My Story Notes by LadyPrudence

Summary: A place to store/make notes, comments, remarks, annotations for the stories I post to the site. May contain spoilers for stories in progress, or in edit, so if you decide to stop in, read at own risk. Contains fiction or bits of fiction. [Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters and settings are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. No money is being made from this work. No copyright infringement is intended.]

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My Story Notes contain notes of stories in progress (so don't read if you don't like spoilers) and also contain stories that either have been finished or have been sidelined. Once a story gets completed, it gets moved here so everything is in one place. And I do this because I'm "internet" and "computer" challenged and have had too many laptops fry on me. It's safer to leave WWomb stories on WWomb.

2013-02-22 Completed the fifth DIFFERENT version of Chapter 15. All of them are great, but all of them differ in intensity, going from humorous through sexy to dark. Now I'm going to try to either merge the best of each, or just drop some lines. In any case, all different roads lead to the same destination and the climax remains the same. Finally got Ladyprudence emails that had been sidelined by hackers working again. Have so many emails to address. May just do AN instead.

2013-02-23 Posted the eighth version. Kept the others though because they were good, but didn't fit in this particular part, and one could actually make a new story. Reviewed the reviews. Answered 20 emails. Started the next chapter. More sex. I'm never going to finish at this rate if I keep stopping to indulge in all the smutty stuff. Still have 5 items to work into the story although I did manage to get cuffs mentioned, still have to be USED.

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Chapter 2: Mistletoe

This was my first Slash Fiction Story. It has issues, but, when I get around to it, I'll fix it. Until then, it'll sit here on WWomb where it was born.

Beware the Mistletoe

"Come on, Johnny. You know the rules. Anyone that gets caught under the mistletoe gets kissed by the nearest person." Chet could be such an ass, especially when he was drunk.

"Yeah, Johnny, those are the rules." Mike called from the corner. Tonight the unusually talkative Mike was the designated-driver. Somehow he had avoided the mistletoe problem all night long.

Johnny eyed Chet's girlfriend who stood smiling nearby...luckily one half step closer than Chet. "Alright then." Stepping close, he puckered up and laid a chaste kiss on the proffered lips.

"Uh-uhh, Johnny. We agreed, it's gotta be French."

Chet was lucky that his girlfriend wasn't a dog. Time to teach Chet a lesson. He pulled Chet's girlfriend closer and cupped her neck. "You want French, Chet, you got it." He swooped down and caught Sandy's mouth. His lips quickly coaxed hers apart and he felt her collapse against him as he drove his tongue down into her mouth. The whistles and catcalls finally brought him up for air, and he smiled at the aroused look on Sandy's face. He glanced over at the stunned Chet, winked, and sauntered away.

As the night wore on and the drinks flowed freely, his coworkers and their wives or dates, danced and talked, and laughed hilariously whenever someone had to go to the bathroom down the hallway, for that was where the mistletoe had been hung. Nobody got away scot-free.

Johnny had gotten away twice with sneaking outside to the bushes, but as soon as Chet had caught him the second time, and squealed, he had everyone watching him if he left the living room for any reason.

Having the table that held the food and liquor right beside the entrance to the hallway just made things more interesting. Anyone hitting the table for a drink, shot, or snack was getting nailed.

He had to admit, it was funny when Hank had to kiss Chet, Chet had to kiss Roy, and then Roy had to kiss Marco...all because they were busy scarfing down jello-shots and stuffed-mushrooms. When the women made them stick to the rules and French kiss, the looks on their faces was comical. Johnny had laughed until tears rolled down his face and his stomach hurt.

So far, Johnny hadn't gotten caught up in that mess. Nobody realized that, whenever he had to go to the bathroom, he waited until one of the women was closest to the bathroom before he made his move. As far as he was concerned, he wasn't going to be caught dead kissing a man.

His luck ran out.

He had to go. He had to go...now.

Seeing Joanne closest to the mistletoe, Johnny dashed across the room and headed for the bathroom. So intent on getting past the mistletoe before Joanne moved away, he didn't notice a very drunk Roy heading towards the table of food. From the corner of his eye he saw Roy reach for a jello-shot at the same time that Joanne stepped away from the table. He couldn't put on the brakes. He was already passing under the mistletoe.

Apparently, it was what his shift-mates had been waiting for judging from the clapping and whistles. He didn't turn around. The call of nature was overwhelming. He waved his acknowledgment but continued his dash towards the bathroom.

"Bout time you got caught Gage!" he heard Chet yell at his retreating back.

Johnny finished quickly in the bathroom and washed his hands. Instead of going back out to the party, he washed his hands again, and then his face, stalling for time. This was the first time in his life that he ever found himself in a position where he had to kiss a man. The other guys had done it already. Obviously they didn't die instantly...he could hear their laughter coming from down the hallway. He supposed he wouldn't die from it either. At least it was Roy that he had to kiss. How bad could kissing Roy be? Joanne obviously liked Roy's kisses if tonight was anything to go by.

He dried his hands and face and stood there, frowning into the mirror as an awful thought occurred to him. What if Roy liked the way he kissed? Or worse, what if Roy didn't like the way he kissed? More importantly, what if he didn't like the way he kissed and then TOLD everyone?

Johnny smiled at the reflection in the mirror remembering the looks of desire each of the women had in their eyes right after he finished kissing them. He hadn't been with anyone in a while...a long while...but there was no mistaking that they liked his kisses. He may not be as active as Roy, Chet and the others thought, but that didn't mean he didn't know how to kiss.

"Hey, come out of there, Gage!" Chet banged on the door. "Stop hiding."

Johnny threw open the door. "I'm NOT hiding Chet!" he said in exasperation. "Can't a guy use the bathroom in peace?"
Chet grinned at him and grabbed his arm. "Everyone's waiting," he said, leading him down the hallway. Chet wasn't kidding. When he walked into the living room, all eyes were on him.

Roy approached him with the silliest smirk he had ever seen. "Well, partner, I suppose it's time for me to find out what all the hoopla is about." The look on Joanne's face earlier, after Johnny kissed her, made him curious as to what was so good about Johnny's kissing. He guessed the only way to find out, was to kiss him himself.

Johnny just stood there and watched Roy. Looking past him, he could see everyone move a little closer in expectation.

"Aw come on Johnny, what are you afraid of? Afraid that I'll find out your kissing isn't all that great?" Roy asked. His eyes, slightly glassy, wanted those brown eyes focused back on him. "Come on, partner, show me what you got," he whispered, standing almost nose-to-nose. "I dare you."

Johnny brushed Chet's hand off his arm and finally allowed his eyes to lock on to the familiar blue eyes. All thoughts and fears suddenly deserted him as a frisson of awareness ran through him. Roy was looking at him the same way the women had looked at him earlier after he had kissed them the first time. Roy wanted him. Despite the bravado and the vague look of uncertainty, his partner wanted to be kissed...by him. Heat flashed through him. He wanted to erase that smirk.

Roy's smirk faded under the sudden predatory gleam in Johnny's eyes. The innate ability he had in reading his partner, although dulled by alcohol, had not deserted him. Catching the slight flaring of Johnny's nostrils, he realized that he had aroused the predator in his partner, and he had become the prey. Held captive by hypnotic brown eyes, the sounds of dance music and laughter faded as he tuned into the imperceptible sound of Johnny's breathing. Without thought, he matched him, breath for breath.

Johnny put his arms around Roy and drew him firmly against his body. Slowly he placed his lips on Roy's and then pressed lightly, darting his tongue out to lick at the small opening between the two masculine lips. Sensing acceptance, he let his eyes drift shut. Angling his head slightly, he pushed his tongue into Roy's mouth forcing it open.

Roy's faint groan ignited the fire that had been building within him since the mistletoe game had begun. Desire rushed through his veins. He felt himself harden and deepened the kiss, demanding a response. He moaned softly in satisfaction when Roy pushed hard against him and darted his tongue against his own. His need built quickly, and his arousal pressed against his briefs. Over and over he tasted Roy's mouth and it was only when he began to feel light-headed from lack of air that he regretfully broke the kiss. Slowly he dropped his arms, stepped back and opened his eyes.

Trying to catch his breath, he realized two things. The first thing was that he wasn't freaked out by kissing a guy as he thought he would be. Actually, if the state of his body was anything to go by, he more than enjoyed his first experience. The second thing he realized was that, he wasn't freaked out by the fact that he wasn't freaked out. A quick glance let him know that Roy's body also had telltale signs of arousal. By the look on his face, he wasn't freaked out either.

Blue eyes slid open and stared at him. Acknowledgement, invitation, desire, want...was sent in an instant. Johnny swallowed and nodded imperceptibly. Roy saw the acceptance in his partner's eyes and immediately lowered his gaze.

The connection was broken when Joanne grabbed onto Roy's arm with laughter, demanding Roy's opinion of Johnny's kiss. Johnny watched as Roy recovered his composure and bent to kiss his wife. He almost moaned. Now he knew what Joanne was feeling when Roy kissed her.

Roy raised his head and winked at Johnny. "Not bad Junior, not bad." Roy said, throwing his arm around Joanne. He turned and faced the room. "The girls aren't lying," he said loudly with a grin. "He's pretty good at it." The room erupted with laughter just as Roy knew it would. He wanted to make sure he distracted everyone with laughter so that they didn't concentrate on the state of his...arousal.

Johnny shook his head in amusement as Hank and Marco slapped Roy on the back in drunken congratulations. If he hadn't had those jello-shots, he probably would be feeling pretty self-conscious right about now. Instead, he grinned and accepted another jello-shot from Chet as his reward, shoving his reaction to Roy to the back of his mind. His connection was broken when Joanne grabbed onto Roy's arm with laughter, demanding Roy's opinion of Johnny's kiss. Johnny watched as Roy recovered his composure and bent to kiss his wife. He almost moaned. Now he knew what Joanne was feeling when Roy kissed her.

By eleven that night, it no longer mattered who kissed him and he didn't care whose hands were on him. Lips were lips and hands were hands. Man or woman, he didn't care. He'd never had such a great time at a party in his life. He had kissed Hank, Marco and Chet readily when they passed under the mistletoe...until he had gotten a good look at Johnny. At first, he couldn't put his finger on the difference in Johnny tonight, but it was something the women were definitely tuned into.

As the evening continued, Johnny ate and drank his fill. The more he drank, the more he ended up passing the mistletoe. The more he passed the mistletoe, the more he kissed and got kissed. He didn't remember when his sweater came off, or where it went. His t-shirt had long been pulled out of his waistband and hung loosely off his slender frame, stretched out of place at the neck, crumpled and pooled at his waist from the many hands that grabbed at it.

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Normally, Chet's ideas and machinations were to be ignored, but tonight Mike had to admit that Chet's idea had merit. He had been amused watching his friends slowly get smashed. When Chet introduced the mistletoe game and rules, he had been surprised at the immediate agreement from the women present...until he had gotten a good look at Johnny. At first, he couldn't put his finger on the difference in Johnny tonight, but it was something the women were definitely tuned into.

He had watched the young man closely after he had kissed Chet's girlfriend Sandy. From the look on her face, Mike guessed that Johnny knew how to kiss well. He watched from the corner in amusement as he saw Johnny time his bathroom runs when the women were near the refreshment table. When he had finally messed up and had to kiss his first guy of the evening, he had watched with as much interest as everyone
used to the silent communication that usually went on between his two co-workers, he wasn't surprised at the easy acquiescence in honor of the game. What did surprise him was the sudden awareness that flashed between the two men right before they kissed. He had sat forward, watching intently. Johnny had met Roy's bravado with assurance and...surprising intensity. When Johnny pulled Roy to him, he had wished for a moment that it was him, instead of Roy, under that mistletoe. He felt himself flush when, as they kissed, their bodies automatically aligned, hip to hip, chest to chest. Knowing what to look for, he saw them become aroused and, when they finally broke apart, he recognized the wordless communication that passed between them in an instant.

After that kiss, he sensed the imperceptible change to the younger paramedic and kept him in his sight as much as he could without looking obvious. He had watched carefully as the women kissed him, and had laughed with the others when Chet, Marco and Hank kissed him. A few times he had spoken to Johnny in passing, feeling him out. Finally, he managed to get Johnny alone for a few moments near the corner. When Sandy and Joanne got caught and had to kiss under the mistletoe, he pointed it out, watching Johnny carefully. As Johnny watched the women kiss, he finally pinned down what the women were unknowingly picking up on...sexual frustration.

Beneath that crooked smile and that smoky gaze, was a man on the edge. The games tonight had only served to bring it out where it could be recognized. Johnny's look was the same look he had seen repeatedly in bar after bar. It didn't matter if it was a gay bar or a straight bar, the look remained the same. He had to excuse himself immediately before he blurted out a question he may have regretted and headed for the bathroom. He ended up having to kiss Joanne on the way back. While she kissed pleasant enough, he felt nothing. That wasn't unusual considering he never had an interest in women.

He watched, and he waited. When he finally noticed Johnny beginning to watch who was by the mistletoe, he smiled. Johnny wouldn't be catching one of the women this time, he would make sure of that. When Johnny moved, he also moved, making sure he bumped Chet on the way to the buffet table, gaining his attention. Chet turned immediately and saw Johnny passing under the mistletoe. Mike almost smiled when Chet, unable to resist, exploded at Johnny's retreating back, "Gage! You got caught under the mistletoe!"

"Don't try to go anywhere, Mike. When Johnny baby gets done, you're going to be in for a treat." Chet smiled at him and winked.

Trying to look suitably embarrassed, Mike grabbed a soda from the nearby table and popped it open, purposely avoiding everyone's eyes. Being "forced" into the situation guaranteed he'd be able to kiss Johnny with everyone's approval. The fact that they expected a "real" kiss was to his benefit.

A strong arm flopped over his shoulder. Raising his eyes, he looked into the face of a very glassy-eyed Roy. "S'okay, Mike. It'll be over -fore you know it," Roy slurred in mock sympathy. The sloppy grin told him that Roy wasn't feeling the least bit sorry for him. "Johnny's a good kisser...tastes like jello," he added.

Johnny listened to the loud voices and catcalls as he rushed down the hall to the bathroom. Damn, he thought he'd timed his move well. He wouldn't have minded kissing Chet's girlfriend again. Slamming the bathroom door, he hurriedly relived himself. Moving to the sink, he froze when hands came around his waist and rested on the snap to his jeans.

"Chet sent me down to make sure you'd hurry. Looks like you could use a little help with that," he heard from behind him and saw Sandy's reflection in the mirror. She was on tiptoe looking over his shoulder.

"Sandy."

"Johnny," she said, pushing his hands away. "Let me help you with that."

Johnny watched Sandy's hands move, undo the snap, then slip down and grasp the zipper. Pulling it down slowly with one hand, she pulled his fly open with the other. Johnny didn't bother to stop her.

"Mmm, that looks promising," she whispered. Slowly she traced him through his briefs, smiling when he hardened immediately beneath her fingers. Slipping her hand in his waistband she pulled it away and allowed the tip of him to pop up into the open. He inhaled sharply as she ran her finger over him softly. "Look at what I found," she said, smiling at him through the mirror. Her other finger pushed down on his briefs exposing more of him to her gaze. It took everything Johnny had to not look down. If he looked down, he knew he would be lost.

"Hey, you coming or what, Gage?"

Sandy's hand stilled at the sound of Chet's voice coming down the hallway. "Not yet, hon," Sandy said softly. With an exaggerated sigh, she slipped the briefs back up and stepped back. Looking at Johnny through the mirror she winked. "Don't be long Johnny," she said.

Letting out a long breath that ended in a groan, Johnny quickly fastened himself up. For a minute, he stared unseeingly in the mirror. What was he supposed to be doing? Oh, yeah, washing his hands. He washed his hands and then turned the water to cold, putting his wrists under the running water. Sighing, he shut the water off and dried his hands. That didn't help much. Adjusting himself, he sighed when he heard Chet's voice booming down the hall again. What the heck does Chet want now? Oh yeah, Mike. I forgot. Suddenly, Johnny smiled at his reflection. Mike better get ready, he had a heck of a kiss coming his way.

"Jeez, Gage, what'd you do? Get lost in there?" Chet had gotten a good look at Sandy's face when she came down the hallway. There was no mistaking the aroused look in her eyes. He noticed quickly that Johnny's eyes had the same look. Turning he grabbed Mike by the arm and tried to pull him forward. When Mike didn't move, he looked up and then quickly let go. "Sorry man, but you gotta do the kiss just like the rest of us did."
Mike stared down at Chet for a minute wondering how long it would take him to choke Chet. Just when he decided to let him live, a hand on his shoulder distracted him. Looking up, he got a quick glance of dilated brown eyes just as Johnny's lips plowed into his own. His mouth was forced open and he felt strong hands wrap around his neck, holding him in place. When Johnny forced his tongue inside of his mouth, he felt an electric current run through his body that stopped right at the junction of his thighs. His hips pushed forward of their own accord. Quickly his hands came up and rested on Johnny's hips, nudging him closer. When Johnny's tongue found his own, he felt his body come to life. Thrusting his tongue back, he pressed his own tongue into Johnny's mouth tasting him while at the same time allowing his body to adjust to the contours of the body pressed against his own.

Blood rushed through his body and pooled in his groin and he felt himself grow hard. He groaned and thrust involuntarily against the sudden build up of pressure. Over and over his tongue plowed into Johnny's mouth, tasting him. Over and over he allowed Johnny's tongue to thrust back into his own mouth. The hand on the back of his neck kept him firmly in place even as his own hands kept their hips perfectly aligned. His entire body was concentrated on this one perfect moment.

At first, when Johnny saw Mike standing there staring down at Chet like he was going to start choking him at any second, he paused. It was rare to see Mike look at anyone with anything other than friendly interest. But tonight, for some reason, Mike seemed a little different to him. Not only had he had a few minor conversations with the quiet engineer, but several times he had looked around only to find Mike observing him. When Chet let Mike's arm go and stepped back, he smiled and decided to make his move. It was time to see if Mike would honor the rules of the game.

As soon as Mike's gaze shifted away from Chet, Johnny grabbed him and went right for his mouth. When Mike didn't pull back, Johnny quickly tuned out the whistles and cheers and concentrated on the task at hand. If Sandy hadn't played her little game in the bathroom, Johnny probably wouldn't have been so rough but he was still half aroused and as soon as he made contact, he pushed forward and forced Mike's mouth open, reaching around quickly to hold his head in place. As soon as his tongue made contact, he felt Mike's hands rest on his hips nudging him closer. When Mike's tongue shoved his aside and moved into his mouth, he felt his entire body surge forward.

He could have stood there forever just holding Mike, kissing him, feeling his hard body pressed up against his own. Again, his need for air was his making itself known. The slap on his back from someone had him pulling away abruptly.

Mike almost groaned when Johnny's mouth abruptly abandoned his own. Opening his eyes, he realized they were surrounded by the rest of the guys. Mike ignored the slaps on his back, trying to get a look at Johnny's expression, but he had already turned away. The only thing that he could see was the rapid rising and falling of his shoulders.

Johnny could almost feel Mike's stare boring into his back. He refused to turn around while he tried to catch his breath. If he did turn around, he would probably push everyone out of the way and try to get Mike to kiss him again. While that thought kept him aroused, it probably would raise a few eyebrows even amongst his drunk friends. Instead, he headed quickly towards the jello shots.

Mike watched Johnny walk away even as he smiled at the comments from his coworkers. He would give Johnny a few minutes to collect himself and then he would go and talk to him. He turned and saw Roy watching him.

"Surprising, wasn't it," Roy said quietly, his words slightly slurred.

"That he can kiss? No. Judging from everyone's reaction tonight, I kind of got the idea that he kisses well."

"No. That you felt something..."

Mike stood silent for a moment. "No," he said quietly. "I wasn't surprised." He was glad nobody else was listening.

Both of them looked over at the topic of their conversation. Johnny was laughing at something that Joanne said.

"I was," Roy said, watching as his wife flirted with his partner. "Surprised, I mean," he added.

"Hey Mike!"

Turning, Mike saw both Marco and Hank heading back towards him. "The ladies have had enough. I think it's time we took them home."

Mike smiled. "Alright. I'll grab the keys and meet you at the door when you're ready." He turned back to Roy. "I'll be back for Chet, Sandy and Johnny."

"Take your time, Mike," Roy said, reaching for a jello shot. He didn't mind Johnny staying longer. He popped it in his mouth quickly and then headed over to say his goodbyes, ignoring Mike's searching look.

As soon as Chet found out Hank and Marco were leaving, he took one look at Sandy and decided he needed to head out as well. He had a feeling he was going to get very lucky tonight.

"Hey Mike! You have room for two more?"

Mike tried not to look too pleased. If he took them all home now, he would be able to come back and maybe catch another kiss under the mistletoe. "Sure, Chet. Why don't you grab your girl and say your goodbyes."

Johnny looked a little disappointed. "Mike, if you want to drop me off at my place, that's fine. I don't want to take you out of your way."
"That's okay Johnny. You can stay if you like. I have to bring Roy's van back anyways. Besides, if I take you now, it's going to be a tight fit."
He smiled as Johnny's face brightened. Maybe he would come back and invite him out for the rest of the evening. "I'll be back as soon as I can."
He waited for Johnny's nod and then followed his passengers out to the van. Getting everyone settled and belted up, he turned his attention to his driving, while in the back of his mind, he thought about Johnny.

Johnny closed the door as the van pulled away. Turning, he saw that Joanne had already made her way back to the dance floor with Roy. When a slow song came on, he watched as they moved closer to each other automatically and circle their arms around each other. Making his way over to his favorite table, he grabbed a handful of jello shots and headed over to the sofa. Tossing himself down on it, he popped a shot in his mouth and played with it, using his tongue to roll it around in his mouth. He smiled when he saw Roy's hands drift down to Joanne's butt.

"Get a room, Roy," Johnny said in amusement.

"Only if you join us," came Roy's quick comeback. He bent his head and swiftly caught Joanne's mouth with his own.

Johnny watched with interest as Joanne responded immediately. He saw her grind her hips automatically into Roy's and smiled again. He knew he had done the same when Roy kissed him. Absently, he studied the kissing couple while he wondered how they had gotten to be such good kissers. Roy had told him that he and Joanne had been together since before high school. That didn't leave a lot of time for experimenting with others.

Feeling the call of nature, Johnny shoved the remaining jello shots into his mouth and headed down towards the bathroom. Knowing that Joanne and Roy were otherwise occupied, he didn't close the door, just hit the door with the back of his hand, sending it swinging halfway closed.

Closing his eyes in pleasure, he emptied his bladder, flushed, fixed himself and headed towards the sink. For the second time that evening he froze as hands came around him from behind. This time, it was Joanne looking back at him from the mirror.

"Roy said you may need some help," she said softly, her hands going to his waistband.

"He...uh...did?" Johnny hated the uncertainty in his voice.

"Mmm, yes he did. He told me to check on you and make sure you were okay. Are you okay, Johnny?" He watched in the mirror as her hand swiftly undid his jeans and slid the zipper down, spreading his fly open. "Mmm, briefs not boxers. That's interesting," she said softly, her hand slipping into his underwear.

Johnny stifled a moan as he felt Joanne's hand close around him. He doubted Roy considered this as "checking" but he couldn't say the words he needed to stop Joanne from touching him. It felt so good that a hand other than his own had a hold of him. It had been such a long time. He couldn't take his eyes away from the mirror as Joanne used her other hand to lower the front of his briefs until he was completely exposed. He watched as she took her hands off of his cock and eased the back of his jeans down.

"Why don't you turn around and let me get a good look at you?" came the husky request.

"I...uh...Roy...Joanne..." Johnny was beginning to lose the ability to think. He wanted those small hands back around him.

"Shhh, it's okay Johnny."

Johnny took a deep breath and let it out slowly. If he didn't stop this now, he knew he would regret it. "I...uh...can't...Roy..." His eyes widened as Roy appeared next to him in the mirror.

"Yes. You can," Roy's reflection said softly. Johnny watched in the mirror as Roy's reflection turned towards his reflection. "Johnny, look at me."

Johnny turned and looked into his partner's eyes.

"Yes, you can, it's okay," he repeated. His hands came out. Grasping Johnny by his shoulders he urged him to turn and face Joanne, moving him forward.

Johnny felt Roy slip behind him and pull him backwards into him, taking his weight. He felt Roy's hardness poking into his crevice through his slacks. He moaned as Roy's hand closed around his cock and held him. "Watch Joanne dance, Johnny," Roy's husky voice whispered in his ear.

Joanne began to dance in front of him, slowly swaying her hips back and forth. She moved closer to him, and reached for the hem of her dress. As she began to lift her dress upwards, he felt Roy bite down gently on the side of his neck. He couldn't believe this was happening. He felt his cock jump in Roy's hand and groaned when Roy bit his neck again in response.

"Do you think I'm hot Johnny?" Joanne whispered seductively, her dress now moving up past her waist as she gyrated her hips in circles.

"Do you think Joanne is hot, Johnny?" the husky voice whispered in his ear.

Johnny groaned and he felt himself twitch again. He inhaled sharply as Roy's hand moved up his cock and felt the wetness that was beginning to leak from him.

"I...uh...hot...yeah..." His eyes widened as Joanne pulled the dress up over her head. Her breasts were beautiful. Full and lush, her nipples were hard and pointy. "Let me..." Johnny whispered hoarsely to Joanne, reaching a hand out to her. He wanted to take those breasts in his mouth.
Joanne started in surprise as she heard Johnny's shout and a hot stream of fluid jetted into her face. All she did was stick her tongue out to taste.

Glancing over Johnny's shoulder, he saw that, despite the fact that Joanne wasn't even touching Johnny, the force behind Johnny's release was incredible. He felt an echo in his own body and couldn't help grinding against the tensed body of his partner.

Joanne started in surprise as she heard Johnny's shout and a hot stream of fluid jetted into her face. All she did was stick her tongue out to taste.
Johnny. She moved her face to the side and watched closely as the cock in front of her jerked, the tiny slit opened and another stream jetted forth. She never had the opportunity to watch Roy this close. Every time they had sex, it was in the dark, or underneath the covers or sheets. Looking up from her kneeling position, she stared at Johnny's face. His expression was one of surprise mixed with both pain and pleasure. She didn't feel pain when she had an orgasm, and she wondered if men were different. Her eyes took in the way her husband held Johnny through his orgasm and noticed he was as enthralled as she was with the expressions crossing Johnny's face as his body emptied out.

Johnny felt as if he fell into heaven and hell all in one shot. The force of his orgasm was almost painful and he couldn't help the shout that escaped him. For a moment, he couldn't see or hear anything. Other than the occasional wet dreams as a teenager, he had never had an orgasm without friction. He felt helpless as wave after wave of intense feelings rolled over him. The only part of his body that felt alive and active was the part between his legs...the rest of his body he couldn't even feel. He cried out again as more seminal fluid shot out of him and his cock jerked with the force.

When Mike entered the house, he was disappointed to find nobody in the living room and the house quiet. He tossed the keys on the table by the door and sighed. Roy's van had broken down less than ten miles away. There was no way he was going to be able to get a tow back to the house this late at night unless he wanted to stand around for hours.

He had taken the keys and walked the two blocks to the nearest gas station and called for three cabs. Returning to the van, he waited with the others, glad that they had finally calmed down and were more sleepy than talkative. After only ten minutes, the first cab arrived. He packed Hank and his wife and Marco and his girlfriend in one since they only lived blocks from each other and paid the cab driver up the estimated fare plus an ample tip. Five minutes later, the second cab pulled up. Into this one, he put Chet and Sandy. Again, he paid the cab driver the estimated amount along with an ample tip. It took another ten minutes before his cab showed up. Jumping in, he gave Roy's address.

Looking around the living room now, he wondered where Johnny had gotten to. Maybe they had all gotten tired and gone to bed. He stood there indecisively, trying to decide whether to leave or not, when he heard someone shout. It was Johnny, and it sounded like he was in pain. Before he could think, he was moving hurriedly across the living room and down the hallway. The only light on was the bathroom light. He hurried towards it when he heard another cry.

He stopped abruptly in the doorway, his eyes widening in shock. He couldn't move. Standing before him, Johnny was in the middle of one of the most intense orgasms he had ever witnessed. Johnny's head was thrown back resting on Roy's shoulder. The expression on his face was a mixture of pain and pleasure. His eyes were half closed, his mouth was open slightly, his neck and shoulder muscles were tense and his hands were tightly clenched fists.

Johnny cried out again, and Mike watched as a rope of seminal fluid shot out of Johnny's cock onto the floor by Joanne's bare feet. He hardened immediately; his eyes shot back to Johnny's face just as his eyes rolled backwards. He saw Roy tighten his grip and it was only then that he noticed Roy had his pants down and was slowly grinding into Johnny's ass. His eyes moved to the floor, took in Joanne's lack of clothing and immediately; his eyes shot back to Johnny's face just as his eyes rolled backwards. He saw Roy tighten his grip and it was only then that he noticed Roy had his pants down and was slowly grinding into Johnny's ass. His eyes moved to the floor, took in Joanne's lack of clothing and saw the seminal fluid on the side of her face.

