

A Sip...



A Torquere Press Short

The Open Road
By BA Tortuga

Ah, the open road.

Well, as open as the road could be with all of those trees on either side and the motherfucking snow coming down. Snow.

Jesus Christ.

Sonny plopped his now-worthless sunglasses up on top of his gimme cap and glared over at MJ. "You *could* read the map, Precious. Instead of the inside of your eyelids. And why the Hell aren't we in Arizona or someplace that has no trees?"

Or snow.

"Is this a bad time to point out that the first time you kidnapped me we were in a fucking forest?" Asshole.

"Do forests have assholes?" Maybe they did. Maybe that was where all that red mud came from down south. The forest asshole, pooping goo.

"Have you been drinking?" MJ opened one eye, stared over at him. "I mean, I'm damn near sober and I can drive, if you have."

"Have you ever seen me drunk?" High, sure. Drunk, no. "Where the fuck are we and where is our next toll?"

Fucking toll roads. What was it with Yankees? They taxed you to breathe. Or poop. Which might explain why they didn't have red mud.

"Toll roads are evil. We're avoiding the next one. I think that explains why we're nostril deep in trees. Hell, that's why we've gone around our asshole to get to our bellybutton."

"No, Precious." Jesus. "It's going around your elbow to get to your ass." He'd make a redneck out of the little fuck if it killed him.

MJ unfolded the map, turned it upside down. "If you'd have taken the Prius, you could've had GPS..."

A Prius. Goddamn, he'd almost stroked out when MJ had brought that home. He couldn't wait for MJ to find out that he'd driven it off the end of the dock. "I like my cars to be, oh, cars. Not Matchbox toys with an A/C adapter."

"It's extremely fuel efficient, good for the environment, green-friendly, probably good on the snow." MJ turned the map another quarter-turn. "Are we in Rhode Island or Vermont?"

"You have the fucking map!" He stuck one finger out the window, testing the wind. "Vermont."

"What does that mean?" MJ shook his head, looked at the map. "Okay. Vermont. Keep driving through the trees until you hit New Hampshire. Then keep avoiding trees until we find Maine. There are moose in Maine."

"Precious, I did not go through all this to be on a moose mission. What the fuck are we going to be doing in Maine? And it had better not be whale poop retrieval." Man, he was stuck on the poo concept. Maybe he needed to stop.

"I'm not sure you can retrieve whale poop. At least not in this weather."

Uh-huh. Fine. Great. Goddamn.

Three hours later, they were up to their ankles in snow, his nuts were frozen and the only thing on the radio was yodeling. "MJ? Are we fucking lost?"

"Huh? We're in Maine right?"

"Right."

"We're going to uh... There's a turn up ahead."

"Where?" Shit, there was this whole circular exit with roads that went everywhichways. "Which road, man?"

"Try that one with the green light."

"You get us lost, I will kick your ass. Tell me again why we couldn't sail up the coast?" He was feeling hemmed in like crazy. These Yankee roads had a fifty-five speed limit, for fuck's sake.

"Because the boat's getting a tune up and the day you kick my ass is the day I sail out and harpoon a blue whale. Why are you in such a pissy mood? You need a blow job?"

"Huh?" That actually had him staring over at MJ, then blinking. "Have you ever known me not to need a blow job? Jesus. Get busy, Precious."

Yeah. Like he was gonna turn that down.

"Make sure to avoid the trees. I'd hate to choke to death after biting your dick off because you hit a wandering maple." If he hit MJ hard enough, those lips would be swollen and ready to be well-fucked.

"Just don't get your head stuck. And remember to hold the map steady." He turned left at the light, heading even farther north, He must have lost his fucking mind.

"I'm not holding the map. Follow the signs and next time bring the Prius."

"The Prius is in Davy Jones' locker, Precious." So there. Not holding the fucking map. That would teach that beautiful bastard.

"That had better be a fucking clever name for a storage building, sunshine." MJ's fingers were damn close to his balls.

"Well, I wanted to test and make sure it was water tight, didn't I?" On the other hand, MJ liked his balls right where they were. Right?

