

Down and Dirty

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Patrick walked into the garden and shook his head. It didn't seem to matter what he did. He couldn't keep Harry out of the dirt. Once again, he'd be scrubbing mud out of the knees of his lover's trousers. "What AM I going to do with you?" he growled, crossing the expanse of lawn and crouching down beside the blond Brit, careful to keep his own jeans from landing in the dirt.

Harry glanced up from the flower bed, his hands deep in the soil, jeans and sweatshirt filthy. "Anything you want, luv," he said mildly, pressing dirt around another set of stakes he was using to hold up the glads.

"Anything?" Patrick repeated teasingly, his hands sliding under the soil-encrusted fabric to caress Harry's back.

The Brit smiled down at the dirt. "You know," he said mock-casually, "the last time you came out here and said something like that, you ended up throwing out your shirt as hopeless," he reminded playfully.

Patrick looked down at the trousers and flannel shirt he was wearing. They were serviceable still, but not particular favorites. If they were the price he had to pay for a round of al fresco sex with his sweaty, sexy lover, so be it. "And your point would be?"

Harry chuckled, sat back on his heels, and deliberately curled an arm about Patrick's waist to pull him down on his thighs. "I've got a point for ye," he rasped playfully.

"Oh, no," Patrick said, pulling back and wrestling with the button on Harry's jeans. "Not this time. This time, it's your knees going in the dirt."

Laughing aloud, Harry pushed Patrick off his thighs and into the rich loam, grabbing at his ribs to tickle and tussle. This was one of the things he loved most about his lover - they could love and play with equal passion.

Patrick retaliated immediately, determined not to let Harry get the best of him. They were lovers, partners in every way, but that did nothing to dampen his competitive streak, especially when he had lost to Harry the last time they wrestled this way. Determined to win at whatever cost, he slid his hand up from Harry's ribs, tweaking his nipple roughly instead of trying to tickle. They were too evenly matched in strength alone. He'd have to win with guile.

Harry squawked in surprise and jerked back, losing his balance and falling over to one side in the dirt. "Pat!" he chastised, but he was laughing too hard to really make it sound at all harsh.

"Harry!" Patrick replied in the exact same tone of voice as he pounced on top of his lover, determined to press his advantage. His hands slid under the heavy fabric, repeating the caress without anything between his fingers and taut skin. "Do you really want me to stop?"

Back sliding in the warm, dark dirt, Harry just grinned and shook his head. "Course not, but figure to have a good slap before the tickle, yeah?" he said, reaching to pull at the buttons on Patrick's jeans.

Patrick knelt up enough to let Harry work his jeans down his thighs, revealing his cock in its nest of dark curls. Scooting forward, still straddling his lover, he let his erection bump his lover's chin. "Don't have any lube out here," he observed. "We'll just have to... improvise."

Harry lifted his dirt-covered hands to grip Patrick's hips as he extended his tongue to lap at the erection practically bumping his lips. He hummed in enjoyment and craned his neck up to try to suck Patrick's cock into his mouth, savoring his flavor.

Patrick moved forward a little more, taking himself in hand and feeding his shaft to his lover, hips rocking in and out of the luscious mouth. He never tired of seeing Harry's pouty lips stretched around his cock, his face contorted with pleasure as he licked and sucked on the thick rod. "Can you take more?" he asked, not wanting to hurt his lover given the unusual angle. Normally when Harry sucked him, the Brit was on top, controlling the angle of penetration so Patrick's shaft slid easily down his throat rather than choking him. Lying flat on his back, though, his partner did not have his usual range of control.

By way of answering Harry just hummed and pulled on Patrick's hips. Right now, he wanted to be nearly choked. To taste Patrick and nothing else. His fingers spread on taut buttocks and squeezed.

Giving in to what they both obviously desired, Patrick increased the depths of his strokes, letting his cock hit the back of Harry's throat purposefully, repeatedly, forcefully. The whole time, he watched his lover's face for any sign of distress, any indication that Harry was not enjoying this as much as he was. They played rough at times, but neither would ever do anything to deliberately hurt the other.

Closing his eyes, the feel of being done to made Harry shiver and moan, and his cock reacted as well, so hard it hurt. He wiggled, trying to find relief, but he wasn't having any luck. Desperate, he pushed on Patrick's hips, sliding his lover away enough that Harry could get his cock out of his mouth. Saliva trailed from his lip, caught on his fingers as Harry spoke. "Christ, Pat, fuck me already."

