

toy box twins



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The Celebration: A Center Story

By Sean Michael

Whit looked around the living room, taking it all in to make sure every detail was just right. He wanted it to be absolutely perfect, needed it to be. This wasn't just your run of the mill everyday sensual feast.

There was a soft, dark green flannel blanket on the floor in front of the fire, which was built up perfectly, thank you very much. Grey had taught him how to make the fire. How to crinkle the paper and pile the twigs, how to choose just the right logs and stack them just so. All it took was a single match, strategically placed to light, and it flared to life. The blanket had been Raine's find; soft to start with, they'd worn it in over the years, making love and sharing feasts like the one he'd just prepared. It held a lot of memories in it.

The champagne was chilling in a bucket of ice, three flutes next to it, ready and waiting. It was the last bottle of four that they'd bought last year. They'd shared one on each of their birthdays, but it was this fourth one that meant the most, that they were all anticipating. Whit bounced a little, excitement building, warming his belly.

Little canapés and tidbits sat on a tray on the coffee table, which had been pushed to the side. There was more food in the kitchen, some on the counter, some still in the fridge. They'd been to the market early that morning, choosing this and that, Raine finding the perfect melon and Grey snagging the caviar. He'd found the crackers and cold cuts, while Raine had found the bright flowers that were in vases around the room.

Dessert was also keeping cool in the fridge; it was a magical looking concoction, marrying chocolate, cream and dulce de leche. Just knowing it was in there had been tempting him all morning, but he'd resisted. It had been Grey's find -- the man had a knack for finding just exactly the right thing. Of course that hadn't stopped Raine from picking up some lace cookies or Whit from sneaking fudge into their basket as well. There was no such thing as too much dessert.

All in all, there was a veritable feast waiting for them. Waiting for and created by all; the whole place was a celebration of the three of them, of the best of each of them.

All it needed now were his twins -- Grey and Raine themselves. His beautiful, wonderful twins. They still made his heart beat faster. They still made him need deep in his soul. How he loved and adored them.

Whit knew the news was good. Raine had texted him immediately when the doctor had given them the test results. So he knew his Grey was still in remission, was healthy, strong. Still.

Five years. Five whole glorious years, cancer free.

When Grey had first beaten the cancer, the doctors had told them if they could make it to five years in remission the outlook was hugely better, and they had done it. They'd loved and lived and hoped, every day precious as if it was the last, but to know now that the chances were better that it wasn't their last day, that Grey would live as long as the rest of them, would make each day so much sweeter.

It was a huge milestone, and a heavy weight off their shoulders, to know that the odds were so much better now. Whit hadn't realized how much he'd been waiting for this day, stressing it, until it had come and it felt like a weight had been taken off his shoulders as soon as he'd read the news. The words were burned into his head:
Cancer free. We did it.

Whit couldn't wait for his beautiful lovers to get home so they could celebrate this day together.

He heard the elevator starting its journey upward, and he began to smile. They were home. In a moment, his twins would come in, eyes searching for him. He wouldn't disappoint them; he stood right in front of the door, not in the least bit concerned that he looked so eager.

Then the door opened, his lovers there. Once upon a time they had looked exactly the same, but now Grey's long hair was pure silver, Raine's still black. Grey was leaner than Raine, too, almost spare, but covered in taut muscle. They were both still the most beautiful men he'd ever seen and his heart began to flutter, beating madly.

"We're home. No more doctors for a year." Raine smiled.

"No more tests." Grey's fingers went to the zipper on the heavy leather jacket.

"That's fantastic. Such good news." He went to them, wrapping his arms around Grey and holding on tight. He'd learned, during the bleak months Grey had been sick, to appreciate each day as a gift. He never wanted to

let that feeling go, even though the chances were they still had many, many more days to be together.

His twins were magical and they were his, and he didn't -- he wouldn't -- take a moment of their time together for granted.

His lovers leaned into him, all of them standing, forehead to forehead. There was a tension -- not anger, but the remnants of the worry that had been building for two weeks, that had been there really for five years, no matter how much they tried to live in the moment and forget about the chances. Whit closed his eyes and simply breathed. He breathed in the scent of them, the flavor of the best parts of his life coating his tongue, sliding into his brain.

"Say it out loud, my Raine."

"There's no cancer. The markers were clear."

A shudder went through Whit, and for a moment he thought he was going to cry. Instead, laughter bubbled out of him, relief sweeping through him. It was the most glorious moment, truly.

Grey nodded, dark eyes shining. "Again."

"Remission, our Whit. Five years of remission." Raine's voice was shaking, but there was a smile on both his twins' faces.

Whit pressed a laughing kiss against Raine, and then Grey's lips. "Five whole years."

"Yes. Something smells good." Grey's hand was heavy on the curve of his hip, solid. It belonged there, just as he belonged to them. "You smell good."

Whit nodded. "I've been preparing our feast." Their celebration. The first of many.

Raine bounced, beamed, days of tension beginning to fall from the hawk-like face. "Oh, it's been weeks since we could. Now? Can we?"

Laughing again, he held out his hands. When Grey and Raine took them, he began to back up, leading them to the blanket he'd prepared. They'd done this before, walked with him to the blanket in front of the fire, ate and loved and celebrated each other. He could feel the importance of today coloring their motions, permeating the air.

They made slow, tiny steps. One step stripped Raine of his coat. The next Grey of his jacket, the leather sliding from his shoulders, down his arms. Then his twins removed their shoes.

Whit watched eagerly, as entranced and taken with his beautiful twins as he had been the day he first saw them in the mirror over a bar, sexy mirror images of each other. He'd been intrigued from moment one. Now he was deeply, wonderfully in love.

Grey reached for him, eased his shirt off as they reached the fire, the edge of the blanket. He was greedy for his lover's touch, moving so that Grey's fingers slid on his

skin as his shirt was removed. His cock had begun to take notice, filling eagerly.

"What delicacies do you have for us? For our Grey? He'll be hungry." Raine's fingers joined Grey's for a moment, making him shiver at their combined touches.

"Come see. I'll begin the feeding." They all sat together on the blanket, wearing only their trousers. It was a little distracting, but he grabbed the silver tray from the table and picked up a tiny pancake topped with crème fresh and caviar. He popped it into Grey's mouth, knowing it was his lover's favorite.

Grey moaned, eyelids going heavy.

Raine laughed and all but bounced in place. "Oh, me next, Whit."

"Yes, you next, my Raine." He picked a different one for Raine. This one was a little cracker with a salmon mousse on it, topped by a sprig of mache. "Open up."

Raine slipped into his lap, their bellies rubbing together.

Whit gasped softly, hand sliding around to touch Raine's spine. "Oh, that's better than anything on the tray."

Raine's smile was nearly angelic. "He's healthy. We're whole, all of us."

"Yes." Whit felt tears prickle at his eyes, and he blinked hard. He knew they were from relief, from happiness, but he didn't want them to fall. Tears had no place here,

now. This was a celebration -- joy only, thank you very much.

"Feed him, Whit. I have a bite for you." Grey's growl slid up his spine, rich and dark, filled with a lazy happiness. That voice had held him from the very first time he'd heard it.

"Yes, Grey." His own voice had gone sexy and he pushed the salmon mousse between Raine's lips, stopping to lick the tiny bit of mousse from the corner of Raine's mouth.