"Sonny. Barring the whole issue with you ruining a perfectly good car, do you realize how bad that is for the sea life?"

MJ was trying to be reasonable. It was cute.

"It's an eco-friendly car, Precious..." Oh, God, he'd been waiting to say that for *days*. Man, it was just too easy.

"Oh, you motherfucker. Just for that, I'm bringing the lobsters back in the car."

"Lobsters." The car jerked almost off the road. Not because of MJ's little love squeeze, but because Sonny knew his hearing had to be going. "What lobsters?"

"We're rescuing some from those traps." Oh. Oh, son of a bitch.

The brakes squealed when Sonny slammed on them and yanked the wheel, pulling right off on the shoulder and into something that in an hour or two would be a drift of snow. "Lobsters."

"Yep. You have a problem, Sunshine?"

He turned his head, very slowly, meeting those bright blue eyes. "I don't even like lobster."

"You're not going to eat them." One eyebrow rose, lips quirking.

The engine sounded awfully loud, idling like it was, but it was a good thing. It covered the sound of the flat of his hand hitting MJ's sternum. "Are you out of your fucking mind?"

He didn't even hear MJ's fist connecting with his chin, only the crack of his head on the driver's window.

Sonny saw stars, his teeth biting into his lower lip, and that was it. He boiled right over, all but flying across the console at MJ, popping the passenger side door open so they tumbled out on the shoulder and into the not-quite-a-drift-yet.

MJ rolled them down into the pine needles, fists landing on him over and over. It was weird, how quiet it was, all muted in the fucking trees.

Kinda like when they first met in the woods of North Carolina. Oh, that made him horny, too. Horny. Oh, fuck, was he hanging out? Sonny rolled away, checking his fly.

MJ's hand landed on his ass, grabbing for his belt. "You get back here, bastard."

"Fuck you, MJ." Shit. Shit, if MJ got a hold of his cock... He almost chopped it off zipping up, but then he was able to get a good elbow in.

"No way. I'm pissed at you." MJ took out his knee with a sharp kick, then rolled away, heading for his car.

Oh. Oh, Hell no. Sonny popped up and staggered after that stupid, stubborn asshole. No way was MJ taking his baby.

"Fucking asshole. Jumping me. I'm fucking driving. Bastard." MJ was muttering under his breath, stomping up toward the Pontiac, hands just going ninety to nothing.

Sonny smacked into MJ's back just about the time MJ got to the back end of the car. They staggered, and MJ hit the trunk with a thud. "You. Are. Not."

"I." MJ's heel landed on the top of his foot, hard as all get out. "Am." Then he got an elbow to the belly. "TOO!"

Gagging, Sonny slid to the ground, his gorge rising so hard that he almost choked. Goddamn it all. He grabbed the big muscle in the back of MJ's calf and squeezed as hard as he could.

"Fuck!" That muscle went sproing in his hand and MJ went all quiet, giving him about a half-second of warning before the kick to his wrist made his hand numb.

"Jesus fucking Christ!" Goddamn, he was getting tired. And cold. What in Hell were they fighting about anyway? Lobsters? "You give me my blow job, I'll drive you to get your lobsters, Precious."

"That's what I offered!" MJ actually looked confused as fuck.

Sonny crawled up MJ's body so he could stand, his hands on MJ's hips. "No, you offered me a blow job before you told me about the lobsters. I had a moment."

"Huh?" MJ was damn near vibrating against him, eyes just flashing.

Staring into those eyes, he bent and took a hard kiss. Short little shit. "I said, you didn't tell me what this was about. We could be cooking burgers on the boat, Precious."

"I haven't been to Maine in a long time. I got us a house for a week."

"Ah, is it a Valentine's present for me?" He ducked another blow, grabbing MJ's hand and slamming it against the dashboard.

"Yeah. So fucking what?"

"So nothing." Now why didn't the shithead just say that? It was nice and empty in Maine this time of year, if colder than a witch's tit in a brass bra. "And I thought I did everything the hard way. Sonny rubbed at the bruises on his chest. "Wouldn't miss it, though."

"Fuckhead." Was this the make up sex part?

