffee, along with a surprise scoop of mint chocolate chip.

At his look, Keifer shrugged. "I worked out a lot this last weekend."

Felix laughed and cheered. "Good one." They left the ice cream shop and sat at one of the little tables outside the place. Felix took a long lick and groaned. It was good -- obviously homemade. He thought he saw Keifer shudder, then take his own lick. "Good, isn't it?" A little piece of homemade sweet heaven. Sharing it with Keifer was only making it that much better.

"Delicious." He wasn't sure if Keifer was talking about the ice cream.

"You still wanna trade for a few licks? I promise I don't have a cold or anything, just run-of-the-mill guy germs."

"I do." Keifer took a long, lazy lick.

Felix felt that lick somewhere in the bottom of his stomach. He found himself licking his own lips.

"Your turn."

Oh, God. Please. Yes. He leaned over and took a lick of Keifer's ice cream, making sure he got a taste of each flavor. His eyes were on Keifer, though, not the cone.

"Remind me to keep ice cream in the freezer and invite you over."

He felt his cheeks heat somewhat. "Anytime. You know where I live."

"I do." The words were filled with a ton of passion.

Oh, wow. Felix swallowed. He was caught in those eyes. One blue, one brown. He'd never seen eyes like that before.

"You're dripping."

Felix's hand automatically went to his mouth -- he was drooling? Then it occurred to him that Keifer meant his ice cream. "Oh!" He swiped his tongue at the dripping cone.

"Mmm." Keifer licked and lapped at his own cone, never breaking eye contact.

Jesus Christ he was springing wood. He wasn't sure it was going to go down anytime soon, either. Not with those eyes looking into his, not when he could see that tongue working the cone out of the corner of his eyes.

He was dripping again. The ice-cream, too.

"You smell good."

"I do?" He did? He didn't use aftershave or anything, just soap.

"You do." He swore he could see Felix's nostrils flare.

Keifer couldn't possibly mean Felix's leaking dick, could he? Felix had to bite back his moan, the thought primal, hot. Keifer groaned, but kept licking, kept lapping at the ice cream.

Felix's appetite for the cold, creamy stuff had disappeared entirely. "Wanna come back to my place?"

"Uh-huh."

"Good." He looked at his ice cream, decided it was a lost cause and tossed it in the garbage can a few feet from the bench they were sitting on. "Now?"

"Now is good for me." Keifer snarfed up the last of his own ice cream. "Let's go."

Felix would have grabbed Keifer's hand, people who didn't like it be damned, but his hand was all sticky from the ice-cream. Instead he walked close and when their shoulders rubbed, he gave Keifer a warm smile. Keifer made this hot sound -- deep and rough, pure pleasure. Christ, if he didn't get laid tonight it was going to be his own fault.

They walked in silence but it wasn't awkward -- full of horniness, yes, awkward, no -- until they bypassed Keifer's place and walked up to Felix's front door.

"Home sweet home."

"Before we go in, I want to make sure we're clear. I want you, in that hump you hard sort of way," Keifer said.

Well that took away the last of his worries whether they were on the same page or not. "You wanna be on top or bottom?"

"Do I have to choose? Can't I have both?"

Oh, good answer. Felix grinned, nodded. "I think we can make that happen, yeah." He was feeling like he could definitely go a couple of rounds, at least.

"Well, then." Keifer motioned to the door. "Let me in."

Felix laughed, pulling his keys out of his pocket and opening the front door. "Come on in." He wasn't going to pretend by offering coffee or anything -- they'd already covered why he'd invited Keifer in, why Keifer had accepted.

"You want to start on the couch or the bed?" See him not beat around the bush.

"It's going to be hot and dirty; let's start in bed."

"God, I do like the way you think, Keifer." He was glad he'd asked, though, because Keifer's answer was the only thing keeping him from throwing the man up against the wall and kissing him silly.

Keifer's hand reached around and cupped his ass, squeezed it. "Yummy."

"Better than ice-cream?" He did take Keifer's hand now, tugging Keifer down the hall toward his bedroom.

"Ask me after orgasm number two."

Felix put his head back and laughed. "Greedy, greedy."

Keifer chuckled, then that hot tongue slid up along his throat. Felix stopped right where he was, his cock jerking and whole body tightening, going 'fuck yes'. The bed was overrated. Right now all he wanted was for Keifer to not stop.

Keifer stepped up against him, cock hard and stiff against his thigh. Brazen fucking man. He decided to take page out of the same book and he reached around to grab hold of Keifer's ass and squeeze. That little ass was tighter than he'd expected, firm and round in his hand. It was perfect for drawing Keifer up closer, and that's what he did, their bodies rubbing shoulders to shins.

"Mmm." Keifer's mouth was hungry, working his skin. The man was going to leave a mark. Damn, that was hot.

He rubbed against Keifer, already feeling that desperation -- and they'd only just started!

Keifer never lit on one spot, though. He bit and tugged, licked and lapped. Felix rubbed their bodies together, gasping and groaning and feeling like a teenager rubbing up against his boyfriend. He liked it. He pushed the pretty sweater up so his fingers could explore Keifer's skin. The man was surprisingly scarred.

His fingers traced the scars, stroking over Keifer's body. Keifer moaned, tilting his head so that their lips crashed together. That was even better than Keifer's mouth on his skin and he dove into the kiss, tongue pushing at Keifer's lips.

First kisses were usually awkward. Weird. Clumsy. Usually. This one was just hotter than hell. Groaning, he fucked Keifer's mouth with his tongue. His hips were doing the same dance, jerking against Keifer's body. Keifer was lean enough that he could almost wrap around the man, rub against the long muscles.

"Fuck. Skin." He was barely coherent, but he thought he was doing pretty good getting those two words out. His hands tugged at Keifer's shirt. He wanted it right off.

"Yeah." Keifer started working on his jeans.

Felix pushed Keifer's shirt up, got it over the man's head. Oh, look at those sweet little nipples. They were already tightening up in anticipation. He was going to have a great night, he could tell.

Leaning in, he took one in his mouth and sucked on it, tongue flicking across the tip of it. Keifer started shaking, muscles jerking and trembling rhythmically. His fingers fumbled, found Keifer's hips and then worked their way around to the front of Keifer's jeans, working at the button, the zipper.

There was a wet spot growing on the denim, proving that he wasn't alone in needing. It made his fingers even clumsier and he groaned, giving up Keifer's nipple with some reluctance, so he could see better what he was doing.

"Fuck. That's hot." Keifer's cheeks flushed, lips parted and wet.

Felix nodded. "You're hot." He pushed into another kiss, his crow of triumph at finally getting Keifer's damn jeans open pushing right into the man's mouth.

Long and thin, Keifer's prick jumped into his hand, hot as a brand. He wrapped his fingers around it, pulling eagerly. There'd be time to explore later when things weren't quite so... urgent. Keifer returned the favor, digging his prick out before stepping close and putting their cocks together. He gasped at that -- the sensation of their pricks rubbing like lightning shooting from his cock to his spine.

He wrapped his hand around Keifer's, encouraging a hard, fast pace.

"Yeah. Yeah, fuck." Keifer bit his bottom lip, made his toes curl.