A perfect slice of cucumber with hummus and the shiniest, slickest ripe olive was held up for him to taste, even as Raine moaned. He opened up, licking first at Grey's finger before taking the bite in. The taste of Grey slid across his tongue first, and then the burst of flavor from the food. Salty and sharp, garlicky -- it was luscious, but it was nothing compared to the sight of Raine painting Grey's lips with an almond dipped in honey.

That elicited a low moan from him, his cock completely full now in his trousers. He'd learned this from his twins, learned how to make every bite of food a magical, sensual aphrodisiac.

Raine smiled at him, then leaned, tongue cleaning Grey slowly, one hand loosening the tie from the heavy, silver braid. Whit licked his lips and then, just before Raine had completely cleaned Grey's lips, he leaned in and licked a bit of honey from the corner of Grey's mouth and the tip of Raine's tongue. Sweet from the honey and

spicy from his twins; Whit couldn't imagine anything better.

Grey's face turned, offering him more of those smiling, honeyed lips and suddenly he could imagine many things better -- all centered around his beautiful men. He turned the licking into a kiss, tongue sliding into Grey's mouth.

Something creamy and cool slid over his nipple as Grey opened for him, Raine's lips sucking him clean seconds later. He gasped into Grey's mouth, a shudder moving through him.

Raine's laugh filled the air, the man's heavy hair tickling his belly. He reached out, fingers finding Raine's hair and stroking through it. Like a waterfall of silk, it slid through his fingers, soft and flowing.

Grey backed away, smiling for him and Raine and then feeding him melon and prosciutto, the salt and sweet perfect, reminding him of the honeyed almond Raine and Grey flavored kiss he'd had moments earlier.

Whit grabbed a couple of shrimps wrapped in noodles, offering one to Raine and one to Grey. Their lips lingered on his fingers, making him moan and stroke the soft, thin skin. Fingers sliding, he stroked their faces, traced their cheekbones, their noses.

They were on their knees now, crouching over him, a matched set and he'd never seen anything so lovely. Food was suddenly the last thing on his mind.

He slid his fingers over Grey's cheek again, then Raine's,

adoring them, loving them. They filled his sight. They filled his whole world.

"How do you want us, our Whit?" Raine's tongue slid over the inside of his wrist, the sensation making him shiver sweetly.

"You do want us, don't you?" Grey used his teeth, stinging a bit.

He gasped and shivered again, his answer pushing from him as a cry. "Always!" He couldn't imagine ever not wanting them; he would want them until the end of time.

Raine chuckled, leaning forward to lap at his nipple. It went hard immediately for Raine. "How do you wish us?"

"I want both of you inside me." He didn't even have to think about it. One in his mouth, the other in his ass; it was sheer heaven, the closest to perfection he had ever been in his life.

Raine moaned, teeth teasing his flesh, body rippling against him. Grey's response was a hard, hungry kiss that completely wiped away any less important hungers. Whit wrapped his fingers around their hair, silver in one hand, ebony in the other.

Hands were pulling at his slacks, baring him, two mouths hungry against him; he loved it when they tag-teamed him. He made sure they knew it, too, moaning and moving into the touches with hardly a thought.

Grey's kisses made him dizzy and he found himself

clinging to the strong shoulders, hanging on as Raine spread his legs, tongue laving his balls. He spread wider for Raine, knowing Grey had him, that Grey wouldn't let him fall over. Raine's tongue slid farther back, wetting his hole, slicking him.

A needy whimper left him as pleasure travelled through his body. "Please. Oh, Grey, he's..."

"Loving you. I want your mouth, Whit." So sure. So proud, his Grey.

"Yes, yes, please." Anything. He would give them anything.

Grey spread him out, eased him down upon the blankets and opened the jeans holding Grey's cock from him, eased them down and off. He rubbed his hands along Grey's thighs, mouth open in anticipation. He wanted Grey in his mouth now -- no, he needed it. He needed to taste and feel and be taken.

Grey straddled him, smiled down at him. "I'm going to take your lips; Raine is going to take your ass. Our Whit."

"Yes. Yes, Yours." He held Grey's eyes, opening his mouth wider. He was all theirs and he needed them so badly.

Grey's hands landed on the tanned thighs, the copper bracelet that matched the one they all wore glimmering in the firelight. Raine's tongue was driving him mad, fingers too, pushing inside him, and all he wanted was

the taste of Grey's cock, the feeling of Raine's deep in his ass.

"Please." He'd beg and beg as much as he had to; he needed Grey's prick in his mouth so badly, just as he needed to be filled by Raine's.

"Always." The heavy flesh slid over his tongue, Grey kneeling above him.

Moaning, he wrapped his lips around the head of Grey's cock, pulling the flavor in. Thick and hard, his strong lover filled him, even as Raine spread his thighs, drew him over the long legs.

He was drowning in sensation, in anticipation. He tried to beg for Raine's cock, even as his mouth was full of Grey's.

"Take him, Raine. Fill him." The order was calm, sure, Grey's voice pure joy.

"Yes, Grey. I will. He's so perfect." Raine pressed inside him in one slow, sliding push.

He wasn't the perfect one, his beautiful twins were. And the fact that they both filled him up was also perfect, their bodies moving in sync. He was simply made for this, made for them.

Grey's prick dripped hot liquid onto his tongue, leaking for him. He used his tongue to best effort, swirling it around Grey's cock as it moved in and out of his mouth. He wasn't a passive partner to them, he was theirs, body

and soul, mind and spirit, all the passion within him was theirs.

They moved together, his twins in perfect harmony. Raine moaned, whispering Gray's name, his name. He hummed and sucked, beginning to pull harder. He squeezed his ass around Raine's length, wanting to pleasure them both.

"Whit. Oh, Whit. Love." Raine's hands tightened around his hips, body moving faster.

His whole body undulated, pushing up into Raine's thrusts, head working with Grey's soft thrusts. This moment was all he wanted, all he would ever need.

"My Whit." Grey groaned. "I can do this again and again."

Raine's voice answered, spoke Whit's words for him. "Yes, my Grey. You are healthy. No cancer."

Grey moved faster, almost sobbing. "Yes."

Whit reached out, one hand finding Raine's on his hip, the other grabbing Grey's ass. His lovers went wild, together, driving into him, filling him, proving to him that he had them both. Whole and healthy. All his, as much as he was theirs.

He sucked and squeezed and flew, all at the same time.

"Whit." His name was a whisper as Grey's cock swelled in his lips.

He sucked harder in response, demanding Grey's orgasm. Seed poured into his lips, even as heat filled his body, Raine's thrusts becoming random. His own body jerked, his cock spraying come over his belly, as the three of them came together.

Grey stared down at him, and the relief in those eyes, the happiness there made him want to scream, to sob, to laugh. Instead he kept sucking, cleaning the long length.

"Whit. Whit, love. Sensitive."

Reluctantly, he let Grey's prick slip from his mouth. Raine slid from him as Grey came to rest beside him. His lips were taken, silver hair falling around him, even as Raine cleaned him up. He sucked on Grey's tongue, humming happily.

He stroked through the long hair, Grey's body solid against his as he felt Raine, sliding up his other side.

"My twins." Both of them, healthy and there, in his arms.