"You too." Of course, sex on the side of the road was a bad idea. "How far is the house?"

"Not far. We could have been there already, if you hadn't been punchy."

"Uh-huh. Well, just tell me where to turn." He was past the punchy and ready for the rubby. Or fucky.

"You see that weird-assed mailbox with the geese? Turn there and take your first right. It's the green house."

"Got it." Helping MJ back into the car only seemed right, since he'd taken the man out so hard. Then he trotted around and got in, gunning it right up into the little parking place.

Dude. It was a cute little place with a tiny dock right on the water, all wrapped up tight with a shitload of wood on the front porch. Man, he could keep MJ busy enough to forget all about those overgrown mudbugs.

"Leave the shit in the car, Precious. I got plans for you." Sonny put a growl in his voice, letting MJ know exactly what he wanted.

MJ groaned, nodding and staring over at him. "Fucking want you."

"Good." It always amazed him, how MJ wanted him. Made him hard, made him ready to go zero to seventy in seven point five seconds.

That tight little ass slipped out of the Firebird, swaying just a little as MJ headed toward the front door and started lifting up planters.

"Lord save me from Yankee small towns." Pulling out their backpacks, Sonny wandered on over, wondering if he'd have to fight off a moose.

Damn, it was slickery.

"Your prejudices are showing, Sunshine." MJ found the keys, worked the door open.

"Are they? Well, you can't hide redneck." Never tried. His hand throbbed a little, and Sonny sucked his knuckles. "We're losing the mood, Precious."

MJ turned in the doorway, tugged open those muddy jeans, cock pushing right on out. "We are?"

Oh, look at that. Fuck, yes.

Sonny licked his lips, thought about it for oh, three seconds, and then took one long step to drop to his knees. Time to put MJ's favorite mouth to use.

"Neighbors are going to fucking love this." MJ's hand wrapped around the back of his head, fingertips pressing on his scalp.

"Don't care." Hell, they were in worse danger of freezing. Opening up wide, he sucked MJ right in, just licking all the way down. His lips sealed around the base of MJ's cock, pulling and pushing, giving MJ something to feel.

"My beautiful fucking redneck." MJ's hips started rocking, just fucking his mouth, those bright eyes burning down at him. Man, that little bruise coming up on MJ's cheek was his...

His cock pushed at his jeans, reminding him that he'd done a crappy job tucking it away. Yeah. Sonny sucked harder, reaching down to let his own prick free.

"Don't. Don't you come. Gonna let you fuck me. That's mine." Oh, listen to Precious growl.

Jesus fuck, that was hot. Sonny hummed, pressing hard at the base of his cock to back it down just a little, then going back to sucking with a vengeance. He closed his eyes and went to town, lips pulling hard,

"Sunshine." MJ went up on tiptoes, jerking and humping up into his lips, the sounds pouring down over him something else.

His hands scrabbled at MJ's jeans, pulling them down so he could see and touch more. He just needed that skin like a junkie needs his fix.

MJ spread a little, balls drawing up tight. Yeah. Somebody was right fucking there for him.

All he had to do was reach back behind the tight balls and tap MJ's hole, really letting Precious feel where he'd be soon. That and give the man a little of his teeth.

Salt splashed on his tongue, MJ shaking and snarling his name, coming hard.

Sonny took it all before pulling back to smile, leaning to lick at a purple bruise on MJ's hip. "Better, Precious?"

"Getting there." MJ grinned at him, eyes smiling. "Come inside and we'll fuck like bunnies."

"You know it." His knees creaked, but his cock bobbed happily when he hopped up, so it made it okay. More than okay when MJ used his cock like a handle, pulling him in.

"Mine." MJ's thumb worked the tip as they walked, his lover just humming away as they looked for a flat surface and the thermostat.

"Yours, Precious. All yours." Sonny pulled off his shirt, letting it drop just inside the door.
"Dining table."

"Clever redneck." Look at that grin. Wicked fuck.

"I do try, Precious. I do try." He pushed into MJ's hand, though, not moving toward the table at all. It was too good to walk away from.

