

A Sip...



A Torquere Press Short

Cooking Up Trouble
By BA Tortuga

There. That was the last customer for the night, and Charlie sighed and stretched, arching his back. Damn, the winter was cold this year, and folks were hungry. The soup kitchen was booming.

Charlie took off his apron and headed over to get his jacket. The second shift should be coming in soon to get the dishes done. It had been a long damned day. He was going home.

A little blur ran right into him, full-throttle, hands full of clean plates that went flying. "Oh! Christ! Shit! Sorry."

Dark eyes blinked up and up and up at him, tight red curls bobbing furiously.

"Crap!" Charlie grabbed and steadied. Most things that bounced off him got hurt. "You okay? I absolutely didn't see you there."

"I... Yeah. Shit. I'm running around like a chicken with my head cut off and plowed right into you." The guy was little, slight, pointed at the chin and shoulder. "You okay?"

"Not even bruised." The guy was... cute.

"Cool. I'm real sorry. It's been a long day and I was just looking to get out of here. Get some good wine, some good food, and then *bam* I get involved in the noises in my head and the tarts needing to be made tomorrow and..." The flow of words stopped. "Oh. Sorry. Babbling. Bad habit."

Definitely cute. He grinned wide. Which he probably shouldn't have because his ex said it made him look predatory. Imagine that. "I'm figuring you mean pastry tarts. And don't mind me. I'm like a babble black hole. Or so they tell me."

The little guy didn't look scared, not at all. "Pastry tarts, yes. Lemon and apricot and blackberry for the Governor's Ball this weekend, to be precise. I work for the Maison d'Etre. A babble black hole? Really? Handy talent."

"Yeah." He moved a little closer. If that was possible. The guy smelled like bread. Charlie liked that. "Yeah. I suck it right in. Create silence."

Shit, it was the most interesting time he'd had at the soup kitchen in forever.

"Silence? Cool. I'm Grant. Grant Jones." His hand was taken, shook. "Do you work here a lot? Often, I mean."

"Couple days a week if I can. If the blue flu is going around I get here less. I'm Charlie Maines. Nice to meet you."

For a little guy Grant had a nice firm handshake.

"Blue flu? Nice to meet you, too. Oh, let me put the plates away. You distracted me." Grant gathered the plates back together and slid them onto the cabinet behind them.

"Here. Let me help." Charlie grabbed some more plates and slid close, hoping his sniffing wasn't obvious. Damn. "I'm a cop. Blue flu is when half the force comes down sick in the winter and we all work doubles."

"Oh. You're a cop? Really? Is it scary? Have you always wanted to do it? Doubles? Ew. That's like wedding season and my world's all white roses." Grant was all smiles, staying close. Close enough that he could see the rainbow bracelet on one thin arm.

"Yeah, it's scary sometimes. I do mostly traffic stuff. I'm a motorcycle patrol. White roses, huh? Not your thing?" Nice. He didn't want to push his luck. But damn.

"I'm a chocolate fan, myself. And fruit pies. But wedding cakes are bread and butter. So to speak." That happy grin popped up again, eyes shining. "A motorcycle? Really? Too cool!"

"Yeah. I got one of my own I ride, too. I like chocolate." Fuck, what was with him. There was something about this guy.

"Can I see? I... I'll bribe you with chocolate mousse cake." Those eyes went wide. "Not like really bribing, just between friends bribing, you know. Even though we're not friends yet..."

"Sure. I love mousse cake. You, uh." God, he felt cheesy but he was gonna ask. "You need a ride home?"

"Oh." Christ that was a heart-stopping smile. "Oh, yes. Please. I'd love one."

"Great. Let's just get these put away." He grinned back, moving stacks of bowls easily.

"Sure. Okay. Did you cook or serve? You must have served, because I didn't see you in the kitchen. Did they like the carrot cake? I made it. That and the mashed potatoes with endive."

He didn't have the heart to tell the little guy they would eat mashed dirt, but the carrot cake had gotten raves. "They loved it. That cake? Man, that had good icing."

"Yeah? Cool. Organic carrots and Mexican cinnamon makes a huge difference." Grant worked fast, sure, and soon they were done, Grant waiting for him, neatly dressed in a dark sweater and jeans.