Groaning, he mashed their lips back together as he and Keifer humped like dogs in heat. Close. He was close and so was Keifer, the long prick slick and wet. He found one of Keifer's nipples, twisted it between his fingers.

"Fuck!" Spunk poured over his cock, his fingers.

The smell was amazing and he cried out, his own orgasm taking him almost by surprise. "Damn. Damn, Keifer." Leaning against the wall, he nodded, panted. "Oh yeah." Big time yeah.

Keifer grinned at him. "We get the bed now, huh?"

"Shit, yeah." Felix grabbed his pants with one hand, holding them up as he looped his arm around Keifer's waist and led the man the last few feet to his bedroom. "It's big enough for two."

"Excellent."

"Yeah. And maybe awesome and damn cool, too. All those kinds of things." He was maybe feeling a little giddy.

Keifer chuckled softly, patted his ass. He grinned and let his pants go when they got to the bed. He toed off his shoes and stepped out of the pants. He still needed to lose his shirt and Keifer needed to ditch the jeans.

"Clothes," he said, pointing.

"Uh-huh." Keifer stripped down, showing off a tight, high little butt.

"Oh, now, there's a sight." Felix pulled off his shirt, throwing it behind him.

"Hmm?" Keifer turned around, stepped closer.

"I like your ass man." He reached around and grabbed a hold of it.

"Yeah? Excellent. You're built like Mr. Universe or something. I approve."

Felix laughed. "I think Mr. Universe has a few muscles on me." Still, Keifer saying it made him feel ten kinds of stud.

"I don't know... flex."

Still laughing, he took a couple of steps back, raised his arms up and flexed for Keifer.

"Guh..." Keifer stumbled over, hands reaching for him.

He could get used to that kind of reaction. He made his pecs dance for Keifer.

"God, that's impressive." Keifer's hands slid up his chest.

He grinned and then moaned softly as Keifer's palms slid across his nipples.

Keifer's chest was fuzzy, covered in pale hairs that led down toward to the filling cock. "I like a man with a bit of fur. Makes me want to pet." He did just that, running his fingers through Keifer's chest hair. Keifer groaned, arched for him, pushing into his touch. "You've got a treasure trail," he noted, following the hair right down to the nice, long cock Keifer sported. "I like treasure."

Especially this kind. His hand wrapped around Keifer's prick and he stroked a few times, getting a sense of the weight of it, of how it felt on his palm and how long a stroke he had to take to cover the whole thing.

Keifer's hands landed on his shoulders and those lean hips started moving.

"Let's actually get onto the bed this time." He sat on the mattress, not letting go of the pretty prick.

"You are goal-oriented, aren't you?" Keifer straddled his thighs, weight settling on him.

"I just know if I come again while standing, I'm going to fall down on my ass. And that's not the kind of pounding I'm looking for." His words made him blush a little, but he kept hold of Keifer's prick with one hand and wrapped the other around Keifer's skinny body.

"Smart man." Keifer kept moving, rocking into his touch.

The movements rubbed his own cock along Keifer's inner thigh and he groaned, hand working harder, encouraging more of the movements.

"I fucking love how you smell." Keifer's tongue slid up along his throat.

"Sweat and come, man." He chuckled, but tilted his head up, too, offering Keifer more skin.

"Yes. Sweat. Come. Man." Keifer groaned, cock throbbing in his hand.

He loved how Keifer was mostly down to grunts and clicks and single syllables. Felix squeezed Keifer's cock. It would go deep, feel amazing, he was sure. "You wanna fuck me?"

"You know it. You have rubbers?"

"I do." He lived in hope, after all.

"Thank goodness." Keifer pushed him backward, surprisingly strong for someone his size, then rubbed them together. Moaning, Felix spread like a slut. Keifer licked the way down his belly, nuzzling and biting gently. "Lube?"

"Bedside table drawer. Up there." He waved in the general direction of where the lube and condoms could be found.

"Cool." Keifer reached, stretching and giving him a look at the long, fine body.

He didn't just look, either. He slid his hands over it, finding warm, silky skin and scratchy, furry hair. He enjoyed it all, fingers working Keifer's body. Keifer arched, moving, pushing into each touch.

"Sexy beast." He leaned up and licked at the skin just next to Keifer's armpit, figuring it had to be pretty sensitive right there.

"Fuck. Fuck..." Keifer made this great sound -- a low, rumbling, happy sound. It made him feel good inside and he licked again, nuzzling the spot for a moment. Keifer smelled male, strong, exciting, and his cock throbbed, aching.

"Hurry," Felix murmured. He was more than ready.

He got handed the lube. "Get yourself ready." Oh, fuck, that was sexy, especially with the little growl Keifer'd added to the words.

Felix got the lube open without a hitch and then managed to glob a huge dollop onto his fingers. Spreading his legs wide, heels digging into the mattress, he reached down and slowly teased two of his fingers into his hole. He groaned as he breached the tight ring of muscle.

"That's hot." Keifer had the rubber on, eyes on his ass.

"I'm hot for you, lover." He was. He felt like the best kind of slut with his own fingers up his ass, Keifer's eyes on him.

"I like for lovers to get themselves ready. It shows me what they like."

He pushed away the twinge of jealousy that comment gave him; neither of them were virgins.

"I could tell you, too." There was something sexy, hot, about saying it out loud. Dirty, sexy talk. "I want you to put that pretty, long prick inside me and fuck me hard."

"Mmm. I can do that. Do you like it fast? Slow?"

"Yes." That was an answer, right?

Keifer chuckled, leaned in and nuzzled him. "Cool."

He arched at the soft touches. "I'm about ready, man." He didn't want to beg, but he would if he had to.

"Good." Keifer moved between his legs, warm and solid against his inner thighs. That long cock nudged his fingers, moving them out of the way.

As he slid his fingers out, he grabbed the backs of his knees instead. He pulled them up and out, exposing himself as he looked up at Keifer's face.

"Fuck, you're fine." Keifer pushed inside in a single, slow thrust.

"Yes!" The stretch and burn was fucking perfect.

"Christ, you're like a little furnace." Keifer stopped, breathed, buried inside him.

"And you're a hot poker." He gave Keifer a wink as he slid his legs around the man's waist, tugging him in deeper.

"Tell me when you're ready to move. For me to move."

"Fucking do it, man." He was past ready.

Keifer pulled out, in one, smooth motion, then pressed back in.

"More." He dug his heels into Keifer's ass.

"Demanding." Keifer repeated the motion.

"Yes." He helped Keifer on the next thrust, tugging hard as Keifer pushed back in. Keifer's eyes rolled back in his head and they both grunted with need. "More." There, he'd said it again. Felix wanted more and harder and faster, until he couldn't even remember his own name.

"Yes." Keifer arched, hips beginning to move in a hard, fast rhythm guaranteed to make him scream.

He stopped talking after that and just felt, each thrust filling him deep. Felt fucking amazing. Keifer fucked him like there was no tomorrow, hips pistoning, slamming into him. He met each thrust eagerly, and when Keifer shifted slightly and found his gland, he shouted.

Keifer leaned down, face on his shoulder, teeth on his skin, body jerking faster, harder.