"My eager little slut," Patrick teased, raising up so Harry could turn beneath him. "On your knees," he demanded, pulling on Harry's trousers roughly to bare the delectable ass he planned to invade as soon as possible.

Harry scrambled, losing traction in the dirt but getting to his knees as Patrick pushed down his jeans. He looked over his shoulder, eyes flashing as his fingers dug into the dirt. "C'mon, Pat," he urged.

Patrick nodded, but did not immediately give Harry what he wanted. His lover was a big macho guy who claimed to have an immunity to pain, but Patrick wasn't quite ready to take him completely dry. Grabbing his partner's hips, he parted the rounded globes and dove between them, his tongue wetting the tight pucker, teasing it to open.

"Christ!" Harry yelped even though he immediately pushed back. "Aww, Pat, fuck..." he panted. His lover knew exactly what buttons to push - and now his cock hung heavy and full, bobbing to bounce against his belly as he shifted.

"Are you wet enough for me?" Patrick asked, lifting his head and stroking the heavy cock and balls between his lover's legs. He wanted inside that tight hole, but not if it meant hurting Harry.

"Who the fuck cares? C'mon, Pat, it's enough...Jesus!" Harry swore. If he didn't get Patrick's cock in him five minutes ago, he was going to be really, really upset.

Patrick shook his head at Harry's impatience even as he began working his cock into the clinging passage. His lover's eagerness was a constant balm to his ego. "Show me how much you want me," he urged. "Fuck yourself on my cock."

Harry answered with a low growl, starting to rock back and forth, taking Patrick deeper and deeper until he was moving in complete strokes, gasping each time his arse hit Patrick's belly. But Harry wanted more, so much more. "Pat, please, I'm on my knees, here..."

Beginning to move in time with Harry's eager thrusts, Patrick leaned forward and nipped at the curve of Harry's spine. One hand maintained its grip on his lover's hips, but the other slipped around to encircle the engorged shaft. "This what you wanted, lover?" he teased, stroking the thick cock in time with their movements.

"Pat," Harry whined, panting. "Don't make me beg. You know I come out here and mess in the dirt just to get your attention!"

"And you know I hold back just to listen to you beg," Patrick teased.

"Jesus," Harry muttered, dropping to his forearms in the dirt. "Fine, fine! What do you want? I'll do it, anything, just fuck me already, like I want it!"

"Tell me how much you love me," Patrick prompted, his hips beginning to move with more force, driving Harry forward onto his elbows.

Harry gasped softly as his lover pushed in hard, and his eyes closed. "I'd give up everything for you," he said quietly, voice rumbling into the quiet around them only broken by slaps of flesh. "Move to Montana,

learn to fish, hell, learn to paint...I can never express all the love there is for you in my heart," he said, voice throbbing with honesty.

"You know I'd do the same for you," Patrick rasped, his hips moving faster and harder with each word. "Move to England, watch English football, even ruin my clothes fucking you in the garden." He chuckled a little as he said it, for as much as he bitched about it, they both knew he loved these raw moments together as much as Harry did. "All that I have, all that I am is yours."

The Brit reached one hand under himself to wrap his fingers around Patrick's hand, the motion of their bodies shoving his cock into his fist. "Pat..." he nearly wailed, feeling himself twitch right on the edge of coming.

Patrick shifted behind Harry, changing the angle of his thrusts to drive the head of his cock directly against his lover's sweet spot. "Let go," he urged. "Let me feel you come."

Harry shivered before his body stilled under Patrick, then he was clenching down all over as he started to come, each pulse accompanied by a twitch and a gasp that could have been his lover's name.

The contractions of Harry's sheath around his cock sent Patrick over the edge, thrusting hard as he climaxed deep inside his lover's body, low gasps accompanying each stream of fluid that jetted from his hard shaft.

Shaking through the orgasm, Harry didn't even try to hold them up, and they both slumped into the freshly turned dirt.

Patrick collapsed forward on top of his lover, too out of breath and sated from his climax to care that they were lying in the mud. He would tease Harry about it mercilessly later, but for now, he simply rested atop his partner's body, letting the scents of sex and fresh-turned soil assail his senses.

Harry sighed finally, shifting to his back to gaze at Patrick with adoring eyes. "I hope my knees hold up for about fifty more years of this," he murmured.

Patrick looked down at the ruined jeans around his knees. "I hope my clothes hold up for another fifty years," he teased in reply, leaning down to kiss Harry tenderly.