He grabbed the jacket he'd originally been going for and shrugged it on. "You got a coat? It's cold out there, and even with me as a windbreak it will be breezy."

"Nope. I'll just dare it. I'll snu... hide behind you."

"Oh, hey. I'm all for hiding, but you at least need something." Charlie thought about it a minute before shucking his leather and pulling off his sweater. He'd do okay with shirt and jacket. "Here, you can bundle up in this, okay? No freezing on my watch."

"Oh. Oh, thanks." The sweater was only thirty-seven sizes too big, but still, it looked damned cute. "I live on 6th street, in the Blackstone Lofts."

"Nice." Nodding, he pulled on his gloves. "That I can do. Come on."

His bike was a classic, a Harley. Not as quiet and damned fast as the BMW he drove for work, but good and solid and damned pretty.

"Oh, pretty!" Grant looked as excited as a kid on Christmas morning. "It's fabulous. And blue. And wow. And I'm babbling again, huh?"

"Yeah, but you can babble about my baby anytime." Handing over a helmet, Charlie straddled the bike. Oh, he loved sharing his baby.

"Oh, lucky bike. I mean, where do my feet go?" Grant moved behind him, snuggling close, hands around his waist. "Is this okay?"

"Yeah." Was that okay? Jesus. It was so okay like he couldn't believe. "And yeah, your feet go right there. Just watch that leg for heat." He rubbed. Just a little. He was only human. Before he could get carried away, though, he started up the bike and headed out.

Grant snuggled into him, holding him tight for the whole ride, gasping every now and again, pointing at the parking garage for his loft.

Damn, that was a ride. Not that it was long, or fast, or anything. It just.. felt good. "Home, safe and sound."

"Oh, wow. That was... wow." Grant hopped off, eyes shining, all smiles. "Oh, for that, you get two pieces of dessert."

"Yeah? That would be great. Some coffee wouldn't go amiss either." It occurred to him he was being way pushy. "Though I don't mean now, if you have a date with tarts."

"No. I promised you chocolate. You can't leave now." His hand was taken and he was led up to a quirky little loft filled with... cookbooks and comics. Okay. "Have a seat. The red futon's comfiest. I'll make coffee."

He flopped down on the futon. It really was comfy. The place was like the man, and Charlie liked that. Felt like maybe what he saw was actually what he got.

It didn't take any time before Grant came bustling back in, his sweater hanging loosing over that little butt. "How do you like your coffee, Charlie? And do you like whipped cream on your cake? And there's the remote; make yourself at home. The sci-fi channel's showing an old Godzilla movie marathon, if you're into big, green fire-breathing monsters..."

"I can do monsters. Black. And whipped cream is great." He watched that little ass moving beneath the sweater, and none too surreptitiously, either. He wasn't usually so obvious. Really. He just liked what he saw.

"Cool." Grant potted back into the kitchen, the warm babble continuing -- soft and steady commentary on everything from the television to the smell of the coffee to the rain threatening

outside. It was good. Real good. He was so fucking relaxed that he almost dozed off, but the low level babble kept him interested enough to stay awake.

Grant came in with a tray of coffee and the most perfect pieces of cake he'd ever seen -- dark and rich and chocolate, topped with a dollop of whipped cream. Damn.

"If those are half as good as they look you might not get rid of me." Fuck. He was drooling.

"Okay. I think I could handle that." Oh. So maybe he wasn't the only one liking what he saw.

That was nice. He usually couldn't tell. Or, he could...when someone wasn't interested. They ran. But telling the difference between eh and yeah had always been hard for him. Hard. Great.

"Cool. So, uh, you made the cake huh?"

"Yeah, I did. This is a recipe for a cookbook I'm writing, I was testing it. You'll have to let me know if it's good." Grant sat beside him, kind of curled up, taking the smaller piece of cake.

To heck with that delicate nibbling. Charlie took a big old bite, moaning in bliss. Oh, yeah. That was like heaven. "Oh. Man. It's good."

Grant beamed, bounced, eyes shining. "Yeah? Cool!?"