"Fuck! Yes!" He managed to get his hand around his cock, pulling with hard, jerky movements as his orgasm barreled down on him. Lightning shot up his spine with every thrust, and he twisted and grunted, needing more. "Please," he begged, squeezing down with hand and ass.

"Yeah..." Keifer's teeth dragged over his skin, bruising him.

"Fuck! Again!" He was so damn fucking close.

Another bite and he could feel Keifer, jerking and bucking against him, coming. His own orgasm slammed into him and he moaned, loudly. Heat sprayed up over his belly. The hard thrusts slowed, eased up, and Keifer relaxed atop him.

He slowly let his legs slid away from Keifer to land on the mattress, his breath coming out in short gasps. "That was good." And he was the king of understatement.

"Uh-huh. Better than ice cream."

Felix gave a great big belly laugh at that which made Keifer's cock move inside him. Keifer chuckled, nuzzled his jaw, then carefully pulled out. Felix's muscles all tightened up, his first instinct not to let Keifer go. He took a deep breath and forced his muscles to ease, to loosen up. Then he patted Keifer's back.

Keifer got rid of the condom, then curled back close. Wrapping an arm around Keifer, Felix got the man's head on his shoulder. He patted Keifer's back again. "Naptime."

"Sounds perfect to me."

"Good."

His eyes were already closed and he could feel himself drifting off. Keifer's hand slid up and down his body, petting him nice and easy.

He could get used to this. Very easily.

Keifer blinked at the growing light, sitting in his truck with his coffee in hand, staring. Last night's shift had been endless.

Felix came out the back door of his place and wandered over, his own mug in hand. "Hey. You look rough."

He nodded. "Long night. Morning."

Felix leaned against the door of his truck, staring at him through the open window. "You gonna get out of the truck, man? I could make you some breakfast." He was given a grin; Felix had made him breakfast two days ago, after their first night together.

"I could fucking murder some food." He returned Felix's grin, eyes moving over the big, muscled body. That wasn't all he could eat up.

"Then come on. I don't have to be in to work, 'til ten so if you're wanting a nap after breakfast you could crash out at my place." The look in Felix's eyes said he could do a lot more than just crash out, if he wanted.

"You're making an offer I can't refuse." He slid out of the truck, his sore feet hitting the ground.

Felix gave him another wide grin. "I was hoping that might be the case." Then Felix took his hand, not seeming concerned who might see them, though it was early enough in the morning he supposed most folks were still in bed, and led him to the little house next to his own.

"How was your night, man?"

"Quiet. It's funny how quickly the bed can seem too big." Felix's color was a little high but the man looked him in the eyes as he said it.

"Isn't it?" He loved sleeping with someone. Always had.

"Yeah, it is." Felix led him to the bright kitchen, the early morning sun beginning to shine in the big windows. "How does scrambled eggs with ham and cheese sound?"

"Perfect. What do you need me to do?"

"You can sit there and tell me how your night went." Felix gave him a grin and a wink. "I'd rather not have my kitchen burned down by an overtired helper."

"Picky, picky." He plopped down, nodded. "There was an emergency amputation, three different patients hit by cars, and an entire litter of pups with parvo."

"Oh, that sounds not only busy but heart wrenching as well." Felix moved easily around the small kitchen, grabbing ingredients from the fridge and cupboard, putting a pan on the stove.

"Yeah. It sucked rocks."

"What do you usually do after a night like that?" Felix cracked half a dozen eggs into a bowl and whisked them.

"Beer. Beer and possibly jogging."

"Yeah? Breakfast and... napping gonna cramp your style?" The pan sizzled as Felix poured the eggy mixture into it.

"God, no. Breakfast and... napping sound perfect."

Felix chuckled, looking pleased, chopping mushrooms and ham into the pan and folding the omelet over. Then he halved it, slid it onto two plates and put one in front of him. "Voila."

"Oh, wow. Yum."

Felix sat and grabbed the salt and pepper, seasoning his half of the omelet before passing the shakers over to him. "Eat up."

"Thanks, man." He leaned down, started eating, slowly at first, then faster.

As fast as he ate, Felix finished up about the same time as him, and then cleared up, making quick work of doing the dishes. "You want anything else? More food? Something to drink?"

"No. No, that's not what I want." He wanted Felix.

"You wanna get horizontal?"

"Fuck, yes." Please.

"Come on, then." Felix held out a hand to him.

He fucking loved how they fit; it made him want to howl.

Felix led him back to the bedroom with the big bed, stopping at it. "You're wanting company before the napping starts, right?"

"No. I'm wanting fucking before the napping." No pussyfooting for him.

Felix beamed at him. "That's what I wanted to hear."

Reaching out, Keifer unbuttoned Felix's jeans, licking his lips as he did. Felix's eyes were on his mouth, and when his tongue had disappeared back between his lips, Felix leaned in to kiss him. He rumbled happily; he found Felix's kisses addictive. Tongue pushing between his lips, Felix deepened things, one hand cupping his head, big hand cradling it. Fuck, yeah. He let his hips roll, rubbing on Felix in a motion older than time.

"Sexy beast," muttered Felix, hands sliding to work off his clothes as their mouths came together in another kiss.

The guy had no idea. "More."

"Yes. More." Felix broke the kiss long enough to pull his shirt up over his head, and then the man attacked his mouth and his pants at the same time. He kicked out of his shoes, trying his best to help.

Felix got Keifer stripped, and then himself, and then Felix hustled him onto the bed. "I want you this time."

"I'm all yours. How do you like it? Face up or doggie style?" He couldn't help his chuckle.

"You want kisses during or just fast and hard?"

"I want kisses." He met Felix's eyes, suddenly serious. "I want to forget my bad day."

Felix's hand cupped his cheek. "I'll do my best."

Keifer kissed Felix's palm. He had the sneaking suspicion that Felix's best was going to be wonderful.

Felix half pushed, half picked him up onto the bed and climbed up over him. Felix seemed huge, heavy, perfect on top of him. A soft kiss opened his lips, Felix's tongue slipping in.

"Why hasn't someone snapped you up yet?"

"Oh, I was snapped up, babe. Spat back out, too," Felix said.

"That sucks. Well, not for me."

Felix grinned at him. "I can suck you later." He was given a wink, and then one kiss after another.

Keifer lost himself in the kisses, eyelids going heavy as pleasure made his limbs heavy. One of

Felix's hands slid over his body, tweaking a nipple here and rubbing his belly there. Felix found the perfect spot on his belly, and he arched, toes curling.

"Oh, you like that."

"Uh-huh." Fiercely.

Felix didn't need to be told to keep rubbing there, he just did, his kisses moving at the same time, covering Keifer's face, his neck, his collarbones. Keifer started to pant; he couldn't help it.

"God, what a sweet spot." Felix slid down his body, stopping on the way to lick one nipple and gently bite the other. Then Felix focused his hot mouth on just that spot on Keifer's belly.

He could howl with it and his cock slapped his belly. Good. Good. Good. Felix licked and kissed that spot, then he pulled the skin into his mouth, sucking hard. Hard enough it was going to leave a mark. He yipped, hips bucking, fucking the air. Please. Please.