"Our Whit." Raine smiled at him, the look beatific, perfectly happy.

"Are you enjoying our celebration feast?" he asked, his voice still breathless, and filled with happiness.

"It depends." Grey's words were soft, teasing.

Already smiling, he asked, "On what?"

"On whether or not there's dessert."

Succulents

By Chris Owen

Gil dug his fingers into the loose soil and frowned slightly. He'd been working on the flower bed for less than an hour and already the sun was parching the soil, making it feel sandy and gritty, not soft and cool. He'd have to work in some more compost, maybe supplement with bagged top soil, if the earth was going to be any good for flowers. Hopefully Wayne would show up soon to give the final word before Gil had to take matters into his own hands. Wayne was the boss, after all, and this was his job. Gil was only a body doing some fill-in manual labor.

Gil's usual work for Covered Ground was about as far removed from outdoor labor as one could get. He was the numbers guy, the part of the team who took care of the ordering, the invoices, the billing. Gil was the voice on the phone, the man who set up your free consultation with Wayne, the landscape architect. Wayne, Gil's twin brother, was the creative body who would take your nebulous ideas and turn them into the yard of your dreams and also the guy who would do your actual yard work, along with his small crew of personnel. Wayne was the designer, the heart and drive of the company. He was the one with passion and vision; Gil was the one man office manager and marketing department. That was part of their master plan, however. Gil's education was all in business and marketing, and eventually Covered Ground would be one of many clients he managed accounts for, and the two of them would share their successes.

For all that their work was different, the fact that they

were twins brought a whole new dimension to the company. They were siblings, so they bickered. They were identical twins, so clients sometimes got confused, but that was okay. And being identical twins, they both looked like they belonged to the outdoor and active lifestyle, with their hair trimmed short and their bodies trim and lean; Wayne earned his biceps working and Gil got his at the gym -- mostly so he'd look like Wayne. Who wanted to be the chubby twin? His gym-earned muscles, though, meant that he was perfectly capable of the work Wayne had roped him into at the moment.

The sun was making the shadows slowly retreat back to the bottom of the fence and into the trees that marked the edge of the yard. The pool was catching the light and starting to throw up sundogs, flashes that made Gil squint and turn his head. It wasn't hot enough to make Gil sweat yet, but he had even money on needing a new T-shirt by noon. All around him he could hear the muted sounds of suburbia. The yards in this part of town were big enough and had enough foliage to muffle the traffic, and aside from the occasional dog barking or distant yells of the children splashing a few houses away, Gil could only hear birds, insects and the rustle of leaves being stirred up by the breeze.

All in all, it was far too outdoorsy for him to stand, and after pausing to drink from his water bottle, he put in his earphones, turned up the volume on his mp3 player, and went back to work. The bed stretched the length of the whole back of the yard and it all needed to be turned over, Wayne had said. There were going to put in a retaining wall on one part, new plants all over, and a water feature to compliment the swimming pool.

Gil thought it was a lot of work for one man. Gil thought it was possibly a lot of work for ten men, but when he'd said as much to Wayne the night before his brother had only laughed at him. "Don't be an idiot, Gil. It's not something I do in a day. I'll be there to help out as soon as I make sure the last job over on Audrey Court is done and the client is happy. I only need you for a day or two, anyway. Melissa will be back from her sister's wedding on Tuesday, and we all know she's a better man than you." That had earned Wayne a bruise by the time the wrestling was done.

Melissa was Wayne's full-time assistant, and Gil hated to admit it, but Wayne was probably right. Not about the man thing, not really, but Melissa was probably in better physical shape than Wayne and Gil both, and she was leaps and bounds ahead of the rest of Wayne's workers. They were mostly students, and one or two of them had been around for a couple of years, but they were more or less replaceable. Melissa was invaluable.

Not as invaluable as the twins themselves, of course, but Wayne would do a lot to keep her. So would Gil, given he was out there doing her job so she could go to New York and be in a wedding.

"For God's sake." Gil turned and sat his ass down in the dirt, pulling the earphones out of his ears with a yank. He'd just about disgusted himself with his own bad mood. He wasn't sure what his problem was. Melissa was perfectly sweet, and it was her sister's wedding. Not only that, but everyone was allowed to have a long weekend once in a while. It wasn't like his world was crashing to an end because he had to do some work outside on a beautiful day. He drank more water and

looked at the pool, trying to get his head on straight.

The pool was surrounded by a really nice patio and had several ladders and steps for getting in and out of the water. It wasn't quite big enough to swim laps, but it was very curvy and fit the contours of the landscape; it was clearly a designer pool in a designer yard. The client hadn't owned the house very long and he was trying to make the yard into something that fit his busy lifestyle. He traveled a lot, he'd told Gil on the phone, and the previous owner had done almost all the gardening himself. He didn't want to see it fall into ruin, but he also had no intention of tending it for hours on his days off or paying for a full time private gardener.

He wasn't home at the moment, as far as Gil knew. At least, there hadn't been a car in the drive when Gil had arrived in the company truck at seven-thirty that morning. Wayne had taken Gil's car since he only had a meeting and wouldn't need so much as a spade with him.

Gil glanced to the left where he'd tossed his spade and rolled his eyes. His attitude wasn't exactly wonderful, but it was far and away better than it had been a few moments before. He stood up, put his earphones back in and went back to work. The soil wasn't going to turn itself, and when Wayne got there they'd have to figure out how much work they'd have to get done so the day could be called a success.

An hour later the back of Gil's neck had begun to tingle enough that he was starting to think about sunscreen and his T-shirt was sticking to his back. He was whistling under his breath as he worked his way through the last few feet of the bed, careful not to dig up the roots of the

hosta plants that were growing in the far corner, and he was thinking that a dip in that pool would be just about perfect. He couldn't do that, obviously, but it didn't stop him from day dreaming about cool water on his hot skin.

A hand landed firmly on Gil's butt and he jumped, one foot up and two feet to the side, yelling.

Wayne yelped, too, and leaped back, his hand off Gil's ass and covering his own heart instead. "What?!"

"What do you mean, 'what'? You scared the crap out of me!" Gil glared at his brother and shook his head.

"Make some noise next time." His earphones had fallen out when he'd jumped and he put one back in, leaving the other to dangle against his chest.

"Sorry." Wayne was grinning at him, not looking sorry at all. "You're a mess. We dig the dirt, Gilbert. We don't roll in it." His own yellow T-shirt with the company logo on the front and back was neat and tidy.

Gil kept up his glare, narrowing his eyes a little more. "This soil," he said, jabbing a finger toward the ground, "is loose, dry, sandy and has just enough clay in it to make it blow up dust in the breeze. I did not roll in it. I merely worked hard for you, little brother, and got sweaty. Dirt, or in this case, dust, sticks to sweat."

Wayne's grin didn't dim a single watt. "You look really hot."

"I am hot. It's a million degrees out here."

"See, this is why you never get a date, doofus. I meant

hot."

Gil snorted and rolled his eyes. "Stop that." The last thing he wanted was a little outdoor come on from his brother, and despite what Wayne's libido might say, Wayne didn't really want to get into it right then, either. "I don't get dates because I don't date. Shut up."