"Yeah. I mean really good. The carrot cake was yummy but this is like chocolate nirvana." Of course, chocolate was his main love, so that might help. He grinned at Grant, licking chocolate off his lower lip, checking his bitty goatee for crumbs.

"You... You missed a spot..." Grant reached over, fingers brushing the corner of his mouth. He sucked in a breath, staring at Grant, not sure what to do. Push it? Not? Kiss the man silly? "Oh. I... I'm sorry. God. Class act, huh? You're a fucking cop and I just push right in and... Don't be pissed, yeah? It's just that you're really fine and you have these great eyes, right? And I shouldn't have touched, and I'm really sorry. Hell, just finish your cake and I'll promise not to do it again..."

"Whoa. Don't make promises I don't want you to keep, okay?" He had great eyes? Cool. He thought they were kinda muddy. "And I like the way you look in my sweater."

"Oh... Oh. Yeah?" The panicked look faded, replaced by something... softer.

"Yeah. You have a great butt." Did he just say that? Well, he'd never been mistaken for a shrinking violet.

"I do?" Oh, that was sweet as fuck, the little peep and the way Grant twisted, trying to look. "It's sorta little."

"Yeah. It's like a little peach." God, that was corny, but there it was. "I mean, it looks like I could hold it in one hand. Sexy as fuck."

"Oh." Grant scooted closer, eyes searching his face. "Wanna try?"

Did he? He wasn't usually into the casual make-out session. Much. For Grant he'd try it though. "Yeah. I think we should."

He reached out and cupped that sharp chin in one hand, tilting Grant's head back and leaning down to press his lips against soft, sweet, open ones. Coffee and chocolate and cream and something tart and oh, that little tongue slipped into his mouth, teasing and quick, darting about before disappearing. His own tongue was a lot slower, pushing into Grant's mouth to take it hard, no teasing, not tentativeness.

Grant took a deep breath, then moved to melt into him, hands wrapping over his shoulders. God, yeah. Fast and furious, but good. Real good. Charlie reached too, hands sliding down Grant's back to cup that tiny butt and pull.

He could feel Grant, hard and hot on his belly, the soft little groan vibrating his lips, tongue pushing into his mouth over and over, quick and light touches within this heavy-weight kiss. He could get lost there. So easy. Charlie just stopped worrying about it and let himself wander, figuring he'd get back to himself eventually.

Those soft lips were addictive and he licked at them and nibbled them and finally pulled back to look at how his kisses had swollen them.

Grant's face was shining, eyes bright, lips full and berry-red, tongue sliding out to taste. "Oh. Wow."

"Yeah. Wow." Hellaciously wow. That one kiss had him aching. And as good as Grant looked in his sweater, he was wondering now how he would look out of it.

Oh. Oh, wow. They were... And Charlie was a... And those eyes... And oh... Oh...

Grant had been most seriously in that "oh baby, I'm yours, just say the word" sort of space since the Harley.

Well, the Harley and the quick little fantasy between Elm and Little Oak about this big, beautiful body in a uniform, because *guh*...

He reached up, fingers trailing over the bald head. "Oh... it feels good. Do you shave it?"

"Yeah. It's just easier." Charlie was looking at him like wow. Just wow.

"Mmm... can I kiss you again? I mean, I want to, sort almost need to, you know?" It felt good, rubbing against Charlie's bulk, Charlie's heat.

"Yeah." Long lashes blinked down over those blue eyes for a moment, then Charlie grinned at him, lips swollen and dark. "Yeah, you can."

"Oh. Good." He grinned back, leaning in to press their lips together, tongue sliding into Charlie's mouth, exploring and tasting. Oh. So good.

Yeah. Wow.

Charlie's big hands were still on his butt, squeezing and rubbing. Charlie tasted like coffee and his cake and just a hint of something deep and rich. He pushed back into Charlie's hands, not wanting to seem like a slut, but figuring it was sort of a little late now given that he was... uh... rubbing his ass into Charlie's hands.