"Yeah. Yeah." MJ stroked him good and hard, took a step toward the bed. Sonny followed, shivering, goosebumps rising on his skin. Damn, that man could all but make him come with a single touch sometimes. Those eyes turned on him, just sort of burning. "I need. Now. You."

Now that was clear as fuck.

"I hear you." finally willing to give as good as he got, Sonny grabbed MJ's wrist, pulling free before shoving the man down on the table and going for full on naked.

"Don't get caught up in your boots." Bitch.

"Don't make me beat you, Precious. I will." Yeah, because he wasn't still wearing bruises from just minutes ago.

"We've done that. This is make up sex. Focus."

"I am. Like a laser." Redneck laser sight. Like a fish finder. Okay, no laughing.

"A laser." MJ opened his mouth to say something, then shook his head. "Kiss me. Quick."

Laughing, he kissed MJ hard, muscling between those spread legs, his cock ready to go. Not like a laser. More like a rocket.

Fuck, he did love that sorry son of a bitch, balls to bones. MJ's legs wrapped around his hips, heels digging into his ass.

He wasn't gonna wait for any more prep. Fuck, he couldn't. He had to have MJ now.

Luckily for him, MJ was following right along, hips tilted, hole right there.

"Come on, Sunshine. Need it." Demanding little fuck.

"Now." Sonny pushed in, deep and hard, needing to feel. He needed it, too. Bad. MJ's shoulders left the slick table, lips smashing into his hard enough their teeth clacked. Hell, yes. God, MJ

could make him crazy like no one else ever had. His hips started rocking, moving, just going to town.

They didn't need a fucking heater, together they heated up the whole fucking state. Wait. That would be global warming and that would piss MJ off.

MJ bit his bottom lip, hard. "Focus."

"What?" It came out more like 'whuh' because his lip was numb. "I'm focused!" Christ, you slowed down the tiniest bit...

"You were thinking. I can..." MJ's eyes went wide as they slipped on the bed, his cock pushing in deeper. "Sonny."

"No more thinking." He bit into MJ's shoulder, teeth leaving a mark for later. He'd have plenty of time to admire it.

He got a wild grin, a moan, and that ass squeezed him fucking tight. That was it. They were in the groove now, rocking, pushing, pinching. Okay, his nipple might just pop off if MJ kept at it that way. It might be worth it, the way his balls were drawing up, trying to crawl up his spine.

His back arched hard, his hips humping and humping, fucking MJ hard. He couldn't breathe, could hardly see, but he wasn't about to stop.

He felt MJ reach down, start jacking that hard cock like there was no tomorrow and damn, damn he fucking felt that all around him. MJ had the most amazing muscles. Had to be all the yoga. Or the fucking. Maybe the... right. No thinking. Sonny took a kiss that bruised their lips up all over again, pressing down hard.

Heat sprayed over his belly, that ass working his cock like a fist.

"Christ!" Sonny came like a freight train, his head snapping back, hands on MJ's skin. It went on and on, and was almost worth the damned lobsters.

MJ's tongue slid over his jaw, slick and hot, just eating him up.

"Mmm. Better, Precious. Much better. Why did we ever stoop to thinking?"

"Too much snow. Valentine's day makes people stupid."

Both valid thoughts. "It sure made you have some serious dumb-ass moments, Precious."

"Yeah, at least I had an excuse, Redneck."

"I blind you with my beauty? I amaze you with my intellect?"

MJ quirked one eyebrow, stared at him. "You know it, Sunshine."

Sonny stretched, feeling better than he had in days. "So why lobster? Why not spotted owl or moose or something?"

"Moose smell bad and owls would shit in the car."

Now it was his turn to raise an eyebrow and stare, before he just burst out laughing. "We need to get the chocolate out of the car."

"Oh, now. You just mentioned my second favorite thing on Earth." MJ grinned, eyes just lighting up. Shithead.

"Hell, no. It's your third. After explosions and me. Come and help me, Precious, and we'll settle in. Have a happy Valentine's Day."

"You know it." MJ slipped out from under him, patted his ass, and grabbed his jeans. As the son of a bitch headed out the door, MJ looked back, grinned. "And explosions are two. Asshole."

end

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