Wayne, never one to stop when he was on a roll, leaned forward from his waist and tried to kiss Gil's mouth. He managed to catch a bit of Gil's jaw and cheek as Gil turned away. "Aw, don't be like that. I think it's sweet that I'm the only one for you." Wayne laughed.

"Cut it out," Gil mumbled, picking up the spade and getting back to work. "Someone might see."

Wayne made an indelicate sound. "No one's watching us, bro. You get all prudish about the strangest stuff." He backed off, though, and bent down to scoop up a handful of the earth that Gil was turning over. "Hey, good call on the soil, though. I'll make a landscaper of you yet."

Gil wasn't immune to the honest praise in Wayne's voice. He had impressed his brother, something that had become hard to do once they were out of their teens and into college. They'd finally found themselves on pretty equal footing there, once Wayne was able to follow his true interests and wasn't banging his head against poetry and history. Gil stopped shoveling long enough to shrug one shoulder. "Well, hang around you long enough and stuff just sinks in. Do you want to add compost and soil for the flowers?"

"Nope." Wayne opened his hand and let the dirt trickle out, then brushed his palm clean. "The key to this job is to keep the maintenance down for the client. I think we'll do some ornamental grasses back here, and maybe a couple of hardy, flowering shrubs. Things that'll thrive on sandy soil with excellent drainage, but keep the back of the yard enclosed."

"People around here do like their privacy," Gil agreed, looking around.

"Uh-huh." Wayne said it like there was something of substance in the two syllables and Gil glanced over. "It's private. No one looking. And I missed you this morning."

Gil glanced back at the house. "He could be in there. Watching to see if we're doing what we're paid to do."

"Or he could have been telling the truth and he's at work." Wayne wiggled his eyebrows. "It's lunchtime, anyway. Come on, let's get the cooler and eat while I make a list of plants to choose from for back here."

"You're going to stop trying to seduce me?" Gil thought Wayne was backing down pretty easily. He didn't trust it.

The grin and wink his brother gave him didn't do much to assuage the feeling.

Wayne watched Gil out of the corner of his eye as they sat in the shade and ate their lunch. He was trying to

determine if Gil's feathers had all settled down or if Gil would need another half sandwich to compose himself. Since Wayne wasn't all the way sure that Gil had himself entirely in hand, Wayne decided it was best just to talk business. He always found it amusing that Gil would never mess around during work hours -- not even at home, when there truly was no one to see anything unconventional. It was apparently something that business school had instilled in his brother; Wayne, on the other hand, had learned never to waste sunshine and to take pleasure in nature.

Sex was natural. Ergo and so forth, Wayne was more than prepared to get what he could in the great and majestic outdoors. He wouldn't get anywhere at all if Gil was in a snit, though.

"So, what do you think of the pool?" he asked Gil, gesturing with his water bottle. "We're not going to change the structure, of course, but there's a couple of areas that we could clean up and replant. Thoughts?"

"You're asking me?" Gil laughed and shook his head. "I have no idea and you know it. I think I'd like us to get rich enough that we can have a pool, how's that?"

Wayne nodded. "That's the plan. Me with the shovel and bags of mulch, you with your fancy marketing degree and vast array of clients. I expect to remain your number one file, though." He grinned and pointed to the pool with his water bottle again, like it was a laser pointer or a baton. "Come on, let's take a look at what's going on over there by the patio furniture. It might be okay for rose bushes, maybe. And up at the back, on that slope -- if we put in some low growing ground cover there can

be a rock garden that'll withstand the splashing from the pool." He stood up and marched off, trusting that Gil was following.

The patio around the pool was a mix of concrete and stone, and Wayne regretted that he was wearing his work boots. On such a warm day the shade by the house would keep the patio nice and cool, and his feet would be happy to feel it. The rest of him would be happy with a swim, too, but that was the height of rudeness and well into getting yourself fired territory. Still, he bent down and dragged his hand through the water, shaking it off with a sigh. It was the perfect temperature for a swim, too.

"Keep working," Gil said behind him. "We'll get a big pool. With a hot tub."

"Now you're talking." Wayne kept walking around the edge of the pool, toward a parched looking patch of grass that was trimmed with flowers. "A hot tub, a pool, a water slide. Our own little grotto."

Gil didn't say anything to that, but Wayne smiled as he heard Gil splash a hand in the water as well, his footsteps pausing briefly and then catching up. Where the water was covered by the shade of the house, it reflected a flash of yellow, their T-shirts bright enough to throw back their impression. His own was still clean, but Gil's was grimy and sexy. Wayne glanced back at his brother and smiled.

"What?" He was treated to a suspicious look in return.

"Nothing. God. Why do I put up with you again?"

Gil grinned at him, as close as he'd come to a flirt, and said nothing.

Wayne started walking again, rounding the final curve of the pool. "Oh, yeah. Right. That. But you're the mean man who got out of bed impossibly early this morning and didn't even give me a kiss."

"I did so." Gil's protest was mild. "I kissed you and left you coffee brewing."

"Well, you didn't suck my cock."

"No. You're right about that. I thought maybe it was sore after last night."

Wayne laughed. "Look at you, talking about it. Way to go. Maybe someday you'll work up to asking for it."

"Shut up." He sounded embarrassed, so Wayne let it go, only snickering slightly. Gil would ask for what he wanted, but only when he was panting and gasping and Wayne wouldn't do anything until Gil begged -- and what Gil asked for was some of the hottest, dirtiest sex that Wayne had ever had. If Gil asked, Wayne would do it, period. It was probably a good thing that Gil was shy about his requests, though.

With an effort Wayne pulled his mind back to work. His prick was getting hard and that just wouldn't do, so he gave himself a nonchalant thump and crouched to examine at the sorry looking perennials that decorated the slope beside the pool. "This is pathetic." He looked at the inadequate water supply and shook his head.

"Well, you don't have to have sex with me," Gil snapped.

"Huh?" Wayne looked up at him and blinked. "The plants. The plants are pathetic, and the stupid little hose running through them. Not you." His eyes watered, looking directly up to the sun and the looming shape Gil made. "Don't be a dork."

"You are such a pain the butt," Gil mumbled, turning away.

Wayne rolled his eyes. "You're the one who assumed I meant you, doofus." Honestly, it was just like when they were kids. Wayne grinned to himself and went back to looking at the ground, because it wasn't trying to stab his eyes with painful brightness. He would have preferred to watch Gil, all embarrassed and blushing, but that would lead to more teasing and he couldn't tell yet if that kind of thing would lead to sibling rivalry and a fight or to really great fucking. There was a fine line between getting worked up and getting fed up and they were both still feeling it out around the edges.

Gil spent a couple of minutes poking around in the landscaping, deadheading a few flowers while Wayne thought and imagined the space renewed with different plants. He was quiet about it, which Wayne appreciated; it was easier to picture things differently if he wasn't also trying to keep Gil busy. Somehow he never had to worry about keeping Melissa busy -- but he also never tried to keep Melissa as close to him as he kept Gil.

"You're staring at me again." Gil was staring back.

Wayne sighed. "Next time just wake me up and fuck me."

Gil's eyes rolled so hard that Wayne could almost see exasperation as a physical thing, leaking out all over. "Wayne. For the love of God."

"I can't help it!" Wayne turned to walk back around the pool to where they'd left the remains of their lunch. "Come on, I need to write down some stuff and call the client about plant buying."