He didn't think Charlie minded too much, because Charlie squeezed and kneaded and just generally made love to his butt. And damn, it felt good. Warm. Wicked addictive. Grant dove into the kisses, hips rocking, cock hard and throbbing in his slacks. They moved together until he was pretty much sitting on top of Charlie, pressed together from hip to lip. He wasn't the only one hard. There was no mistaking the bulge pushing against him. One hand stayed on his ass, cupping both cheeks just like Charlie said. The other slid up his back, lifting his turtleneck.

He moaned, encouraging Charlie's touch, hands sliding down over that belly. Touching. Petting.

"Damn." Charlie broke the kiss to breathe, hot puffs fanning his cheek. "You. Oh, man."

"Uh-huh. You. Good. I just. Wow." He drew circles on Charlie's belly, eyes just searching Charlie's face.

"Yeah." The muscles under his hand were like a board, hard and tight. God, the man was ripped. Charlie grinned suddenly, eyes so dark they were more charcoal gray than blue. "Is this where I say I don't usually do this? Or would that sound hypocritical with you in my lap?"

"I don't either. Not usually. But there's something, isn't there? Something good." His heart was pounding, lips tingling, balls aching they were so tight.

"There's something all right." Charlie squeezed, he whimpered. "Something really amazing."

"Yes. I... I want you, Charlie." He leaned forward, brushed their lips together. "I mean, really."

"Yeah? You, uh." He would swear Charlie blushed. "You got anything? That we can use?"

"Yeah. You wanna see my bed? I..." He grinned. Hell, if he couldn't talk about protection and his bedroom, he had no reason to have sex in the first place. "I have rubbers and stuff upstairs. Clean sheets, too. Even a good view."

"Yeah? You mean I get to walk behind you up the stairs?" Oh, that grin was wicked, the flush fading.

He giggled, nodded. "I'll even take off the loose shirts, first, so you can see."

Eyes hot and grin happy, Charlie nodded, muscles surging as Charlie stood, lifting him easily.

"Oh! So strong!" He grinned. "I'm going to look scrawny next to you. Like a midget."

"Nah. I like you just the size you are." He got one more squeeze before Charlie set him down. "You promised me a show."

"I did. You do? Cool." He worked off his shirt, toed off his shoes, leaving him only in his slacks and belt. He could feel himself blushing, pointed to the stairs. "Th...that way. Follow me."

God, this was embarrassing and weird and hot. Really, really hot.

The clomp of Charlie's footsteps let him know the man was hot on his heels and he would swear he felt a soft brush of hands on his ass as they went up. He didn't wiggle or anything, but it felt good, knowing that Charlie was there, watching.

His bedroom was clean -- thank God yesterday was laundry day, damn -- and he turned when he got to the foot of the bed, looking up and up and up. "Hey."

"Hey. Not having second thoughts, are you?" There was nothing but concern, nothing but sincerity there, and if he'd had any worries that Charlie was an axe murderer or something, that settled it.

"No." He moved right into those warm arms, face lifting for a kiss. "Not even one. I want you."

"Good." They kissed again, Charlie's tongue pushing into his mouth, hot and wet.

Oh, Charlie's hands were huge and ooh... hot on his back. So good. He wiggled in closer, fingers working on Charlie's clothes. Charlie was working at him, too, over his back, tracing his skin. Then those big hands were between them, working his belt and button and zipper, pushing his slacks down. Oh. Charlie's hands were callused and hot and tight on his ass.

"Oh... Oh, Charlie. That feels damned good. Don't stop." He pushed up Charlie's shirt, hands sliding over those amazing muscles, the tight little nipples. Yes. Oh my, yes. Charlie's belly was flat and ridged with muscle. The chest was wide and strong, just enough hair to be sexy as all get out. He leaned in, rubbing his cheek against the soft hair, lips brushing against one hard nipple, tongue flicking out to taste.

"Yeah. That feels good too. More naked would feel even better. Let's get horizontal." There was the caveman again, Charlie picking him up and tossing him lightly on the bed.

He was laughing, arms up and open. God, he was having fun. Charlie laughed right along with him, stripping off and throwing clothes in all directions. Oh, dear. That was... impressive.

He shimmied out of his pants and briefs, trying hard not to feel way tiny. Having 99% of his brain going *oooooooooh... wantitwantitwantit* was definitely helping.