Roy started when he saw Mike in the doorway. Being caught with his pants down around his thighs, his cock rubbing up and down the crack of his partner's ass, holding his partner firmly in place probably could be considered compromising, but judging from the way Mike's pants tented out in front of him, he understood immediately that Mike wanted to do a little...compromising...of his own. His cock jerked and reminded him of what he was doing.

"You want to help me out here, Mike?" he whispered hoarsely once Johnny finally relaxed against him, panting, his heart pounding so hard, Roy could feel the rhythm pulsating his entire upper body. He really didn't want Johnny to move. He liked rubbing himself up and down the crack of Johnny's tight, slick ass, but he had no knowledge of how to proceed further. He had never done anything like this before. It was probably best to surrender his partner to Mike.. Besides, he was still hard and his wife was waiting.

Roy didn't need to ask Mike twice.

Mike moved forward and slowly both men transferred Johnny's weight onto Mike. Mike just stood there and held Johnny, pressing the trembling body against his own. Johnny's breathing was heavy in his ear, and Mike could feel how hard Johnny's heart was beating. It was a strong, heavy beat, the kind that only comes after an adrenaline high, or a mind-blowing orgasm.

Roy moved out from behind Johnny, pulled his pants up just enough so that he could walk without impediment and bent swiftly to pick up his wife.He licked the semen that remained on her cheek, then kissed her, letting her taste it. When she wrapped her arms around his neck and shoved her tongue into his mouth, he groaned. After a moment, he gently lowered her to her feet, sliding her down the front of his body.

Quickly, Joanne knelt and pushed her husband's pants down, helping him out of them. She stood up and raised herself on tiptoe for another kiss. Behind her, she heard Mike whisper something to Johnny but forgot all about it when Roy's mouth slammed down into hers. For the first time in a long time, Joanne was hot for her husband and moaned, pressing herself against her husband's muscular, hairy body.

Mike held Johnny close, letting him hide his face in the crook of his neck while he tried to catch his breath. Running his hands down Johnny's damp back, he let his hands rest on the muscular buttocks. It was going to be now, or never.

"I came back for my kiss."

He tightened his grip, loving the feel of the silky soft skin that covered the defined, muscular ass.Johnny was still extremely hard. Mike slipped his hand down and lifted Johnny's cock up, then pressed forward, letting go when Johnny's cock aligned with his own. He ground his hips, letting Johnny feel his erection while at the same time, catching and keeping his cock between them. He traced Johnny's ear with his tongue and smiled slightly when Johnny shivered and turned his head slightly, giving Mike easier access.
As Joanne made her way down his body, Roy leaned against the wall and finally opened his eyes. He watched as Mike whispered something to Johnny and then ran his hands over his body. Mike's back was slightly turned towards him, and he stared at the sight of his clothed hips against Johnny's naked pelvis. He groaned and closed his eyes as Joanne took him into her mouth.

Despite the fact that he had just had the most incredible orgasm of his life, Johnny had months of abstinence behind him. He didn't remember when Mike showed up, nor did he care. All that he remembered was the promise in Mike's eyes earlier when they had kissed. The feeling of Mike's strong hands gripping his ass, the hardness of the erection aligned against his own, the feeling of that tongue against his ear fanned the embers that he thought had been extinguished moments ago.

He raised his head and looked into Mike's eyes. "Mike?"

"Don't think. Just feel," Mike whispered. "Let me love you." He pulled Johnny tighter against his hips and kissed him lightly.

"I need..." Johnny whispered then forgot what he was going to say when Mike gripped him hard and shoved his tongue into his mouth. His cock jumped. Johnny felt Mike's tongue searching for his own and quickly offered it, curling it around and following it back into Mike's mouth. He groaned when Mike sucked on it. He needed to feel...hunching backwards slightly, he reached between their bodies.

Unfastening Mike's pants, he slid his hands into the waistband and eased his pants down a little, freeing his erection, allowing it to slide up against his own. He groaned as he felt the heat of Mike hard against him. Sliding Mike's pants down as far as he could reach, he slid his hands back up and around to Mike's ass and held it tightly, pressing them together.

Mike shivered when Johnny reached between them and quickly freed him and then groaned when he felt strong hands grip his ass and yank him close, grinding their cocks together. He reached for Johnny's mouth again, needing to bury his tongue in his hot, wet mouth. Angling his head, he finally grabbed it and plunged his tongue back inside. Johnny's mouth tasted incredible to him and was so responsive to his invasion. Mike stubbed his tongue in and out, mimicking the rhythm his hips had established. He gasped into Johnny's mouth when hot hands slipped under his t-shirt and sweater and started feeling their way up his chest. Gasping for air, he broke off the kiss, grabbed at his sweater and shirt and yanked them off, groaning again as Johnny moved his head immediately lower and went right for his nipple.

When Mike took off his shirt, the sight of the puckered nipple nestled in the light brown hair had Johnny diving his head down quickly. Opening his mouth wide, he scraped with his teeth while his tongue swirled the nipple that poked out at him. Mike hissed and he pressed harder, finally settling his mouth gently around the nipple. He passed his tongue back and forth over the nipple then bit down gently. Mike's hands came behind his head and pulled him in closer. Johnny took the whole area in his mouth and sucked.

Mike was torn. Half of him wanted to stand there and let Johnny's mouth work magic on his chest, and the other half wanted to bury his cock somewhere within Johnny, his mouth, his ass, he didn't care as long as that incredible heat was wrapped around his cock in some way. Half of him wanted to take it slow, and half of him wanted to ram his cock into Johnny and find his release.

He put his arms under Johnny's shoulders and lifted him, standing him up. Johnny's eyes opened halfway and stared at him. Quickly Mike bent and shoved his pants down, kicking out of them and then he kneeled, reaching for Johnny's pants, now pooled at his ankles, helping him out of them. Still on his knees, he moved Johnny back so that ass was resting against the bathroom vanity.

Grasping Johnny's cock, he licked the head, twirled his tongue around the glans and then shoved his mouth down Johnny's cock until he was seated down his throat. He heard Johnny cry out and felt him jerk, pulling away. Holding Johnny in place by his hips, he lowered his mouth down again on Johnny until his lips were around the thick base of him. Pulling his head back, he sucked hard, drawing back further until only the tip remained in his mouth. He looked up and saw that Johnny's eyes were closed, his head thrown back, his hands gripping the vanity so tight, he could see the whites of his knuckles. Mike let the tip fall from his mouth, smiling as Johnny's cock lifted up instead of falling. His cock looked impossibly swollen, an angry red. Johnny jutted his hips forward, and Mike opened his mouth and took him in, slowly, deeper and deeper until Johnny's groin was pressed up against his lips again. He tried to swallow, felt Johnny's cock jump and then felt strong hands pulling on his head.

Roy opened his eyes just as Mike dropped down to take Johnny's pants off. He looked up and saw Johnny watching him through half closed eyes, saw them drop and look at Joanne sucking on him...and then Mike took Johnny in his mouth and Roy saw Johnny throw his head back and close his eyes. His cock twitched in Joanne's mouth as he watched Mike take Johnny swift and hard. He watched as Johnny turned slightly red and grabbed Mike's head, pushing his cock deep into his throat, crying out in surprise.

Johnny gripped Mike's head and held him in place as he exploded. Twice in less than ten minutes, he cried out, surprised by the intense orgasm. He jerked helplessly into the mouth that he was buried in, trying to push himself deeper each time his cock jerked and spit. He gasped, trying to pull air into his lungs and finally opened his eyes, looking right at Roy.

While the hard shaft one last time, Mike scooped up the remaining drops noticing that Johnny still wasn't getting soft. Standing, he pulled Johnny forward and then turned him around, pushing his back forward with his arm bending him towards the sink. Johnny put out his arms automatically on the sink to keep from falling.

Pulling Johnny's pants back on, Roy moved right up behind him and ran his cock up and down Johnny's slick crack. He reached forward, opened the medicine cabinet and spotted the Vaseline. Grabbing it, he popped the cover and scooped up a generous amount.

Johnny gasped as he felt Mike's fingers smear something on his ass. Turning his head, he saw the Vaseline sitting beside his hand. Mike's steady hand came down on his back as he went to stand. "Please...I need to be inside you..." Mike pleaded in a hoarse whisper. Johnny looked at Roy's reflection in the mirror. His eyes were locked onto his. Johnny relaxed the tension in his body immediately and allowed Mike to adjust him. The sound of Mike's voice, the steady hand on his back, and Roy's stare calmed him.
Grabbing more grease from the container up into his hand, Mike smeared another large amount right over Johnny's hole and began working it in, pushing the Vaseline in first with one finger, then with two. Once he could comfortably fit three fingers in the tight hole, he grabbed one last handful of Vaseline, placed a generous dollop on the head of his own cock and then spread the rest down his shaft. Moving quickly, he lined the head of his cock up with Johnny's hole and settled himself behind him, grabbing his hips securely. Pushing forward, he watched as his Vaseline-coated head popped easily into Johnny's ass. He waited for a second, then grabbed Johnny's hips tighter and pulled him back onto his cock, pushing forward slightly against the tightness. He couldn't take his eyes away from the sight of his cock disappearing into Johnny.

Roy raised Joanne quickly to her feet as soon as he saw Mike turn Johnny's body to face the sink and bend him over. He hurried her over to the sink and stood her next to Johnny, facing her away from him. Pushing her back down steadily, he waited only until her hands settled on the vanity and then he rammed his cock inside of her from behind, pulling her back into him. Joanne yelped and tried to pull away, but Roy held her hips tightly and shoved hard again, and then again.

Johnny braced himself when Mike's fingers began smearing jelly into his hole. Right at first, it felt uncomfortable, but it wasn't painful. The more Mike's fingers played with him back there, the better it began to feel. Then, the fingers were taken away and something large was pushed into his opening. He braced himself for the pain when Mike's hands gripped his hips hard. He felt his hole opening wide and then a sudden pop. Before he could decide whether that was okay or not, he felt Mike pulling him backwards onto his cock and felt it slide into him steadily until he felt the hair of Mike's groin pressed up against his buttocks. He still didn't feel any pain. He felt open, vulnerable, his cock felt swollen and heavy and he felt...hot. An amazing sense of heat seemed to come from the hard cock buried deep inside of him. He tightened his ass around it and felt Mike's cock jump inside of him.

Suddenly Joanne was shoved up beside him. He only caught a quick glance and then Mike pulled out of him and shoved back in, hard. He grunted and braced himself better so that he didn't get shoved into the sink. He saw Joanne's body jerk forward and heard her yelp and grab hard onto the sink.

Roy looked over and saw Mike's cock. He was huge. The sight of how far he had spread Johnny open amazed him. When Mike slammed into Johnny, almost pushing him into the sink, Roy shoved hard into Joanne. He glanced into the mirror. Johnny was staring back at him, his eyes unfocused, his face red, his mouth slightly open, panting. He groaned and shut his eyes when Mike shoved again. Roy matched his pace to Mike's and soon the sounds of damp skin slapping against damp skin was the only sound in the bathroom other than hard breathing and the occasional groan.

Johnny tried to hold on, to not cum again, but he knew he wasn't going to last much longer. He felt Mike reach around him and grab onto his cock, holding him. This time, it felt he orgasms building deep inside of him. Each time Mike rammed into him, he wanted to open himself up even further, have Mike inside of him even deeper. The feeling of having Mike holding him securely while he slammed his cock in and out of his ass was creating a fire inside of him he had never felt before. He felt himself losing control and started forcing himself back onto Mike's cock faster. He groaned when Mike quickened his pace and when Mike started stroking him in time to his thrusts, Johnny gave himself over to the intense sensations that began to overwhelm him.

"Mike...I..." he panted. He grunted when Mike pushed his upper back further down onto the sink and started jabbing at him furiously. He couldn't take it any more. He was breaking into a thousand pieces. "Mike!"

Johnny's urgent cry sent both Roy and Mike rushing to completion. Roy watched Johnny's face and felt his balls crawl up into his body as he slammed once, twice, three times into Joanne's hot pussy...and exploded, crying out harshly.

Mike heard Johnny cry out his name and felt his body tense. Stroking Johnny's cock, he felt it spasm. He groaned when Johnny's ass clamped down tight on his cock and watched as Johnny's semen began spurting and gushing out onto the sink. He let the sputtering cock go, grabbed onto Johnny's hips forcefully and plunged himself in hard, holding himself tight against the contracting ass as he had the most intense orgasm he had ever had in his life. Over and over he felt his cock explode into the moist recesses of Johnny's body.

Mike massaged Johnny's hips as he caught his breath. Feeling his cock soften, he carefully pulled out, leaving a trail of semen behind. Standing up, he reached forward and helped Johnny to stand, turning him around. Taking him into his arms, he held his trembling body, noticing for the first time how slick with sweat the both of them were. He nuzzled Johnny's neck and then looked down in amazement. Johnny was still hard and poking into him. Three orgasms in under an hour and the man was still hard. Laughing softly, he nuzzled into the slick neck again, darting out his tongue to taste the dampness.

Joanne had tried to reach completion, she had felt it building within her, but Roy had jammed into her and exploded, leaving her behind. It had felt good, but she felt a little left out.

Roy slowly pulled out of Joanne. He knew she didn't cum. As soon as he caught his breath, he would take care of her. He watched in the mirror as Mike gathered Johnny up into his arms nuzzling his neck. When Mike laughed softly and looked down, Roy noticed that Johnny was still hard. He looked at Joanne, and then back at Johnny's cock and finally looked down at his own limp cock. When Joanne went to stand up, he placed a quick hand on her back, holding her down.

He put a light hand on Mike's shoulder. When Mike turned towards him, Roy looked at Joanne, and then down at Johnny's hard cock. Mike nodded imperceptibly then turned back towards Johnny.

"You're not done yet," he whispered into Johnny's ear, smiling softly at the immediate shiver. "Joanne needs some help."

Johnny put his head up and opened his eyes, staring into the warm blue eyes. Mike was whispering. What did he say?

"Joanne..." Mike said again. Johnny shivered when he felt Mike's lips move against his ear.
What? Joanne? What was wrong with her? He saw Mike smile at him gently and turn him around.

Joanne was still bent over the sink, Roy's hand gently holding her down. What was wrong? Johnny felt as if he was someone else when Roy reached out his hand and gently grabbed his cock, pulling it towards him. Where Johnny's cock went, Johnny followed.

"Joanne didn't cum yet." Roy whispered softly, looking at his partner. Johnny seemed a little out of it.

Johnny looked down at Roy's hand on his cock, looked down at Roy's softening cock, and then looked over at Joanne. He was confused. "Who do you want me to fix, her...or you?"

Roy smiled and leaned forward slightly, gently kissing Johnny on the lips. "Her," he said softly, pulling again on Johnny's cock to move him into place.

His heart still beating strong from his orgasm and still slightly out of breath, Johnny followed Roy's guiding hand as he lined him up behind Joanne. When Roy let go, Johnny took a deep breath and, grabbing Joanne's hips lightly, he pushed himself slowly into her very wet pussy, groaning as her heat enveloped his sensitive cock. He held himself against her, letting her body get used to his invasion.

He looked down at her, saw the way her beautiful hair was pooled to the side and cascaded over the sink edge. He pulled out slowly and then sank himself back inside her again, and then again. He felt Joanne wiggle against him and on his next push, he grasped her soft hips a little tighter. He worked himself into a steady rhythm and built up the amount of force he used slowly.

Joanne knew that it wasn't Roy behind her. She knew it was Johnny. As soon as she felt his heel slide into her, she felt an arousing heaviness begin between her legs as if all the heat and blood in her body was pooling between her thighs. Her whole body rocked gently as Johnny stroked in and out of her, and she groaned when he picked up his pace and started pushing a little harder. When she felt his hand come around and cup her breast, massaging and tweaking her nipple, she gasped.

Mike flipped the lid and sat on the toilet watching Johnny push into Joanne. Johnny had an incredible ass, but he also had a nice cock, and he hoped that soon he would feel that cock inside of him. He glanced over at Roy. Roy had moved closer as soon as Joanne started moaning. It didn't take Johnny long to get her worked up, only a minute or two. Roy's eyes had widen when Joanne wiggled her ass back at Johnny.

Johnny massaged first one breast and then the other. Once he felt Joanne tighten around him more, he slipped one hand down and slid it through her slickness wetting his finger and then searched for her nub. Finding it, he touched it gently. Joanne jerked back onto his cock hard. She was sensitive. Removing his hand, he started back at the top of her slit and, using his whole hand, began massaging her firmly in a circular motion waiting for her breathing to increase. Within seconds, she was moving more and started panting lightly, tightening up more around him. Her hot, slick walls caressed his cock with a steady pressure that allowed him to slowly build up to his own climax...he got harder. He shut his eyes against the sting of sweat in his eyes and used his other hand to wipe at them.

Roy watched closely as Johnny pushed in and out of his wife. When Johnny wiped at his eyes, he suddenly realized that his partner's entire body was covered in sweat. Not wanting to miss anything, he reached his hand back for a towel, feeling along the rack until his hand reached it. He pulled at it until it came off the rack.

Johnny felt a towel on his face, wiping at his forehead, his eyes. He knew it was Roy. He opened his eyes as the towel wiped around his neck, swiped at his chest and then moved to his back. He noticed sweat on Joanne's back and bent to lick at it, not stopping the rhythm of his hand or his cock. Joanne's groan at his lick, the breathless quality of it told Johnny that she was getting closer. Moving his hand down slightly, his finger moved back into her slickness searching for her nub again. This time, when he touched it, she moved against him strongly, not jerking. She was ready.

Reaching for her, Johnny pulled her up with one hand. "Hold onto my neck," he whispered hoarsely in her ear. When Joanne's hands reached around his neck, he wrapped one arm around her chest and grabbed onto her breast, massaging it firmly while his other hand flicked back and forth like a tongue against her nub. The change in angle allowed his cock to massage her g-spot, and he started pumping into her hard, holding her in place.

Joanne felt the heaviness, the rush, the warmth... "Yes...oh yes...Johnny..." she moaned. She pushed herself against the cock sliding in and out of her harder and harder. She needed more. "Please...please...oh yes...please..." She threw herself back onto Johnny's cock, her legs as wide as she could get them, grinding and groaning. She cried out against the intense feelings that began deep within her and spread out quickly. She froze and let Johnny hammer into her, his hand working furiously against her. ...and then...she was there. She exploded around him. "Yes...oh GOD yes..." she screamed.

Johnny kept moving until he felt Joanne's hands, now digging into his neck, relax slightly. Taking her hands down from his neck, he turned her towards Roy, keeping himself inside her. "Hold her."

Roy reached out and took his wife gently in his hands. He thought Johnny was going to pull out, but Johnny didn't. Instead, he started moving again. Joanne groaned into his chest but didn't pull away from Johnny. Johnny moved in a little closer and grabbed Joanne's hips. He looked up at Roy, his eyes still at half mast and winked. Suddenly he started jabbing himself into Joanne's pussy, reaching his hand around to stimulate her as he did. Joanne tightened her arms around Roy, and incredibly, she came again, shouting her satisfaction into Roy's chest.

Johnny pulled out of Joanne and just stood there, looking at Roy. When Roy didn't move, he reached out and took Joanne from his arms and turned her around, settling her back in front of him. "Hold her up," Johnny said softly. He moved forward and hitched one of Joanne's legs around him. Roy suddenly realized what he was going to do and held his wife up when Johnny reached for her other leg and pulled her open, holding her hips up while he lined up his cock and shove himself back inside of her. Roy watched closely as Johnny tried several different angles. When Joanne gasped, he kept the same position and started slamming into Joanne. Roy felt the force of his pounding as his wife's body
enough, Johnny was moving back and forth in a smooth rhythm, his head lolling heavily on his shoulder. He was getting tired, time to pick up tightly. Each time he pulled out, he had to force himself to wait. Pushing in, he felt as if he was home, pulling out he felt a sense of loss. Soon out, when Johnny's ass moved back towards him, he pushed it in to the hilt. Every time he pushed in, Johnny's silken walls caressed his cock.

Mike felt Johnny begin to move and stepped closer, allowing Johnny to set the pace. When Johnny pushed towards Roy, Mike pulled his cock back. He nearly jumped out of his skin when his cock was suddenly enveloped by Roy's mouth. He looked down and saw his cock disappearing past Roy's lips and into his mouth. He groaned. He didn't need to wonder anymore. Roy's mouth felt wonderful. It wasn't the same as Mike's obviously experienced mouth, but it felt wonderful nonetheless. He dropped his hand gently and laid it on Roy's wet head. Roy glanced up but didn't stop. Mike turned Johnny around in his arms and held is wet body silently. He could still feel Johnny poking him in his hip. Looking down, he smiled when he saw that Johnny's cock was only half-mast now. They were making progress.

When Johnny finally caught his breath, Mike smoothed back the damp locks on his forehead and looked into brown, tired eyes. Smiling, he sat Johnny on the toilet seat and went and turned on the shower, adjusting the temperature. He helped Johnny into the shower and under the spray. Letting Johnny lean against him, he grabbed the soap and began lathering him up, loving the feel of his hands slipping up and down Johnny's body.

Feeling a draft of air, he turned around and saw Roy through the half open curtain. He felt Johnny's head lift and saw him staring at Roy quietly. He knew Johnny had strong feelings for Roy. To deny him the opportunity to find out just how much would be wrong. He could give them that it was finished for the evening. When Mike's cock slipped in between his cheeks and began poking for his hole, he bent forward slightly to let himself go.

He nearly jumped out of his skin when his cock was suddenly enveloped by Roy's mouth. He looked down and saw his cock disappearing past Roy's lips and into his mouth. He groaned. He didn't need to wonder anymore. Roy's mouth felt wonderful. It wasn't the same as Mike's obviously experienced mouth, but it felt wonderful nonetheless. He dropped his hand gently and laid it on Roy's wet head. Roy glanced up but didn't stop. Roy stepped under the spray and let the warm water cascade over his back. With the amount of alcohol he had consumed, and one orgasm under his belt, he didn't think he was going to be able to do anything. Still, he wanted to try before this night was over. He may never get another chance judging from the way Mike was tending to Johnny.

When he was wet, he turned and saw that Mike had shifted Johnny around so that he was between them. Mike handed him the soap and gently turned Johnny around in his arms. Johnny opened his eyes and stared at Roy when he began soaping up his chest. Slowly he reached out his hand and cupped Roy's face. Leaning forward, he gave Roy a soft kiss, licking his bottom lip, and then released him, resting back against Mike.

Roy slowly soaped Johnny's front, moving the soap slowly around his chest and up his arms. He noticed that the more he soaped Johnny, the harder Johnny got. Didn't the man ever go soft?

Once he covered Johnny's upper body in suds, he bent and starting at Johnny's feet, he worked his way up, soaping and rubbing, enjoying the feeling of surprising silky skin that covered hard muscle. When he finally reached Johnny's hard cock, he soaped it up gently, making sure that he didn't miss an inch of skin anywhere. Johnny pushed against his hand, but didn't reach down or push again, so he just continued the soapy massage.

Roy's hands on him felt nice at first. The nice turned into warm and then the warm turned into enticing. Roy kneeling right in front of his cock had him wondering what Roy's mouth would feel like wrapped around him. He pushed against him but Roy just continued washing him. That was okay. He was tired anyway and didn't think he had anything left in him.

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Mike looked over and saw that Roy had finally decided to take the plunge. He reached for another bar of soap and worked up a thick lather, spreading it on his crotch and cock, and then soaped up Johnny's ass. As he felt Johnny begin a gentle grinding, he slipped his fingers into Johnny's crack and started feeling for his hole. Slipping his fingers inside, he realized that Johnny was still pretty loose from earlier. Putting more soap suds on his fingers, he worked quickly, loosening Johnny up enough to accept his cock again.

Between Roy's mouth and Mike's fingers, Johnny felt a flash of heat run up and down his body. Apparently his body disagreed with the idea that it was finished for the evening. When Mike's cock slipped in between his cheeks and began poking for his hole, he bent forward slightly to help. Mike slipped in and again, Johnny felt a little discomfort, but no pain. Roy's mouth slipped down over his cock again just as Mike pushed his entire length into his body. Pinned between both men, Johnny started moving back and forth between the two slowly.

Mike felt Johnny begin to move and stepped closer, allowing Johnny to set the pace. When Johnny pushed towards Roy, Mike pulled his cock out, when Johnny's ass moved back towards him, he pushed it in to the hilt. Every time he pushed in, Johnny's silken walls caressed his cock tightly. Each time he pulled out, he had to force himself to wait. Pushing in, he felt as if he was home, pulling out he felt a sense of loss. Soon enough, Johnny was moving back and forth in a smooth rhythm, his head lolling heavily on his shoulder. He was getting tired, time to pick up help. Mike slipped in and again, Johnny felt a little discomfort, but no pain. Roy's mouth slipped down over his cock again just as Mike pushed his entire length into his body. Pinned between both men, Johnny started moving back and forth between the two slowly.

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Johnny's first thought when he opened his eyes in the dimly lit room was that he felt warm and toasty. Still sleepy, he shivered when he felt Roy's breath against his cheek. The bed moved, and Roy lowered his head even further on his cock, and he felt Roy's hand move under his ball, feeling around the opening of his ass, feeling how Mike was slipping in and out of him. The combination was too much for him. The tingling spread down at his toes somewhere, and his fingers felt numb. As the tingling spread up quickly, the numbness and sense of weightlessness spread downward. Everything met in the middle, and he held his breath as the heat built up quickly in his groin and boiled over. Groaning, he felt himself jerk. White heat poured out of him into Roy's mouth, his ass melted around Mike's cock.

Mike felt Johnny's ass grab onto his cock then felt the rhythmic pulsing tightening and releasing around him. He groaned as his own orgasm was triggered and pressed in hard, holding himself tight against Johnny as he began emptying himself deep into Johnny's body again.

Roy reached out quickly to grab him and held him up until Mike grabbed him around the waist. Roy breathed out a sigh of relief as the heat poured out of him into his lover's mouth. Roy's mouth, his ass melted around Mike's cock.

While Roy sucked and slurped and ran his tongue around Johnny's cock until he felt Johnny move away slightly. He gripped Johnny's cock tightly and milked the remaining drops, licking them away. He watched as Johnny's cock quickly began to soften. It's about time.

Mike bit Johnny on the shoulder, and gently pulled his softening cock out. He met Roy's eyes when Roy stood up. Twisting slightly, he looked down and saw that Johnny's cock was quickly becoming limp. It's about time.

Roy smiled at Mike as if he knew exactly what he was thinking. Turning his attention to Johnny, he noticed that Johnny's eyes were closed. When Mike moved backwards to separate himself from Johnny, Johnny's knees buckled softly, and he began a slow slide down Mike's body. Roy reached out quickly to grab him and held him up until Mike grabbed him around the waist.

Johnny felt as if he was floating, falling. He didn't notice hands grabbing him, stopping his fall. He didn't feel the quick soaping and rinsing he was subjected to, and he didn't feel the gentle finger that slipped into him, fingering him lightly, checking for damage. He didn't open his eyes as he felt his body lifted, he just floated.

Mike cradled Johnny in his arms and quickly followed Roy into the bedroom, depositing his sleeping burden on the bed. Johnny may be lanky and thin, but he was all muscle and wasn't light. He pulled the covers over Johnny's naked body and slipped in next to him. He rolled Johnny to his side, slipped the pillow under his head and curled up behind him not bothering to acknowledge Roy's comment that they talk in the morning. Kissing Johnny on the back of his neck, he settled his head behind Johnny's on the pillow and closed his eyes.

Lying there quietly, he held Johnny close, his arm snugly around the slim waist. He felt the bed moving as Roy settled in and, after a brief rustling of sheets, the bed finally went still. He lay there, not moving, enjoying the warmth of Johnny's body. After a few minutes, he could hear Roy's breathing even out as he fell asleep.

If Chet were here right now, Mike would probably have kissed him. He doubted that without that mistletoe game, Johnny would be lying naked in his arms right now. He moved his hands from around Johnny's waist, snuggled closer, moving his softened cock up against Johnny's ass and rested his hand on Johnny's hip. Inhaling deeply, he kissed the back of Johnny's neck.

Mike didn't have anyone special in his life. His last relationship had ended when he made Engineer at Station 51. Not liking the fact Mike refused to acknowledge their relationship outside the confines of the bedroom, and hating the fact that Mike put his career first, his lover had broken off that relationship.

While Roy had moved on, Mike had thought about them. He had thought about the past, about the time he had been with Johnny. He had thought about the present, the time they were together. He had thought about the future, what they could be together. He had thought about the past, about the time he had been with Johnny. He had thought about the present, the time they were together. He had thought about the future, what they could be together.