Felix pulled off, blowing on his skin, an admiring look on his face. Then the man bent and swallowed him whole.

"Felix!" The room spun and Keifer growled, every muscle snapping. Felix didn't falter or pause, if anything the suction increased. "Good. Good. So good. Please, don't stop."

Felix didn't seem inclined to stop; his head started bobbing hard. Keifer's fingers tangled in Felix's hair, his world shivering as his balls drew up tight. Felix reached behind his balls and tapped the soft skin there.

"Gonna come." He thought it was only fair to warn Felix.

The nod added a great bounce to the sucking. Keifer shot hard, eyes rolling back in his head as his balls emptied. Felix swallowed him down and then swiped at his cock, cleaning it with his tongue.

"You... Wow." He couldn't quite see straight.

"Thanks, man." Felix chuckled, breath warm across his cock. Felix didn't move back up the bed, though. Instead the man moved lower, licking at his balls.

The heat made him groan and spread, arching into that mouth. A moment later Felix's tongue slid down to lick at his hole.

"Felix. Felix, fuck." His toes curled, digging into the sheets.

"Yep. That's coming."

"Thank God." He grinned wildly, chuckling softly.

Felix laughed, tongue piercing his asshole several more times. Then Felix rose up and grabbed a condom, putting it over that fine, fat prick.

"Anyone ever told you that you have a great prick?"

"You just did." Felix pushed his legs farther apart and settled in between them.

"Fat and hard, nice and thick. I approve."

Felix grinned down at him and began to push inside him. The stretch was luscious, rich, and he almost howled. Felix moved nice and slowly, sinking into him slow inch by slow inch.

"Damn. Damn, Felix." He bucked, eyes rolling back in his head.

Felix's hands slid around his hips and held him in place as that slow push in continued. It seemed to take for fucking ever before Felix was all the way in, staring down at him. He tried to catch his breath, but it was hard. Damn hard.

Bending, Felix brought their mouths together. The kiss was solid and hot and right there, demanding as much of his attention as he could manage with that hard cock filling him so deep.

He loved fucking. Loved it. Loved the pressure of it, the heat. This, though. This was special.

Felix's hips started working, punching that thick cock into his body. Holding onto Felix's shoulders, he clung as his pleasure grew. Felix was like an animal, pumping in hard and fast.

"Soon. Soon. Soon." It was like a song.

"Yeah, babe. Any minute now." Felix's thrusts became harder, and one big paw wrapped around his cock.

"Yeah..." His balls drew up tight, his belly aching.

Hand and hips moving together, Felix fucked him hard and fast. So good. His nails dug into Felix's shoulders, seed spurting from him.

"Fuck!" Felix jerked in a few more times before his face went slack. Pretty man. Pretty.

"Oh, wow. Keifer. That was... yeah." Felix pulled out and got rid of the condom and then lay next to him, grinning goofily.

"Uh-huh. You rock my world."

"You tilt mine pretty good, too." Felix petted him, fingers straying toward the hickey left on that spot on his belly.

"Mmm." He was blinking slowly, almost asleep.

Felix kept petting. "Go to sleep pretty man."

"Yeah?" He rumbled happily. So good. Felix smelled so good.

"Yeah. Nap. The day'll still be here when you wake up."

He sighed softly, dreams of running and chasing carrying him away.

Felix pulled his car up into the driveway, leaving it behind the Mustang. He caught himself humming as he got out and made his way to the door. He'd had a good day. A very good day. He was man enough to admit it wasn't because of anything that had happened at work, though.

In fact... He did a one eighty and headed for Keifer's back porch door. He knocked, knuckles rapping sharply on the wood. God, he was hooked. The skinny body, the mis-matched eyes, the pure enjoyment of fucking... hell, maybe there'd been something in the ice-cream that first night. Frankly, he didn't care. He just wanted to enjoy Keifer's company.

"Come on in!" He could smell meat cooking, hear the music playing. Keifer had the night off, and Felix intended to take advantage of it.

He let himself in. "Hey, Keif. How's it going?"

"It's going good. How're you, sexy man?"

"Good, good." It made him feel good, the way Keifer looked at him. "It smells good in here." He leaned over Keifer's shoulder and sniffed. "The food smells good, too."

"Mmm." Keifer's ass rubbed against his cock. "Steaks and potatoes."

"Oh, I like a man who's into the classics." Not to mention who knew how to work his ass.

"Meat is good. There's apple pie for dessert."

"You believe in that old adage about the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, don't you?"

"I always thought it was through the ribcage."

Felix cackled. "You've got a great sense of humor, babe."

"Thank you." Keifer was still moving, rocking side to side.

"Can that stuff sit awhile?" His voice had gone all rough.

"Steaks need to rest and shit, right?"

"Yeah, yeah, so they say." Felix chuckled, his hands moving to grab onto Keifer's hips. "Good thing you don't have a dog to worry about stealing them off the counter."

"Uh...uh-huh." He wasn't sure exactly what was funny, but something sure seemed to set Keifer off. He reached around with one hand, feeling up Keifer's cock. It was nice and firm. "Mmm. Good hands." Keifer clicked off the stove.

"Yeah?" He massaged some more.

"Uh-huh..." Keifer stepped back against him, tight ass right where he wanted it.

"Mmm." He closed his eyes and began to move his hips in little circles, his hand playing counterpoint. Their jeans rasped together, and Keifer was like a little furnace against him. He turned his head to nip at Keifer's neck. Keifer went up on tiptoe, ass dragging all along his cock. "Fuck." He shuddered and rubbed faster at Keifer's cock.

"Uh-huh. Here?" Keifer started bucking, rolling against him.

"Can't seem to stop."

"Stopping is overrated."

"Very." He wasn't even sure what they were talking about anymore; the sensation of Keifer's ass rubbing against his cock was taking everything over.

"Undo your jeans." Keifer popped the button on his.

Felix groaned, but managed to use his free hand to open the button, undo the zipper. When his bare cock met Keifer's naked ass, though, his eyes rolled back in his head. That was worth it. He grabbed hold of Keifer's now naked cock, too. He tugged and he rubbed and damn, but he was like a train barreling in toward the station just as fast as he could.

His prick fit perfectly in that tight crease, and when Keifer squeezed, he bucked. "Fuck. Brace yourself." Because it felt so damn good, he was going to do it again.

Keifer's hands landed on the countertop with a slap.

"Yeah, like that." He tightened his hold around Keifer's cock and started bucking, sending Keifer's prick along his palm every time he did. Each thrust made Keifer press that tight ass back toward him. He was soon panting, the two of them pushing and pulling, bucking and thrusting.

"Fuck, that's good. Don't stop."

"Not 'til we come." It felt like they were making the fucking counters rock.

"Like. Like how you think."

"Me, too." Felix half chuckled, half moaned -- he didn't even know what he was saying anymore.

"More... Jesus, you make me crazy, man. Want you like air."

He grunted something that was supposed to be an agreement, but he was too gone for words, running on instinct now.