"Oh, wow. Can I just say wow?" That helped too. That admiration, hot and dark and lip-licking. Charlie crawled at him from the end of the bed, covering his body and taking kisses.

"Oh. Oh, God. Do you know how sexy you are?" He was blinking, so hard, butterflies the size of Chryslers in his belly.

"Mmmhmm. Say it all you want, You can touch too." Charlie touched him, bracing on one arm and using the other hand to circle his cock and pull.

"Uhn..." God, how did people talk when... And it felt so good... And Charlie was hot under his hands and.. Damn.

Grant stopped trying to think and just worried about touching and feeling. Oh. Yeah. Better.

Charlie worked down from his lips to his neck to his chest, lips wrapping around his nipple, sucking in time to the pulls on his cock. The scrape of teeth made him arch, the sweep of Charlie's thumb over his slit made him moan. He was gonna come, just from being touched like that, from being about to run his hands over that smooth head, those wide shoulders. "Oh..."

"Yeah. You're too pretty, Grant. I swear, I haven't seen anything so good in, well, ever." Charlie looked up at him like he was the hottest thing since sliced bread.

"Oh. Oh, come kiss me. Want to feel you all against me." He held open his arms, groaning as Charlie filled them.

The kiss curled his toes, and Charlie pressed down against him, bringing their cocks together and rubbing and rubbing. He let one hand settle in the small of Charlie's back, the other holding their mouths together. Addictive. Damn.

If anything his touches made Charlie more aggressive, more needy, and the heat and hardness was incredible, Charlie's tiny goatee scraping his face, that thick cock pressing down on his. He spread, legs wrapping around Charlie's thighs, rubbing them together.

Grant whimpered into the kiss, so close, so hot. So fucking happy.

"Damn, yeah, come on, Grant. I need. Uhn." Charlie reached down and grabbed them, squeezing them together, humping madly. Those blue eyes were almost black.

"Pretty..." He jerked and just lost it, coming hard enough to see stars.

"Fuck!" He wasn't alone. Charlie came right after, shooting over his legs and belly, happy moans sounding. Oh. Oh, this was nice. He took a long kiss, their lips sloppy and soft together. Oh, yeah. Real nice.

They sort of squooshed together, Charlie knocking the air out of him for a moment before moving off and curling against him.

"Wow."

"Uh-huh. Wow." He snuggled over, cuddling like they'd known each other forever. "Okay?"

"More than. So okay you wouldn't believe. Maybe a little sticky. You okay?" Brawny - well, they were - arms went around him, holding him lightly.

"Yeah. Happy. Warm. Good." He grinned up, kissed Charlie's cheek, then those lips. "Real good."

"Cool." They basked in the afterglow, comfortable in a way he couldn't believe two people who didn't know each other could be.

Until Charlie's stomach growled.

"Hey. What are the odds of me getting another piece of cake?"

God he felt good.

It was Saturday, so he didn't have to get up. The bed was warm and toasty, and the radiators were not clanging away. The neighbors weren't arguing at the top of their voices. And there was someone curled up to him, tight and hot, and when his eyes popped open Charlie realized it wasn't his bedroom.

Oh, right.

Grant.

Cute little redhead with a stellar ass and a way with chocolate mousse.

He'd spent the night? He'd spent the night. When was the last time he did that? Charlie couldn't even remember, which should have sent him running, but he was too damned comfy to move. Not to mention he was wondering what Grant could do with breakfast.

Of course, Grant might need to work, being a chef and all. The hours on that were probably as odd as cops' hours. He ought to check. Arm around Grant's back, he pulled up, and bent down to kiss Grant lightly.

"Mmmm..." Grant's eyes blinked open, warm and dazed. "You are real. God, tell me it's Saturday. I have this Saturday off."

"It's Saturday. So do I." That was the cutest look. He had to kiss it again.

"Oh." Grant smiled, arms lifting to wrap around his neck, lips open and parted, sweet and warm.
"Good."

"Yeah. You know, I don't usually do this, either. I'm glad I stayed."

He was too. Deep down in his belly glad.