He listened to Johnny's even breathing and thought about possibilities. Good looks and fabulous body aside, Johnny was the most complex man he had ever met. Being the "quiet" man on A-Shift gave Mike the leeway to observe the interaction of the others. He had spent double the amount of time trying to figure Johnny out than he did for the rest of the guys on the shift. Johnny was a study in contrasts and contradictions. Roy had the feeling that, even after working with him as long as he had, he didn't really know him. He guessed that tonight was a good example of that. He never for one moment thought that Johnny would ever allow a man to touch him as he had. True, Roy had him in his arms when he walked in, but that was different. Johnny's relationship with Roy was, well, different. Until tonight, Mike knew there had never been anything physical between them, their reaction to their first kiss told him that.

Johnny shifted slightly in his arms, drawing Mike out of his thoughts. Raising his head, he propped his elbow on the bed and looked down. Johnny's eyes were blinking slowly in the soft light. Mike stroked the hip beneath his hand and pressed himself against the warm body. He dropped his head, biting Johnny's neck gently.

Johnny's first thought when he opened his eyes in the dimly lit room was that he felt warm and toasty. Still sleepy, he shivered when he felt Roy's mouth against his cheek.
Mike nibbled on Johnny's neck and slid his hand up Johnny's smooth skin to his chest. Moving his hips back slightly, he let his cock straighten and then pushed it between Johnny's thighs. His hand moved over Johnny's chest, down his stomach and towards his groin. Pulling his hips back, he pushed in again, noting that Johnny's thighs were smooth and lacked body hair. His cock, cocooned in silky warmth, hardened completely.

His hand threaded its way down through Johnny's springy pubic hair and found his growing cock. He grasped it gently noticing with satisfaction that it was hardening quickly. He felt Johnny push himself into his hand.

"Wait," Mike whispered. He got up quickly, retrieved the Vaseline from the bathroom and slid back into the bed.

In seconds, Johnny felt Mike's hand back on him, smoothing on something warm, slippery and wet. At the same time, he felt Mike's cock push back between his thighs. It too was now as slippery as his own cock. He felt Mike's lips at his ear. His breath sounded fuller now as he pushed against his thighs, moving his cock in and out.

Mike's sure hand strokes felt good, better than good. It was as if Mike knew exactly how he liked it...how firm, how fast. To Johnny, it was as if he was stroking himself. He groaned when Mike stopped and pulled away from him.

Guiding Johnny onto his back, Mike moved over him and aligned their cocks, pushing their groins together. Moving one leg between Johnny's thighs, Mike nudged until Johnny opened his legs. He settled between them, still sliding their cocks against each other. Reaching one hand down, he took Johnny's hand and brought it towards him.

"Touch me," he encouraged in a soft whisper when Johnny hesitated. He bit back a groan when Johnny's untutored hands began moving over him tentatively at first and then harder when he bent down and captured Johnny's lips with his own. Letting Johnny take his weight, he moved his hands down to Johnny's hips. Reaching under, he grabbed an ass-cheek in each hand and, pulling up, he ground down hard, creating more friction and pressure. Breaking off the kiss, he let his head fall down over Johnny's shoulder as he pumped their groins together, groaning softly when Johnny's strong hands swept down his back and closed over the globes of his own ass, pulling him down against him harder.

Johnny relaxed when Mike took his hand and then encouraged him to touch him. Tentative at first, he noticed immediately that Mike's skin was more firm than a woman's skin, not as soft. As he began his exploration, he decided that he liked the shifting of hard muscle underneath his hands. Mike kissed him and pumped against him and Johnny felt his need begin to grow. He ran his hands firmly up and down the muscular back, his fingers and palms tracing the soft bumps and indentations while he concentrated on playing with Mike's tongue.

Johnny felt his desire surge when Mike pulled his mouth away, buried his face into his shoulder and rested his weight on him. He groaned at the increased pressure and friction when Mike's hands slid underneath his ass and pulled him upwards. His hands flowed down Mike's back and grasped at his moving buttocks, pulling Mike down harder as he pressed upwards, their wet cocks sliding against each other between them.

The bed began to rock and sway gently as they pressed and pushed against each other; their breathing becoming labored and more audible in the quiet room. Both men were so involved they failed to notice they had wakened one of the occupants in the bed.

Roy opened his eyes when he felt the bed move. Turning his head, he saw one man's body lying atop another. Raising his eyes, he saw that it was Mike on top, Johnny beneath. His cock stirred at the unfamiliar sight. He watched Mike dive down and catch Johnny's mouth, saw Johnny respond eagerly, saw him thrust upwards into Mike as he reached down and grasped the moving buttocks. He felt the bed movement increase as the two men squirmed against each other. The sounds of their heavy breathing and the occasional muted groans had his cock tightening, pushing up against the sheet. Seeing Johnny like this, beneath Mike, his legs open, Mike's hips aligned with his, his legs between Johnny's...Johnny responding so freely to Mike's attention, got him hot and horny.

His eyes widened in appreciation when Mike lifted himself off Johnny and surged backwards, his ass moving into the air as his mouth dropped down and took Johnny's cock into his mouth. He watched Johnny freeze, his jaw tense...and then, Johnny's hands grasped Mike's head and held him while he jerked upwards and held himself there, suspended, crying out softly, hoarsely, through clenched teeth as his body erupted. Roy watched Mike's throat convulse and knew that he was swallowing every drop. Johnny held Mike there, his arms trembling and then, when he was finished, his body slowly dropped, and Roy could see how Johnny's cock glistened as it emerged from Mike's mouth.

He felt his cock twitch when Mike gave Johnny's cock one last lick. Mike crawled back up Johnny's body and teased Johnny's mouth with his tongue. When Johnny's tongue darted out to meet Mike's, Roy could see that Mike had held some of Johnny's semen for Johnny to taste. He almost groaned seeing the milky substance shared back and forth between the two men.

Mike finally drove his tongue down into Johnny's mouth, sealed his lips over Johnny's mouth and then groaned when Johnny's lips slipped around his tongue and sucked on it. He ground himself into Johnny, reminding him he wasn't finished. Johnny sucked his tongue even harder.

Reaching one hand down, he grabbed Johnny just under his knee and drew his leg up and open, pressing into him, letting him know what he wanted. He wanted when Johnny released his tongue and bit his bottom lip. He grunted in satisfaction when Johnny plunged his tongue up into his mouth and raised his other leg voluntarily, allowing Mike more freedom to swirl his hips and grind his cock.

"Turn over," Mike whispered, pulling his mouth from Johnny's. Both men turned their heads at the small groan and movement from next to them.

Roy quickly closed his eyes before they saw he was awake and turned on his side, facing both men, feigning sleep. He concentrated on keeping his breathing abnormally slow and even.
Mike and Johnny watched Roy for a moment. When he didn't move again and his breathing remained slow and even, they thought he was still asleep.

Mike moved back and urged Johnny silently to turn over for him. When Johnny rolled over, Mike grasped Johnny's hips securely pulling his ass into the air. Johnny realized Mike wanted him on his knees and quickly complied. Mike slid one hand up and urged Johnny to lower his upper body to the bed while his ass stayed in the air. Once Mike positioned Johnny the way he wanted, he ran his hands over Johnny's back and down to his ass several times, enjoying the sight of Johnny kneeling open before him. Moving back, Mike lowered his head and licked Johnny once from his balls all the way up to the small of his back, like ice cream on a cone.

Johnny wanted to melt into the mattress when Mike licked him from bottom to top. The tongue was wet, hot, and knowing that it was Mike's tongue made his soft cock twitch in interest.

Mike licked him again, bottom to top, and then again. By the time Mike licked Johnny the fourth time, Johnny was relaxed and pushed back lightly into his tongue. Leaning down over the side of the bed, he grabbed the lube again and put it by his leg. Grabbing Johnny by his hips, he held him firmly and slid his tongue along his ass crack, stopping at his hole. He licked around it, circled it, licked over it...and then darted his tongue inside, firming up his grip when Johnny jerked and pushed into his mouth. He darted his tongue in and out repeatedly, then licked along Johnny's ass crack, returning to tongue the hole when Johnny kept trying to line it up with Mike's tongue.

Licking into Johnny's hole again, he grabbed the lube and spread some on his fingers. He moved his face away and slowly replaced it with a wet finger. He pushed it in and swirled it around, lowering his head to lick and bite at Johnny's ass cheek. When Johnny pushed back slightly, he added a second finger, and lowered himself to lick and suck at Johnny's perineum, swirling his tongue quickly around, wetting everything in its path.

He swirled and pushed, pulled out and pulled back in, loosening Johnny up for his cock. Johnny was so hot earlier in the bathroom, so...over the edge, he hadn't needed a lot of attention. But Mike wanted to give him that attention now...to let him know how good it felt...the build up. He added a third finger when his two fingers moved easily and without resistance. As he licked at Johnny's balls he noticed that Johnny's cock was beginning to grow again.

Removing his fingers, he tongued Johnny again while he generously slathered his cock with lube. Finally, he straightened. Holding his cock down in line with Johnny's hole, he inched forward and eased the head of his cock right up against it. Holding himself there, he grasped Johnny's ass-cheeks firmly and pushed, pulling Johnny gently back. His head stretched the hole open and popped in quickly. He stopped, moving his hands to Johnny's hips.

"Push against me, bear down, it will open you for me," Mike whispered when he felt Johnny clamp around him. He broke out into a light sweat, forcing himself to remain still. It took all of his concentration to refrain from shoving himself deep inside of Johnny. The clamping eased up as he felt Johnny bear down and push backwards. He groaned and began breathing heavily through his nose when Johnny's ass slowly devoured his cock, swallowing it completely.

Johnny swallowed and buried his head in the pillow, his hands grabbing and squeezing at the sheeting on the bed. There was a tree up his ass. When Mike had first licked him, the feeling had been incredible. He hadn't realized he was so...sensitive back there. The feeling of his tongue slipping in and out had his cock hard in seconds, and when his fingers replaced his tongue and started twisting in and out of him, his cock began thumping between his legs, begging for attention. He felt a sense of loss when the fingers left him. Then, Mike's tongue returned and shoved in and out of him, his cock jerked wildly as if it was getting direct attention from the squirming tongue. Right after the tongue left him, he felt an incredible stretching and widening, and then a pop. His ass tightened in surprise. When Mike told him to push against him and bear down, he remembered the incredible feelings that had rushed through him in the bathroom when Mike had started fucking him, and he quickly complied. Slowly he pushed himself backwards until he couldn't go back any farther, and he felt the heat of Mike's crotch against his behind. Burying his face in the pillow, he grasped at the sheets and tried to slow his breathing. He didn't move. If he moved, he would come. He just crouched there, his ass in the air, the huge dick up his ass, and breathed in through his nose and out through his mouth. Mike's hands were hard and firm on his hips, holding him still and in place.

Roy had peeped open his eyes when Mike and Johnny had started moving again. He watched through eye-slits as Johnny allowed Mike to position him with his face in the pillow and his ass in the air. Roy's hand crept to his cock even as he wished Johnny would turn his face towards him so that he could get an idea of how he felt. He heard Johnny gasp when Mike started licking him and when Mike started using his fingers, Roy watched as Johnny pushed himself into the pillow, and his hands tightened around the sheeting. When he saw Johnny comply with Mike's whispered directions and saw him pushing himself back onto Mike's cock, his grip on his own cock tightened.

Mike held himself against Johnny, frozen in place. He had counted to one hundred and stared at the wall-paper above the headboard with such intensity, he felt as if the pattern was burned in his memory forever.

Come on Johnny, love... move...wiggle your ass...moan...raise your hand...your head...move a toe...something...you're so tight...I'm not going to last long.

"Johnny?" No answer. Mike started over at the number one. One, one-thousand...

Johnny didn't acknowledge the hoarse whisper. His cock, full and heavy, hung beneath him and was ready to explode at the tiniest movement. He tried reciting his times-tables but the only part he could remember was...one times one is one...one times one is one. He recited it repeatedly as he tried to slow his breathing.

Nine...fuck it! Reaching around, Mike grasped Johnny's cock and was unprepared when Johnny jerked back against him. He let go and grabbed Johnny's hip and then groaned, unable to help himself. Instantly both men moved into motion. Johnny pulled away. Mike pulled him back. Mike
pulled away, Johnny pushed back. When Johnny's ass clenched tightly around Mike's cock and began spasming, Mike tightened his grip and pushed Johnny forward into the bed flat, ramming his cock in and out with speed and force as he reached for his own orgasm. He bit down on Johnny's shoulder and then slammed in brutally, holding himself tight against Johnny as his cock exploded deep into the recesses of Johnny's ass. He cried out involuntarily, shaking as his cock emptied itself.

Roy had started stroking himself when Mike and Johnny froze, locked together. When they both started moving abruptly, Roy groaned and pumped himself faster. His cock spurted onto the sheets when Mike cried out.

Johnny slipped into sleep, Mike panting heavily in his ear, his entire weight still resting heavily on his back.

It took Mike several minutes to catch his breath. Raising his head, he looked down and realized Johnny fell asleep. Kissing him gently, he eased his weight off and slowly pulled out. Feeling incredibly lethargic, he shifted himself off Johnny and slid off the bed.

Heading quietly into the bathroom, he cleaned himself off then dried himself. Spotting his boxers on the floor, he slipped them on. Grabbing a washcloth, he moistened it and went back to the bedroom. Gently, he washed Johnny, not bothering to move him to wipe the bed. Dropping the cloth on the floor, he grabbed the sheet, settled himself quickly beside Johnny, covered them both and was asleep in seconds, his arm thrown over Johnny's back.

When he opened his eyes again, the sun was shining into the room, and the bed was empty. Damn. Jumping up, he found his clothes piled neatly on a nearby chair and got dressed. He followed the scent of coffee to the kitchen.

Joanne and Roy sat at the kitchen table quietly, not speaking, both holding their coffee cups carefully.

"Where's Johnny?" Mike asked, keeping his tone carefully neutral and almost winced as two sets of bloodshot eyes turned towards him. Roy looked a little green. Joanne looked...pale.

"He was already gone when we got up. Want some coffee?"

Mike nodded and watched as Roy gingerly got up and filled an empty cup.

"Excuse me," Joanne croaked. Getting up, she rushed from the room.

Roy grimaced but didn't follow. He handed Mike his coffee and sat down with a heavy sigh.

Sipping at his coffee, Mike watched Roy and waited.

"Mike, we need to talk...about Johnny."

Mike sighed. Let the games begin.

The End...for now.

A follow-up story "Pieces of Mistletoe" has been outlined, but hasn't been started. And I probably won't start it until I fix this.
Chapter 3: Road Rutting

AN: This was an idea that was going to go in a new story, but I never developed it past this one scene.

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Road Rutting by LadyPrudence

He skidded to a stop by the side of the road near a clump of trees. He grabbed at the door-handle and ripped it back. Rain slashed against the door as he got out, and he was drenched to the skin in seconds. Slamming the door, he rounded the car and ripped open the passenger door. Reaching down, he grabbed for the muscular arm and pulled, nearly yanking the man out onto the pavement, and then slammed the door closed.

Two shoves and the drenched body in front of him slammed against the car. He reached around grabbing for the belt buckle. His hands slipped twice in the pouring rain before he finally managed to get it undone. Quickly, he ripped open the zipper and yanked open the fly. He grabbed the waistband and tugged hard. Inserting his hands between underwear and skin, he pulled again until the curved muscular buttocks were exposed to him and the driving rain.

Breathing heavily, he quickly undid himself, letting his hard cock spring up between them. He leaned in and bit the exposed bit of neck, tasting rain and aroused male, while he pulled the butt-cheeks open. Reaching down, he grabbed his cock and pushed for entrance between the slippery cheeks. A groan came vibrating through his chest from the body in front of him. He pushed harder, demanding entrance and then groaned as ass muscles gave way and he sliced inside. The ass pushed back at him, urging him on. Wrapping one arm around lithe bared hips, he grabbed on to a hank of wet hair and pulled back, exposing the tanned neck, and bit down as he began to thrust inside the hot tunnel.

Bodies moved and buckled against each other, rutting against the car furiously in the pouring rain until the heat built to a fever pitch. With one final shove, he buried himself and cried out as he exploded deep within the hot depths. He gasped for breath and then reached around. He tugged and stroked until he heard his lover shout, and then the ass that held his cock began to spasm and he groaned as his cock was squeezed of its last bit of semen.

They leaned against the car, breathing hard, for several minutes. When the body he was connected to suddenly shivered, he gently pulled out and quickly fixed himself, and then pulled up his lover's pants and covered the exposed buttocks. He turned his lover around and kissed him deeply and then, taking his hand, he urged him toward the car, and home.

End.

(2011/04/11)
Chapter 4: Summer Fling

AN: A story involving Roy, Johnny and Mike and a case of mistaken identity. Like all "write as you go" stories, it needs an overhaul.

Summer Fling by LadyPrudence

"Did you pick up the costumes?" Mike asked as soon as Johnny walked into the locker room.

"I told you I would," Johnny said, hurrying to his locker. "They're in the jeep." He quickly started changing. "Man, I can't believe my date canceled on me," he said, slipping the t-shirt over his head. "I'm going to be the only one without a partner."

"Joanne's not going. You can hang out with Roy," Mike said. He grinned when Johnny rolled his eyes and then shrugged. "So pretend for the evening that he's all yours."

"Jeez, Mike. Gimme a break."

"Johnny, you do it to yourself. Roy's the most laid back man I've ever met. He's not going to care. And, he's your best friend. Just tell him."

"Uh-uh, Mike. Been there. Done that. There's nothing worse that telling your best friend that…well, there's nothing worse than that. Besides, everything is fine just like it is."

"Yeah, sure. How many cold showers can a guy take in one day."

Johnny grinned. "As many as he needs to, Mike. As many as he needs to…"

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The shift was pretty normal, nothing earth shattering happened. They only got called out once during the night. All in all, Johnny felt pretty good as he once again stood in front of his locker. "So, are you going to tell me what you're going as tonight?" he asked Roy, when he walked into the locker room.

Roy sighed. "Benjamin Franklin. I knew that I should have gone with Joanne when she went to rent those costumes."

Johnny snorted. "I'd rather go naked, than go as an old, fat dude."

Roy conceded the point. "What did you say you were going as?" Roy asked.

Johnny rolled his eyes. Didn't Roy ever listen? "A pirate, Roy, a pirate. Mike's going as the Phantom of the Opera; Chet's going as Tarzan; Cap's going as Captain Hook; and Marco's going as St. Anthony." Why Marco would go as a religious figure was beyond him. He was never going to get a date if he kept that up.

Roy nodded and started unbuttoning his shirt, staring at his partner. He wished he was going as a pirate. Hell, he wished he was going as anything other than Benjamin Franklin. Chet hadn't found out yet, but as soon as he saw him, the cracks would begin.

"Something wrong?" Johnny asked, he looked down at his chest wondering if Chet had pulled a fast one on him.

Roy sighed. "I have to drop Joanne and the kids off at her mother's today, so it all depends on the traffic."

Johnny closed his locker. "Okay, well, I'll see you there then." He turned and headed out quickly. He needed to stop by the feed store on the way home.

Roy turned when Mike pushed the door open and walked in. "Hey Mike."

"Hey Roy," Mike said quietly as he passed by.

Roy finished getting changed. Johnny had told him Mike had recently gotten dumped. He felt bad for him. Mike was so quiet and never really talked about his personal life at the station, unlike Johnny who's life seemed to be an open book. Closing his locker, he went to talk to Mike for a few minutes before he left.

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Johnny watched the couples dance and looked at his watch. He'd been there since seven. It was already ten and neither Roy nor Mike had shown
up yet.

He watched Tarzan paw at Jane. Chet sure made for a hairy Tarzan. The sneakers ruined the whole effect. He saw Cap twirling his wife around; she was laughing. Cap had come as Captain Hook, Elaine had come as Wendy.

His eyes traveled around the room watching as couples sneaked off to various corners or hid behind the strategically placed palms. Dixie, dressed as Elvira, Mistress of Doom, was paired up with Dr. Brackett, who was dressed as Dr. Frankenstein. Johnny thought he cheated. He didn't do anything more than put his lab coat on and strap that mirror onto his head.

He checked his watch again and sighed. It was getting late. Roy probably wouldn't even show. He really couldn't blame him given the costume he had to wear.

He searched the room again for Mike. Mike had just broken up with his boyfriend and had been pretty down lately. He was going to take Mike out back into the gardens and give him a little surprise; let him live one of his fantasies.

Johnny didn't have anyone special. He and Mike used to hang out together, cruise the gay bars, check out the clubs but all stopped when Mike got serious with someone. Johnny smiled. Tonight he was going to blow Mike's mind; get his mind off his problems.

He headed over to the bar, got a refill and headed outside to the garden. Standing at the top of the stairs, he looked around and chose a spot; dark and secluded, it would work nicely. He stood outside and finished his drink.

"Johnny!"

Johnny turned around and smiled. Mike had made it. "I didn't think you'd show." Putting the glass in his hand down, he grabbed Mike's arm and pulled him along, down the stairs. "The costume looks great. Come on, Mr. Phantom of the Opera, I have to show you something." He headed for the spot, twisting around the bushes and weaving through the trees.

He pulled Mike into the dark corner and looked around making sure the coast was clear. He smiled at Mike in the darkness. "Remember that time at Tippy's when we talked about fantasies?"

"Shhh. I know you've been feeling bad about the breakup. So just let me." Johnny reached over and undid Mike's trousers and slipped to his knees as he pulled the boxers down.

Taking Mike's soft cock into his mouth, he wet and began twirling his tongue around the head. Mike began to grow. Johnny used his mouth creatively, sucking and nibbling and licking until he had Mike hard and ready. Johnny quickly stood up and kissed the painted red lips. He reached for his belt and undid his pirate pants. "It's been a long time, a really really long time, so go slow," he said, pulling his boxers down to his thighs.

Johnny turned around and put his hands against the tree and glanced back when Mike hesitated. He reached out and grasped Mike's cock gently and pulled him towards him. "It's okay, Mike. I know you miss Peter. But you need this, and frankly, with all the cold showers I've been taking over Roy, I need it too. Come on," he urged. He let Mike's cock go for a second and reached into his pirate pouch. "Here, I brought this," he said, handing Mike a tube of lube. "Use as much as you can." He turned back to the tree and wiggled his ass to entice Mike.

He glanced back and watched Mike grease his pole and then turned back to the front when Mike moved up behind him. He hissed as the fat tip of Mike's cock pressed through his cheeks and sought his hole and bit his lip as Mike found his mark and began to press. "Uh…Mike, wait. It's been too long. You're going to have to stretch me with your fingers, first."

After a few seconds, he felt Mike's cock move away. He shifted a bit, and then felt a wet finger probing, searching for his hole. It slipped inside him gently. "Yeah, that's good. Start slow Mike. It's been so long." By the time Johnny was ready for the second finger, his cock was hard.

"Okay, I'm ready for the next." Johnny groaned as Mike quickly complied. The two fingers slipped in and out of him, twisting and scissoring, working his hole to perfection. He didn't even need to tell Mike to go ahead with the third; he felt right away when it slipped inside.

Johnny groaned as the fingers dipped into him and pulled out and then sank back into him and twisted about. "Jeez, Mike, that feels so good." He started humping the fingers, pushing backwards onto them and groaned again. "I'm ready Mike. Fuck me."

The fingers quickly slipped out and then Johnny felt Mike's hardness slip up to him again. Mike grabbed his hip and held him while he pressed forward, and Johnny pushed and gasped as Mike's cock began its journey into him. He felt when his muscles gave and allowed the large head inside and then moaned his appreciation when Mike sank into him until he was pressed up against his back.

Both men, the Phantom and the Pirate, stood there, pressed together shaking with desire. Johnny could hear Mike's heavy breathing behind him and then felt one of Mike's hands leave his hips and reach around. He groaned and pushed into Mike's hand and heard Mike gasp as he tightened his ass muscles.

Johnny panted and gripped the tree harder. He pressed backwards and began urging Mike to move.

Mike pulled out slowly and then sank back into him with a groan. "So hot, so tight," Mike whispered hoarsely, pulling out again. He pushed in again a little harder and grunted and then pulled out and did it again.
Johnny began to feel the hot, achy sensations that he hadn't felt in a long time. "Harder, Mikey. Faster. Please."

Mike immediately complied. Stepping closer, he spread his legs slightly to give himself more leverage and began a steady thrust into Johnny's sweet, tight ass. Johnny's ass felt incredible to him.

Both men moved against each other in the darkness, their breathing becoming more labored as the seconds ticked by. Johnny panted and urged Mike to go faster, and then harder, and then faster and began repeating harder and faster as a mantra.

When Mike firmed up his grip on Johnny's cock and began stroking with a purpose, Johnny knew he wouldn't last much longer. He felt the familiar tingle deep within his gut and clamped his ass muscles down tight around Mike.

"Mike man, come….with me….I'm so….ready," Johnny groaned, and felt Mike move even faster and harder within him, pounding into his backside with such force that Johnny had to push back and brace himself. God, it felt so good.

Mike panted behind him, his lungs burned as he battered the man in front of him. He cried out and buried himself to the hilt as his cock exploded and semen rushed to fill Johnny's ass.

Johnny bit his lip and stifled his cry when his cock erupted and Mike slammed into him and held himself tightly against him. His heart felt like it was going to burst as Mike milked his cock and rested against his back.

After a few minutes, Johnny felt Mike pull out. Both of them fixed their clothing as they tried to catch their breath. Johnny felt exhausted. He hadn't come like that in a long time. When everything was back in place, he turned to Mike. "Mike, listen man, thanks. I haven't come like that in so long." He took a deep breath and let it out. "No point in me staying if Roy's not going to show. Everyone's still inside if you want to join them. I'm going to go ahead and go." He moved away from Mike's restraining hand. "No. It's okay Mike. I know you think I'm stupid for loving a married guy, but I can't help it. I'll be okay." Johnny reached up and kissed Mike gently. "I'm sorry about you and Peter."

The Phantom watched as Johnny slipped away. After a while, he turned and went to join his shift-mates.

***

Johnny swung into his parking space and jumped out of the Rover, glancing at his watch. He wasn't late. That was good. He was glad to be back at work. The two days at home, while filled with chores and errands, seemed lonely. He loved his job as a paramedic, and he loved his partner. Things just didn't get any better than that.

Hurrying through the building, he rounded the corner and opened his locker. Pulling his t-shirt off, he grabbed his uniform shirt and slipped it from the hanger. Shrugging into it, he undid his pants and slipped them down. Sitting on the bench, he took off his boots and then slipped his pants off and threw them in the locker.

"Hey, what happened to you the other night?" Chet asked, walking by in his street clothes. Roy walked in behind him.

"Hey partner," Johnny said with a grin. He turned and looked at Chet. "Man, Chet, I met this gorgeous redhead outside. Her name was Cindy," Johnny said with a grin. "She was hot."

Chet's eyes narrowed. "There's no way you left with her."

Johnny's smile faded. "What do you mean there's no way." He glared at Chet. "Look Chet, don't blame me that you had to stay with one woman the whole night." He grinned. "Cindy had a friend."

"You're lying."

"I am not Chet." Johnny turned his back on Chet in a huff. He looked at Roy and tossed his head. "Can you believe him? He thinks he's gods gift to chicks."

Roy turned red and faced his locker as he changed.

"Johnny, you're embarrassing Roy with your lies," Chet said as he finished changing. "I wonder if there's coffee," he said, hurrying from the locker room.

Johnny shook his head and smiled. It didn't take much to distract Chet. Pulling on his pants, he turned his attention back to Roy. "Missed you at the Summer Fling. Get caught up?"

Roy glanced at Johnny and buttoned his shirt. "Something like that. What'd you do on your days off?"

Johnny sat to put on his shoes wondering how Roy managed to get dressed before him. He shrugged. "Usual stuff. Chores. Fixed a portion of the fence. You?"

Roy smiled. "I didn't have to do any of that with Jo gone. I had a nice quiet, chore-free vacation for myself." Roy grabbed his pen, slipped it in his pocket and closed his locker door. "I'll go grab us coffee before Chet drinks it all," he said.

Johnny nodded and went to work on the other shoe. "Sure thing. Be right there." After the door swung closed, Johnny stood up to button his shirt.
"Hey Johnny!"

Johnny turned around. "Hey Mike. Running a little late aren't you?" Johnny grinned. Mike was looking pretty happy.

Mike looked around quickly to make sure nobody was around and then he took a step closer. "Peter and I are back together," Mike whispered, and then smiled.

Johnny grinned and patted Mike on the shoulder. "Glad to hear it Mike, glad to hear it. You two belong together."