One of Keifer's hands reached back, squeezed his ass. Fuck, yeah. That had him moving faster, his mouth on Keifer's neck, teeth threatening as his cock slid back and forth along Keifer's ass. Keifer's head fell forward, a soft sound filling the air. It made him growl and move faster. He was so fucking close and the heat of Keifer's cock in his hand was perfect.

Keifer bucked, ass slapping his thighs.

He was going to come soon, he could feel it in his balls, in the way his cock got harder, almost painful as he dragged it along Keifer's body.

"Close. Harder, man. Come on." The words were deep, almost growls.

He pushed harder, glad Keifer was strong enough to keep himself from slamming into the counter. So close now, he scraped at the tip of Keifer's cock with his thumbnail. Heat sprayed, coating his fingers, sliding over his palm.

"Yes!" Shoving hard, he came, too, sprayed up against Keifer's ass.

They just stood there, shaking for a long moment. Felix licked at Keifer's neck, enjoying the taste of salt and man.

"That was... Man, I like making supper for you."

Felix laughed at that, finally stepping away. He reached for the paper towel and cleaned his hand and Keifer's ass. "Yeah? Kind of like how I make you breakfast, eh?"

"Fuck, yes." Keifer turned and gave him a long, slow, hello kiss.

He closed his eyes and breathed through his nose and simply enjoyed every second of the kiss. Fuck, he was in trouble here. The best kind of trouble.

One kiss turned into another, and then another until they broke off, both chuckling. "Better than steak," muttered Keifer.

"God, yes. Much better." His stomach growled. Loudly. Felix laughed. "I'd still like some, though."

"Grab us some beers and pull the pie out to thaw, hmm?"

"Oooo, right, pie. What kind again?" He went over to the fridge and opened it up. Wow, there was a lot of meat in there. He grabbed a couple of cans and then opened the freezer.

"Apple."

There were a stack of pies, then more meat. And more. Wow.

"You get a discount or something?" he teased, finding the apple pie and taking it out to sit on the counter and thaw.

"Huh?"

"All that meat. You could feed an army." Felix passed a can of beer over and opened his own.

"I get hungry, man. I have a high metabolism."

He blinked for a moment and then nodded. Keifer had to have a high metabolism -- the man was skinny as hell, and any time Felix had seen him eat, it was like he was starving.

Two huge steaks were plopped down on two plates, then two potatoes were rescued from the stove.

"Looks great." He sat at the table and grabbed his utensils. Hell, he was as hungry as Keifer was.

"Uh-huh." Two salads plunked on the table, dressing, then A-1. "Dig in."

"Thanks, Keif." He started on the steak.

Keifer grunted, winked, and bent to eat. Chuckling, he dug right in, knowing he didn't need to stand on ceremony with Keifer. The two of them would eat until they weren't hungry anymore, then they could talk, go back to what they'd started the evening at. Whatever.

That was the best part about Keif. The man was easy. Easy to be with, easy on the eyes, easy to bed. Felix found himself grinning happily, watching Keifer eat.

"Man, I was hungry. You?" Keifer's eyes were on him now, watching him right back.

"I was. My stomach is full now, though." The rest of him could still eat, though. So to speak.

"Yeah?" Keifer licked his lips, smiled. "You got plans this evening?"

"I got ideas, but no plans yet." He was pretty sure he could talk Keifer into his ideas, though. Then he'd have plans.

"Mmm. I like ideas. Share."

"I was thinking I haven't seen your bedroom yet and it might be a good idea to get the tour."

"You are brilliant. I happen to have clean sheets."

He grinned. "Not for long."

"Does now work for you?" Keifer chuckled, the sound husky, rough as sandpaper.

"Hell, yes, it does."

Keifer stood, took his hand, and led him down the hallway, leaving the dishes behind. "I can't believe, after what? Five days in the last two weeks sleeping in your bed, that you haven't even seen mine."

"I was beginning to wonder if you actually had one," he teased.

"Well, you know, sometimes I just sleep in the back yard." Keifer winked back at him.

Felix laughed out loud at that. Then he had to take a kiss, stopping before they got to where they were going to press their lips together.

"Mmm. Steak kisses."

That made him laugh again, and press harder into the kiss. "Come on, Keif. Take me to bed before we do it up against the wall. Again."

Keifer chuckled, teeth teasing his bottom lip, the sensation sharp enough to make his knees buckle a bit. "You say that like it's a bad thing."

"Not bad, but I want to see your bed." He wanted to be in it when the fucking was over and the snuggling started.

Keifer's house looked a lot like his, long hallway with rooms along the way, the master at the end. He managed to keep his mouth to himself long enough for them to get to Keifer's bedroom. Keifer's bedroom was a bed. No, honestly. One huge, massive bed. Wow. The headboard was a single plank of wood, the bedding wildly varied and draped over the huge mattress.

He laughed -- he couldn't help himself. And it suited the man. Down to a T. Still chuckling, he pounced Keifer, pushing him back onto the mattress and following eagerly. Oh. Soft. Warm. Perfect.

Keifer grabbed him and kissed him, the touch of the man's mouth like an electric shock. He was rapidly growing hard again, his cock reacting immediately to Keifer's body, Keifer's touch, Keifer's mouth. Groaning, he pulled at the man's clothes, wanting skin, wanting it now.

Keifer was with him, was right there, yanking his T-shirt up and off. He pulled Keifer's up over his head as well, their kisses stopping long enough to get rid of the T-shirts. Groaning, he pressed down against Keifer's body. Keifer arched under him, the lean body surprisingly strong.

He moved down to suck at a nipple, using his teeth a little. The sounds coming out of Keifer always made him hot -- weird sounds that were almost animalistic, almost too much. His fingers worked Keifer's jeans open and down, his teeth working the spot on Keifer's side that made the man nuts.

"Fuck. Fuck." The words were sharp, snapping into the air.

He loved that sound, loved the way nibbling and mouthing and touching right there did that to the man. Keifer's cock was rock hard and dripping, making his chin wet whenever he bumped the tip. Finally, he couldn't resist the temptation any longer and he tilted his head down, mouth opening around the hard prick.

"Babe!" The word was wild, sharp, shocked.

It made him suck harder, made him slide his lips slowly all the way down. He pulled up just as slowly, taking his time and making it good.

"You, too. C'mere." Keifer tugged at his legs, encouraging him to turn.

He took a minute to tear open his jeans and kick them off. Then, grinning wildly, he shifted so his cock was up by Keifer's mouth while his own was right near Keifer's fat, dripping prick. Keifer spent a minute licking at his prick, just lapping at the tip.

Felix felt his eyes try to roll back into his head. "God." A shudder moved through him.

He could feel Keifer's smile against the tip of his cock. Bastard. He turned his attention back to Keifer's cock -- determined to give even better than he got. Keifer's prick fascinated him, the heavy veins, the way it curved, the way it tasted. Everything. He nosed and licked at it, pointed his tongue to push it into the little slit. The pressure around his cock increased, made his toes curl. It was hard to concentrate on what he was doing with Keifer's cock, but he made himself do it, made himself keep licking, start sucking.

It slowed everything down, though, and he could let himself feel everything, every single second.

He sucked gently until he could taste drops of liquid dripping from Keifer's slit. Keifer was hungry, spending long moments with his lips wrapped around the base of Felix's cock. His hips started to move, pushing back and forth as his need increased. Jesus, Keifer just took him and took him and took him...