"Can I go back to the office?"

"No. There's plenty of digging to do." Wayne stepped over the stupid little hose and made a mental note to talk to the client about a watering system, too. "And this way you'll be all warm from the sun and dirty and sweaty and I can bury my face in the outdoor smell of you before you get to the shower."

He heard Gil make a tiny sound, and then he heard the stumble and slide of work boots on soil and cement edging as Gil tripped. Wayne turned back just in time to see Gil fall forward, his toe dragging the hose as he fell into the pool with a massive splash.

Wayne stared for half a breath, the front of his own body wet from the splash, and then he started to laugh. It was utterly ridiculous and fantastic that his tending-toward-prim other half would be the one to fall into a client's pool. Wayne was still laughing as Gil surfaced, sputtering and coughing. "Are you all right?"

Gil didn't reply, just shook his head to clear the water from his face and started swimming to the nearest side. Ignoring Wayne's offered hand, he hauled himself from the pool taking a few gallons of water with him, and sat on the edge to fight with his sodden boots. Wayne could hear him muttering and cursing as he tried to undo the laces, and he could see Gil's neck glowing red. It wasn't sunburn that had his brother so flush.

"I'll go get you some sneakers from the truck," Wayne said sympathetically. "I'm not sure if there's more clothes or not in there."

"They'll dry." Gil's words were clipped and sharp, the syllables short. "Just need shoes. I'm sorry, Wayne."

"Hey, it's okay." Wayne crouched again. "Hey. Gil. Look at me."

Gil took ages, but he turned his head and looked. "Idiot thing to do."

"So? It was an accident. You didn't hurt anything -- not yourself and not the pool. You didn't do anything that anyone could complain about, and you managed to cool yourself off in the bargain. The worst thing done was that you might have ruined your boots, but you can get new ones. Lighten up, okay?"

Gil sighed, but he nodded. "And my mp3 player. Get the sneakers, please? And the sunscreen. I'll put my shirt in the sun. Maybe some of the dirt washed off into the pool."

Wayne smiled, ignored any protest Gil would make by

simply not giving him time to think, and kissed his brother's mouth. Gil's lips were cold from the water, and Wayne licked at them, tasting salt and not chlorine before Gil pulled away. "Be right back," Wayne said, then he headed out front to the truck.

By the time Wayne got back with a pair of beaten up sneakers and the bottle of SPF 15 Gil had fought his way out of the boots. He'd moved out of the sparse shade and put the boots on a sunny rock to dry, and his shirt was draped over a lawn chair, still dripping. His shorts were dripping too, hanging low on his hips from the weight of the water, and Wayne's mouth went dry. He could see the two suck marks he'd left on Gil's back, just above his waist. He'd put them there right about the time Gil had given up and started begging.

Gil saw him coming and held a hand out for the sneakers. "Thanks."

Wayne held onto them and moved into Gil's space. "You made a big splash, right? Lots of noise?"

Blinking, Gil nodded. "Yeah, I guess." He stepped back but Wayne followed. "Um."

"No client came out. No one is home. He's out of town. At the office. Dropping off his laundry. Not here." Wayne's cock was hard and insistent, pushing against his fly. "I swear to fucking God, Gil. No one is home."

"Um." Gil's eyes were wide. Exactly the same height, he could hardly miss what Wayne was thinking and feeling. If he couldn't read it in Wayne's eyes, he could tell by the rub of Wayne's groin on his own. "No one home."

Still not a good idea."

Wayne shook his head impatiently, dropped the sunscreen and sneakers, and clapped his hands on Gil's ass to yank him close. Wayne could feel his shorts getting wet, the cold water seeping through but not cooling him off at all. "I don't care. You're... you're." Words had deserted him and that might have been what got to Gil. Gil, who gave it up and begged when he had to, Gil, who had followed Wayne's lead from the very first time, Gil who was always the one left breathless and shattered and without words.

"Okay."

Wayne looked around, his breathing picking up far too fast. "On the grass or one of the lawn chairs?" He didn't even know what he wanted to do, other than kiss Gil for an hour or so and get his aching balls against skin.

"Not the chairs." Gil sounded horrified. "Over there." He pointed to the corner of the yard by the house -- shaded, grassy, guarded by both fencing and plants. "Do you have stuff?"

Wayne was already moving, shuffling them toward the little plot of heaven. "Stuff?"

"I'm not fucking you without lube, and preferable a rubber." Gil was like a wall, not moving another step.

"In the car. Your car." Wayne's knees went a little weak. "You're gonna fuck me?"

Gil nodded and stepped away from him and Wayne

swayed. "In for a dime..." He turned and walked away, leaving Wayne to watch his back and those two little marks.

When Gil vanished around the edge of the house Wayne snapped out of his little fit of staring and forgetting to breathe. He looked around the yard and thought for a moment that he'd been had. There was no way -- no way in hell -- that his brother would follow through. He'd get out there, his bare feet on the hot driveway, and he'd open the car and look for the condoms and lube and he'd have second thoughts. He'd come back and tell Wayne that the lube was too hot, that the condoms wouldn't be any good since they'd been in the car, that he'd found a way for neighbors to see into the backyard.

Wayne undid his shorts and shoved his hand inside to squeeze his dick. Gil would back out and Wayne would go and jack off against the side of the house, catching his come in a napkin. Then they'd be crabby at each other all day and they'd probably fight later. No more little marks on Gil's skin this week. No more hearing Gil's voice catch just before he asked to be licked, sucked, finger fucked until he came. Wayne squeezed his cock again at the memory and felt his hole flutter. He'd just have to kill his brother. It was the only way to get some peace of mind, clearly.

"What are you doing?" Gil was looking at him curiously, walking back and still dripping from his shorts.

"Huh?" Wayne shook his head. "Waiting for you."

Gil's mouth curled on one side. "Come on. Over there on

the grass. And get undressed."

"Who are you?" Wayne moved, though. He thought he might be smart to shut up, too, just so he didn't annoy Gil into changing his mind.

"I am the man who's going to make you--" Gil stopped talking. He stopped walking. "You need to be quiet, okay? No yelling. Not even when you come."

Wayne nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

"Okay." Gil nodded, too, and they finally reached the patch of soft grass. "My rules, okay?"

Wayne nodded again, his cock throbbing. This was unbelievable. Gil was looking right at him and there wasn't a blush to be seen.

"I'm going to shove these freaking cold and wet shorts off and lie down. You're going to strip down. We're going to get me covered, and then we're going to slick you up and you're going to climb on." Gil's body twitched, but his voice was calm and even. "Got it?"

Wayne felt like a bobble head doll. "Got it."

Gil dropped the stuff in his hand and undid his shorts. They fell off his hips with a sound not unlike a thump, and there he was. Naked and hard and paler than Wayne, but beautiful in ways Wayne never saw in himself. Gil stepped out of the wet shorts and bent from the waist to get the rubber. "Wayne. Naked."

Wayne swore and stripped off his T-shirt and damp

shorts, struggling with his boots. By the time he fell over and got them untied and off, his socks peeled off and stuffed in the boots, Gil was lying on the grass, his cock covered and standing away from his body. The rubber was shiny with lube, and Gils hand was sticky with it.