"Me too. You're good to sleep with. Are you hungry? I can make omelets, muffins? Coffee?"

"Ooh." His stomach growled. Jeez. He hadn't been so ravenous in ages. Charlie grinned. All that exercise. "Yes."

"Excellent. I..." Grant tilted his head, curls bobbing. "I'd offer you a robe but my robes? Sort of wouldn't fit or cover your ass but I'll turn up the heat and you can be all comfy. Oh. Unless you don't do naked. Do you do naked? I'm fairly fond of relatively naked."

"Hey, I do naked just fine, as long as you don't mind me flopping around." Lord, he sounded like an idiot. But Grant felt like the kind of guy he could sit around and scratch with.

"I..." Those eyes flicked down. "I can handle that." Grant giggled. "Um... I'll ask before I grab."

"Where's the fun in that?" Well, they were never going to get moving if one of them didn't roll out of the bed. Charlie kissed one more time and rolled off the bed, padding toward the bathroom, stretching as he went. Felt good.

The bathroom was... Well... One really didn't expect dozens upon dozens of robots and spaceships and aliens decorating a bathroom. The spaceship shower curtain would have been enough, but alien soaps?

Robot appliqued towels?

Impressive.

Made him feel better about his own dirty secrets. Like his Starsky and Hutch pillow cases. And the Peter Rabbit dish he still had in his cabinet. He grinned and washed up after doing his thing and headed back out, sort of wandering, getting his bearings.

The loft was simple, but filled with kitschy, goofy things -- sci-fi this and robot that and Star Wars toys? Damn. But the furniture was solid, classy and the kitchen was definitely the center of attention -- huge and shining and clean and currently holding a little naked redheaded man in a white apron, adding chopped something into an omelet, ass shaking along to the music from the radio.

Well, that was just a sight to behold. A tiny ass framed by apron strings. Nice.

The music was kinda jazzy and maybe salsa-y and Charlie liked it, and the kitchen too. But mostly he liked the man. The kitchen chairs had nice pads to keep naked butts from sticking, and or getting sore, and Grant plopped his ass in one.

"You want coffee? Orange juice? Both?" Grant gave him a grin, reaching up to pull two plates out of the cabinet.

"Coffee would be great. Smells good." He did like a man who could cook, because heaven knew he couldn't.

"Black, yes? Do you like muffins or toast? Butter? Jam? We're having ham omelets with oxaca cheese and peppers and some nice grape tomatoes. Nothing fancy, but good." Listen to that babble...

It didn't seem like uncomfortable babble, so Charlie let it go, just sort of grooving on it, doing his morning grunt every so often. He got his coffee black and got toast *and* muffins with butter and jam and he got the distinct impression that Grant liked having someone to cook for.

The omelets were placed before him, steaming and light and garnished with... tomato roses and odd little orange things. Grant brought a pitcher of milk and another of orange juice, settling close in beside him, so cute in his apron and tousled curls. "Happy Saturday."

"Thanks. You too." So pretty. Damn. Charlie kissed Grant, just a light one, before digging in. Oh, damn. He could get used to that. The eggs were fluffy and the muffins were yummy and that was real butter. He finished his meal, probably too fast, and moaned in bliss, licking his fingers.

"Good?" Grant brushed a crumb off his bottom lip, damned near vibrating in the seat. "You liked it? I prefer a touch more butter and a breath less oil, but the parsley is nice and fresh and the tomatoes have a good acidity."

"I have to admit, I don't know from acidity, but it was really good. A lot better than McDonald's or Starbucks, which is my regular Saturday morning." He licked the spot on his lip that still tingled from Grant's touch.

"McDonald's? Ew. I'll make muffins for you. Or brioche. Something good. That... that's just wrong." Grant grinned, leaned in to touch his cheek. "Course, that sounds like I'm pushing, doesn't it? You might be wanting to escape my insane self."

"What the heck is brioche? Oh! Can you make waffles?" Charlie loved waffles, but even with all of the good intentions in the world he couldn't make them, and Eggos were out of the question. "And, uh. No. Not pushing."