Bobbing his head, he sucked just like his hips were punching. He could feel Keifer's moans; they vibrated all along his cock. A shudder went through him and he moved faster, taking more of Keifer's cock in. Keifer's fingers wrapped around his hips, pulling him in deeper and deeper. He managed to get one of his own hands up around Keifer's balls, and he rubbed them and sucked harder, beginning to lose track of what he was doing, of anything but the pleasure in his own cock.

Keifer's hips were jerking harder, faster, and they were driving together. He made sure he gave as good as he got, sucking hard, slapping Keifer's cock with his tongue whenever he could. Fuck, he was gonna shoot, like soon. He tugged on Keifer's balls -- he wanted the man to come with him.

The thigh against his cheek went taut and Keifer bucked. The first taste of salt on his tongue had him shouting around Keifer's cock and coming down the man's throat.

Felix was so wrapped up in his orgasm he almost choked when Keifer came, which would have put a damper on a good night of TV, beer and snuggling. He finally got remembered how to swallow and then he cleaned Keifer's cock up, tongue sliding on the hot, velvet flesh.

"Mmm." Keifer nuzzled his balls, his inner thigh.

He pressed a kiss to the base of Keifer's cock. "Fucking good, man."

"Uh-huh. You're good for my libido."

"You're doing great things for mine, too." Felix patted Keifer's ass. "You wanna nap a moment, Keif?"

"Uh-huh. We got about an hour before that movie comes on HBO."

"Good." He tugged on Keifer's arm. "Get your face up here -- I don't want to wake up with your hard-on in my eye."

Keifer's body started to shake with laughter, that dick dangerously close now. Chuckling himself, he gave Keifer's ass a swat and then tugged him again.

Keifer settled up against him, cheek on his shoulder. "You're warm, man."

"I hope so -- gotta burn off all that good food somehow."

He pulled Keifer in closer. This felt good. It felt better than good. Felix silenced the little voice in the back of his head that tried to insist he was going to get hurt, just like last time. He always had that same worry, which was partly why he'd taken so long to hook up. But his wasn't last time and look who waiting had gotten him? Keifer was a keeper.

He patted Keifer's back. "Sleep," he muttered.

The moon was close, and he itched.

A lot.

Deep down.

Sort of violently.

Last month he'd told Felix he was going out of town, but this month he'd been busy at the clinic, hadn't had time to plan. Hadn't had time to lie. Felix was going to expect them to spend the night together. Either at his place or at Felix's. They'd sort of become an item and not many nights passed that they didn't at least sleep together.

He sighed, rubbed the back of his neck. He'd just call, say he got called in at the office or something. Right?

Right.

That worked. Absolutely. No problem.

He hated lying.

He heard Felix's truck pull up into his lane.

Fuck. Fuck, he...

He blinked at the window... at the fading sun.

No.

No, wait.

He had an hour, at least.

His watch said...

He looked at his wrist, at the stopped watch.

Oh, fuck.

The change hit him in a rush.

The truck door slammed and footsteps came up his back door.

Fuck.

Fuck.

He growled, dropping to all fours, head bobbing.

The knock came, just as he'd expected, and then Felix came in, calling out to him. "Hey, Keif!"

He barked, tail wagging furiously. Mate!

Felix laughed. "Oh, hey there, boy. Did Keif bring home his work again?"

He barked again, head-butting Felix happily. So good. Smelled so good.

There was more laughter. "You're an eager one, aren't you?" Felix looked around him. "Keifer? Hey, man, it's Felix."

He nodded his head. He knew. Silly human.

"You're a real pretty boy, aren't you?" Felix stood and headed down the hall. "Keifer. Where are you, man?"

Bark! I'm right here!

Felix went all the way down the hall and into the bedroom. "Keifer?"

Mate! He pounced Felix's butt.

"Hey!" Felix danced away. "You little minx. Where's Keifer, huh? He should be here. Especially if he's left you running around loose."

He ran and jumped onto the bed, tail wagging. Come, Mate. Nap.

"I don't think you should be on there, pup. Come on. Let's find your crate."

He rested his muzzle on his paws. Mate. Come to bed.

"Come on, off of there. Come on." Felix was trying to convince him to get off the bed.

No. His bed. He lifted his butt, shaking it.

Felix shook his head. "Silly pup. Where's Keifer? Huh?" Frowning, Felix started to wander, looking into all the rooms.

He rolled over onto his belly, sighing softly. Stupid humans.

Felix wandered over the whole house and came back. "Huh. He's not here. I guess he had to go get something for you? You seem healthy enough, though."

He wagged. He was a good dog.

Hungry, but good.

Oh.

Food.

He jumped up and padded to the kitchen and the ice box.

"You hungry, boy? I bet Keifer has some dog food in the cupboards."

Meat.

Meat.

Meat.

Felix went through the lower cupboards. That wasn't where the meat was. "Here we go!" Felix dragged out a big bag of kibble.

He blinked. Ew.

Meat.

He pawed at the fridge.

Felix laughed and grabbed a bowl out of the cupboard. "I don't think so, boy. You can have the kibble."

Felix poured a whole bunch into the bowl and then put it down in front of him. "There you go!"

He was going to bite the big bastard. Hard. He grabbed the door of the fridge and yanked. Steak. Chicken. Pork.

"Hey! There's perfectly good food in your bowl. I'm not letting you eat all of Keifer's meat. He's got a thing for it, you know. Meat. I've never seen such a skinny man put away the food like he can."

He wasn't that skinny! He yanked again. Felix's hands landed on his flanks and tugged him away. If Felix wasn't his mate... He turned, staring the big guy down.

Felix laughed at him. "Look at you, stubborn beast."

Hungry. Not stubborn. Hungry.

Felix tilted his head. "Huh. Look at that. You've got eyes just like my Keif."

Well, duh. He rolled his eyes and padded over, nuzzling his big doof of a mate. Felix's hands slid over him, scratching behind his ears.

Oh.

Mate.

He keened happily, tail thumping hard. Felix bent down onto his haunches and gave him a good ear scratching. His eyes crossed and his tongue lolled out. So good. Laughing, Felix extended the scratching to include his neck. He arched, his entire body shuddering with pleasure.

"You're a sweet thing, aren't you?"

Keifer lapped and nibbled at Felix's fingers. Sweet. Good. Good dog. Felix laughed and kept petting, kept scratching. His back foot started patting, banging on the floor.

"Oh, what a good dog. You like that, don't you. You like it a lot."

He rolled over, showed Felix his belly. Felix was a really good mate and he scratched over his belly, fingers finding just the right spot.

There.

There.

He bit at the air, in complete ecstasy.

"I know someone who's got a hot spot in almost the same place as you." Felix laughed. "It's like you're his twin. Except for, you know, the dog part."

Not a twin. It was him. He chuffed softly, giving Felix his best doggie smile.

"Man, I can't get over how much your eyes look like Keifer's. Is that why he brought you home?" Felix looked around again. "I'm surprised he left you all on your own, though."

He hadn't gone anywhere. Damn it.