Not trusting himself to speak, and still half-expecting Gil to change his mind, Wayne scrambled over to him and straddled Gil's thighs. Gil took Wayne's hand and smoothed lube onto it, their fingers briefly tangling together.

"Move up," Gil said softly. "Play with my balls while I finger you."

Wayne's chest ached and he made himself breathe. "Gil. Jesus Christ."

Gil's cheeks went pink, but he reached between Wayne's legs and traced a wet line between his asscheeks, then pushed a finger in. "Play with my balls," he said again. "Stroke my cock."

There wasn't anything else to do, nothing else he wanted to do, ever. Wayne's legs spread a bit more and he bit his lip to keep from demanding more fingers. This was Gil's show, even though one finger was barely a promise. They didn't do this very often, but Wayne wasn't one for self-denial; more than one morning shower had been spent riding his own fingers or fucking himself with a dildo. He could take more, but Gil was doing such a brave thing that Wayne wasn't going to ruin it by taking over.

Gil's balls were lightly furred and heavy, still cool from

the water though they warmed fast in Wayne's hand. He could tell when he was touching Gil just right because the finger in his ass would plunge deeper. When Wayne started stroking Gil's cock with his other hand Gil obliged him with another finger pushing in, or maybe two; it was better, anyway. Nice and slick, stretching just a little. Not as thick as the prick he was rubbing and jerking, but better.

"Harder," Gil whispered, staring up at him. "Stroke me harder. Squeeze my balls. Tell me you love me."

"I love you," Wayne whispered. "More than life." He jerked his twin off furiously, his own hips rocking and thrusting, his ass clamping down on Gil's fingers. "I love you like this, I love you reading a book, I love you mad at me. I love you."

Gil groaned, deep in his chest, so far down that Wayne could feel it. "Get on me." His fingers dragged away and he pulled Wayne forward by the hips.

Wayne guided Gil's cock back and sank down too fast, hissing as the hard rod spread him wider than he'd been ready for. "Oh, fuck. Yes. Gil, fuck me. Hard." His own prick bobbed free, leaving obscene drips on Gil's stomach.

Gil's legs bent at the knee and his hips rose, as hard as requested. Wayne threw back his head but didn't yell; he wanted to, but Gil had made a rule. No yelling. His fingers dug into the earth on either side of Gil's shoulder's and Wayne could smell soil and grass, flowers and cedar bark. Sweat and salt. "Do it," he said softly, staring at Gil's face.

Eyes open wide, Gil nodded. They moved together, panting and gasping and thrusting and huffing, but not yelling. Wayne ignored his cock but mashed his balls against Gil every chance he got until they were both whimpering on every stroke. Gil was so hard inside him that Wayne thought maybe if he bent too far Gil's cock would snap, so he was very careful about the angle. Then Gil shifted, just a little, maybe an inch, and Wayne broke the rule. "Oh, *fuck*, there!" It has been so good, but suddenly it was amazing.

Gil rammed him, hitting the spot again and again until Wayne was whimpering, biting his lip bloody against the yells that wanted out, his head back and his eyes closed. And then the world flipped, breath whooshed out of him as his back hit the grass and slid and his legs were pushed up into his chest. He had a moment to think about grass stains on his spine, but the thought fled before it really registered.

"What--" Wayne's eyes flew open and he saw lust embodied as his twin pounded into him. "Oh, God." His whole body started to tingle, right from the bottom of his feet to his scalp. He was going to come so hard it was almost scary. "My cock."

Gil nodded and leaned back, still driving in. Balanced on one hand, he lifted the other and slipped his shoulder to the inside of Wayne's knee. He thrust in, his cock hitting Wayne's gland again, and instead of a warm hand curling around Wayne's dick to stroke him off, Gil slapped Wayne's cock. Hard.

Wayne shot in four sharp bursts, the first two hitting his

own chin. There might have been more, but the edges of his vision got a little foggy, and Gil was grunting helplessly as Wayne's ass milked him over and over again.

Wayne thought he heard Gil whispering in his ear about loving him, too, but he couldn't be sure; his breath was too loud in his own ears. He did, however, hear what Gil said a few moments later, after his heart had stopped pounding.

"Now maybe we can get some work done. If you can walk, that is."

Wayne snorted. "Just you wait. Your turn's coming."

"I hope so." Gil gave him a sunny grin and moved away to clean up. "Come on, boss. Lunch hour is over."

Wayne smiled to himself as they cleaned up and got dressed. He would have to make working with Gil a regular, if special, occurrence. Even the boss deserved a performance bonus, after all.

The Good Twin

By BA Tortuga

"I swear to god, Bubba. If you don't fucking back off I'm going to knock you into next fucking week." He rolled his shoulders, feeling the sore muscles creak and groan. Mark'd had a bad fucking day. Hell, a couple of bad ones in a row, with some bastard t-boning his truck, the plant laying off everybody on second shift, and him walking in on Tom getting cornholed by their fucking landlord.

He'd thrown a fit -- in a manner of speaking, although his landlord and Tom called it assault -- and after seventeen hours in lockup, he was carless, homeless, jobless, and fuckless.

So he did what any rational asshole would do.

He called his twin brother and asked for a ride.

"What? You were in jail." Luke growled at him, and he wished maybe he'd called Matthew or John. But no, he'd immediately thought of his twin, the good one.

"You noticed. You're an observant motherfucker." He was going to explode.

"Well, what do you want me to say? I told you Tom was a shit." Still. Luke had come, driven two hours to come get him, and had brought him KFC.

"Yeah. He's been fucking that asshole for months. *Months.*" Thank God he'd always worn a rubber, because, fuck.

"I'm sorry, Mark." Luke sighed, slipping behind the wheel. "I really am."

"Yeah. Serves me right." Momma always said God punished you for living the wicked life. And if there was wickedness to be found, somehow Mark was chin deep in it.

"Shit, Mar, no one deserves the day you've had."

He reached over, made sure nobody was looking, squeezed Luke's hand, inhaling at the jolt of electricity that came with the touch. "I don't have the foggiest fucking idea what to do now."

"You'll come stay with me until you figure it out." Like it was that easy. Luke wasn't rich, but he was a master welder and he had his own house. A small two-bedroom.

"I can pay for the extra room." God, he was always coming home to somebody in tatters.

Luke stared at him sideways. "Don't be any stupider than you have to be."

"I'm not. I just... I know." He was the fuck up. He was the one who took chances. He was the one who crashed and burned. He was the one who left home.

"I mean about the place. I never have guests." No, Luke was the one who stayed to himself, who never went out drinking or carousing or at all.

"Well, you're the good twin."

"Oh, fuck that." Luke threw the truck into gear and headed out, jaw tight.

He should have called John. He didn't piss John off just by existing. Of course, John was young and reckless and would have taken him drinking. Matthew would take him to task.

Luke would just snarl and glare at him, blame him for things that he probably deserved, and then they'd go hit each other a lot until some other family member separated them. Maybe that was good, huh? It would knock some sense into him.

He dozed for a good long while, waking up every now and again to the sensation of Luke's eyes on him, but when he peeked, Luke was always looking at the road.

Damn it.

He slept until he felt them pull off the highway, start wandering along the twisty roads through the foothills. The temptation to yank open the truck door and let himself jump out was huge. Huge. Stupid and self-destructive and all, but huge.