Mike nodded and smiled. He was happy. His smile faded slightly. "That's why I didn't show to the Summer Fling. I was with him." He looked at Johnny closely. "Are you mad because I didn't show?"

Johnny froze. And then smiled. "Good one Mike. You were there. I know for a fact that you were there," he said with a smile, his hand moving to his chest. "You made a striking Phantom too." Johnny's smile faded as Mike shook his head.

"That wasn't me. I let Roy use my costume. Did you know that Joanne rented Benjamin Franklin for him?" Mike said in amusement. He walked over to his locker shaking his head. "I would rather go naked than go as a short, fat, bald guy."

Johnny turned back to his locker and just stared at it.

"Johnny, you okay?" Mike asked in concern when he saw the color leave Johnny's face.

Johnny didn't even hear Mike. Resting his head against the wall locker next to his own, he closed his eyes and tried to breathe. His career was over; his life as he knew it just ceased to exist. He felt lightheaded and didn't even feel the hands that reached out for him and helped him down to the floor.

He listened to the voices that talked around him but the sounds meant nothing to him. He felt the tightness of the blood pressure cuff, and the hand that rested on his stomach, and none of that made any difference, until he found himself looking up into Roy's blue eyes; the sound rushed back.

"Do we need to call it in?"

"I think he's going to be fine Cap. He needs to get a little bit to eat. Looks like low blood sugar to me," Roy lied, looking down into the fearful, remorseful brown eyes that stared up at him. "You can go ahead with roll-call Cap. We'll be out in a few minutes."

As soon as the locker room went quiet, Johnny sat up and let Roy help him to the bench. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

Roy smiled. "It's okay, Johnny. Really. You don't have to be afraid. I won't say anything to anyone."

Johnny nodded miserably and stared at his shoes. He felt Roy's arm rest along his back. "Johnny, it's okay. Really. Why don't you finish getting dressed."

Johnny nodded and stood up. When he didn't move, Roy stepped in front of him and finished buttoning up his buttons for him. Roy looked at him and smiled when he was done. "So, you really like me huh?"

Johnny nodded dumbly.

"Tuck in your shirt."

Johnny tucked in his shirt.

"Johnny? You want to come over to my place after shift?"

Why would Roy ever want to see him again? "What for?"

Roy stepped in front of him again and then lifted Johnny's chin so that Johnny was looking directly at him. Leaning forward, Roy kissed Johnny lightly on the lips. "Because I would really like it if you fucked me the way I fucked you."

Stepping back, Roy laughed. It wasn't often that he could make Johnny speechless. "See you in the kitchen." He turned and left Johnny standing there with his mouth hanging open.

The end.

(20120318)
Chapter 5: Glaring Exception

Glaring Exception was my first, and most likely last, attempt at first person writing.

Glaring Exception by LadyPrudence

Summary: Emergency Slash Story. First Person POV's from Johnny/Mike.
Rating: FRAO - Adult
Fandoms: Emergency
Characters: Johnny Gage/Mike Stoker [Emergency]
Genres: Slash; Warnings: Adult Situations EXPLICIT
Updated: 09/25/11

Chapter 1

My name is John Gage. I'm a heterosexual male that's in love with a man. Okay, I know what you're thinking. Heterosexual males are supposed to love women…right? Well, I do for the most part with one glaring exception, Mike Stoker. He's the only man I have ever been attracted to, and I do mean ever. I can't tell you what it is about the guy that turns me on so much, but every time he turns those baby blues on me, my mind turns to mush and melts right down to pool at my crotch. Do you have any idea how hard it is to fight a fire when you have a hard-on? Lemme tell ya, it's no joke. Thankfully, those turnouts hide a lot of things, hard dicks being one of them.

Mike had already been assigned to Station 51 by the time I showed up ready for duty. Roy, my new partner and reason for being a paramedic in the first place, was the one that introduced me to Mike. Now there are blue eyes, and then there are blue eyes if you know what I mean. Roy has blue eyes, and I can sit with him morning, noon, and night and not have one sexual thought about him. Let me take one look into Mike's eyes and all I want to do is crawl all over him, under him…through him.

I've never been with a man before and I never even thought about being with a man until I met Mike. Let me tell you, when I shook hands with him, everything in my body reved up; I didn't want to let go. Those blue eyes just stared at me; and I stared back, and then stupid Roy thought I was nervous and started blabbing, which was okay at first, until Mike looked at him, and took his eyes off me. That was the first time I ever wanted to shove someone out of the way and tell them to back off.

Of course, by the time my first shift was over, I was totally freaking out. I'm a love 'em and leave 'em kind of guy with the chicks, but every time those baby blues rested on me, I was thinking picket fences and practicing day and night to make babies…even though I knew that wasn't going to be possible with Mike. Hey, I am a paramedic, unless there's a uterus involved, no babies are going to happen. That's okay, I don't want to be a daddy yet anyway. And for Mike, I'd seriously consider adopting.

After I got done sleeping my first shift off, I got dressed and went clubbing. It took several tries before I worked up enough nerve to stop by the gay club that I knew existed downtown. First, I stood two blocks down, and then one. Then I kind of hung around outside like I was waiting for a bus or something while I worked up the nerve to go in, and I wasn't going home until after I found out what I needed to know—whether I was gay or not.

Man, gay bars are vicious. Talk about feeling like a piece of meat. They really should open up a few more because when I walked in, I swear all eyes were on me, or maybe I was just self-conscious, I don't know. So there I am, in a gay bar, trying to see how many guys I would be attracted to, and wouldn't you know…I spent four hours in that place and I had absolutely no interest in anyone. Not one man in that place turned me on. I did meet a few guys that were pretty cool. Two of those wanted to know why I was in their club so I guess it was obvious that I was straight; I just told them I was meeting one of my gay friends and that he didn't show up. They said that was cool and bought me a few drinks. I wasn't going to say no.

After that night, I calmed down a little. I liked having sex with women, and I dreamed of having sex with Mike. Bi-sexual? Not really. In order to be bi-sexual, you have to have had sex with both sexes, right? Yeah, well that hadn't happened yet and probably never would considering the type of guy Mike was.

Beside the fact that he hardly ever spoke a word to me, or anyone else for that matter, he had a girlfriend. So he was straight. The only time I ever caught him looking at me was when we were working, and he had to look at me. I mean, I never caught him staring in the showers or the locker room. As a matter of fact, he didn't pay much attention to me at all beyond the common courtesies of good morning or see you next shift. So apparently the attraction was all on my part, which is such a shame because I'd be more than willing to test out that bi-sexual theory if Mike was the one giving the test.

About three years after I got assigned to the station I spent the weekend over Roy's house since his wife took the kids and went to visit her mother for a few weeks. We got drunk and I inadvertently spilled the beans about the whole "Mike" issue, which really wasn't an issue at all since there was no interest. We must have had way, way too much to drink because Roy was all for giving me my initiation into man on man sex. I asked him where he got his experience and he said back in high school and later in Nam. He wasn't really happy when I laughed my ass off; but you have to admit, when you take a look at Roy, would you think that he went both ways? Doesn't he look a little too wholesome and American Apple Pie for that kind of stuff? In any case, he couldn't get it up, and to tell you the truth, I wasn't much interested in doing anything with him, although I did consider letting him suck me off when he asked, but then I figured it would be too weird and just kind of kept myself out of arms reach until he stopped grabbing for me and took the beer I handed him.

After that, Roy became my co-conspirator and gave me regular updates on whether Mike was or was not checking me out. He said Mike looked at me a lot when nobody was looking. I think Roy was just saying that to make me feel better. But, I put myself in Mike's way every time Roy gave me the thumbs up, and I never got any response other than a quick side-step.
Five years. I've known Mike for five years and right out of the blue he asks me if I want to go hang out. Well, heck yeah, of course I do. I don't even bother asking about the girlfriend, where she is or what she's doing because I really don't care. One night out with Mike's entire attention on me was just too damned good an opportunity to pass up. I let him come and pick me up instead of meeting him somewhere; that just ensured he would have to take me home.

Mike said we were going to some little Italian place about forty minutes away. That was fine with me. Or so I thought until I climbed up in his truck. Mike in uniform was really something. Mike in a dress shirt and slacks was just too yummy. I think I was panting before we even pulled away from my apartment building. The best part about the drive was quiet Mike actually talked to me…in whole sentences, and he was funny. The drive went so fast I was almost disappointed when we pulled into the parking lot.

Once inside the restaurant, the waitress led us to a secluded table in the corner. That's when I realized Mike had made reservations for us; and here I was thinking we were going to go bowling and grab a beer. Once we sat down and figured out what we wanted to order, Mike started talking again…in whole sentences, but this time he talked about work, and the guys, and a little bit about his family. Before I knew it, I was telling him about hanging out with Roy and his family; how my aunt just went into a nursing home; and how I was an only child. The conversation went back and forth, and by the time the food was brought to our table, the both of us were feeling pretty relaxed with each other.

I tried not to stare at him too much; but I don't think I've ever met anyone that makes eating spaghetti look so erotically sexy. The way those lips of his sucked on those noodles got me hard and I doubt I even tasted my food; all I did was concentrate on shoveling the fork in while I watched him eat. I know, I know…the guy is straight, but damn…he was doing things to me that I was going to remember for a long time.

After dinner, we went for a drive and eventually hit the beach. We got out and walked a little and then Mike asked me if I wanted to go back to his place and grab a beer, maybe watch some TV. Again, heck yeah! I was so excited, I jabbered at him the whole way to his place. I knew nothing was going to happen but…hey, all of this was stuff that I could add to my fantasies and make them more real.

When we got to his house, I followed him in quietly. For some reason, hearing that front door click close behind me took away my ability to speak. He grabbed two beers and we went into his living room. He flipped on the lamp and we sat on the couch. I popped open my tab and drank down half the beer when I felt him looking at me, but I still had nothing to say. I sat back and looked at the dark TV. I was going to make a comment about it when he asked me "What are you doing sitting all the way over there?"

Okay so…I know you're thinking that I just moved closer and we started making out, right? Nope.

I froze.

I could tell by the tone of his voice, the way he sounded, that he was making a move on me. And, since the Mike I knew was straight, I wasn't prepared. At all.

"Johnny?"

"Mm-hmm." Yeah, I know, my eloquence was astounding, right?

"Do you want to sit by me?"

I shook my head. Okay, my body was already with the new program. My dick was hard. If I moved, he was going to know exactly where my brain was. I wasn't moving.

"Can I sit by you?"

Said the spider to the fly. "Uh-huh," I said, still unable to look at him. He must have looked down and seen my condition because the next thing I know, those perfect lips of his are ghosting by my ear.

"Is that for me?"

I nodded. And for good measure I blurted out, "I'm straight," and then wanted the floor to open up and swallow me. What I meant to say was "I've never done this before, so excuse my stupidity," but that just didn't come out. I heard him sigh and he moved away.

"Sorry. I thought…you were interested…that…"

The few brain cells that hadn't been scorched by the heat in my crotch suddenly came to life when I realized that he was backing off. "No. I am interested. I just...haven't done this before, with a man I mean."

"Oh," he said. "Why not?"

That made me smile.

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Chapter 2
Johnny excused himself to go to the bathroom. I was at a loss after he admitted he was straight and hadn't been with a man before, yet was still interested in me. What was I supposed to do now? It took me two months to conceive and implement Plan "A," which was to invite Johnny out and get to know him for the sole purpose of getting him out of my system so that I could get on with my life.

I chuckled that plan out the window when Johnny climbed into my truck and turned those incredible brown eyes on me. The intensity of his gaze and the way he ran his eyes ran over me ignited something I hadn't felt since I was sixteen and going on my first forbidden date. I even glanced down as I put the truck in gear just to make sure I still had my clothes on. His excitement, his interest in me went a long way in soothing my shattered ego from my last breakup. I felt like I was a six-foot-three walking sex symbol as he followed me to our table.

As soon as we sat down, I decided I would go with Plan "B" but the problem was...I didn't have a Plan "B": I never planned anything beyond Plan "A." I thought Plan "A" would work. In my defense, I dare any man to go out with Johnny, and not get swept away by his innate sensuality. The man exudes raw sex from his pores and I wasn't immune.

Dinner turned into erotic foreplay when I noticed how he watched my mouth. I don't think I've ever paid so much attention to my food in a long time; and he was with me every step of the way. Plan "B" began to take shape after I paid the check. So that I wasn't so obvious or looked so desperate, we took a ride along the shoreline and then walked on the beach before I asked him back to the house. I knew that Plan "B" was imminent when we walked in the door, but as soon as he said "I'm straight" I thought I might need a Plan "C," slow down, proceed with caution.

Johnny returned to the living room and sat down right next to me. He tossed me a smile so filled with sex my toes curled; I tossed Plan "C." Before I could change my mind, I set my beer down and looked at him. "Can I kiss you?"

I barely caught his triumphant smile as one hundred seventy pounds of hard male launched at me with a satisfying eagerness that drove the breath from my lungs. As we landed sideways on the couch, my arms automatically wrapped around him to keep us from falling and I shifted, rolling him under me. One of his hands cupped the back of my neck and pulled my head down. All thoughts of slowing down vanished when our lips met and he demanded entry. His tongue plunged up into my mouth with groan of satisfaction that traveled straight to my groin; I hardened in mere seconds. He writhed beneath me and I ground my hips down, feeling his arousal.

Breaking off the kiss, I pushed away from him, knelt up, and fumbled for the buttons on my shirt. He sat up and grabbed at it with his hands, yanking it open. Buttons popped everywhere. He leaned forward and latched onto one of my nipples as his hands groped for my belt. I groaned and ripped at my cuffs, desperate to shed my shirt. More buttons went flying and then my shirt sailed to the floor. I tore at Johnny's shirt and finally had to push him away from me to get it the rest of the way off.

When he reached for me again, I pushed against his shoulder and stood up. I stared at him while I toed off my shoes and then reached for my zipper. His dark eyes flowed over me as I took the rest of my clothes off and I couldn't help the feeling of pride when his eyes widened on my jutting hardness. I stood there before him and let him look. After a few moments, his eyes lifted to mine, and he stood up and removed the rest of his clothes. The first thing I noticed was that we were well matched. He was just as long as I was, but slightly thicker at the base. The second thing I noticed was the way his dick pulsed up and down, and the way his slit glistened; he was already leaking precum.

I looked back up into his eyes and held out my hand. He smiled, walked over to me and took it. Not bothering to turn any lights on or off, I led him down the short hallway into my bedroom and straight over to my bed.

As I looked at him, it hit me that I would be Johnny's first male lover. Even though my first time was fraught with tension and secrecy, I still remember the experience as if it happened yesterday; so I knew that whatever happened between us here tonight would remain in his memory for the rest of his life. Heady feelings of protectiveness, overwhelming desire, and an intense desire to possess and please ran through me all at once.

I eased him down to the bed and urged him to move to the middle. Straddling him, I looked down into his eyes. "I just want you to lay there and not move." When he nodded, I dipped my head and plowed into his mouth while I lowered my body onto his. Instead of following directions, he matched my force and wrapped his arms around me; pulling me against him hard, he ground his groin up into mine and our dicks aligned; I groaned as our tongues and dicks dueled for supremacy. My balls began to tighten. I lifted my body from his quickly and broke off our kiss. Starting at his neck, I licked, nibbled and kissed my way down his body. When I finally reached the object of my desire, it was angry and weepy; ready for my attention.

Johnny wouldn't last long.

I ran my hand lightly over his shaft down to his balls and then bent my head and licked him from bottom to top. Johnny jerked and groaned my name. He threaded his fingers through my hair as I wrapped my hand around him firmly. I bent my head licked at the fluid that seeped from the tip and then slipped my lips over him. Johnny trembled and then thrust up powerfully with a hoarse cry. His dick jerked and I dropped my mouth down on him until I was at his base, and then grabbed at his bucking hips and held on as semen jetted down my throat in heavy spurts. When his hips finally relaxed and fell back onto the mattress, I let him slip out and then licked him clean.

I crawled up his body, kissing and licking along the way, and finally stretched out on top of him. I could feel his heart knocking hard against his chest as I supported myself on my elbows and stared down at him. I waited as his breath slowed. Finally he opened his eyes.

"I'm sorry. I don't normally..." His hands slid down the sides of my body and settled in the small of my back. He sighed. "I couldn't help it."

Satisfaction filled me. I dropped a quick kiss on his swollen lips and then lifted my head and smiled at him. "This is your first time. You're not supposed to be able to help yourself. As a matter of fact, you were a little late as far as I'm concerned and showed way too much control. The first time I was with a guy, I never even got my clothes off before I blew."

A determined looked settled on his face.
“What?” I asked.

His hands started moving again. “Your turn.” He flipped us both over and then straddled me. “If I do something wrong, will you tell me?”

I nodded and watched him as he began trailing his fingers over me. His touch was light, yet firm. He started at my hips and worked his way down and then back up, watching everything his fingers touched. Holding himself above me, he leaned down and began using his mouth. He started at my neck and by the time he made it to my chest I didn't think I was going to be able to hold on. His tongue lapped at my nipples and then he bit down lightly and teased the nub with his teeth. Hissing, I grabbed his head and arched into his mouth. He stayed there for a while and then moved lower.

He took his time making his way down to my dick and by the time his hand wrapped around me, the heat and pressure in my groin had intensified to the breaking point. I felt his breath. He tongued my slit and then slid me into his mouth. My ears hummed and I gasped as my balls tightened. He suckled at me and I grabbed his head desperately, jerking him down onto me as I exploded.

When I finally roused myself enough to reach for him, he wasn't there. I opened my eyes, turned my head, and blinked at the empty bed. My eyes shifted to the clock and I groaned; it was nine-thirty in the morning.

Damn---I fell asleep on him.

I rolled over and buried my head under the pillow.

I had it. I had him. And then I had to go and screw it up by falling asleep. For the rest of his life that's what he's going to remember---that I fell asleep on him.

I threw the pillow off me and got out of bed. Grabbing a pair of underwear from my bureau, I put them on and headed out to the living room. I looked around. His clothes were gone; mine had been folded neatly and sat on the coffee table. I picked him up last night so he must have taken a cab home. I sighed and headed down to take a shower. We were back on shift tomorrow, which meant that I had to run him down today and apologize.

I knew I should have stuck with Plan "A."

The whole time I showered I thought about what I would say. Would it help if I admitted that I'd wanted him for so long that I couldn't hold out? No. That would make me sound pathetic. I couldn't tell him he sucked great dick; he never got a chance to do much before I blew; he would never believe it.

I dressed quickly, grabbed my wallet, and went to get my keys. Damn. They weren't on the key hook. Where did I put them last night when we came in? I searched the whole house twice before I had the sense to look out the window.

My truck was gone.

I don't know how long I sat there wondering what to do when I finally heard the key turn in the lock. I looked up and saw Johnny walk in the door carrying a grocery bag. I stood up as he hung the keys on the hook by the door.

He turned, saw me, and his face lit up.

"I brought breakfast," he said with one of his lethal smiles. He wiggled his eyebrows at me and then went into the kitchen.

As I went in to help him make breakfast, I scratched Plan "D," apologize to Johnny; and re instituted a provisional Plan "C," slow down, proceed with caution. But if those wiggling eyebrows meant that I was part of the breakfast menu, I'm going with Plan "B" again. I think I'll last longer this time.

The end.

(2011/09/25)
Chapter 6: Summer Camp Liaison

The idea for this slash story was…what if Johnny and Roy had had a relationship, some kind of history, BEFORE they joined the fire department. So I took them back to their teenage years.

Summer Camp Liaison by LadyPrudence

Summary: Attracted to the dark-haired teenager that got on the bus, Roy Desoto befriends John Gage and falls in love; but will new love help both boys when a summer deluge threatens to end their relationship, and their lives?
Rating: FRAO - Adult
Fandoms: Emergency
Characters: Johnny Gage/Roy DeSoto [Emergency]
Genres: Slash; Warnings: abuse of power, coerced sexual encounters, graphic sex
Published: 08/15/11; Updated: 08/24/11
(6) Chapters

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Chapter 1

Roy Desoto sat near the back of the bus and ignored the antics of his summer camp friends. He looked out the window as the bus traveled down the dismal streets heading to Saint Mary's Church to pick up the last four passengers, freeloaders according to the general consensus of his friends before they left the parking lot of their own church. Roy had the idea that the boys they were picking up weren't going to have an easy time of it at summer camp. It had already been decided that special needs boys weren't allowed into their close knit group.

As the bus slowed and turned into the run down parking lot of the church, Roy spotted the priest standing near the four boys they were here to pick up. His eyes drifted over the teens as the bus slowed to a stop, but stopped and lingered with interest on the skinniest one with the dark hair and exotic look. When the boy turned his head to scan the bus, Roy caught his breath and got a funny feeling in his stomach when the dark eyes settled on him. The priest made a motion, and Roy watched as the boys picked up their bags and began moving to get on the bus. The skinny, dark-haired one turned his head away, picked up his bag, and followed.

"Slide over," Trent said from the seat behind him. "Block the seat and don't let any of them sit there."

Roy did as he was told but only because he had already decided who his seat-mate was going to be. Trent could go to hell if he didn't like it. He looked up to the front of the bus as the teenagers got on. The first boy looked Mexican, and mean as hell. Roy ran his eyes over the boy's clothes; they were tattered and dirty. The boy looked at Billy Goods who was sitting with his feet up in the first seat behind the bus driver, and told him to move. When Billy didn't budge, the Mexican reached out, grabbed his ankle and yanked him off the seat and onto the bus floor; and then stepped over him and slid into the seat. The next boy, also a Mexican, slid into the seat beside him. Billy picked himself off the floor, and without a word of protest, he slid into the across the aisle next to Bob Strut. Everyone on the bus was quiet after that.

The next boy that got on was black. What Roy noticed most about him was the amount of pimples he had on his face. The boy stopped next to Billy and looked down at him. Without a word, Billy got up and headed down the aisle straight past Roy to the back of the bus. Roy saw the look of fear in his eyes and shivered---Billy was pretty good at defending himself when he got into a fight. For Billy to look like that wasn't good.

Roy held his breath as the last boy, the dark-haired one, climbed on board. The boy nodded to the bus driver, and then turned and faced the aisle. Unlike the others, he didn't look at the first seats---he also didn't look as mean as the others. His dark eyes looked down the aisle and then stopped on him. Roy felt the funny feeling in his stomach again as he looked back. The boy hefted his bag higher on his shoulder and made his way down the aisle, and stopped beside him. Without a word, and without looking up, Roy pushed over and let him sit down.

"I'm Roy," he said after a moment.

The boy set his bag on the floor between his feet. "I'm John."

Roy glanced over and stuck out his hand. "Please to meet you, John." The boy gave him a weird look, but after a moment took his hand in a strong grip and shook it.

The priest climbed on board with a clipboard. He looked at the first three boys in the front seats and then looked down at the clipboard and wrote something. Then his head lifted, and he looked down the aisle at John. John lifted his hand and wiggled his fingers at the priest. Roy glanced at John's face; apparently John didn't like the priest much. The priest gave John a long look, and then nodded his head and wrote something on the clipboard. After shooting a warning look to the boys in the front seats, the priest handed his clipboard to the driver, and then got off the bus. The driver closed the doors behind him, and then they were pulling out of the parking lot.

"So…uh, I guess you don't like the priest much," Roy said, after the bus turned onto the main road.

John snorted and then turned and looked at him. "Yeah, you could say that. 'The dark eyes traveled over him and then settled back on his face. 'I'd bet he'd like you,' he said, in a soft, dry voice.

Roy nodded. "The priest at our church is pretty nice. He was going to come with us, but had to cancel at the last minute. You would like him."
"Jesus," John muttered under his breath. He squinted his eyes at Roy. "How old are you?"

"I'll be eighteen in three months," Roy answered. "And you?"

"I just turned seventeen," John said; he ran his eyes over Roy again, and shook his head. "So, Roy, what is it that you do when you're not busy with the priest?"

"I play softball in a league…and I'm starting my senior year in the fall. What year are you in?"

John shook his head. "None. I tested out."

Roy cocked his head to the side. "What's that mean?"

"It means that they got tired of coming after me. So they set me up to take the GED test, and I passed it. I don't go to school anymore."

"I didn't know you could do that," Roy said. "What do you do during the day if you don't go to school?"

John shrugged. "I work."

"What is it you do?"

"Anything that pays," John answered, shifting in his seat. He leaned his head back on the seat and closed his eyes. "I worked all night. Wake me up when we get there, okay?"

"Sure," Roy said with a nod.

Two hours later, the bus pulled into the camp. Roy looked out the window and was almost sorry that the ride was over. John's head felt heavy on his shoulder. Roy nudged him. "Hey John? Wake up. We're here."

Roy was surprised when John instantly opened his eyes and sat up. "Wow," he said under his breath. He watched John's eyes dart around.

John turned and looked at Roy. He stared at him for a moment. "What?"

"Nothing. It's just that it takes me a while to wake up after I've been asleep longer than fifteen minutes."

John stared at him for a moment and then looked away. "Yeah, well, thanks for waking me up."

Everyone got off the bus and gathered around one of the camp counselors as he began calling out cabin assignments. "Roy Desoto."

"Here," Roy said, raising his hand.

"Cabin 33---be at the main cabin at six."

Roy nodded, took a copy of the camp map that the counselor handed him, and picked up his bag. He turned around and nodded to John. "Maybe I'll see you later."

"Yeah, maybe."

It took Roy fifteen minutes to walk to his cabin, and he was surprised to find it was a two-man cabin. Age definitely had its perks, he thought, as he walked over to the bed nearest the door and threw his bag down on it. He sat down on the bed to test its spring, and then got up and walked over to the wooden wall-locker and opened it—a spider darted out. Crossing the room, he grabbed the broom in the corner, and then swept the locker from top to bottom and opened the interior drawers and wiped them with a rag he found in the corner. Then, he opened his bag and started putting his clothes away.

Twenty minutes later he looked up when he heard footsteps on the cabin stairs. He stared at the figure that walked in the door and then smiled. "You're my roommate?"

John nodded. "Looks like it."

"Wow, how strange is that? We sit together on the bus and wind up as roommates," Roy said as he continued to unpack his clothes. He was glad that John showed up instead of Trent.

"Yeah, how strange," John said sardonically. He shook his head at Roy and then looked around. "I want the bed closest to the door."

Roy paused and looked up at John.


Roy shivered at the hard look that John gave him. Maybe John had a thing about being closest to a door. "Yeah, sure." John just stood there and stared at him, and he hurriedly began moving his things.
Once Roy had moved everything to the other bed. John walked over and set his pack down. Unzipping it, he took the two changes of clothes he had, and shoved them into the wall-locker on the shelf, then tossed his bag down to the bottom and closed the wall-locker.

He looked over at Roy's stiff back. "Want some help?"

Roy shook his head. "No. I have it," Roy answered, taking another pile of underwear and slipping it into the drawer.

"You packed enough for a three month stay," John said, trying again.

Roy didn't answer him.

John sighed. "Look. I'm sorry it's just that…I need to be close to the door."

Roy nodded but still didn't turn around. "You could have asked. I wouldn't have minded."

"Sorry. I'm not used to asking anyone for anything. Look, it's almost six, and I haven't eaten yet today. How about we go grab some food before it's all gone?"

Roy turned around. "How come you didn't eat?"

"I told you, I worked all night. And then I had to run to catch the bus. Aren't you hungry?"

Roy slowly relaxed as John looked at him. That cold angry look was gone. He nodded. "Yeah, I'm a little hungry."

John smiled. "Let's go."

Closing the door behind him, they fell into step as they headed up the dirt path through the trees. "So why are you here?" Roy asked after they'd been walking for several minutes. "Back at the church, we were told that a special needs group was coming. What's so special about you and those other three? You seem fine to me."

"We're not retarded," John said with a faint smile. "This camp trip is just Los Angeles' County's way of checking off all the boxes."

"Huh?"

"Well, remember those two Mexicans on the bus?" When Roy nodded, John continued. "The first guy, his name is Paulo, the other guy is his brother Juan. Both of them are here straight out of juvenile detention."

"Really? What did they do?"

"What didn't they do? Stay away from them if you can. The other guy, the black one, his name is Victor. Victor's been out of juvenile detention for about five months. He's doing pretty good, too. He's back in school and he's got himself a nice girlfriend."

"And you? Are you just out of juvenile detention too?"

John shook his head. "No. I haven't been in detention for a while."

"What where you there for," Roy asked curiously.

"Theft."

Roy nodded knowingly. "You stole a car."

John snorted. "I wish."

"Then what did you steal?"

"Boy, you're just chock full of questions aren't you." John sighed when Roy shot him a wary look. "Food. I got caught stealing food."

Roy stopped and stared at John in surprise. "Why would you steal food?"

"I was hungry," John said simply.

"Yeah, but I don't understand. Why would you steal food? I mean, there's food everywhere."

John stared at Roy for a moment as if he didn't know what to make of him. He shook his head. "You have parents don't you."