"He must have had an emergency at the animal clinic, huh? I don't know if I should just leave you here on your own, though..."

He wagged and headed for the bed. Come. Nap. He could raid the ice box when his mate slept.

"I don't know, boy. Maybe we should go over to my place until Keif comes home."

He jumped on his bed. His bed was bigger.

Felix sat on the edge of the bed and started giving him more scratches. "I guess if I stayed with you it would be okay."

He panted softly, tongue lolling. It would be grand.

Felix pulled his phone out of his pocket and checked it. "No message. Huh. Okay. I guess we can have a nap, huh?"

He chuffed and smiled. Yes. Good mate. Pretty man. Felix lay back, fingers scratching behind his ears again. He nuzzled, happy and safe. His mate. His man. Good. Stay.

Felix nuzzled his head on the pillow. "Mmm, it smells like Keifer. I have to tell you, I like the man. Like him a lot."

He wagged twice, grinning.

Felix chuckled. "Probably more than I should."

He lapped at Felix's wrist. Sweet man.

"Look how friendly you are, no wonder Keifer brought you home."

That was him. Friendly. Friendly and home. Felix's fingers moved and found that perfect spot again.

Oh.

Oh.

Yes.

Good.

More.

So good.

Good mate.

Felix laughed and scratched and scratched. He was going to howl.

"You'd be happy if I did this all night long, wouldn't you?"

His bark echoed, making his ears swivel.

That had Felix chuckling again. "God, you're a cutie."

He licked Felix's chin. Felix laughed again, and rubbed his ears. Now, if his mate would only nap so he could go eat...

The rubbing and petting slowed and Felix yawned. "Let's nap, boy. Maybe Keif'll be back when I wake up."

He wagged. Yes. Nap. Nap is good. Nap. Felix's hand patting slowed and then stopped. Soft snores started up.

As soon as his mate slept, Keifer crept into the kitchen.

Meat.

Meat.

Meat.

He tugged the fridge door open and he pulled out the steak left there, just for him.

Meat.

Good.

Felix woke with a groan. Damn, it was dark and he was in Keifer's bed. Alone. Well, not quite a

lone, the dog was still there, curled up next to him. But Keifer seemed to have disappeared. He still wasn't back, which was weird -- that he'd go and leave his patient at home.

He sat up, blinking, stretching. Christ, it was nearly morning.

The pup was sprawled out on his back, legs in the air, tongue lolling. He was going to have to ask Keifer if the dog needed a home, Felix thought he was great and would be more than willing to take the pup in. The sky started to lighten and the dog whimpered, moaned low.

Felix reached over and rubbed the soft belly. Those weird eyes popped open, stared at him, scared.

"Hey, hey, boy. It's okay. Keifer'll be back soon, I swear, huh? You're good. You're good."

The dog grunted, twisted away.

He frowned, fingers scratching the dog's butt. "You not feeling well, boy?"

The hair felt... weird. He leaned over to find the light, turn it on. The pup jerked, rippled, falling from the bed.

"Pup!" He scrambled over to the edge of the bed.

There wasn't...

Wait.

Wait.

That was...

Keifer.

On the floor.

"Keifer?" What the hell?

Those eyes blinked up at him, lost, confused.

Felix reached out and touched one shoulder. Keifer was real enough. "Keifer, man. What's going on?"

"I..." Keifer looked at him, horrified. "Oh, God."

Felix shook his head. "I don't... Shit. What?" He shook his head again and reached for Keifer. "Are you all right?" He wasn't entirely sure what had just happened, but Keifer was naked and on

the floor and he knew that if he didn't look at anything else going on here, he could deal with getting the man up on the bed and under the covers at least.

Keifer reached up for him, let him drag the lean, long body into the bed with him. "You hurt? Cold?" He tugged the covers over them.

"A little. Worried. What happened?"

"I don't know. I..." He shook his head. "There was a dog and uh... then there was you..." Maybe Felix had been the one to fall and hit his head.

"Yeah. Yeah, did I do anything... destructive?"

Felix tilted his head. "Um... what do you mean?" Keifer was talking like he really had been... Yeah.

"Nothing. My head hurts a little bit."

He kissed Keifer's forehead. "What do you need?" He could help the man, even if he wasn't quite sure what the hell was going on.

"Are you okay?" Keifer reached for him, fingers sliding over his belly, around his waist.

"I. Yeah. I mean. Trying not to freak out." He laughed, the sound not quite easy or natural.

"Yeah. I bet. Me, too. I've never... Not with someone."

"So, it's, like, real? I'm not losing my mind?"

Those odd eyes stared at him. "Yeah. I mean, it's a genetic thing, huh? Just a thing."

"Just a thing? I don't know what to say. I don't know what to think." He quickly pressed his lips against Keifer's -- this he understood, making out with his man.

Keifer kissed him back, eyes never leaving his. "I would have told you, but... It's hard to explain, huh?"

"Fuck yeah. If you'd told me I wouldn't have believed you. Hell, I'm still not sure I believe you and I saw it. More or less."

"Yeah. It... It's just... who I am."

"How long?"

"Forever. I mean, it started when I hit puberty."

"You say it's a family thing?"

"Yeah. Yeah. Three of my sibs have it; two don't."

"Your folks?" This was crazy. It really was. He liked Keifer. A lot. Maybe even more than liked. But that didn't make this any less nuts.

"Dad is. Mom's not." Keifer sighed. "It's two nights a month. Four, when there's a blue moon. You don't ever have to see it again."

Felix shifted, frowning. "You ashamed of it?"

"Ashamed? No. No, I just... Well, I don't want to end up in a cage, you know? Most of us aren't in the suburbs."

"I won't sell you out, man. No matter what else, I wouldn't do that to you." He still wasn't sure he believed it, really, but real or not, he wasn't going to do anything to hurt Keifer.

"Thanks. I guess I should see what damage I did last night, huh?"

"You uh... kind of slept with me."

Keifer arched one eyebrow, grinned. "Just kind of, huh?"

He felt himself blushing. "You took over the bed like you owed it, man. I, uh, meant to just nap for a bit."

"I sort of do." Keifer leaned closer. "Thank you for taking care of me last night, my friend."

"I didn't know it was you." Felix met Keifer halfway, lips almost touching.

"That makes it sweeter."

He chuckled and rubbed his face. "I don't know, Keif. I don't understand any of this." He slid his hand along Keifer's side. "I want you."

He closed the minuscule distance between their lips to take a kiss. Keifer still tasted the same, still felt the same to him. Felix blocked everything else out and focused on their bodies. Keifer still felt amazing, long and lean and warm against him. This he understood, this he knew and enjoyed. Felix took another kiss, tongue pushing in, and Keifer opened up, one hand on his ass, warm through his pants.

His own hands roamed the rangy body, slowly warming up Keifer's skin. Keifer's tongue stroked his, the sensation sweet and slow, making him hard and waking him the rest of the way up.

"Someone's got too many clothes on." He grinned at Keifer. "And I don't mean you."

"God, I was worried you'd be pissed at me..." Keifer tugged at his T-shirt, baring his belly.

"I think I still might be. You shoulda told me." He gasped as Keifer's fingers slid across his stomach. "Right now I just want to make love to the very human you."