He sighed, scratched his head. He didn't even have a fucking set of clean clothes, for fuck's sake.

He glanced at Luke. Of course, they still wore close to the same size. Both of them worked physical enough jobs, even if he didn't have Luke's muscles. Luke

wouldn't even look at him, though, so who knew if he should ask.

Matthew was twice his size, but the man's wife bought tons of sweat pants. Cicely hated him, though... called him an abomination.

Fuck.

"You're thinking too loud, Mar."

"Yeah. I...I..." Jesus. Jesus.

"What? If you'd rather go to Matt's..."

His head whipped around, the jolt of hurt that Luke would send him there sharp. "What, so Miss Bible Thumping Holier Than Thou You Fucking Queer can laugh about the fact that I don't even have a fucking toothbrush?"

"Would you stop screeching at me? I'm helping you." Luke careened about the corner, heading down Maple.

"I know. I'm fucking sorry." He was fixin' to lose his shit.

"I know. Just stop being a butthead." Luke patted his leg, and that and the touch he'd given were more than they'd shared in the last five years.

He looked at the hand on his leg, his muscles jumping. They'd been caught, touching, and things had gotten hairy for a while, but he'd left for Mexico and stayed

there, up until a year or so ago, and... This was a mistake.

Luke took his hand back and didn't say a thing. Just pulled into the driveway of the little two-bedroom ranch.

"I'm sorry." He stared at the house; he'd helped Luke pick it out, seven years ago. It looked just the same.

"You're just the first person I think to call, good or bad."

"I know." Luke sat, staring straight ahead. "I can't not touch you."

"I know. I miss you." They'd had the conversation a dozen times. Mark couldn't resist, didn't want to, but Luke lived here, would always live here.

"Me, too." Luke rolled his head on his neck. "Come on, Mar. You need a shower."

"Yeah." He slid out of the truck, headed in without looking back. They didn't even look alike anymore, really. He was skinny; Luke was muscled. His hair was long, almost down to his waist now, in a thick braid. Luke's dark brown hair was cropped short. They weren't who they had been.

Luke still had the finest ass on the planet, though. Still had the best way of moving.

He let Luke open the door and he headed down the hall to the guest bath, his shoulders so tight the muscles screamed.

"I'll leave you some clothes. You want tacos?"

"Thanks. That'd be cool." He closed the door behind him, then headed for the bath.

He considered it a victory that he didn't put his fist through the wall.

The door opened and shut once while he was steaming up the shower, and when he got out there was a pair of lounge pants and a T-shirt with a DU logo on it. He slipped them on, left the towel around his shoulders so his wet hair had something to dry on.

The smell of taco meat led him to the little galley kitchen, where Luke was cooking. "Wanna shred some cheese?"

"Sure." He grabbed the grater from the pantry and the block of cheddar from the fridge, then one of the little bowls that used to be Granny's to grate into. Granny had given everything to him and Luke and John, saying she'd roll over in her grave if Matty's wife got anything. The bowls had gone to Luke because he actually had a kitchen. Mark had gotten the weird bird clock.

Well, he guessed Tom and Jack the Landlord had the weird bird clock.

"Thanks." They chopped lettuce and tomatoes and sat to eat without another word. The silence was like this huge, heavy thing.

He managed one taco, but the other two sat there, almost like they were smiling at him, mocking him.

When he'd left, slinking out of town in the middle of the night like a thief, he'd thought he could become something amazing -- sculpting pieces for parks, painting for collectors. He'd found out he was particularly good at screwing on widgets for ten hours a day.

"You should eat." Luke sighed and pushed away a half-full plate of his own.

"I'm sorry, Bubba." He shouldn't have come back to town. He shouldn't have called.

"No. No, don't be sorry. Not for what you think you are, anyway." Luke finally met his gaze, those green eyes just like his. "I'm just tired."

He opened his mouth to say something, anything, but what did he have to say? He was sorry they'd been lovers? He wasn't. Loving Luke was as natural as breathing. He was sorry they'd gotten caught.

"Can I-- do you..." Luke sighed. "You want to lie down a bit?" They'd done that a lot as kids, hiding in the room they'd shared, in the bed, under the covers. It was so much easier to share secrets that way. To hide from the world.

"God, yes. Please." More than anything. More than sex or art or anything. He wanted back in Luke's heart.

"Cool." Luke pushed the dishes away and stood, holding out a hand for him.

He took it; their fingers fit together just right.

Luke took him to the bedroom, the one that had the big bed Luke had bought just for the house. Just for them. They both undressed in unspoken agreement, slipping beneath the sheets and pulling them all the way up to close out everything.

He took a deep breath -- the whole world smelled like Luke now, and his heart started beating again. "I had to call you."

"I know. I'm glad you did. We'll have to go back and get your stuff tomorrow." Luke's hand flattened on his chest, right over his heart.

"If Tom hasn't burned it all. I sort of broke his face. It felt good." Still, he had stuff -- art supplies -- that he wanted.

"He's too much of a coward to do that." Luke's hand felt good, too, sitting there on his skin. Callused, warm.

"You never liked him." He took deep breaths, just so he could feel Luke's hand move on his skin. "I just needed someone." Someone to be involved with so he could see Luke sometimes.

"Yeah." He could hear the wry humor in Luke's voice. His twin had always teased him about how he'd make a bad monk. "I'm glad you called, Mar."

"I needed you. Still." Always. His hand covered Luke's, held them close together.

"This isn't gonna work. This us not being together." The words were a tiny whisper, spoken close to his mouth, close enough to feel Luke's breath.

"No. The world doesn't work, without you." Years he'd tried to be alone. Years. But Luke was in his soul, deep inside. Hell, Luke was his soul.

"I know. We'll figure it out." That hand slid up to his cheek so Luke could pull him close for a kiss.

"Swear it?" Their lips hovered over each other. "I can't walk away again, even if you ask."

"I swear it, Mar. I can't do this anymore. I'm not right without you."

"No. We're supposed to be together." He pushed their lips together, a raw sound tearing out of him at the touch of Luke against him. Luke moaned, lips opening for him, letting him taste. This was what he'd tried to drive out of his mind for years with drink or other men or anything that made it better for a few moments.

He would have touched, if he could move, but all he could do was taste and kiss and feel things inside him begin to heal. It was Luke who moved, who started it. It had always been Luke. One hand slid to the back of Mark's neck, the other down his side.

His hands could move then, because they remembered how, and he wrapped them around Luke's hips. Luke pushed up against him suddenly, eager and needy, the air under the covers gone hot and musky.

"Luke. Luke, yes. Need." His fingers wrapped around Luke's cock, eyes crossing at the heat.

"Oh, God." Luke kissed him again and again, pushing him hard and fast. Like some kind of dam was broken and they were crazy for each other.

"Luke..." He rolled over, landing on Luke with a thud.
"Need."

Their cocks lined up perfectly. That was it. They humped, really going to town. They were gonna leave rug burn or something if they kept it up, but it didn't matter with Luke touching his ass.

He made noises -- deep and raw and heady -- because he couldn't not. He couldn't stay silent when everything felt so good. Luke was there with him, touching him, rubbing him, and he wanted to scream it to the world. He had to settle for telling Luke, instead.