Roy's brow furrowed. "Yeah, but what difference does that make."

"Lots. Look, forget about that, it doesn't matter anyway," John said, waving his hand dismissively and started walking again. Roy hurried to
catch up. "It just so happens that the Good Women of Saint Mary's Church paid my way here. They also get me all my job referrals, so when they say I need a vacation and they hand me a weeks' pay, I make sure I go wherever they send me; and this year's vacation just so happens to be...here. I'm their pet charity project," he added sarcastically.

He looked at Roy. "Your turn, why are you here."

Roy was still taking when the main cabin came into sight. "Hey look, there's that priest that put you on the bus."

John looked over to where Roy pointed and stopped. He ran a hand through his hair and let out a deep breath. "Yeah, he showed up after the bus pulled out. Look Roy, I need to go check in with him. Why don't you go ahead and eat. I'll catch up with you inside."

Roy caught up with his friends inside, and went and sat with them. They ate and joked around, and then everyone sat and listened to the usual speeches the counselors made about safety and having fun. As one of the counselors ran over the schedule for the following days' events, Roy searched the room and realized that John still hadn't turned up. He remembered him saying he hadn't eaten and felt bad that he didn't grab him a plate, but maybe he and the priest just grabbed a plate and went somewhere else to talk.

After they were dismissed to go back to their cabins, Roy grabbed a flashlight from the table and started back. When he got to the cabin and went inside, he realized that John wasn't back yet. Roy changed into his pajamas and then sat at the top of his bed and started the letter he promised he'd write to his mother.

John slipped in the door right before bed check, glanced at him, and headed for the bathroom.

"Hey. Where were you?" Roy called out. "I didn't see you at dinner."

"Did you grab me anything?"

Guilt stabbed at Roy. "No. I figured you ate," he said, hearing the toilet flush.

"Don't worry about it," John called back. "It's not the first time I missed a meal, probably won't be the last."

The shower turned on just as someone knocked on the door. Roy got up and opened it. A camp counselor was standing there with a clip board.

"Roy Desoto?"

Roy nodded and the counselor made a check on the paper.

"John Gage?"

"He's in the shower." When the counselor just stood there, Roy turned around. "John?"

"What?"

Roy turned back around. "See?" he said to the counselor.

The counselor nodded and checked the paper, and then turned and walked away.

Roy closed the door and went back to his bed.

"What Roy?"

"Nothing. Just bed check."

The shower turned off after a few minutes and John came out soaking wet, with a towel wrapped around his waist, carrying his clothes. "Bed check?"

Roy nodded. "Yeah, the counselors come around every night around eleven and check us off of their to-do list."

"Thanks for making up my bunk," John said. He threw his clothes in the bottom of the locker and then dove on his bed.

"I'm sorry I didn't bring you any food." Roy tossed his letter to the side. "I have a few candy bars if you want them."

John pushed back his wet hair. "Are you sure?"

"Sure. I got to eat. You didn't. I can always have my mom and send us more," Roy said, pulling open his drawer. He grabbed the five candy bars that sat to the side of his underwear, and tossed them on John's bed. John ate all five candy bars in less than five minutes. "You're probably going to get a stomach ache," he felt compelled to point out. He grabbed his letter and picked it up, more to avoid staring at John than because he had anything else to write about.

John shrugged and lay back down on his side and looked over at Roy. "Well, at least now that there's something in there, my stomach won't keep us awake all night. Who are you writing to?"

Roy grimaced. "My mom. If she doesn't get a letter by the end of the week, she'll call and demand to talk to me. I uh...what about you. You want
Roy grimaced. "My mom. If she doesn't get a letter by the end of the week, she'll call and demand to talk to me. I uh…what about you. You want some paper so you can write to someone?"

"Nobody to write to. So, what are you writing to her?"

Roy shrugged. "The usual stuff." He glanced down at his letter. "The bus ride was great. I have a two-bed cabin, which is really great. The food is okay. And I have a new friend."

John's eyes narrowed. "Oh yeah, who'd you meet?"

"You stupid," Roy said, tossing his pencil between the beds. It hit John right in his groin. John rolled over grabbing himself and Roy scrambled off the bed and ran over to him. "Oh god, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hit you there. John? Are you okay?" Roy yelped when John turned suddenly and grabbed him, and pulled him down on the bed. "I'm sorry," he said as he stared up into John's face.

"We're friends huh?"

Roy nodded quickly.

"Well in that case…" John shifted himself over Roy and lowered his body down onto his.

Roy felt that funny feeling again, and then grimaced when he felt himself getting hard. "I…uh…you need to get off me."

"I do? Why?"

Roy felt his face begin to flame as his condition became more obvious.

John's eyes narrowed. "Just what kind of 'friend' do you think I am, Roy."

"No…I mean…I'm not like that," Roy stuttered. "Just get up!"

John cocked one eyebrow. "You're not like that, huh?"

"Will you just get off me!" Roy said as he began to struggle.

"Uh-uh," John said, easily holding Roy down. He lowered his head and glanced at Roy's lips.

Roy froze and looked up at John, watching as John's eyes darkened.

"Can I kiss you Roy?"

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(Posted: 08/15/2011)

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Chapter 2

Roy looked up at John. He looked at his eyes and then his lips, and then back at his eyes. He wished John would just go ahead and kiss him. He wanted him to. Why did he have to keep talking to him and asking him about it? He knew John could feel how hard he was.

John looked down at Roy and waited. He saw that Roy wanted him to kiss him; the way he kept looking down at his lips and back up to his eyes told him that. Roy felt good underneath him. The difference between being with someone his own age and someone older was a novel experience for him; and one that he decided he really liked, but he kept his body in check because he also saw Roy's fear and indecision, and he knew what that felt like too, so Roy was going have to open his mouth and tell him exactly what he wanted, or they were done for the night. "Roy, I want to kiss you, but I need you to tell me that you want me to kiss you."

Roy felt the vibration of John's chest as he spoke, and the husky words seemed to travel right through his body. That funny, weird feeling spread out from the from the pit of his stomach and his body felt heavy and warm all of a sudden, almost tingly. He stared up into the dark eyes that looked down at him and noticed for the first time how black they looked in the center. The smell of soap and something else, something he couldn't name, filled his nostrils, and he inhaled it, shifting his body slightly against John's as the scent filled him.

John watched as the fear in Roy's eyes faded. The eyes that stared up at him turned an incredible shade of dark blue, and blinked up at him. He felt weird all of a sudden and when Roy moved under him. His body reacted instantly and pressed down. Heat rushed through him, startling him with its intensity. He gritted his teeth, and then rolled off Roy and sat up.

"No wait!" John felt Roy grab his arm, and he slapped it away. "I want you to kiss me," Roy said, sounding both desperate and unsure.

John looked over his shoulder at Roy, taking in his rumpled, innocent appearance. He shook his head. Roy had no idea of how appealing he looked right now, or what he was doing to him. "You need to leave me alone."
Roy's look changed instantly to one of hurt disappointment. "I'm sorry."

John watched as Roy rolled and swung his legs to the floor. He got up, crossed to his bed, and slid between the sheets with his back to him. John stared at his back for a few moments, and then sighed. Getting up, he walked over to the wall switch and slapped it, plunging the room into darkness. Then, he crossed back to his bed and sat on the edge of it, and let his eyes adjust to the darkness.

"Roy? I'm sorry." The dark lump across from him didn't move. "Really. I'm sorry."

"There's nothing for you to be sorry about. Forget about it," Roy said, his voice muffled somewhat by his pillow.

John heard the hurt and embarrassment in Roy's voice. "Roy, have you ever kissed anyone before?"

Roy rolled over. "Of course I have," he said indignantly. "I'm almost eighteen."

"Have you ever had sex with anyone?"

Roy turned back over and yanked the sheet over his shoulders. "No."

"That's what I thought."

"Shut up. I want to go to sleep."

John stood up, slipped off his towel, and climbed between his own sheets. He lay there face up, feeling miserable, and very tired. He sure knew how to fuck things up. "Hey Roy?"

"What?"

John winced at the anger he heard in Roy's voice.

Roy's bed squeaked when he turned back over. "I said---what?"

"Thanks for the candy bars."

The sad, tired sound in John's voice deflated Roy's anger and embarrassment. He stared over at John's bed in the darkness feeling guilty as he suddenly remembered that John was younger than him. "I'm sorry I told you to shut up."

A few minutes passed. "John? Are we still friends?" He heard John sigh.

"Yeah, sure. Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

Roy lay there in the darkness and stared over at John. Eventually, he heard John's breathing even out. He listened to it for a while, and then fell asleep.

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Roy followed John into the main cabin and glanced around; he didn't see his friends. That wasn't too surprising though, it was still early.

He shook his head. John had woken him up at what seemed like the crack of dawn, and practically dressed him so that they could hurry and get to breakfast before someone ate all the food. John didn't listen to him at all when Roy told him there would be lots of food and he didn't need to rush. But then he remembered that John hadn't eaten anything but the candy bars yesterday, and pushed John's hands away to finish dressing himself. John sat on his bed and stared at him while he put on his shoes, and his fingers fumbled when he tried to tie his laces.

"Let me tie them," John had said impatiently; he came over and knelt down, slapped his hands away, and tied the laces tight. And he had sat there stupidly---and let him. When John stood up and grabbed his arm saying, "Come on, let's go eat," and dragged him out of the cabin---he had followed and just tried to keep up with John's hurried pace. He was almost out of breath by the time the main cabin came into view.

John looked around the cabin and then looked at Roy. "Come on," he said heading for the line.

Roy heard footsteps behind him and he glanced back, and then hurried after John when he saw the other three boys from the bus that had come with John, walk in the door; they didn't look like morning types at all. Grabbing a tray, he followed John through the line. He watched the servers give John a quick look, and then marveled at the amount of food they slapped on his tray. John grabbed four milks and headed for an empty table; Roy grabbed two and followed behind him.

"Slow down, man. You're gonna choke," the boy Victor said, looking over at John. Roy looked down at his plate and stabbed at a sausage when Victor looked at him. "Who's howdy-doody?"
"Vic, Roy. Roy, Vic. Roy's bunking with me," John said, and then shoveled more food into his mouth.

"Roy huh?" Victor nodded at Roy and then picked up his fork.

The table was quiet for a few minutes.

"You hit that ass yet?" Paulo asked with his mouth full from across the table.

John looked up from his plate and stopped chewing. His eyes narrowed on Paulo as he swallowed. "Shut up, asshole."

Paulo grinned and elbowed his brother. "Juan look---John's got himself a girlfriend."

Roy felt the color flood his face. He pushed his tray away.

A few minutes later he felt John nudge him. "Are you going to eat that?" John asked him.

Roy looked over at John's tray with surprise---it was already empty. He glanced around and then slid his tray over slightly. John pushed his own tray to the middle of the table and grabbed his.

"Man, you got worms," Victor said, stabbing at a sausage.

John didn't bother looking up from his tray.

Uncomfortable with the way Paulo started to stare at him from across the table as he shoveled food into his mouth, Roy turned his head and looked around the room. He saw Trent and a few of the others walk in the door, and smiled. "Hey John, my friends are here. I'll catch up with you later."

When Roy hopped up and hurried away, John lifted his head and turned to look, and then returned his attention to his food.

Paulo elbowed his brother. "Check out the kid from the bus. Look at how's he's looking at us."

"Nice piece," Juan said with his mouth full.

"We should go say hi."

"You two are just looking for trouble. That bunch got family."

"Fuck you, Vic," Paulo said, pushing back his chair. "Come on, Juan. Let's go say hi to our new friends."

Victor stared at John after they left. "You know they're gonna fuck with him." He smiled when John made a face and shoveled in his food faster.

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Roy laughed when Trent told him Billy fell out of the bed in the middle of the night. He was just about to start messing with Billy when Billy put his head down and stared at his food. Roy turned his head and saw the two Mexican brothers approaching. They rounded the table and stood behind Billy, staring down at him.

The table went quiet.

Roy jumped when the chair beside him scraped back and John slid into it; Victor sat down in the seat beside John.

John threw his arm over Roy's shoulder. "So Roy, are you going to introduce me and Vic to your friends?"

Feeling unaccountably relieved, Roy nodded. "Sure. That's Trent, Bob, James, Henry, and Billy. Guys, this is John, he's my cabin-mate. And that's Victor."

Paulo's eyes narrowed on Roy. "We don't get an introduction."

"Oh, sorry. Guys that's Paulo and his brother Juan," Roy said hurriedly.

Paulo looked down at Billy's head and put a hand on his shoulder; Billy went pale and ducked his head again. "Nice to meet you Billy. I think you're my new best friend."

Juan snickered.

"Fuck off, Paulo."

Paulo grinned at John and squeezed Billy's shoulder. He glanced up, and saw Father Delaney walk through the front door and look around the room. "We'll catch up to you guys later."
John glanced over his shoulder and stiffened. Roy glanced back and saw that the priest John didn't like was headed right for them. He felt the tension in John's arm increase, and then John took his arm away and snatched an apple off Trent's tray. He took a bite out of it and glanced at Victor.

Roy noticed that Victor didn't appear to care for the priest either.

"Hi, I'm Father Delaney."

Roy and all five of his friends answered automatically in unison. "Good morning, Father Delaney."

"How are you boys doing this morning?" Father Delaney said, resting a hand casually on Billy's shoulder.

John snorted when they all answered "Fine, Father Delaney" in unison again.

"John, Victor, I see you've made some new friends." Roy's eyes narrowed when he noticed the priest's smile didn't reach his eyes. "John, I'd like to speak with you alone please before I leave."

"John's busy." Victor said reaching for a carton of milk on the table.

"John can catch up with you later, Victor," Father Delaney said mildly.

Victor took a drink of the milk and then wiped his face. "That's okay Father. I'll wait. John and I want to go check out the water."

"John?"

John's eyes left the priest's face and flicked over to Victor. Victor shook his head and then pushed to his feet. "Come on, John. Let's go." He grabbed John's arm and hauled him up. "Later, Father."

Roy saw something flicker in the priest's eyes and decided, for the first time in his life, that he didn't like a priest. He watched as the priest stared at John and Victor as they walked away. Then the priest smiled at them and excused himself. As soon as the priest left the building, his friends started talking; all of them couldn't believe the way Victor had spoken to Father Delaney. Roy kept his mouth closed.

Twenty minutes later, as he and his friends finally walked out of the main cabin to head for their required water safety class so that they could use the kayaks, he saw the priest get in his car.

A movement caught his eye and he saw John and Victor across the road, watching the priest's car as it drove away. Victor turned and said something to John and they both smiled. He saw John look over at him, and he waved; John waved back and then headed in the direction of the lake with Victor. Roy and his friends followed at a slower pace behind them.

Roy heard the same class every year, so he really didn't pay much attention. John and Victor were sitting across from him. Victor looked like he was hanging on every word. John was looking directly at him. He smiled at John, and then looked away so that his friends wouldn't notice, but every so often he would glance over to check and see if John was still looking at him—and he was. After a while, Roy forgot to look away. John suddenly smiled at him, and Roy wished he had sat beside him instead of with his friends.

When the class ended, Roy saw Victor say something to John. John shook his head, and then Victor threw his arm over his shoulder and started whispering in his ear. Whatever Victor was saying John, John obviously didn't like because he kept shaking his head no. Victor grabbed John's arm and pulled him up, and then dragged him off into the trees.

Roy decided to follow. Telling his friends he had to go to the bathroom and he'd be right back, he headed off into the trees, heading in the same direction John and Victor went. He walked for a while, listening, but he didn't hear anything. Just when he decided to turn back, he heard John yell and started running in the direction he thought the sound came from.

He heard a loud splash. As he broke through the trees he slammed on the brakes when he saw John standing knee-deep in the lake glaring at Victor, who was laughing at John. John saw him and immediately headed in his direction.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah," John said pushing back his wet hair. He glared over his shoulder. "No thanks to him. Yeah, yeah, yuck it up Vic. Your turn will come." He plopped himself on the sand.

Roy sat down beside him. "What happened?"

"The fool tried to kill me."

Victor burst out laughing again and headed out of the water toward them. "I told you to relax. You were the one that tensed up."

"I told you, I don't need to learn how to swim."

"John, if you put on one of those floater thingies, you ain't never going to hear the end of it."

"So fine, I won't go on a kayak then. Now fuck off, Vic."
"Fine. I'm going to go get in line. I haven't been in one of those things in forever. Catch you later," Vic said, and then disappeared into the trees.

John leaned back on his arms and stared at the water.

Roy leaned back in a similar fashion. "You don't know how to swim?"

John turned his head and glared at Roy.

"I can teach you if you want. I'm a junior lifeguard."

"No thanks."

"It's okay to be scared, lots of---"

"I'm not scared!"

"Victor told you he was going teach you to float, he got you on your back, let go, and you went under, didn't you?"

John turned and looked back out at the lake.

"Learning to swim is easy if you follow the right steps. I can show you. I mean, I've only taught little kids, so you would be my first adult, but it would be the same steps anyway. And I won't drop you."

After a few moments, John turned his head. "Why do you want to teach me?"

"Because you don't know how."

"There's a lot of things I don't know how to do, are you going to teach me those things too?" John asked with a faint smile.

"Well, if you let me teach you to swim, I can take you out on one of the two-man kayaks and show you how to paddle and stuff. It's nice to go out to the middle of the lake."

"Okay," John said finally. "When?"

"Right now is good for me."

John sighed and pushed to his feet. He turned and stuck out his hand, and then pulled Roy up. "Don't drop me," he warned as they headed toward the water.

"I won't," Roy promised.

Two hours later, the both of them dragged themselves from the water and plopped down on the sand. Roy smiled at John---he was grinning from ear to ear. "You did great!"

"Yeah, thanks!"

They sat there until they dried off a little. "We'd better head back."

"You go ahead. I'm going to stay here and practice."

Roy shook his head. "You shouldn't ever swim alone."

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't safe. You could get hurt, or get sick in the water, and nobody would be there to help you."

John snorted. "How the heck can I get hurt? It's just water."

Roy's eyes turned serious. "John, people drown every day because they think the same thing. Water is fun, but it still can be dangerous."

John looked at Roy for a moment and then sighed. "Okay, fine. Let's go back."

"How about if we go for one more short swim, and then we go back."

John grinned. "Okay, that sounds great."

Roy smiled when John shot up and took off back into the water. He followed him in, and then watched him as he splashed back and forth. John's excitement was contagious and he called out his encouragement as John alternated swimming underwater with a doggie paddle. When John finally flipped and floated on his back, Roy swam toward him. "Ready to head back?"
John nodded but as he tried to flip over, he went under. Roy stood up in the chest-deep water and grabbed him. When he hauled John up, John grabbed for him and Roy grunted and almost went under. He let his body fall backwards in the water and kicked a few times, and then stood them back up. He reached up to loosen John's arms from his neck, but John kept coughing and wouldn't let go, so he just stood there and waited, and after a few minutes, he felt John's hold loosen.

John moved his head back, glanced around him, and then shot Roy a sheepish look when he realized the water was only waist deep. "Sorry."

Roy nodded. Realizing he was holding John around his waist, he flushed and let go, and then grabbed for John when he almost toppled over again.

"Sorry," Roy said, holding John by his arm.

John looked at Roy for a moment, noting the sudden color rush, and smiled faintly, easily guessing what Roy was thinking about. "Can I kiss you now?"

Roy wasn't stupid and he wasn't going to make the same mistake twice. "Yes, I'd like that."

John took in Roy's solemn look, stepped in, dropped a soft kiss on Roy's lips, and then stepped back.

The kiss was so fleeting, Roy's eyes popped open.

John tried not to smile. Roy looked both bemused and disappointed. John trailed his hand down Roy's arm, and then took Roy's hand and pulled.

"If you want something better than that, we can't stay here in the open like this." He pulled again, and Roy quickly followed. The walked through the sand up to the trees, and then John backed Roy up against a tree.

"Okay, you don't know shit about kissing, so I'll teach you like you taught me how to swim. Except that kissing is more...hands on. The only way I can teach you, is by doing it, and having you do it back. Whatever I do to you, you just pay attention and do it back. So if I rub my lips on yours, you rub back. If I put my tongue in your mouth, you put your tongue in mine. Whatever way I move, you just follow and do the same. Got it?"

Roy stared at Johnny nervously and then nodded his head; he hoped he'd be a fast learner.

"Don't look so uptight. I won't drop you either." John leaned in and kissed Roy lightly on the mouth and then pulled back. "Now you," he said.

Roy leaned over and kissed John the same way.

"See? It's easy. Me first, and then you."

Roy smiled faintly. It was easy.

John leaned in and kissed him again. Roy closed his eyes at the contact. John's lips felt soft and moist, and he liked the way they rubbed against his own lips. "Open your mouth for me," John whispered against his mouth. "No, just a little."

Roy did as he was told and felt John's tongue slip inside his mouth. John's hand slid up his arm to his neck and he angled his head and deepened the kiss. Roy felt hot all of a sudden and the only thing he could think about was the way their mouths moved together; it felt so good. His hands crept up to John's waist and then wrapped around him, pulling him tighter when John broke off the kiss. He let John say "you're a fast learner" and then grabbed his mouth with his own and kissed him just the way he'd been kissed. He felt, rather than heard, John's small moan and gave an answering one of his own.

"Well, well, well...look at what we have here."

John broke off the kiss and whirled around. Roy looked over John's shoulder and saw Paulo and Juan standing there.

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(Posted: 08/16/2011)

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Chapter 3

Roy wasn't as quick as John to react to the presence of the Mexican brothers. After he saw who had interrupted them, he slumped against the tree and looked down at himself. Great, he thought, as he saw the front of his bathing suit poking out, a hard-on was just what he needed. Reaching down, he adjusted himself, missing the sudden change in John's stance.

"You messed up our action, so we want a little of yours. We promise we won't hurt him," Paulo finished with a grin as he moved slightly to the right.

"Yeah, we won't hurt him. We'll be nice," Juan echoed, taking a few steps to the left.
"Get lost," John said, as he watched them move. He considered his options. Walking away was checked off his mental list. Either he dealt with this now and got them off their backs, or he ran the risk of them catching Roy when he wasn't around. There was no way he was going to let them get to Roy. Not only had Roy called him a friend and even wrote to his family about him, he also gave him his food when he didn't have to--twice---and hadn't demanded anything in return.

He looked at Paulo and Juan carefully. Both of them were wearing bathing suits which meant they probably weren't carrying their knives, and even though both of them outweighed him, he had height. He knew he could take one of them down, but not both. He heard leaves crackling and felt the heat of Roy's body behind him to his right. "Roy, go back to your friends," he said without taking his eyes off Paulo.

Roy heard what the brothers said and he was angry. Just because he liked John didn't mean he was willing to do anything thing with the Mexicans, although from the way they said, he didn't think they cared whether he was willing or not. John was younger than he was, and didn't weigh nearly as much as he did. From his stance and the relaxed tension in his body, he had a good idea that John was used to defending himself. While he was secretly thrilled that John chose to protect him, there was no way he was going to sit back and let John fight his battles for him. Just because he preferred not to fight didn't mean he didn't know how---his father taught him how to box---and he was on the wrestling team at school.

"No. I'm not going back. I know how to fight. I'll take the big, fat one, and you can take his stupid brother," Roy said clearly so that both brothers heard him.

Paulo blinked and Juan's smile disappeared.

John grinned at Paulo when he saw his indecision, and shook his head. "No, I'll take the big, fat, stupid one and you take the fat, stupid little brother," he said, knowing that he was pushing the Mexicans into fighting by saying that. It was best to get it over with now, he thought. As long as Roy could keep the little one off his back for a few minutes, he could probably take them both.

Roy stepped from behind him and rushed at Juan. As soon as he did, John rushed at Paulo.

John tackled Paulo and then threw a flurry of punches before Paulo threw him off. He fell backward on the ground, and then scrambled to his feet just as Paulo rushed at him. He grunted as they both fell backwards and hit the ground. Paulo sat up on him and punched him, and the side of his face went numb. He put up one arm to block the next punch and tried to grab Paulo's neck with his other hand---and then a hand reached out, and grabbed Paulo by his hair and yanked. Paulo's hands flew to his head with a surprised yelp, and John socked him one in his jaw. Paulo toppled to the side, and rolled away.

John looked up at the hand that Roy held out to him. He grasped it and let Roy haul him to his feet.

Roy turned to Paulo as he got up and held up his hand for Paulo to stop. "Why don't you go help your brother, and just leave us alone?"

Paulo glanced past Roy and saw his brother curled on the ground. He glared at Roy. "Nobody hurts my brother!"

"I let him hit me first. Maybe I should have told you that I'm an amateur wrestler and boxer, but you never gave me a chance to say anything."

Roy said quickly with his hand still up. "We didn't want to fight you; we just want to be left alone. Now if you still want to fight me because I hurt your brother, fine, I'll even let you hit me first, just to be fair; but then don't try to pretend anymore that you give a crap about your brother. Just leave us alone, that's all we're asking." Before Paulo could respond, Roy turned his back to him as if he considered the fight over, and turned his attention to John. John was looking over his shoulder at Paulo to make sure he didn't rush them.

"Are you okay?" Roy asked quietly. He raised his hand and touched the side of John's face gently. "You're going to have a bruise---he hit you pretty hard."

Paulo heard that, and turned and walked toward his brother. Roy heard him move away and winked at John.

John shook his head as if Roy were crazy. Incredible.

Roy dropped his hand and took him by the arm as if he needed support walking. Tightening his grip, he turned around and walked toward the two brothers. Paulo was helping his brother to his feet. "Paulo, I'll help John back. Do you need any help with him?" As soon as he said that, he felt John lean against him to play his part.

Paulo looked over. He stared at them for a moment, and then shook his head. "I have him. Come on, Juan," he said, taking his brother under the arm. They turned and headed up the path.

John started to follow but Roy stopped him. When John looked over at him, Roy leaned over and kissed him quickly before he could change his mind. When he tasted blood, he withdrew and stepped back. "You're bleeding."

John stared at Roy for a moment and shook his head. "We're going to have to practice kissing more."

"You didn't like that?"

"I liked it, but you still need more practice," John said. A slow smile spread across his face. "Lots more."

Roy smiled back.

John cocked his head to the side. "Are you really an amateur boxer-wrestler?"
Roy shook his head and they started walking. "No. My father taught me how to box; he said if you know how to defend yourself, not many people pick on you. I joined the wrestling team more to keep him happy than for any other reason. I really don't like to fight." His turned his head and looked at John. "I appreciate you wanting to defend me though."

John smiled and shook his head. "You fight better than I do."

"Yes, but you didn't know that, and you tried to protect me anyway. So, thank you."

John shot Roy an odd look.

"What?"

"Nothing. It's just...you're different from anyone I've ever met."

"Well I hope you mean that in a good way. Come on, hurry up. I'm hungry."

They missed lunch, so when dinner rolled around, Roy wasn't surprised to find himself being hurried along by John to the main cabin. Hungry himself, he kept up easily. He got into line behind John and smiled as the servers piled huge amounts of food on John's plate. He spotted his friends already sitting at one of the larger tables in the corner. Nudging John, he headed in that direction. A few minutes later, Victor came in and got his food, and then came and joined them. There wasn't much talking at the table at first, everyone was too hungry.

Realizing he'd forgotten his milk, Roy got up and headed back to the food line to grab a few. On the way back to his table, he spotted Paulo and his brother sitting alone at one of the smaller tables on the other side of the room. After only a slight hesitation, he headed toward them.

"Hey, what are you two doing sitting over here? Didn't you see us?"

Paulo and Juan looked at him but didn't say anything.

"Look, we all came on the same bus which means we're all on the same side, and frankly, I'm tired of those guys from St. Augustine's outnumbering us and hogging all the kayaks. So why don't we just start over," he stuck out his hand. "Hi, I'm Roy. Come and sit with us."

Both brothers looked at him like he was crazy.

Roy dropped his hand. "I'll go and grab my tray. Be right back."

Roy crossed the busy room and headed back to his table. He pushed in his chair and grabbed his tray. He looked down at John who was busy gulping down his food to tell him he was moving, but then he saw Billy duck his head and glanced around. Paulo and Juan were crossing the room and were heading toward them with their trays. Setting his tray back down, he pulled out his chair and sat down. Paulo slipped into the empty chair beside Billy and Billy turned white. Juan took the chair beside Victor.

"Guys, you remember Paulo and Juan. They decided to join our team against St. Augustine's, so this year it looks like we have a chance at getting our turn at the kayaks more." Juan picked up his fork and started eating. Roy looked across at Billy; he looked terrified and flinched when Paulo threw his arm across his shoulders.

Roy watched as Paulo leaned over and said something in Billy's ear, and then Roy saw Billy's body relax as he nodded at his food. Paulo said something else, took his arm off Billy's shoulder, and after a moment, bumped into him sideways. Billy looked up, and then he turned his head and looked at Paulo. Picking up his fork, he started eating.