"Okay. That works for me."

"Good." He rolled over on top of Keifer, kissing the man hard. Those long legs wrapped around his waist, Keifer's hands caught between them. He bit at Keifer's lips, pushed his tongue between them. God, Keifer tasted good. Really good.

Not... furry. Thank God. Funny how all he'd been worried about 'til now was whether or not he was going to get dumped. This seemed... well, more immediate.

He grabbed hold of Keifer's ass and squeezed. A soft moan pushed into his lips, hungry and happy. His fingers moved over to Keifer's crack, searching for that sweet little hole.

"Gonna fuck me?" Keifer arched, pushed into his touch.

"Fuck, yes." He was. He wanted to.

"Excellent." Keifer spread, the offer clear.

Felix reached up and found the lube, holding Keifer's gaze as he slicked his fingers up.

"I can't give you anything. Can't catch anything either. There are benefits."

"Oh, fuck. No condoms? I haven't ever..." It was so tempting. Felix wanted to. What would it benefit Keifer to lie about this?

"You don't have to; it's just an offer."

He nodded. "I trust you. As long as there isn't anything else you're hiding from me."

"Well, there's the incredible joy that I take in Trent Reznor's ass..."

"As long as you don't mean actually physical joy in that ass, I can live with that."

"No, it's more from a distance; he's biteable joy." Keifer's eyes were dancing.

"As in a dog-bite?" Felix had to laugh at that. He so did.

Keifer chuckled with him, the sound warm on the air.

He went back to kissing, tongue pushing into Keifer's mouth as he stretched out over Keifer, over the heated, long body. Then he got his fingers re-slicked and pushed two inside.

"Mmm." Keifer arched into the touch, hole tight and tense around his fingers. He pushed them in deeper, spread them apart. Fuck, that was hot, the way Keifer jerked and spread, heels thrumming on the mattress. Felix added another finger. "I... It's good." Oh, someone liked that.

"You want more?" He teased the edge of his little finger in.

"Y...yeah. Yeah." Keifer's eyes caught his, held his gaze.

"Yeah?" He took his fingers out and got more slick onto them. Then, still watching Keifer, he slowly pushed four inside that hot, tight little hole.

Fuck. Fuck, look at that. Look at Keifer take him.

"Trust you."

"Fuck. That's. Keif." He couldn't make himself actually speak. Keifer was so tight and hot around his fingers.

As they pushed slowly in, he tucked his thumb in against his palm and kept pushing. Keifer keened softly, hips moving in restless little jerks. He still kept pushing, amazed as Keifer's ass took it. The heat was incredible, but the pressure was bigger, Keif's body letting him in and in and in.

"Keif..." He couldn't believe it, couldn't believe his hand was going into Keifer's ass.

"Please." He wasn't sure what Keifer was asking for, but he knew what he was going to give the man. He was almost there, so he kept moving, Keifer's body opening up for him, letting his whole hand in.

His whole fucking hand.

Keifer wasn't talking anymore; he was panting, cheeks flushed, entire body covered in a fine sheen of sweat. There was an almost audible snap as Keifer's body closed around his wrist.

"Fuck. Keif. Okay?" He still couldn't manage a real sentence.

"Uh-huh. Uh-huh. In me. M...mate. "

Mate. Holy fuck.

Of course he was the one with his hand inside Keifer's ass. He slowly closed his fingers, making a fist.

"Felix." Keifer moaned, whimpered softly, cock throbbing. He could feel the muscles inside Keif jerk and ripple.

"I... I've never done this." It was intense. It was kind of amazing.

"Me either."

"Intense, huh?" He slowly opened his hand. Intense was maybe an understatement.

Keifer chuckled, the sound husky and raw. Felix leaned carefully, slowly forward, bringing their mouths together. Keifer's moan pushed into his lips, along with the hot tongue. While he sucked on it, he moved his hand a little. He heard Keifer whimper, felt the way Keifer's hole jerked.

He pulled away, looking down at where his hand disappeared into Keifer's body. "You wanna come, babe? Let me feel you come around my hand?"

"Uh-huh. Uh-huh. T...touch my cock. Please."

"Yeah. Yeah, I can do that." He leaned down, rubbing his cheek against Keifer's prick. He could feel the heavy veins throbbing. Turning, he wrapped his lips around the tip.

"Mate!" That sound was pure, desperate need.

He bobbed his head, moved his hand. It almost felt like his hand was going to come out Keifer's cock. Come sprayed into his lips, Keifer wailing, desperate. He sucked it all in, swallowing hard. Jesus. Jesus, he could feel every suck, every pull in the heat around him.

Felix stayed on Keifer's prick until he'd swallowed every drop and cleaned every inch. Then he pulled slowly off.

Keifer looked... debauched. He had done it, too. Only him.

His own cock was hard as diamonds, aching and sore. He wasn't doing anything until he got his hand out, though. Felix started moving his hand and Keif whimpered, cock throbbing like it was trying to go again.

"Shh, shh. Come on, Keif. Let me get out, yeah?" He didn't want to hurt his lover. Not for the world.

"Uh...uh-huh." Keifer stretched, arched onto his fist.

Felix groaned and tried to keep his arm steady. He curled his fingers together, making his hand as small as possible.

"Loosen up for me, babe." He rubbed Keifer's belly with his free hand.

Keifer moaned, took a deep, deep breath, and that tight ring of muscles loosened.

"There you go, babe." He added a bit more lube at his wrist and began tugging, slowly pulling his hand. He might have whimpered a little as it came free, missing that amazing heat and pressure.

Keifer was watching him, eyes bloodshot and dazed.

He petted the man's thighs, his cock. Then he settled in next to Keif and started jacking off. "That was incredible. You were incredible."

"In me. You can. Please."

"Yeah? You sure?" Keifer had to be sore after that.

"Mate." The word seemed... heavy on the air.

"Christ, Keif." Groaning, he shifted, settled down between Keifer's legs. He slicked up his cock.

He'd never put his hand inside anyone else before and he'd never done this before either -- slid inside a hot, tight ass without a condom.

"It's okay. I'll be yours."

He remembered, somewhere deep inside him, that wolves mated for life. "Mine..." He couldn't fathom that. Of course, he was still having problems with the whole turning into a dog thing, not to mention the 'I put my hand up Keifer's ass' thing.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. When he opened them again, he stared right at Keifer as he started to pound into the amazing, tight heat. That made it better. He pushed in and in, slamming into Keifer, who just took him and took him.

He rested his hands on Keifer's thighs, spreading the long legs wide as he thrust.

His.

His.

Fuck.

His.

It made his heart pound.

When he came, it was with a long cry of Keifer's name, heat flowing out of him into his lover's body.

Keifer moaned, resting close, warm, shivering a bit. He let Keifer take his weight, his face buried in the warm neck. Keifer smelled good -- like sex and sweat and man and his. It was a strange thought -- he wasn't the possessive type. Except that maybe with Keif he was. There were all sorts of things that he was, with Keif.

He lifted his face and looked into Keifer's eyes.

He tested out Keifer's word. "Mate."

It sounded pretty damn good.

Dog Next Door

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