His quiet twin took all his words in, though, and then demanded more, with those lips, those hands. Those hands knew him, touched him in all of the best places. Every one. He shivered. Shook. When he was close, he swooped down, sucked Luke's cock in, almost screaming at the flavor on his tongue.

Luke bucked for him, the most amazing noise coming from deep inside that hard-muscled chest. Luke caught his hair, holding his head in place while Luke shook. Yes. Yes. He pulled hard, swallowing, needing it. His Luke.

Luke gave him everything. Wet heat slid down Mark's throat, Luke's hard body curling around his head. He sucked until there was nothing left and Luke was shuddering, sensitive.

"Shh. Come on, Mark. Come let me love on you, too." Luke pulled him up.

He crawled up, humming as they fit together. "Touch me?"

"Yeah. Yeah." That was all Luke said before biting at the skin of his shoulder, a scarred hand closing around Mark's cock.

His eyes crossed again and he grunted, hips writhing as he fucked that callused hand. Luke tightened the grip, pulling at him. That rough thumb worked him mercilessly. "Luke..." Oh, Jesus. Yes. So fucking good.

Luke nodded, his eyes shining in the gloom under the covers, and pulled hard. The kiss Mark got stole his breath.

He shot so hard his entire body shuddered, his bones rattling.

"That's it. That's it, Mar. I love you." The words sent another shudder of pleasure.

"Love. Luke." He took one kiss after another, luxuriating in it.

There were no prying eyes here. They were safe, at least for now. Too bad it wouldn't last. The truth of things

started to creep in, started to come. Soon one of the brothers would call, or Mom, and then the little accusations would start and he'd be at John's to save Luke's reputation, because Luke was the good twin.

Luke stroked his belly, rubbing come into his skin. He could almost hear the man thinking. This was where Luke asked him to go again. This was when it happened.

He held onto the blanket in one hand, eyes closed while he waited. He'd lied before. He'd leave if Luke asked him.

"I think I should sell the house, Mar."

"Okay, I'll..." Wait. "What?"

"I think I should sell the house. We can go... somewhere. Not here."

"But... really? Us?" Mark felt like the world was tilting.

"Yeah." Luke turned the covers back and sat up, turning on the lamp. They both blinked at the sudden bright light, but Luke was staring straight at him, serious as anything. "I can't do this anymore. This letting you leave."

His mouth opened, closed, opened again, but he didn't have anything to say.

Luke's face fell a little. "I-- I thought that would be good. You. If you don't want to, I guess. Shit, Mar, I wouldn't know what to do."

"Don't... No. No, I just. I." Well, fuck.

He grabbed Luke, in the light, and kissed the man hard, putting all his yesses and goods and please and love into it. Luke held him, hands on his shoulders, gripping tight enough to leave bruises. That was okay. He could tell Luke understood.

When their lips parted, he nodded, then rested his forehead against Luke's. "Good."

"Yeah?" Luke smiled, lips curving against Mark's skin. "I'm tired of feeling like a cheat and a liar. I'm tired of letting you down, Mar. It's time."

It was amazing, how his quiet, good twin was the one who finally said what they both felt.

"Yes. I want to come home to you." More than anything.

"Then it's about damned time we made a home for ourselves. Just us." Luke sealed their pact with another kiss, one that didn't hide under the covers or anywhere else.

When their lips parted, Mark tilted his head. "Just so we're clear, you do know I'm the bad twin, right?"

"I swear to God, Bubba..." He took a lazy swing as Luke hooted at him like a big, hairy-butted fucking baboon. "It's not that fucking bad, man. Really."

So, it wasn't the best picture on earth and he did look a little like the wild man of Borneo in it. It was still him, on a poster, advertising a gallery show.

"At least they got all your hair in the picture." Luke cackled, dancing out of his way.

"Fucker." He scooped up a handful of snow, took aim, and pegged the laughing butthead in the nose.

Luke sputtered, laughing, so happy that it made Mark's heart hurt with good and bad stuff. Moving up to the snow towns had been so good for them.

He'd been working hard -- had sold a bunch of canvasses to tourists and one big sculpture to a ski lodge. It hadn't taken Luke anything to find work, and their little cabin was... theirs. No one asked if they were related, or if they were a couple. People lived off the grid up here. It was a good life. Their life.

He scooped up another handful of snow, ducking the one Luke threw at him. "You missed!"

"Mmpfh." Mark's snowball had hit the right spot again, and Luke sputtered. "Damn it, Mar!"

He chuckled. "You want me to kiss it better?"

"Oh." Luke nodded. "I do."

They were home, alone, free, and Mark stepped forward, kissed one cheek, Luke's chin.

"Here, too." Luke pointed to his nose.

He nodded, kissing flakes off the red nose.

"And here." Luke turned his head, kissing Mark square on the mouth.

It was still new enough that he gasped, that he grabbed for Luke's shoulders.

"Inside, Mar. We need to celebrate your show, huh?" Luke tugged at him, pulling him toward the cabin.

"We do. You're coming to the opening, right?"

"I am. Of course I am. Did I tell you I got the contract on that ironwork piece for the new resort?" Oh, man, it was a banner day.

Mark grabbed Luke around the waist, hugged tight. "Congrats, Bubba!"

"Thanks, Mar." Luke pulled back to smile into his eyes, the lines around that sweet mouth so much lighter now, the eyes less sad. "I love you, Mar. I know I say it too much, but I can't help it. I have to because I can."

"So good to be home, Luke. So good."

"Yes. Our home, Mar. Just ours. For the rest of our lives."

They headed in, Granny's weird bird clock hooting away.

Contributors' Bios

Sean Michael

Often referred to as "Space Cowboy" and "Gangsta of Love" while still striving for the moniker of "Maurice," Sean Michael spends his days surfing, smutting, organizing his immense gourd collection and fantasizing about one day retiring on a small secluded island peopled entirely by horseshoe crabs. While collecting vast amounts of vintage gay pulp novels and mood rings, Sean whiles away the hours between dropping the f-bomb and persuing the kama sutra by channeling the long lost spirit of John Wayne and singing along with the soundtrack to "Chicago." Check out Sean's webpage at <http://www.seanmichaelwrites.com/>

Chris Owen

A lover of putting words together since the early days of using crayons, Chris Owen has passed that stage and now uses a computer, which is far less messy. Thankfully, the words go together a little better now as well. The author of several books, Chris Owen writes mainly about gay characters in many different genres ranging from modern day tales to historical romance. How one defines one's family is a common theme in Chris' work, and often the answer is that blood is not as thick as water.

BA Tortuga

BA Tortuga enjoys indulging in the shallow side of life, with hobbies that include collecting margarita recipes, hot tub dips, and ogling hot guys at the beach. A connoisseur of the perverse and esoteric, BA's days are spent among dusty tomes of ancient knowledge, or,

conversely, surfing porn sites in the name of research. Mixing the natural-born southern propensity for sarcasm and the environmental western, straight-shooting sensibility, BA manages to produce mainstream fiction, literary erotica, and fine works of pure, unadulterated smut. With characters ranging from supernatural demons to modern-day cowboys, alternative illustrated men to Victorian dandies, the addiction to history and atmosphere is ever-present, and laced through with sensual pleasure.

Toy Box: Twins

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The Good Twin © 2010 by BA Tortuga

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