"Oh, I can make waffles sit up and beg, Charlie. I'm a pastry chef. Waffles? Pastry? You like them with whipped cream or syrup?" Yeah, it looked like Grant liked cooking for someone.

"Syrup. I'll save the whipped cream for you." Well, now who was pushing.

"Oh." Grant moved from chair to his lap, straddling his thighs, lips brushing his own. "I can live with that."

"Yeah? Cool." That little butt fit so good in his hands, and he grabbed and squeezed and kissed, tasting orange juice.

Grant untied the apron, tugged it off, leaving just air between them, warm and good. That felt right. They fit, despite Grant's smaller size, like they were puzzle pieces. Click. Grant's lips were soft under his, hot and silky smooth, and Charlie licked at them, nibbling a little.

"Oh, nice." Grant purred, hands sliding over his head, giggling a little over the hint of stubble.

"Yeah. I need a shave, don't I?" He would have to do that. Later. That made him rub his cheek against Grant's, and his stubble there was a lot rougher than Grant's.

"Oh, I'd like to see that. Do you ever shave down there?" Grant moaned, rubbing back, eyelashes copper so close.

"Sometimes? I haven't for a long time. No reason to. Just itches if I do. Now if I have someone who wanted me to..." Oh, he was flirting like an idiot.

"Mmm... I'll have to spend some time exploring these first. Then we'll see." Oh, he wasn't the only one flirting, Grant reaching down to comb through his pubes.

The touch made him moan, made him spread a little, which spread Grant, too, giving him a fantastic view. "Feels good."

"Yeah." Grant kept touching, kept carding through his curls while he watched that long cock fill, the mass of bright red hair crowning it.

He reached for Grant's cock, wrapping his hand around it, tugging. So hot and good, and the scent was even better than the food.

"Mmm..." Grant started moving, palm rubbing the length of his cock, sliding over the tip.

"Damn. You have good hands, Grant. Real nice." They just sort of rubbed and stroked for a bit, jonesing on the closeness.

"You feel so good. Smooth and hot -- silky." Grant's strokes were long, slow, fingers exploring him.

"So do you. Long and nice. Double handful, man. I like that." He did, too. A lot.

"You're thick. You'd feel good inside me, spreading me wide." Grant sort of moaned, eyes hot. Fuck, yeah. Charlie's cock jumped, his whole body aching at the thought. He bent and licked at Grant's neck, contemplating that ass spread wide around him. Oh, God.

"Oh, you like that. I felt it in my hand." Grant shivered, ass rocking in his hands.

"Yeah. Do I. You. Your... Man." He never said talking was his strong suit. He bent Grant back just enough to lean and take one pink nipple in his mouth, pressing Grant's hand against his cock, tightening his hand around Grant's.

"Oh... Charlie... Damn." Grant jerked, whimpering. "Want..."

He could understand want. He wanted all sorts of things. He wanted to be inside that sweet butt but he...he wasn't going to make it. He just wasn't.

"Yeah. Damn."

"You'll do me? Later? Cause I need now? But I want to feel you." Grant gasped, tongue sliding against his scalp.

"I will. Damn right I will." No way could he resist that. Now, though, he was suddenly desperate, humping and pulling and licking and biting.

"Fuck, yes. Charlie. Oh." Grant groaned, cock sliding against his palm.

"Want you to. Want to see it." Sitting up straight, Charlie pulled hard on Grant's cock, thumb rubbing the over the tip, pressing at the slit.

"Charlie!" Grant arched back, flushing sweet, spunk spraying in long pulses, hot and rich.

So damned good to watch, the look on Grant's face, the flush to Grant's skin, the smell of him as he came, it all drove Charlie right over the edge. He came hard, gasping for air.

"Oh..." Grant leaned back, blinking. "Wow. Again. Wow."

Wow didn't begin to cover it. He sat back and pulled Grant close, resting up a minute. "Sticky. Shower."

"Yeah. Upstairs. Let you use the Marvin the Martian towel. It's the best."

"You're something else, Grant." He'd laughed more in one night and morning than he had in a year. Not to mention that he'd come more.

"Is that good?" A soft kiss brushed his jaw.

"It's better than good. It's fucking amazing."

Cooking Up Trouble

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