Roy turned his head and looked at John. John was still shoving his food in at an amazing rate. For a moment he doubted John even realized that Paulo and Juan were even sitting at their table, but then John swallowed and reached for his milk and looked directly over at Paulo. "You got a plan? I heard those guys hog everything."

Paulo finished chewing and then swallowed. "Let me think about it." He nudged Billy. "You got any ideas?"

"What do you care?" Vic said to John. "You're not going to be allowed near the kayaks unless you have a floatie on." He snorted, pushed his tray away, and reached for his own milk.

"He knows how to swim. I taught him today," Roy said. "He's pretty good too."

"Yeah, Vic, I'm pretty good. So shut up."

"You shut up."

"Turd."

"Ass-wipe." John looked at the table in front of Vic. "You going to eat that?"

Vic shoved the tray toward John. "You got worms."
"I missed lunch," John said defensively as he pulled Vic's tray in front of him. He shot Vic a crude gesture and then bent his head and began to eat.

Vic laughed and shook his head.

Roy watched his friends relax as they observed the byplay, and started eating when Billy told Paulo he had an idea.

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Later that evening, he and John walked back to the cabin in silence. Roy was thinking about how to get the kissing started when they got back to the cabin, and John was thinking about how weird Roy was, and how good he was with people. When Roy didn't return to the table right away, he had turned around and saw him talking to the Melendez brothers across the room. After what happened earlier in the day, he doubted the two brothers would give Roy a hard time, and went back to eating. He was surprised when they both came and sat down at their table. Not only did Roy make it seem like his friends needed them, he also got his friends to accept them—even Billy. John snorted. If Roy ever got sent to juvenile detention, he'd have everyone holding hands singing Kumbaya before the end of the week.

Roy heard John. "What are you thinking about?"

John grinned in the darkness. "You don't want to know," he said, shaking his head.

"I'll tell you what I was thinking about, if you tell me what you were thinking about."

John caught the slight huskiness in Roy's voice and his grin widened. He had a good idea of what Roy was thinking about.

"Come on, tell me," Roy begged. John shook his head, but then told him when Roy asked again.

Roy laughed softly at Johnny's backhanded compliment. "It turned out okay. Paulo and Juan are actually kind of nice, and they went out of their way to be nice to Billy. I was wondering though, how come they don't talk with any accent?"

"They were raised in foster homes," John answered. After a moment, he glanced at Roy. "You're good with people."

"Maybe. But I'm not very good at kissing." Roy flushed in the darkness, very much aware that he was putting himself out there.

"You'll get better," John promised. "We'll practice tonight after bed check."

Roy smiled and they walked the rest of the way to their cabin in comfortable silence.

John stopped on the cabin stairs and turned to Roy. "Roy? Do your parents know you like boys?"

After a moment, Roy shook his head. "We don't talk about stuff like that at my house but I can't imagine my dad would be thrilled about it. And you're the first boy I ever really liked enough to even want to kiss," he admitted.

"What do you think they'd do if they found out?"

Roy stiffened. "Why? Are you going to tell them?"

"No. I was just curious."

Roy relaxed. He thought about it for a moment and then shrugged. "If they're not going to find out, what difference does it make?"

"Good point," John said. He turned and headed into the cabin.

Roy followed slowly thinking about what John just said. Closing the door behind him he leaned back against it and glanced over at John who was sitting at the edge of his bed untying his shoes. "My parents expect me to go to college, get a good job, and then settle down and have a family."

John looked over at Roy.

"But I really like you—a lot."

John sat up and his eyes narrowed. "Enough to give up college and girls?"

"Do I have to decide that tonight?"

John gave Roy a long look and then shook his head. "No. I don't expect you to make that kind of decision at all—not for me anyway." John returned his attention to his shoes. "You sure are weird."

Roy pushed away from the door and crossed to his bed. He sat down and looked at John. "Why am I weird?"
"You got it good, Roy---and you don't even realize it," John said, slipping off his shoes. He looked over and saw Roy's confused look. "You live at home and you have a mother and a father that take good care of you. You go to school every day; you have a lot of friends; you don't even know what it's like to feel really hungry."

"I was hungry today," Roy pointed out.

John shook his head. "No, not that kind of hungry. I'm talking about the kind of hungry where your stomach hurts, the kind that forces you to go looking through garbage cans just to find something to put in your mouth to make the ache stop, the kind of hunger that makes you so desperate, you resort to stealing. You've never felt that."

"You can't know that," Roy said.

"I do know that. You leave food on your plate. That tells me you're always sure there's going to be more food. You don't have to feel bad about having it good," John added, seeing the guilty look on Roy's face. "I'm just saying that you shouldn't even think about throwing that away, not for anyone. And, just so you know, I like you a lot too."

John stood up and started taking off his shirt. He smiled when he saw Roy watching him. "After bed check," he reminded him.

Roy nodded and reached under his pillow.

"What are you reading?" John asked as soon as he saw the book.

"A whodunit," Roy answered, making himself comfortable on his bed as he waited for bed-check.

"What's a whodunit?"

"It's a mystery story. Someone dies, and everyone runs around trying to figure out who done it."

"I know what a mystery is," John said looking at the book. "I just never heard anyone call it a whodunit. What's that one about?"

"You like reading mysteries too?" Roy asked, seeing John's interest.

John shook his head. "I don't have a lot of time to sit at the library and read."

"Why don't you just check one out then?"

"It says on the application that you need a parent's signature in order to get a card," John said with a shrug. "So what's it about?" he asked again, looking at the book.

Roy shrugged. "I don't know. My dad knows I like them, so he bought me a few and I just stuck them in my bag before I left. I haven't even started it."

"Oh."

"Why don't I read out loud?" Roy said seeing John's disappointed look. "That way you can help me figure out who done it."

"Okay, push over," John said getting up. Roy pushed over and John settled beside him. When Roy felt their arms touch, he forgot all about the reading. John looked at him curiously and Roy shoved the book at him. "Why don't you read first, and then I'll go when you get tired."

John nodded and took the book.

It seemed like only seconds later that they heard a knock at the door. John got up and answered it. The counselor looked in, and then checked them both off on his clipboard and walked away. John closed the door and leaned against it. "You know, I really think that it was the cop that done it?"

"Huh?"

"The cop, the one that was at the murder scene that found the gun. I think he was the one that done it."

There was no way Roy was going to admit that he didn't have a clue what the story was about. He had been staring at John's face the entire time, enjoying the expressions that crossed his face as he read with obvious relish.

John stared at Roy for a moment and watched the faint color rise from his neck into his face. He looked into Roy's eyes and realized Roy had no idea what he was talking about. He smiled. "I guess you're ready for that kissing practice now," he said, pushing away from the door and slapping at the light-switch.

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(Posted 08/17/2011)

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Chapter 4

The glow of the porch light just outside the cabin let little light through the windows, so it took a minute for Roy's eyes to adjust to the sudden darkness. He flung his book to the side, heard it smack against the wall and fall to the floor. When John stopped in the middle of the room, Roy wondered if he was waiting for him to make some kind of decision; then he remembered how every time they kissed, John kept asking if that was what he wanted. He was sure. Each time those dark eyes of John's had settled on him, kissing him was all he could think about.

Roy took a deep breath and got off the bed. Crossing to John, he reached out, slid one hand behind John's neck, the other around his waist, and pulled him close—they fit together perfectly. He leaned in and kissed John. Angling his head slightly, he ran his tongue between John's lips. When John opened his mouth for him to thrust his tongue inside, tasted him, and then searched for his tongue. John made a low sound in the back of throat and pushed his hips forward. That's when Roy realized that John was just as hard as he was.

John hadn't expected Roy to just get up and walk over to him. Even though he knew Roy had been sending clear signals all day, John knew that when it came right down to the physical part he might back off. When Roy took charge of the situation and kissed him, the sudden heat that surged through him caught him off guard. Roy's mouth was hot, wet, and he tasted so good, like mint gum and the apple pie that had been served for desert. And unlike earlier, there was no hesitancy. The hold Roy had around his waist was solid and sure; the hand on the back of his neck burned through him as Roy angled his mouth over his and swept his tongue inside. He'd never gotten so hard, so horny, with just one kiss, ever.

Roy broke off the kiss and lifted his head when John's hands sought out skin and burrowed under the back of his t-shirt. He smiled; John was just as out of breath as he was. John grabbed the back of his shirt and lifted, whispering, “take this off”; he raised his arms and let John take it off for him. Then he took off John's shirt. When John dropped his arms, Roy unbuckled John's belt and undid his jeans. John stepped back and took the rest of his clothes off; Roy did the same. John reached out and ran his hands over Roy's chest; Roy caught them in a strong grip and pulled John to the bed, and they sprawled backward onto it. Roy rolled and pulled John underneath him.

"Can I kiss you?" Roy asked breathlessly. Before John could even answer, he dropped his head and kissed John again. John shifted their bodies so that their dicks slid next to each other in perfect alignment, and kissed him back. Roy moved against John, rubbing their bodies together and John made that sound again in the back of his throat that turned Roy on. He kissed John as though he had every intention of finding the source of that sound and couldn't help the groan that escaped him when John's hands started moving over his body.

John broke off the kiss. "Let me up, and then lay down." Roy lifted himself, slid to the side, and then flipped over. John crawled over and straddled him, resting his backside on Roy's thighs. Reaching out, he took Roy's hand and guided it to where their dicks jutted out, gathered both dicks in his hand, and then pressed Roy's hand around them under his. John moved his hand over his, and then urged him to stroke both of their dicks in a slow rhythm. When John eased himself down and began kissing him as they both continued to stroke, Roy didn't know what to concentrate on—John's mouth, or the way their hands moved over their dicks. John let go, hunched against him, and then leaned in and bit his neck. He gasped as all the different sensations began to overwhelm him. When John lifted his head and grabbed his mouth, plunging his tongue inside, he started jerking his hips upward.

John sat up right away, grabbed Roy's hand and moved it away from their dicks. Before Roy could protest, John dropped down and took his dick into his mouth, deep. Started, Roy's mouth opened and closed soundlessly, and he jutted his hips upwards. He looked down his body and saw the shadow of John's head move down over him. The feeling of his dick sliding down John's throat was---Roy convulsed with a shout and threw his head back as his dick jerked and then erupted, jetting semen down John's throat in a never ending stream.

John held Roy down by his hips as he swiveled and jerked, moaned and gasped; he sucked Roy's dick for all he was worth. When Roy's dick finally stopped jerking, he dropped down to his base and then sucked upwards, milking whatever was left, which earned him another heartfelt groan. John lifted his head and let Roy slip out of his mouth.

He kissed his way up Roy's body and then rested his weight on him. Roy's chest was heaving and he could feel Roy's heart beating strong against his chest. John nudged Roy's head to the side and began licking and nibbling on his neck until Roy's breathing slowed.

"Was that okay?" John asked.

"Was that okay? That was incredible," Roy said, still panting.

"Oh, so you liked it?"

"As if you couldn't tell..." Roy slipped his arm around John's waist, and then rolled them so that they lay side by side. "You might be skinny, but you're all muscle. I need air." Roy stared at John's face in the dark. "That was incredible," he said again.

"You just told me that," John pointed out, inordinately pleased by the awed comment.

"No, I mean it—that was really incredible," Roy repeated, sounding drowsy. He pulled John's head close and kissed him softly. "I had no clue it would be like that. That was just so---incredible."

Roy's hand lay heavy over his waist and John knew from Roy's breathing, that he was drifting off. It had been Roy's first time---he could wait a few minutes and let him recover. Ignoring his hard-on, John closed his eyes and drifted off.
It was early in the morning when John's eyes popped open. Roy faced him; his eyes were closed and his breathing was even and regular. He listened, and then he heard the sound that woke him---footsteps approaching the cabin. John eased away from Roy and slipped out of the bed. Padding over to the window, his jaw tightened when he saw who it was standing at the bottom of the cabin stairs. He nodded when the hand beckoned, and then turned. Quietly he got dressed. At the door, he turned and looked back at Roy who lay sprawled on his back underneath the sheet. At least he had Roy to think about, he thought, as he opened the door and slipped out.

Closing the door behind him, he turned and followed Father Delaney up into the woods.

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An hour later, the sound of the cabin door slamming woke Roy up. Through sleep filled eyes, he watched John cross the room, stripping off his t-shirt as he went; his face was impassive and he didn't even look over at him. He went into the bathroom and slammed the door behind him. Hearing the shower turn on, Roy sat up in bed and looked around. Shit. He'd fallen asleep on John.

Roy rubbed his face and then peered at his watch. Pulling back the sheet, he got up. Ignoring his morning hard on, he began gathering his clothes; breakfast would start being served in less than a half hour and regardless of whether John was mad or not, his priority would be breakfast. He turned around when he heard the water turn off.

John came out of the bathroom soaking wet with a towel wrapped around his waist and his clothes bundled under his arm.

"Good-morning," Roy said tentatively.

Sparing him only a glance, John nodded and passed by him. "Hurry up. I'm hungry."

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Roy kept up with John's long strides as they walked to the main cabin for breakfast. "I'm sorry for falling asleep on you last night."

"Don't worry about it."

"I said don't worry about it," John snapped, knocking Roy's hand from his arm. The anger and disgust he'd felt ever since he'd returned to the cabin after being with Father Delaney surged through him. He turned and started walking again.

"You're mad…and you have every reason to be," Roy said after he caught up to John again.

"Roy, could you shut up?"

"I just wanted you to know that I'm sorry."

"Fine. You're sorry. Now can you shut up?"

"John, I---"

John whirled around. Grabbing Roy's t-shirt by the front, he glared at Roy. "I asked you to shut up," he said through gritted teeth.

Roy saw the anger in John's eyes and lifted his hands in surrender. "Okay. I'm sorry."

John let Roy's shirt go. He stared at him for a moment, and then turned around.

Roy stood there and watched him walk away. As John disappeared around a bend in the path, Roy ran a hand through his hair, and slowly followed. As he reached the curve, he realized that John was standing just up ahead and he stopped, unsure of what to do.

John heard the crunch of Roy's shoes on the leaves and turned around. Roy stopped, and just stood there staring at him. John sighed and ran a frustrated hand through his hair; he had no reason at all to take his anger out on Roy. "Roy, I'm really hungry. Are you coming?" He felt a sense of relief when Roy nodded and walked toward him. "I'm sorry; I woke up with a headache," he lied.

"If you want, I have some aspirin in my locker. I can give you some after breakfast," Roy said quietly.

John nodded as they started walking. "That would be great, thanks."

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The main cabin was fairly empty when they got there. Roy immediately spotted Father Delaney sitting at the camp counselor's table. "That priest is here," he warned John in a low voice as they approached the breakfast line.

"Yeah, I know. Don't pay him any attention," John said with an edge to his voice. He grabbed an empty tray and threw on the silverware.

Roy looked over and saw that the priest was watching John. He stopped and stared at the priest pointedly as he reached for an empty tray. The priest shifted his gaze, saw him looking, and then turned to the counselor on his right and started talking to him. Throwing his silverware on his tray, Roy followed behind Johnny. After their plates had been filled, they headed to farthest table on the opposite side of the room.
"What is his issue with you?" Roy asked after he sat down and noticed the priest was looking their way again. "He keeps staring."

John didn't bother looking up. "There is no issue." Opening his milk, he drank it down, and then reached for his fork. He wasn't hungry this morning, but since he wasn't sure if he'd get to eat lunch or dinner, breakfast was necessary. He paid no further attention to Roy as he struggled to swallow the tasteless food.

The table was silent until the rest of the guys joined them halfway through their meal. Relieved to finally have someone to talk to, Roy turned his attention to Trent and they started talking about their plans for the day.

Noticing that everyone was busy talking, Victor leaned over and spoke in John's ear. "We're getting lost after you finish," Victor said.

John finally gave up trying to eat. He drank his milk and shook his head. "Can't," he answered. "I'm scheduled for…counseling with Father Delaney."

"No. You're not. You're coming with me."

"Just leave it, Victor. It doesn't make any difference," John said. Pushing his chair back, he got up and grabbed his tray. "I'll catch you guys later."

Roy turned his head and watched John dump his tray, and head for the door. When he looked across the room, he saw the priest was already on his feet following after John. He turned back around, and then glanced at Victor. "You and John don't like that priest much."

Victor looked at Roy. "Not much to like." Turning his head, Victor motioned to Paulo, grabbed his tray and stood up. Both of them walked away, dumped their trays, and headed for the door.

Roy watched them and then stood up suddenly to follow. "I'll wait outside," he told his friends. Hurry over, he quickly dumped his tray, and then walked outside. Victor and Paulo were standing outside staring up the dirt road. Roy looked in the same direction and saw the taillights of the priest's car heading in the direction of the front entrance to the camp.

"John is coming back, isn't he?" Roy asked anxiously. Victor and Paulo turned around and looked at him. "I mean, his stuff is still back in the cabin."

Victor nodded. "He'll probably be back, the priest too."

"And we'll be waiting," Paulo said cryptically before he turned and went back inside.

"Wait," Roy said when Victor went to follow Paulo. Victor stopped and turned. "John doesn't like Father Delaney so why did he go with him?"

"John doesn't have a choice," Victor answered after a moment.

"Why? What did he do?" Roy asked.

As Victor looked at Roy, his eyes turned hard. "Why do you assume it's John that's done something wrong?" He shook his head. "John really likes you, but if you can't be his friend, then just leave him alone." Victor turned and went back inside.

Three hours later, just when it was their turn on the kayaks, it started to pour. Normally when it rained, a new schedule was handed out at lunchtime that listed all the indoor activities. But lunch wasn't for another couple of hours, so everyone decided to head back to their own cabins.

When Roy got back to the cabin, it was empty. John still hadn't returned. Not wanting to read without John being present, Roy decided to take their dirty clothes and get them washed. John only had two changes of clothes and both of them were dirty, so after he grabbed his own, he opened John's wall locker and grabbed his clothes too, shoving them in his bag.

There were two other guys at the wash station when he got there, but there was an open machine, so Roy tossed all of their clothes in, dumped in some soap, and started the machine.

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John pulled up his underwear and his jeans and tried not to cringe when Father Delaney kissed him on his shoulder.

"Did you enjoy that?" Father Delaney asked, running his hand down John's arm.

"Yeah, sure," John said, buckling his belt. "It was great. I have to take a piss," he said, after he pulled his t-shirt over his head.

"Didn't I ask you not to use that vulgar language around me?"

"I have to go use the bushes," John said, correcting himself as he reached for the car's door handle. "After that, I'll head back on my own. You don't have to wait."

Father Delaney grabbed John's arm before he could get out of the backseat. 'I'll take you back John.'
John nodded and Father Delaney let him go.

John got out of the car and hurried into the trees. His stomach started to heave and he ducked behind a tree and lost his breakfast. As he spit out the last, he heard the car behind him turn on. Straightening, he headed away from the car as fast as he could, and then started running.

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Roy finished the clothes and then headed back to the cabin. Checking his watch, he realized it was time for lunch, so he tossed the bag on the floor in the corner; he would unpack the clothes and put them away later. Turning, he headed back out into the rain to the main cabin.

He smiled when he saw the priest's car parked nearby---John was back. He walked in through the main door and scanned the room. The priest was sitting up at the counselor's table, but he didn't see John. His smile faded. Seeing his friends sitting at the same table they had all sat at this morning, Roy grabbed his food and headed their way. He noticed that Victor and Paulo sat together talking, and saw their quick glances in Father Delaney's direction.

Roy sat in the empty chair beside Victor just as Paulo nodded and got up. "Hey, have you seen John?"

Victor ignored him and watched Paulo cross the room. Roy followed his eyes in that direction and saw Paulo say something to Father Delaney. Father Delaney got up, and then he and Paulo headed outside. Victor turned to Billy.

"What's in your backpack?"

"Just a few---"

"Give it to me. Take whatever you have out of it, and give it to me. I'll give it back later."

Billy hesitated for a minute and Juan, who was sitting beside him, reached down, picked up the backpack, and handed it over.

"Everyone wrap up your sandwiches in a napkin and give them to me," Victor said, wrapping his own. Juan wrapped his right away and handed it over. Roy and the rest of his friends merely stared at Victor.

"Why?" Trent asked.

"Because John hasn't eaten and he probably won't be coming to dinner either," Victor answered. "Look, just give me your sandwiches---you can get back in line and get more as soon as I leave."

Victor packed all the hastily wrapped sandwiches carefully in the bag, and took one carton of milk from everyone's tray and put those in the bag as well.

Paulo dropped into the seat beside him. "Done. He just left and he won't be back."

"Thanks man; I'll tell John," Victor said pushing to his feet. "Catch everyone later."

After Victor left, everyone got up to go get more food. Juan asked Paulo a question quietly in Spanish, and Paulo spat something back. Roy had the feeling that they were talking about John but he wasn't sure. He decided to go back to the cabin and see if John was there. He pushed back his chair, but before he could even get up, Paulo grabbed his arm. "Stay here. Victor went to get John."

Roy pushed his tray to the middle of the table and glanced around. His eyes settled back on Paulo. "What's going on? What happened?"

Dark eyes stared at him. Juan said something in Spanish, gesturing toward him, and Paulo listened for a minute, and then nodded. "Father Delaney is not a good priest. Victor asked for my help. I talked to Father Delaney and he decided to leave."

"He's mean to John?"

"He goes out of his way to limit John's choices," Paulo answered after a moment. "Two of my older brothers are due to get out of jail soon. I reminded Father Delaney that they know John, and that it would be in his best interest to leave John alone."

"Oh man!" Trent's voice suddenly interrupted. Roy drew away from Paulo and sat back as Trent plopped into the seat beside him. "They have arts and crafts scheduled for this afternoon."

Juan smiled. "That's great!"

Trent made a face. "What's so great about it?"

"Arts and crafts means we go play poker."

"Poker?" Billy asked, slipping into his seat. "I don't know how to play poker."

Paulo smiled. "Juan and I will teach all of you today, and then tomorrow---we'll play for money."

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John broke through the trees and out onto the path. Recognizing where he was, he headed through the rain toward the cabin at a slow jog.
the cabin door was open, he slowed to a walk and then stopped. Victor appeared in the doorway and stared at him.

John walked toward him. "What do you want?" he asked as the rain streamed over him.

Victor backed up and waved at the bag on his bed. "Brought us lunch," he said. John came up the stairs and squelched into the cabin. Victor ran his eyes quickly over John when he turned his head to look at the bed. "Are you okay?"

To avoid meeting Victor's eyes, John walked across the room, grabbed a towel, and began wiping his face. "I'm fine," he said after a moment.

"Paulo talked to Father Delaney. He left and won't be coming back."

John turned and gave Victor a searching look, and then nodded. "Thanks. And thanks for the food."

"Sure. I'm going fishing tomorrow. I figured if I helped you out, you'd give me a few of those worms you have hiding in that stomach of yours."

John tried to smile, but failed.

Victor saw John glance toward the bathroom. "I know how it feels; go take your shower."

The knot in John's stomach eased a little and he nodded. "Thanks, Vic."

Victor nodded, and then crossed to John's bed and tossed himself backward onto it. "Take your time, man. Lunch isn't going anywhere."

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(Posted: 08/21/2011)

**

Chapter 5

By the time dinner rolled around, Roy was in a foul mood. He'd had enough of poker; and enough of his friends as well. He was worried about John, yet every time he'd made a move to return to his cabin, Paulo had shot him a warning glare. Getting soaked on the way back to the main cabin to eat dinner didn't improve his mood at all.

As soon as they went inside, Paulo turned to him. "See?" he said, pointing over to the left. "Victor and John are already here. Now stop with the faces already."

Roy looked over. Victor and John were sitting at the same table they had all sat at this morning. He left his friends and walked straight over to the table. Victor looked over, saw him coming, and he leaned over and said something to John; John nodded.

Roy reached the table, looked down at John, and suddenly felt like an idiot---John looked fine---he'd done all that worrying for nothing. "It looks like you survived your counseling with Father Delaney." John stopped eating and Roy had to jump back when John scraped his chair back, got up, and walked away.

"Wait John---" Roy heard John say. Grunting against the pain in his stomach and still unable to breathe well, Roy tried to get up. Hands dug painfully into his arms and yanked him upright.

"If you ever say some stupid shit like that again, I'll kill you, you little prick," Victor growled in his face.

Roy saw John reach out and grab onto Victor's arm. "Vic, let him go. Come on man, just let him go."

Roy's head cracked back against the wall when Victor punched him again. Pain exploded through his face. Tears sprang into his eyes as he curled to the side against the wall, trying to remain upright.

"Vic!" John pushed Victor away; they began to argue.

Roy pushed away from the wall. All he wanted to do was go back to his cabin and lay down, but he forgot about the stairs. He lost his footing and smashed face first into the mud. As he tried to get up, hands grabbed him under one arm. Roy realized it was John. He struggled to his feet but couldn't straighten all the way.

"Come on, Roy," John said in his ear as he held him under his arm. He turned his head. "Vic, go back inside!"

John pulled at him and they started down the path in the rain. It was the longest, most painful walk Roy ever remembered taking. Halfway back, John held him up when he started to gag but since he hadn't eaten, there was nothing to throw up. He started to cry. Jerking away from John angrily, he turned away, holding his stomach. "Just leave me alone! I'll go back myself."
"Let me help you." John grabbed at his arm again. "Come on, Roy…"

"No!" Roy whirled around after a moment. "Tell me what I said! Tell me what I said that was so wrong!"

John ran a hand through his hair. Roy was bent over, covered from head to toe in mud, and his face was bleeding. He felt some of his anger fade. "Okay. I'll tell you. But first, you let me help you back to the cabin."

"I told you, I can get there myself," Roy said, wiping at his eyes, hoping that the rain covered the fact that he was crying.

"Then I'm not telling you. And just so there's no misunderstanding, Victor is way passed pissed off, and it's not all on my behalf. If you think you're in pain now, wait until tomorrow. He'll give you a better reason to cry. Now I can leave you here and let you stumble along, and maybe let Victor get another shot at you, or you can let me help you back to the cabin. Make up your mind, because I'm wet, I'm cold, and I'm pissed off at you myself."

Roy glared at John and didn't budge.

"Fine. When Victor was younger, Father Delaney forced Victor have sex with him," John said suddenly. "And now he's doing it to me." With that, John turned around and walked away.

Roy stood there for several minutes and stared in the direction John went. He felt sick, and mortified. When he finally made it back to the cabin, he saw that John left the door open for him; but instead of going inside, he sat on the stairs in the rain and buried his head in his arms. After a while, he heard John's steps.

"You're going to get sick if you keep sitting there in the rain like that," John said.

Roy lifted his head and nodded, but he didn't turn around. "I'm sorry—I didn't know. I should have…realized…from the way he was watching you, but I didn't think about that. He's a priest for Christ sakes. He's not supposed to do stuff like…that." Roy pushed to his feet and turned around. "Why haven't you told on him?" he asked angrily.

"What makes you think I didn't tell? Nobody fucking believed me! Nobody. Do you want to know what they told me? They said…don't lie young man, priests don't do that!" John said, suddenly angry himself.

"Well I believe you!"

"Well fuck Roy—that's just goddamn peachy! Be sure you stick that in your letter home to your mommy, because nobody else gives a fucking shit. Now come in out of the fucking rain because you're a goddamned fucking mess, and I'm cold, and if you don't come in, I'm going to kick you're fucking ass!" John's mouth trembled and he hated that his voice broke. He was turning into a fucking girl.

Roy went still when he heard John's voice break. "You and who else?" Roy asked. He walked up the stairs and stood nose to nose with John.

"I fucking can take you. Don't think I fucking can't," John warned, pushing his wet hair out of his face.

Roy nodded knowing that right now, John probably could. He placed his hand on John's shoulder. "I'm sorry he did that to you."

John looked away, let out a long breath unsteady breath, and then nodded. "So are we fucking good with each other, or not?"

Roy's eyes narrowed. "You know John, where I come from people that curse like that get their mouths washed out with soap." He sighed and cocked his head to the side. "Do you accept my apology?"

"You're not fucking washing my mouth out with fucking soap," John replied a little less angry. "And yeah, I accept."

"Then we're good. Now come help me, everything hurts."

John hastily wiped his eyes, looked at Roy, and shook his head. "I'm not helping unless you stop with the waterworks."

"Go fuck yourself, John."

John shot Roy a watery glare as soon as he cursed. "Fine. So be it. But I get to wash your mouth out first. Inside, Roy, now."

Roy squeezed John's shoulder and let go. "You know, for someone so skinny, you sure are bossy," he said over his shoulder as he walked inside.

"Uh-uh, not over there," John said when Roy headed to his bed. "Shower. You're filthy."

Roy turned and went into the bathroom and John followed him inside. The bathroom was small. It only held a toilet, a small sink, and a shower on the side. John closed the toilet seat, dropped two towels on it, and then turned on the water and adjusted it. Turning, he gently helped Roy undress, and then slipped out of his own clothes. Nudging Roy into the shower, he pushed him under the spray and followed him in.

Roy washed his face first, wincing as he ran his hands over it. He flinched when he felt John's hands on him and he opened his eyes and squinted at him through the spray. John avoided his look, worked up a lather, and then began spreading it over his shoulders and down his arms.
He kept his hands light and gentle, ignoring Roy's dick as it rose, and within a few minutes he told Roy to turn around so that he could wash his backside. Roy leaned one arm against the wall for support and closed his eyes; John's hands on him made him forget all about his aches and pains. After a while, the water turned off, and then he felt a towel run down his backside, drying him.

"Turn around," John said.

Roy opened his eyes, turned around, and just stood there while John dried off the front of him. John never looked at him once. "Hey."

"What?"

"Look at me." Roy let John fasten the towel around his waist but put his arm out when John took the other towel off his shoulder and went to dry his hair. "Look at me," he said again.

John finally met Roy's eyes. "What?"

"Are you afraid of me? I mean, we don't have to…do anything anymore. It's okay if you don't want to. I'll still like you anyway, without that."

"Gee, that's big of you Roy."

"I'm serious, John. If that's what you want, I don't have a problem with it."

John took the towel he had in his hand and began drying himself off. "What I want—is for you to wipe that guilty look of your face because everything I did with you—I wanted to do; you're nothing like him and you never will be. Other than having an appreciation for the difference between having sex with someone who is fifty and having sex with someone who is my age, I didn't think about him at all when I was with you. If you don't want to bother with the kissing or anything else because of what you learned, that's okay with me, and sure…we can stay friends; I'm sure there are plenty of boys here you can be with that never gave it up to a priest." John slapped the towel over the rail and walked out of the shower.

"Hey, wait a minute," Roy said, following. "That's not what I meant."

John slipped on his underwear and ignored Roy.

Roy walked right up behind John. "John, that wasn't what I meant."

"Isn't it?" John asked. He sat on the edge of his bed and looked up at Roy. "You may not realize it but you've looked at me like you wanted to be with me since the minute before we met. Now look at you…you flinch when I touch you."

Roy shot John an incredulous look. "You're talking about the shower? Just putting my face in the water hurt so I thought you washing me was going to hurt. Just so you know, and I'm not too proud of myself right now because of it but…does this look like I don't want you to touch me?"

He whipped off his towel and let his dick spring up into the air.

John looked down. After a moment he looked back up, and took in Roy's guilty look and sudden splash of color. "So come here and let me do something about it."

Roy scowled. "No."

"Why not?" John challenged.

"Because I don't want you to think that's the only reason I want to be with you," Roy said, his voice filled with frustration. He threw his towel on the bed and stalked over to his locker. He grabbed a pair of underwear and his bottle of aspirin, then turned and headed to the bathroom. "Why would you think I want to do anything right now anyway? My stomach feels like I ate glass." Ignoring the way his dick bobbed as he walked, he went into the bathroom set the bottle of aspirin on the sink, and pulled on his underwear, grimacing as he adjusted himself within the confines of his briefs; he sure wished his hard-on would disappear. He opened the bottle of aspirin, took two out, popped them in his mouth, and then turned the water on and drank from the faucet to wash them down. Closing the bottle, he went back into the main room to find John sitting on his bed now. "And, I hate arguing. Now get off my bed. I'm going to sleep."

John got up with a wounded look and went back to his own bed. Roy threw the bottle of aspirin back into his locker and slammed the door. Then, he crossed the room, slapped the lights off, and went and got into bed. Tossing the covers off, he yanked the pillow under his head and turned on his side.

Roy felt the mattress dip and ignored it. He heard John sigh, and ignored that too. He almost jumped out of his skin when Roy touched his shoulder. "Quit it."

His body bounced as John moved, and then he heard the squeak of John's bed as he got back in it. The room went silent. He listened but didn't hear John move at all. After a few more minutes, he growled under his breath. Rolling over, he got out of the bed and crossed to John's. "Turn on your side," he said as he slipped in. John didn't move, so he lay beside him, tossed his arm and leg over him, and moved a little closer until his dick was jammed up against John's hip. "We'll talk tomorrow. Good night."

John lay there undecided for a moment while Roy breathed in his ear. He felt Roy's head move, and then felt a soft kiss behind his ear.

Roy closed his eyes when he felt John's body relax. He burrowed his face into John's neck and nuzzled at him. The aspirins were already
Roy closed his eyes when he felt John's body relax. He burrowed his face into John's neck and nuzzled at him. The aspirins were already beginning to work.

John felt Roy's breathing even out. As he lay there, he heard the distant sound of thunder. The drizzle turned into a downpour, and the sound was as soothing as Roy's breathing. He closed his eyes rested his hand on Roy's arm, and went to sleep.

A few hours later, John bolted upright when the room lit up and he heard a loud crack. He jumped when Roy's hands fell on his shoulders.

"Relax. Storms happen all the time here. Go back to sleep," Roy said sleepily as he pulled John back down.

Thunder shook the cabin and the room lit up again. The only thing that stopped John from jumping up, was Roy's arm planted firmly around his waist.

"You're afraid of storms?" Roy asked when he felt John jerk.

"No, I…am not afraid."

Roy smiled at the faintly indignant tone. "The aspirin helped. I feel better now," he murmured. He searched for John's hand in the dark and moved it to his briefs.

John turned his attention from the storm to Roy instantly when Roy's hand crept down his waist toward his crotch. When Roy found him, he pushed up against his hand.

"Want to kiss?" Roy asked.

John shivered at the huskiness in Roy's voice and the way his breath traveled over his ear. He wanted to do more than just kiss. He ran his hand down Roy's arm and pulled at him. He closed his eyes when Roy's mouth demanded entrance and they kissed hungrily as Roy shifted to move on top of him. He groaned when Roy circled his hips and ground their erections together. His hands drifted down Roy's back and then back up again as he concentrated on keeping up with Roy's kisses. Roy reached down. Hunching up, he dragged both of their briefs down on one side, and then switched arms and did the other side and their hard flesh pressed together. Roy settled back down with his elbows and forearms planted firmly against the mattress as if he intended to kiss and grind against him all night long. John didn't have a problem with that at all.

Their kisses grew hotter, wilder. Roy fought to keep his control. He wanted this to last all night long but he didn't think he was going to last much longer with the way John was undulating beneath him. When his balls started to really tighten, he lifted his hips up away from John and bit him lightly on his neck, then his shoulder; John shuddered and grabbed onto his hips, trying to pull him back down on top of him; but Roy remembered the way he'd felt when John put his mouth on him and sucked him, so he resisted, and started kissing and licking his way down John's body. John's fingers worked their way into his hair and his low groan ended in breathless whimper when Roy breathed on his dick and then kissed it softly---the low groan made Roy's dick jump with anticipation. He took John's dick in his hand and lifted it away from his stomach. John's hands tightened in his hair as he licked and swirled around the tip.

Stopping for a moment, he took of the briefs that bound his thighs, and then took off John's and tossed them both to the floor. Before he could move back between John's legs, John moved.

"Where are you going?"

John slipped off the bed and opened up his locker. "Hold on a minute."

Since his voice sounded so breathless, Roy decided to cooperate instead of dragging him back down to the bed. The lightning lit up the room and he saw John crouched over his bag, searching through the pockets on the side. "What are you looking for?"

"Found it." John shoved his bag back in the locker and got back on the bed.

"Found what?"

"This," John said.

"What?"

Roy gasped when John's hand smoothed down over his dick and then back up. "Baby oil?" he asked, vaguely recognizing the scent.

"Yeah it is; put your hand out. Now smooth it on me," John said, guiding Roy's hand to his dick. Roy's hand felt amazing on him as he slicked him up. He returned his attention to Roy and added more baby oil while he pushed into Roy's hand. Capping the baby oil, he dropped it onto the floor and moved Roy's hand off him. Swinging his leg over, he straddled Roy so that their dicks lined up, and then groaned when Roy's hand came down and pushed them together. He began moving forward and back, pushing into Roy's hand and against his dick, working them quickly back up to where they'd been moments before. His body felt hot and achy and Roy felt good underneath him, but he wanted more.

"God, this feels…you feel…" Roy panted harshly and pushed up against John, forgetting what he was going to say. He reached up with his other hand and pulled John down so that he could kiss him. As their tongues wrapped around each other, Roy felt John take his hand from between them. Immediately he cupped John's buttocks and hunched up into him, groaning into John's mouth as their dicks slipped and slid against each other.

John broke off his kiss and kneeled above Roy. Roy felt John's hand wrap around his dick and straighten it. When John started to lower himself,
Roy felt himself slide right up to John's ass. He gripped John's buttocks tight and stopped him.

"It will feel good. I promise. Please Roy," John's whispered plea ended in a groan when Roy's dick bumped against his hole. He lowered himself a little more until Roy was wedged up tight against it. "Please..." He circled his hips, and then slipped down a tiny bit more.

Roy's hands slick with oil, lost their grip and he gasped when tight heat wrapped around the head of his dick. His dick jerked and the desire to move was too intense—he pushed up into John, just as John pushed down. They both cried out; Roy with pleasure at the incredible heat and friction, John with intense pain and burning. Roy felt John tremble and could hear his heavy breathing in between his own heavy breaths; John's ass muscles were tight in his hands. He looked down to where John sat on him and saw that he was poised slightly above him. He moved one hand and felt where they were joined—John was stretched tight around him. He felt himself swell even more, and John groaned.

John shifted his arms so that they were on either side of Roy's waist. He felt his thighs tremble as he tried to hold himself still. Shit. He wasn't even all the way down yet. He felt Roy's hand probe where they were joined; Roy's dick jerked inside him and then began to swell even more. He groaned against the pain. This was supposed to feel good.

"I'm hurting you..." Roy said, catching John's low groan of pain. "It will feel good in a minute..."

"You don't know?"

"This is my first time this way. Shut up, okay."

"You haven't ever---"

"Roy, just shut up; help me. Get me hard again," he said, reaching around to try and find Roy's hand.

"We don't have to do---"

"Roy, I swear to god---yeah, like that."

After a few minutes of rubbing, John began pushing into his hand. Roy felt the tightness around his dick easing slightly, and then he groaned when John slipped the rest of the way down on him. John hissed and then Roy felt him relax.

"What does it feel like?" John asked as he urged Roy's hand to continue stroking him.

From that, Roy guessed John had never done this with anyone yet. "Incredible. Hot. Tight."

"Different from a hand?"

Roy waited until the roll of thunder outside ebbed. "Way different. Better. I don't think I'm going to last long. Does it still hurt?"

"Not as much, but it doesn't feel comfortable this way. Can we switch? No. Don't pull out."

"Wrap your legs around me, hold on, and I'll turn us."

"How does it feel now?" Roy asked once John was underneath him. The lightning flashed and Roy's glimpse of John lying beneath him, staring up at his face, would be a picture that would remain burned in his memory forever.

"Move a little."

Roy withdrew slightly and then pushed back in. He felt John move his legs and pull them up. He withdrew again at John's urging and pushed again.

"Yeah, much better. Come here," John pulled Roy's head down for a kiss. Roy angled his head and sealed his mouth over John's sending his tongue inside. They kissed until the both of them were breathless. John ran his hands down Roy's back and squeezed his buttocks; he broke off the kiss and buried himself in Roy's neck, urging him to move.

Both of them ignored the rain, lightning and thunder as they began to rock together, slowly at first, and then with increasing power and speed. Roy shifted slightly and pushed in harder; John moved under him as if electrified and thrust upward. John's breath sounded harsh and rapid in his ear, and each moan vibrated through Roy's body straight to his dick. The heat and pressure built between them and the bed creaked wildly.

Roy rested his weight on John and buried his face in John's neck. He grabbed his ass and plunged in faster as John hunched up to meet his thrusts. John moaned and bit him hard on the shoulder. Roy battered harder. John arched against him, dug his hands into his ass, and shouted his name. That sent Roy over the edge. His breath caught, and then he growled and shoved in hard. He shouted as his dick exploded. Hunching, he rammed back in as his dick jerked and spurted deep inside John.

Locked together, they shivered, shook and tried to breathe; it was a long while before Roy noticed that the rain sounded like it was pelting down harder. Thunder shook the cabin so hard, it roused Roy enough that he lifted his head. He looked down just as the lightning flashed and saw that John's eyes were closed. Slowly he eased himself off John and then got off the bed. When the lightning lit the room again, he spotted the towel
John's eyes were closed. Slowly he eased himself off John and then got off the bed. When the lightning lit the room again, he spotted the towel and crossed the room to get it.

"John!" He ran to the bed and grabbed John's hand when he sat up. "Come on, we have to get out of here!"

"What? Why?" John let Roy pull him out of the bed as the thunder cracked and shook the cabin. Lightning lit the room and he saw the look of terror on Roy's face. "What is it?"

"Come on god damn it!" Roy shouted. He pulled open the door and yanked John outside into the downpour. Roy looked to the left. The lightning flashed again and John froze when he saw what was racing their way. He almost fell over when Roy yanked his arm again.

"Damn it, John! Run!"

(Posted: 08/24/2011)

**

Chapter 6

They bolted to the right and ran like hell. The lightning flashed almost continuously, lighting their way as the raced for the trees.

"The lake!" Roy shouted. Saplings whipped at his stomach and thighs; rocks and sticks ripped at his feet as he fought to stay upright in the mud as he ran; he had the irrational thought that he should have grabbed some clothes on the way out the door. He tripped over something sticking out of the ground and slammed down to the ground. John's fingers dug into him and his grip on his wet skin was painful as he yanked him upright. He turned and looked behind them. The lightning flashed. He couldn't see anything through the rain. John grabbed him by his hand and pulled at him. They started running again. This time John stayed in front and when the lightning flashed again, they both saw the top of a large tree crash to the ground ahead.

Roy pulled back, but John pulled forward; the lake was somewhere in front of them and black hell was behind them—they'd jump the fucking tree. Ignoring the branches that ripped at him, John pulled at Roy and then let go to try and feel his way. It took a minute to find a way over, and then they were running again. John lost his footing on something slimy and smashed sideways into a tree trunk. He grunted at the impact. Roy grabbed at him and shouted something over the thunder; he scrambled to his feet.

They started off again and hit an incline. Roy slipped backward; John pulled him forward and the both of them scrambled up through the mud, using their hands and knees to get up the steepest part. Roy got to the top first and then reached down and grabbed John's hand to help him the rest of the way. They stood there for a moment, their chests heaving; lightning flashed and John spotted the lake; he grabbed Roy's arm and the both set of running toward it. They slipped and slid down the hill. John lost his footing, rolled, and got back up. He spotted the small boat and raced for it. "Get the back rope!" he yelled, splashing into the water to untie the front rope from the tree. The rope was stuck. He yanked at it furiously until it gave way. He turned to help Roy with his rope. The lightning flashed. He saw the rope, but didn't see Roy.

"Roy?" He looked around wildly, searching the dark water through the rain. Splashing his way back to the small bank, he called again. "Roy? Answer me!" The lightning flashed and he whirled around trying to spot him.

"Roy! Fucking answer me, damn it!" He walked slowly back the way they came, searching the darkness. "Roy? Come on, come on…fucking lightning…show me, damn it, show me…" It took a few seconds, but when the lightning flashed again, he was ready—and spotted Roy lying face down near the bottom of the hill. He raced for him.

"Roy?" John pulled Roy over and wiped the mud from his face. "Roy?"

Roy didn't move.

The lightning flashed and he saw the blood the side of Roy's forehead. He wiped it away with a trembling hand and then reached out to feel Roy's stomach; it moved up and down. He sat down in the mud and shifted Roy's upper body onto his lap, cradling his head. "Okay. You're okay. We'll just rest. You're okay. Everything is okay. We'll just sit. You'll be fine…" He ignored the rain, and the lightning, and the thunder—and just sat there in the darkness, shaking, and rocked them both.

Roy slowly became aware of the steady motion and John's voice in his ear that kept saying please over and over. His head hurt and he wanted John to stop moving because he was starting to feel sick.

John felt Roy move and went still. "Roy?" he whispered.

Roy winced when John yelled his name in his ear and tried to move away.

"You fucking son of a bitch! You scared the shit out of me!" John eased Roy up. Pulling his legs under him, he grabbed Roy under his arms and tried to get him to stand up. Roy didn't help at first and then when he did try, they both fell over. John heard a loud crack behind them and the world lit up. He scrambled to his feet and grabbed Roy under the arms to lift him again, but he slipped in the mud unable to get a foothold; Roy landed in the mud face up.

Grabbing Roy by his wrists, John began tugging him backwards, hauling him toward the water, and the boat. Roy pulled back trying to make
him let go, but he just pulled harder. Digging his knees into the mud he hauled Roy down to the water foot by foot, and once they reached the edge of the water, he stood, bent over, and tried to haul Roy up onto his feet. "Stand up, damn it! We can't stay here. Stand up!" he demanded. "Help me!"

Hearing John's desperate tone, Roy tried to stand, but his legs wouldn't hold him. He sank into the water against John's legs. He felt John's hand rest on his back for a moment, and then John yelled at him again. He felt John's arm come under his armpits, and then John heaved. His legs held him only for a moment but then John grabbed him around his waist and began walking backwards into the water. He lifted his arms and tried to grab onto John, to try to stand, but his arms felt heavy and he couldn't get his legs to obey him. He felt a pain in his back, and then the world spun as John shouted and pushed him backwards. When the lightning flashed, he saw John lift his legs, and then he toppled backwards onto something sharp and tried to roll away from it. He landed face first in some water and lifted his head. He felt his whole body rock violently, and shoved himself up on his elbow as hands pulled at him.

After John heaved Roy into the little row boat, he untied the other rope and pushed it, then clamored over the side. He grabbed Roy and pulled him up out of the water that had accumulated in the bottom of the boat, and propped him against the wooden seat. Then, he grabbed a paddle and started to row. He looked around each time the lightning lit up the sky and when he figured they were out far enough, he put the paddle down and eased down beside Roy.

"Roy?"

"I feel sick. Let me off. I'm cold."

"Here, sit up." John eased himself behind Roy, propping himself between the boat and the seat, and then pulled Roy back on him. Roy's breath felt warm against his neck as they shivered together. John gritted his teeth as his body began announcing its aches and pains. He felt Roy's lips against his neck and bent his head. "What?"

"Fucking rain."

"Yeah," John said closing his eyes. "Fucking rain."

The boat's rocking lulled their tired bodies but the cold rain kept them from sleep. The thunder and lightning moved away and the rain settled down into a drizzle and then eventually stopped. The cool air around them began to get lighter and off in the distance, he could hear first sounds of birds. He wasn't so cold now. He'd wait a few more minutes, and then he'd row them back.

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After sunrise, rescuers descended on the area summer camps hit by the mudslides. By late morning most of the children and teens had been evacuated to area hospitals. Rescuers in two different campsites geared up, grabbed shovels, and began to search for the two missing children and six teenagers. The two children were found buried under a mattress. Workers in the children's camp were silent when the small bodies were placed in the body bags. After the chopper disappeared, they loaded up and headed over to the teen camp hoping the outcome would be different.

It wasn't.

Rescuers dug the first of two cabins marked in red on the camp map left by the counselor. They found four of the missing teenagers inside. One by one, they extricated them and loaded them into body bags. Eight rescuers carried the bodies back to the main cabin where they would be met with the chopper when it returned. The remaining rescuers headed for the other cabin circled in red hoping that the last two would still be alive.

By late afternoon, they had completely dug out the cabin. They found nothing. With mounds of drying mud and over turned trees surrounding the cabin, the decision was made to return in the morning to resume digging after the men had rested. The chopper returned and began lifting the men out. The remaining men eight decided to rinse off the mud and filth in the lake as they waited for the chopper's return.

As they went down the path and approached the lake, the first man stopped. Everyone looked in the direction he pointed, and they all spotted the row boat in the middle of the lake. A dirty arm hung limply over the side. Four men splashed into the water and began swimming toward the small boat.

The other four men stood at the water's edge, watching anxiously. They saw the four swimmers grab the boat. Three held onto the side while the fourth heaved himself up and over. They all watched as he sat down and bent over. They waited. After just a few seconds, he straightened and waved furiously. He signaled the number two, and the sign for chopper. The men on shore smiled. One of them barked into his radio.

"This is search team three. We have found the last two missing teenagers. They are alive. Repeat, they are alive. Request immediate medevac."

"Ten-four, team three. Requesting medevac."

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Roy rested his forehead against the cool glass and stared out the window at the rain. Behind him, the vague hospital sounds barely penetrated his thoughts. His head ached and his body ached but he was alive, and so very thankful. He straightened when he heard a faint moan. Turning he walked over to the bed opposite his own, and looked down into the bruised face. He was told John would wake soon.

He sat down again in the chair and let his thoughts drift again.
When he first woke up, he was startled to see Father Delaney staring down at John. He yelled so loud for him to get away from John that two nurses rushed into the room with alarm. He didn't realize that his father was behind him until he felt his hands on his shoulders pulling him back so that he wouldn't get off the bed. Roy didn't listen to his father at all; he hurled his accusations at the priest as he backed away from the bed. And then his father ordered the priest to leave. It took a while for him to calm down; and when his father questioned him, he didn't hesitate to repeat what he'd said. He cried mostly with relief when his father came back in an hour later and told him Father Delaney would never be allowed near John again. He didn't learn until later that evening that Paulo, Juan, Billy and Trent had all died in the mudslide.

That happened over ten years ago. He never did see Father Delaney again, and neither did John; they never talked about him, and John never told him what actually happened between them. Since he'd been John's first, and John had been his, he dropped it. As for their friends, well, both of them rarely talked about it, but at each of their houses they both had a framed copy of the polaroid Victor had given them.

Roy stood up when John shifted in the bed and let out a soft groan. He smoothed back the errant lock of hair, and then slipped his hand into John's. John had saved his life today, had stopped the mud and rain from taking him away...just like he did that summer years ago.

He watched John make his first attempts to wake.

"John? Johnny? Can you hear me?" The dark head turned toward him, and then creamy brown eyes peeked out from beneath heavy lids. "There you are," Roy whispered with a faint smile. "How do you feel, Johnny?"

The door to the hospital room opened. "How's he doing, Roy?"

Roy turned around and took in his mud-covered shift mates as they piled into the room. "He's just waking up, Cap. Doc said he's going to be fine."

"Good. Good," Hank said, looking over at his youngest crewmember. "When he's fully awake, tell him I want to have a little chat with him about keeping that helmet on his head."

"I'll tell him, Cap."

"And get back into bed. You look like you're going to fall over."

"I will. Thanks, Cap," Roy said, not moving from Johnny's side.

Johnny groaned and mumbled something. Everyone's attention turned to the bed. Roy bent over so that his ear was closer to John's mouth. "What did you say, Johnny?"

Johnny mumbled again.

Roy listened and then grinned. "Yeah partner---fucking rain. I'll get the soap."

~~~

The End.

(08/24/2011) The 'liaison' itself is finished. The possible explanations for the intervening years, and how they meet on the pilot show 'pretending not to know each other' are yours to imagine...lol.

Back to index
It was an unusually cool evening for early September, cool enough that everyone wore sweaters out on the Desoto's deck during dinner. It was just getting dark and Roy and Johnny sat quietly outside and listened to Joanne and Julie talking and laughing in the kitchen.

"So, it looks like things are getting serious," Roy said, after taking a drink of his beer.

When Johnny sat back and grinned at him, Roy shrugged. "I guess it won't be the end of the world having you for a brother-in-law."

"Hey, don't go rushing out to buy that tux yet; we're not rushing things," Johnny said quickly. "Jeez, Roy, I've only been dating her for a couple of months."

Roy shook his head as if disappointed. "Johnny, Johnny, Johnny… you just don't realize how lucky you are to have me as a friend."

Johnny raised his eyebrow. "Oh, yeah? And why is that?" he asked in amusement.

Roy shrugged. "Well, if it weren't for me, who else would tell you you're so clueless?"

"Clueless? How come you think I'm clueless?" Johnny asked. His dark eyes sparkled in the deck light.

"Well, if I wasn't married, and I had a bridal-magazine toting girlfriend…" Roy said suggestively, letting his voice trail off. When Johnny just stared back at him, Roy shook his head. "Married, Johnny. You're getting married."

Johnny snorted and shook his head. "First of all, Julie works in a bridal shop. Second of all, you've been out of circulation too long, Roy. In order to get married, you have to buy an engagement ring, and then you have to propose. And I haven't done either of those things yet."

Roy caught the word 'yet' and smiled. Mission accomplished!

Johnny caught Roy's satisfied look and laughed. "You should have made Jo ask me, instead of agreeing to do her dirty work."

Roy's face smoothed into a look of angelic innocence. "What are you talking about?"

Johnny grinned. "Julie said Jo's been driving her nuts digging for information. I know she put you up to it."

Roy's eyes narrowed. He stared at Johnny for a moment, and then his face broke into a huge grin. "You're going to ask her."

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Roy's eyes narrowed. He stared at Johnny for a moment, and then his face broke into a huge grin. "You're going to ask her."

Johnny swiveled his head and shot an alarmed look toward the porch screen and then turned and glared at Roy. "Will you keep your voice down!" he demanded in a loud whisper. "They're going to hear you."

"You're going to ask her," Roy repeated in an equally loud whisper.

Johnny sat back and stared at Roy; his face broke out into a huge smile and he nodded.

"When?"

"Uh-uh, Roy. You don't get to know that yet."

"Why not?" Roy said with a wounded look.

"Because you'll blab it to your wife."

Roy scowled. "I will not."

"You will too! You tell her everything."

"I do not. I don't tell her about half the things that go on at work."

Johnny shrugged. "That's only because she doesn't want to know. If she did want to know, you'd blab. You'd really suck as a spy you know."

Roy glared at Johnny.
Roy glared at Johnny. "What? Don't get mad at me! I didn't say I blame you for blabbing. I know how persistent your wife can be. She'd make a great double agent."

"Well…I won't tell her anything about this."

Johnny snorted. "Roy, if I tell you and then leave, Julie's phone will be ringing off the hook by the time we get to her apartment."

Roy shook his head vigorously. "I won't tell her. I promise I won't say a thing! Come on," Roy said, sending Johnny a pleading look.

"Why is it so important that I tell you? Why can't you just wait?"

"We're going to be brother-in-laws; we need to stick together. If we don't, those two are going to walk all over us."

Johnny grinned.

"Joanne doesn't walk all over me."

Johnny's grin widened. "I never said she did, Roy."

"Yeah, but I know that's what you were thinking."

"The first of the month," Johnny said in surrender. "I'm going to ask her at the first of the month."

Two hours later.

Johnny nodded into the phone. "Uh-huh…uh-huh. Sure put him on."

Johnny turned and looked at Julie, and rolled his eyes.

Joanne turned with a smile and handed the phone to Roy. "Johnny wants to talk to you."

Roy looked miserably at the receiver and slowly took it from Joanne. He cleared his throat. "Uh…Johnny?"

"Well that happened even quicker than I thought it would."

Roy turned his head and glared at Joanne. "She tricked me, Johnny."

"Uh-huh."

"She did. She said that Julie told her you were going to ask her next week."

"Uh-huh. And you just had to go and correct her, didn't you."

Roy grimaced. "Sorry."

"Uh-huh. Roy?"

"Yeah, Johnny."

"You'd better go buy a tux now and keep it handy."

Roy's brow furrowed. "Why?"

"Because I'm not telling you when I'm getting married…until twenty minutes before the ceremony starts. Bye, Roy."

(8/10/2011 TBC)

Johnny hung up the phone and shook his head at it. Then, he lifted his head, grinned, and stuck out his hand.

Julie rolled her eyes and went and got her purse. Taking out five dollars she held it out to Johnny. As he reached for it, she snatched it back. She waved it at him and took a step backwards.

"I won that bet fair and square," Johnny protested.

Julie took the five dollar bill. Folding it, she shoved it into her bra. "You cheated," she said, taking another step backward. She smiled when Johnny's eyes darted down to her breasts and stared at her cleavage. His face flushed. "Johnny?"

"Huh?" Johnny's eyes lifted back up and he stared at Julie blankly, until he remembered their conversation. "I didn't cheat."

"Oh yes you did. I know you told Roy to have Jo call here, just so you could get your five bucks."
"I did not." He cocked his head to the side. "Although I probably would have, if I had thought of it," he said, and then grinned.

Julie melted when she saw that crooked grin. She took the money out of her bra and waved it. Shoving it back in, she took a step backward into the hallway. "If you want your money, you're just going to have to come and get it." She shrieked when Johnny darted around the coffee table toward her. Whirling, she fled down to the bedroom, laughing. She shrieked again when Johnny grabbed her around the waist and pulled her back against him.

"Gotcha!" Smoothing the long, blond hair out of his way, Johnny bent and kissed Julie's neck.

"Mmm. Are you sure you don't want to stay tonight?" Julie closed her eyes as she felt Johnny nibble his way up her neck to her ear.

Johnny gently tugged at Julie's earlobe, sucked it gently for a moment, and then let go. Wrapping his other arm around Julie's waist, he pulled her backwards, letting her feel his interest in staying.

"That feels like a 'yes' to me." Julie turned around in Johnny's arms and lifted her head for a kiss. Several breathless minutes later when Johnny finally lifted his head, she stepped back and pulled off her shirt. Taking the five dollar bill from her bra, she shoved it into her skirt waistband. She back up toward the bed. Johnny's eyes darted down to the money and stayed there.

She smiled. Kicking off her heels, she climbed onto the bed still facing him, and worked her way to the middle. "Like I said, if you want your money, you're just going to have to come and get it."

Johnny's eyes lifted to Julie's face. He stared at her for a moment. Pulling off his shirt, he tossed it to the side. Without taking his eyes off her he unbuckled his belt. He undid his jeans and approached the bed.

Julie knelt there and waited.

(P: 8/10/2011; E: 10/7/2011) TBC

Without taking off his jeans, Johnny knelt on the bed mere inches from Julie. He shook his head in wonder. He still couldn't believe she'd said yes. His eyes drifted over her long blond hair. They traveled from her delicate neck down to the most incredible set of breasts he'd ever had the opportunity to admire. He continued down, stopping at her tiny waist where the money peeked out of her mini-skirt. His eyes dropped further to her long, curvy thighs that felt like heaven when she wrapped them around him. The woman was hot. Hot enough to pose for Playboy. Not that he'd ever let her. She was his.

He reached out and trailed his fingers gently over her shoulder, down her arm.

Julie leaned against Johnny and looked up at him. Nobody had ever looked at her the way Johnny did, like she was the sexiest thing on the planet, like she was a goddess. From the first moment she'd met him and he looked at her with those dark, smoldering eyes of his, she'd needed panty-liners. Just looking at him made her wet and achy.

She closed her eyes as his hand bent to hers. His lips brush hers lightly. She felt his hands slip down the sides of her waist. She shivered and opened her mouth for him. His tongue slipped inside as one of his hands reached in and took the five-dollars out of her waistband. She darted her tongue out to meet his. She felt the zipper of her mini-skirt slide down. His hand slipped into the front of her panties. She groaned when she felt his fingers gently parting her.

Johnny broke the kiss with a groan. "God, you're so wet."

"I can't help it," Julie whispered, panting as his hand found her center.

"I don't want you to help it," Johnny murmured, his voice husky. Lifting his other hand to the back of Julie's neck, he bent his head and kissed her in a hot, opened mouth, ravenous kiss. She arched against him as he slipped a finger up inside her. They kissed hungrily as Julie moved against him. They moved together, letting the heat build.

Her muscles tightened around him. She groaned.

Johnny slipped his hand slipped between their bodies. As soon as he touched Julie, she cried out and gyrated wildly against him. He felt her tighten and release around him. Gritting his teeth, he gripped Julie tighter, thrusting up into her sopping heat. Her soft cries pushed him nearer to the edge.

Julie leaned in and thrust her tongue inside his mouth. He groaned and toppled them both to the bed. When she tightened her inner muscles around him; every muscle in his body tightened in response. He gripped Julie hard and held her still as he pumped himself into her. She gripped
his arms and cried out again. With a strangled moan, Johnny shoved hard and exploded.

The sound of heavy breathing filled the room for several long minutes.

Johnny shifted himself off Julie and rolled them both to their sides. Julie ran her hands over Johnny's sweaty back as his heart pounded against her breasts. She kissed his shoulder and closed her eyes.

Feeling himself drifting, Johnny forced himself to open his eyes. He smiled faintly. Julie looked thoroughly exhausted. He loved leaving her that way. He planted a soft kiss on her lips.

"Shower or sleep?" he asked.

"Sleep," Julie whispered, not opening her eyes.

Johnny watched her for a moment, and then eased himself away from her. He got out of the bed. Pulling up his jeans, he refastened his belt as he watched Julie drift off to sleep.

Leaning over, he grabbed the five dollar bill off the sheet and tossed it onto the nightstand. He stripped Julie out of the rest of her clothes and then covered her with the sheet.

Bending down, he kissed her forehead. "I'll call you tomorrow."

"Mmm-hmm…"

Johnny finished getting dressed. He stood at the door and watched Julie sleep for a few moments. Turning off the light, he closed the door behind him.

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(P: 8/11/2011; E: 10/08/2011) TBC

"You're not really mad at me, are you?" Joanne asked as they got ready for bed.

Was he mad? No, he was just irritated with himself for not catching himself before he blurted out his correction. Plus, he hated the fact that Johnny had been right. "No, I'm not mad at you. You didn't make me tell you. I just went and opened up my big mouth. Johnny was right when he said I'd tell you before he even got home."

"He said that?" Joanne asked with mild surprise. After a moment, she shook her head in amusement. "Well, he does know you."

Roy stifled the irritation he felt at that comment. "I'm glad I amuse you both for being such a blabber-mouth."

"Oh, Roy, don't be like that. I was just playing; and he probably was too. Besides, he wasn't mad."

Roy didn't think that made much of a difference. He looked at Joanne and his mind abruptly changed tracks. "You have your nightgown on."

Joanne glanced at Roy and then grabbed her pillow to plump it up. "I am going to bed, and I usually do wear a nightgown when I go to bed."

Roy shook his head. "No, you usually wear your pajamas."

"All my pajamas are in the hamper." Joanne sighed. "I'll have to do more laundry tomorrow."

"So that means we're not going to..." Roy raised his eyebrows, and then wiggled them at Joanne.

Joanne grimaced and shook her head. "The kids wore me out today, honey. I'm tired and I really just want to go to sleep."

Roy nodded, trying not to show his disappointment; he'd been asking for over a week.

Joanne glanced at Roy and then straightened. "Maybe tomorrow, okay? I'm just...really tired."

"That's okay, Jo. I understand; the kids can be a lot to handle. You go ahead and go to sleep," Roy said. He turned and walked to the door.

"Where are you going?" Joanne asked as she got into the bed.

Roy paused and looked back at the bed. "I'm going to go and get some milk. I'm not very sleepy."

Joanne nodded and then yawned. "Goodnight, honey," she said, leaning over to click off her bedside lamp. She turned over and scooted down in the bed.

Roy stared over at the bed watching as Joanne curled away from him and settled herself. "Goodnight. I'll see you in the morning." He left the room, closing the door behind him. After a moment, he turned and walked down the hallway toward the kitchen. Then, he stopped.
Glancing first at his bedroom door, and then down the hallway to the other bathroom, he turned and headed for the bathroom. He went in and closed the door behind him. Normally, he took his showers in the morning, but he really needed to get the edge off, and the shower was the only place where he could have privacy, and where nobody bothered him.

Turning on the water, he stripped quickly and then stepped into the warm spray. He was already hard and ready, so it didn't take him long; just a few hard, rapid strokes and he was finished. Bracing himself with one arm against the shower wall, he tried to catch his breath. A few minutes later, feeling the lassitude that usually follows orgasm spread throughout his body, he reached for the soap and quickly showered.

Five minutes later, he slipped back into the room, pulled on a fresh pair of underwear and pajamas, and then eased into the bed beside Joanne, and fell asleep.

***

(8/11/2011) TBC

September 8, 1976

Roy sat across from Johnny reading the sports section. The station was quiet since the Engine got called out on a trash fire. Roy sipped at his coffee and scanned the headlines. He heard Johnny snort, but didn't look up.

"Man, oh man, listen to this Roy," Johnny said, looking over his paper. As soon as Johnny saw that he had Roy's attention, he looked down and began reading. "Dear Abby, my husband and I have been married since high school and all of the romance has gone out of our relationship. He works crazy shifts and he's hardly ever home, and when he is home, he's always tired. I've met another man, and I've fallen in love with him. What do you think is the best way to tell my husband that I want a divorce. Signed, Married and bored."

Roy stared at Johnny.

"Married and bored." Johnny snickered. "Some poor guy out there didn't keep his woman satisfied, and now he's going to get the boot. Listen to what Dear Abby's advice is: "Dear Married and bored, Your husband deserves to know that you don't love him and that you want a divorce, but stop your cheating ways until after you tell him. Signed, Abby."

Johnny looked up to gauge Roy's reaction. "What? You don't think this woman is crazy for putting her business out in the paper? Well I do." When Roy simply kept staring at him, Johnny gave him an annoyed look and rustled the paper. "Fine then. Don't agree with me."

The phone rang. Johnny pushed the paper away and nearly toppled over a chair in his rush to answer it. "Station 51, Paramedic Gage speaking…"

"Hey sexy."

He smiled. "Hey yourself, beautiful."

"Isn't it a gorgeous day?"

Johnny raised his eyebrow and looked over to the kitchen window thinking the rain had stopped but ---nope, it was still pouring out. He grinned. Julie was nuts. "Yes. I agree. Beautiful day."

"I am a little tired though; and that's entirely your fault."

"And why is that?"

"Well, you could have stopped when you got your money."

"Uh-uh, not possible." Johnny grinned when Julie giggled.

"Someone is there with you?"

"Roy."

"He's listening?"

"Probably."

Stiffly, Roy reached out and pulled the paper over to him as he listened to Johnny's conversation. His eyes found the article Johnny read to him. He read it again. And then his body relaxed suddenly. There was no way Joanne would put an article like this in the paper. Feeling almost light headed with relief, he pushed the paper away and sat back.

"I'm going to stay with my sister overnight. Come pick me up when you get off shift?"
"I have to take the rover over to get the transmission looked at, but after that, I'll go pick you up."

"Okay, I'll be ready. What would you like to do?"

Johnny snorted. "You still owe me five bucks." He smiled when Julie laughed.

"I saw that you left it on the dresser. That was pretty sneaky, Mr. Gage. Honey, I have to go, someone just walked in. Love you."

"Right back at you. Bye." When Johnny hung up the phone and turned around, Roy shook his head at him. "What?"

"Right back at you?" Roy rolled his eyes. "You can't tell her you love her?"

Johnny shook his head. "Not around here I can't. If Chet finds out, I'll never hear the end of it."

"Chet already knows you're dating Julie," Roy pointed out.

"Yeah, but he hasn't caught me saying anything about loving her."

"What's wrong with him hearing you say that?"

"Oh come on, Roy. Chet hears me say that—and I'll be hearing kissy noises, and that stupid falsetto voice he does, non-stop, every shift, until he finds someone else to screw with."

Roy laughed and shook his head. "You're the only one he screw with."

"See? That's what I mean. Come on, let's go to Rampart. They have better coffee."

Roy nodded. He glanced at the paper as he pushed out of the chair, and then followed Johnny out to the squad.

***

(8/11/2011) TBC

September 9, 1976

"Okay, this is ridiculous," Chet said, glaring at Johnny who was huddled in the corner talking on the payphone. "He acts like he's the only one in the world who's ever been in a relationship."

"Give him a break, Chet. He really likes her," Marco said, sitting back in his chair. "Besides, it's not like you need to call anyone."

Mike choked on his coffee.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Chet asked. "I have girlfriends!"

"Well, judging from the amount of girls that called you today—if that's true, then none of them are talking to you," Johnny said, catching the last end of the conversation. He sat down and shot a smug look at Chet.

"Well, if you stopped hogging the phone, maybe one of them could call me. Did you think of that?"

"If you—"

"All right you two, we only have twenty minutes left on this shift. I don't want to hear any more arguing out of you two," Captain Stanley said.

"But I wasn't argu—"

"Can it, Gage!" Chet said. "Didn't you just hear what he said?"

"Suck up," Johnny said before he could catch himself.

"I'm not sucking up, Gage. Unlike you, I just happen to have a deep and abiding respect for the Captain. And if he tells you to shut up, then you should shut up."

"Can it, Kelley."

"But Cap—"

"Hey guys, you two going at it again," Charles Dwyer said, entering the kitchen. Bob Dixon, his new temporary partner, followed.

"Not anymore. See you next shift," he said pushing to his feet and glancing around the table. He left the kitchen and headed to the locker room.

Roy looked up from polishing his shoes.
"Replacements are here," Johnny said, hurrying out of his uniform. Before Roy could even stand up, Johnny was pulling on his street clothes.

"What's the hurry?" Roy asked, putting his shoes neatly in his locker.

"I have to run the rover over to the transmission shop before I pick up Julie."

"Oh. Are you staying for a while before you leave?"

"Uh-uh," Johnny said. He shoved his left foot into his boot and stomped. Then grabbed the other and shoved it on. "Tell Julie I shouldn't be too long," he said with a quick stomp. Shoving his uniform into this locker, he grabbed his keys. He slammed the locker door and left.

***

Instead of opening the garage door and putting his car inside, Roy left it out on the curb. He wanted to wash it later. Grabbing the paper, he headed inside through the house, straight to the kitchen. He heard Joanne and Julie talking in the laundry room but ignored them in favor of getting some of the paper read. Grabbing a cup of coffee he sat down at the table and opened it.

***

Julie folded Chris's t-shirt and added it to her growing stack. "The way he kisses is just…" Julie sighed, and then grabbed another shirt. "Well, you know what I mean."

Joanne rolled her eyes. Julie was besotted with Johnny. If she had to hear one more word of how Johnny smiled, or how Johnny laughed, or how Johnny smelled, or especially---how Johnny kissed, she was going to scream. "No, I don't," Joanne said facetiously.

Julie looked at her sister. "Look, don't take it out on me just because you don't get excited anymore when your husband kisses you. I'm never going to turn Married and Bored," she said, thinking about the article in the Dear Abby Section of the paper she'd read yesterday. She could never imagine getting bored with Johnny.

Joanne opened her mouth to correct her sister's assumption that she didn't get excited. She took one look at that far-away, dreamy-eyed look on her sister's face, and decided not to bother. It was only going to bring the conversation back to Johnny again. While she loved her sister, she felt uncomfortable hearing some of the intimate details of Johnny's prowess in bed.

After she finished stacking the clothes in the second basket, Joanne stood up and slammed the dryer closed. Her sister jumped and she smiled. She handed her the basket full of clothes. "Could you set these in the kid's room for me while I take this one to my room?"

Julie grabbed the basket and headed out of the laundry room. She smiled when she saw Roy sitting at the kitchen table. "Hi, Roy." Roy scowled at her and her smile faded.

Joanne pushed by her with the other basket. "Hi, honey. We didn't hear you come in. How was work?" she asked, pausing by the table. She dropped a kiss on Roy's forehead. "I have your breakfast in the oven warming. I'll be right back."

Julie stared at Roy for a moment and the scurried after her sister. "Wow, is he usually in such a bad mood when he gets home from shift?"

"Sometimes," Joanne said with a shrug. "But he usually comes around after he eats and has a nap."

Julie nodded and headed down to the children's rooms.

Back in the kitchen, Roy sat at the table, still stunned by what he'd accidentally overheard. Julie said Joanne didn't get excited anymore when he kissed her, and Joanne hadn't argued at all. His eyes widened. What had Julie said about never turning married and bored? Why would she say something like that if---

Roy groaned and dropped his head into his hands.

Joanne wrote the Dear Abby letter. She loved someone else. She wanted a divorce but didn't know how to tell him.

Oh, God, he thought miserably, what the hell was he going to do?

(P: 8/11/2011; E: 10/08/2011) TBC
He scowled; anyone looking at those two would think they hadn't seen each other in years. His neighbors were probably getting an eyeful. He was thinking about calling a squad for some emergency O2 treatment, but Johnny finally lifted his head and looked down at Julie. "Are you two love birds finished, or should I just throw you a condom out on the front steps and mind my own business?"

Johnny looked up and his eyes narrowed. He glanced down at Julie after a few moments. "You have your things?" he asked gently, ignoring her obvious embarrassment.

Julie shook her head. "I'll go get them." She stepped back into the house and without looking at Roy, she grabbed her purse and her sweater.

Joanne came down the hallway and saw Johnny. She smiled and walked over to him and Julie, and then leaned up and kissed his cheek. "Hi, handsome. Are you staying for breakfast?"

Johnny shook his head and looked over her head to stare at Roy.

"You're leaving?" She looked at her sister for confirmation, but her sister wouldn't look at her. "Julie?"

"Yes, we're leaving." Julie said after a moment.

"Roy?" Johnny's voice was hard and cold.

Roy ran a hand through his hair. "I'm sorry, that was a stupid thing to say."

"That's okay, Roy."

"No it wasn't Julie," Johnny said. He turned his head and looked at Joanne. "Maybe we'll stay for breakfast another time, Jo."

Joanne nodded. After they left, she turned around and looked at Roy. "What happened? What did you say?"

"They started making out on the doorstep," Roy said defensively.

"I asked them if I should throw a condom out on the doorstep."

An angry look crossed Joanne's face. "That is my sister, Roy."

"I already apologized!"

Joanne's eyes narrowed. "Johnny should have knocked you in the mouth," she said. She walked down to her bedroom, and then slammed the door.

***

The ride back to Julie's apartment was completed in silence. "Please don't be mad," Julie said when Johnny shut the engine off. "He was in a bad mood when he got home. Joanne says that usually breakfast and a nap makes him feel better. He was just tired."

Johnny exhaled through his nose and sat there for a moment. "I know that you've known Roy a lot longer than I have, Julie. And I know that you two kid around a lot." He looked at her. "But that comment was unnecessary, and uncalled for, and tired or not---he was way out of line."

"Johnny, in the past, you always joked about him and Joanne kissing."

"Julie, what he said wasn't a joke, and you know it; you were embarrassed by it. Don't make excuses for him---what he said was rude, and disrespectful."

"He apologized."

"I wasn't going to move until he did, and he knew that." Johnny sighed. "Come on, let's go up."

Johnny was quiet all through breakfast.

"Johnny, you're not going to let him ruin our day, are you?" Julie asked, setting a cup of coffee down in front of him. She sat down across from him.

"No. I was just thinking that maybe we made the wrong decision."

Julie shook her head. "Oh, no. We definitely made the right decision," she said, rolling her eyes. "Joanne wants to go to the shop to see the Matron of Honor dresses."

Johnny smiled faintly. "Are you planning the wedding? Or is she planning the wedding?"

Julie smiled. "What difference does it make as long as there's a wedding?" She glanced down. "Drink your coffee."
"I don't want any more coffee," Johnny said, his voice slightly husky.

Julie stared at Johnny for a moment; she was beginning to be able to tell when he was getting aroused. "In that case, I'll bet you five-dollars I can get undressed before you," Julie answered, standing up.

"You're on." Johnny feinted forward and Julie took off running for the bedroom. She was down to her panties and bra before she realized that Johnny wasn't even trying to race her. Instead, he stood leaning in the doorway, watching her.

He grinned and straightened when she glared at him. "Sorry, but I love seeing you rip your clothes off for me."

"That five dollars is mine now," Julie said, motioning to the neatly folded five-dollar bill that sat on the nightstand.

"I'll bet you five dollars you're going to enjoy the next couple of hours," Johnny said, taking off his shirt.

Julie smiled, got on the bed, and then took her five dollars and slipped it into her panties. "You're on."

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(8/11/2011) TBC

Chapter 8

September 11, 1976

From his office Captain Hank Stanley watched the squad back into the bay, and then got up and walked over to his door. He saw Johnny get out of the squad and go one way, and Roy get out of the squad and go the other way. Chet was right, something was going on. He sighed. It was very rare that Roy and Johnny had issues between each other. He would have to keep his eye on things.

Roy walked into the dorm to use the telephone. He dialed the house and got a busy signal. Damn. Every time he'd called today, the damn thing had been busy; Joanne must have taken it off the hook just to prove her point---that she didn't want to talk to him. Johnny still wasn't talking to him, and he hadn't even seen Julie. He went over and sat down on his bunk.

He'd been in the doghouse the whole time he was off. He had apologized at least a dozen times, and had knocked out the honey-do list and had even washed the dishes after dinner, and stuck a load of laundry in the wash. And while he'd been busy looking busy, he'd thought about the Dear Abby article.

It couldn't have been Joanne that placed the ad. Joanne was too private a person to advertise her problems in the newspaper. And she wouldn't cheat on him. He knew that. But they hadn't had sex in a while, and every time he'd tried to suggest it, she'd either been tired, or had a headache. And then there was the fact that he didn't excite her anymore when he kissed her. He had no idea what to do about that. He didn't want another woman; he wanted his wife. He loved her; and he certainly wasn't bored with her. He wanted her to want him too.

He had read some of the magazine articles while at the grocery store, but most of them were about how women could turn their men on, and whoever wrote them really didn't seem to know what they were talking about---some of the suggestions sounded downright painful. He'd even picked up a playboy and read the article about how to drive your woman wild, but most of those suggestions seemed preposterous, and since he couldn't even convince Joanne to kiss him, he needed something less advanced anyway. Practicing on his elbow didn't work; his elbow didn't give feedback, so how was he going to know if he was improving or not.

Considering the way Julie acted whenever she was within a hundred feet of Johnny, he'd thought about asking him for some pointers in a vague sort of way. But one look at Johnny's face when the shift started blew that fledgling idea out of the water; Johnny still looked as if he wanted to sock him one. So he was at a loss as to what to do. There had to be some way to get his wife interested in him again. He just had to find it.

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"So, have you talked to Roy yet?"

"I've talked to Roy all day."

"Johnny..."

"Julie..."

"Just let him apologize already. If you don't let it go, then Joanne won't let it go; and frankly, I'm tired of hearing her slam doors and mutter under her breath about me being her sister."

"She mutters what?" Johnny asked, glancing around quickly to make sure nobody was listening.

"She stoms by me muttering something-something-something-MY sister, and then something-something-something-MY sister, and then---"
slam! ---there goes another door. She makes me jump every fifteen minutes or so. Stop laughing."

Johnny smothered his laughter in a cough. "Sorry. I had something stuck in my throat."

"Just stop looking so evil so he can apologize. Please?"

"Changing my look isn't going to…you know…"

"Someone's there? Look, I'll bet you five-dollars that if you say "Hey Roy" as if nothing is wrong, he'll apologize within ten minutes."

Johnny nodded his head. "You're on."

"No cheating. Call me back later so I can come and get my money. Bye sexy."

"Bye, beautiful."

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Roy walked into the kitchen feeling miserable. He glanced over at the TV. Chet, Marco and Mike were watching Charlie's Angels, and Johnny was sitting at the table working on the logbook and shuffling through their call-slips.

"Hey Roy? You see the call-slip for the heart-attack anywhere?"

Roy stopped, hearing the mild, distracted tone, and stared at Johnny.

"Roy?"

"No, I haven't seen it," he said, trying to act casual. "I'll go look in the squad." Roy turned around and walked out to the squad. He saw the slip on the floor of the passenger side, and walked around to get it.

"You find it?"

Roy whirled around startled. "Uh, yeah, here," he said, shoving the slip at Johnny.

"Thanks."

"Johnny? Can I talk to you for a minute?" he asked quickly, before Johnny got away. Johnny gave him a funny look but nodded.

"Yeah, sure. What's on your mind?"

"Well, first…uh…I wanted to apologize to you, for what I said the other day. I was in a bad mood, and I kind of took it out on you. And I'm sorry. And as soon as I get a chance, I'll apologize to Julie too. What I said was uncalled for. So are we good on that?"

Johnny nodded. "Yeah, I guess so. But if you ever say anything like that again to hurt her feelings, I'm probably going to belt you one."

"Okay; that's a deal, because I won't. The second thing is…I need your help. I was wondering if---"

"Station 51, structure fire, 2343 North Toledo, cross street, Belcher, time out 9:23."

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(8/11/2011) TBC

Chapter 9

September 12, 1976

12:15 a.m.

Roy groaned and opened his eyes. He coughed a few times, and then tried to move, but he was stuck. Exhausted by the brief movement, he closed his eyes.

2:45 a.m.

"Hey Roy? Can you hear me?" Johnny heard a groan right near his ear and he jerked back startled. "Roy?"
3:30 a.m.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

"For the hundredth time, I'm okay, I'm okay."

"You were out for a long time."

"You didn't come around until after I did, Roy. By the way, how's that head feeling."

"I told you before, it's fine. I'm fine."

4:45 a.m.

If someone didn't come and get them soon---

"Will you stop fidgeting? You're just making things worse."

"Roy, things just can't get any worse than this. Wait! Did you hear that? Ouch! Will you quit that! I do want to have kids some day you know."

Roy went still. "Sorry." He strained his ears to listen. "Other than that water dripping, I don't hear anything. What did you hear?"

"I thought I heard someone calling our names."

"Well, I don't hear anything now."

"I have to go to the bathroom."

6:30 a.m.

"I wonder what time it is? It feels like we've been here forever."

"Seems like a long time, but we've probably only been here an hour or two."

"Yeah, well, someone better come soon, I feel like I'm going to burst."

8:15 a.m.

"You want me to what?"

"Keep your voice down!"

"What for? Nobody can fucking hear us anyway!"

"You know they're looking for us."

"They're not looking in the right place!"

"They'll find us."

9:45 a.m.

"Okay, so let me get this straight. Julie said she loves the way I kiss. And then Joanne said what?"

10:15 a.m.

"Well, did you give any thought to what Joanne's going to think when you all of a sudden kiss like a pro?"

"I can always tell her I saw it on one of Chet's porn videos."
Johnny snorted. "They don't kiss on those things."
"Yeah, but she won't know that."

12:45 p.m.
"No. Scout's honor isn't going to do it. You need to swear on your grandmother's soul, Roy."
"Do you really think I'd tell anyone that, especially Joanne?"
"You don't really want me to answer that, do you?"

2:50 p.m.
"This sucks."
"Yeah."

4:50 p.m.
"Hey, did you hear that?...Johnny?...Johnny!"
"What?"
"If you answered me the first time, I wouldn't have had to yell."
"I don't hear anything. Leave me alone. I'm tired."
"You're not going to sleep on me."

7:30 p.m.
"Desoto? Gage?" Chet moved the flashlight around slowly and called again. "Roy? Johnny?"
The flashlight stopped and then went back two feet.

Chet raised the HT. "HT 51 to Engine 51. Cap, we think we spotted them north side, three floors down from where we're standing."

8:15 p.m.
"More slack!"
"A little more!"
"Hold it!"
"Hey Roy? Roy?" Chet took off one of his gloves and felt for a pulse.
Roy cracked his eyes open.
"Hey Roy, just thought I'd come and hang out with you two for a while."
"What took...so long?" Roy croaked.
"Everyone held out for overtime. It went into arbitration."
"Funny."

Chet slipped his hand in and felt for a pulse on Johnny. "Well, it looks like the both of you get a free ride to Rampart." He leaned back and looked up. "Cap, I have two slackers here that need to get checked out by one of the paramedics before I cut them loose!"
"He's on his way, Pal!"
Chapter 10

Paramedic Charles Dwyer removed the drop line from his safety belt. "Okay, Chet, let me in there, and hold the flashlight up so that I can see."

"It's a little tight," Chet said, as they switched places. "Johnny hasn't regained consciousness yet, and Roy seems pretty out of it. They're wedged in their pretty good, but I can't see that they're caught on anything."

"Okay," Charlie said, easing himself over to the two trapped paramedics. He whistled under his breath once Chet turned the flashlight back on them. Johnny and Roy were wedged against each other, and were trapped by fallen beams. He took out his penlight and eased closer.

"Roy?" When Roy opened his eyes, Charlie smiled. "Damn, you two get stuck in the weirdest places. How do you feel?"

"I'm okay. Check Johnny. He fell asleep hours ago and I couldn't rouse him," Roy said, and then coughed. "Did you bring any water down with you?"

"No, but I'll get you some once we get topside. I'm just going to check you and Johnny out before we cut you out of here and move you. Okay?"

"Yeah, okay."

Dwyer checked Roy's pupils and then took his pulse. His blood pressure reading would have to wait. There wasn't any way to get Roy's turnouts off until Chet cut the beams that were blocking them. "Did you lose consciousness?"

"Yeah, I think so. At least, Johnny said I was out longer than he was."

"Do you feel pain anywhere?"

"Other than a headache, no."

"Okay, let me check Johnny."

Johnny's pulse was a little slow, and he had definite signs of a concussion. "Roy, when Johnny was conscious, did he complain of any pain?"

"No. How are his vitals?"

"They're good. I'm going to put c-collars on you both, and then give Chet the go ahead to get you two out. Keep your eyes closed just in case."

"Okay."

"Chet, you want to hand me two c-collars?" The flashlight moved away, and was back in seconds. Dwyer fastened the collars on both men, and then stepped back. "All right, Chet, cut them out."

Ten minutes later, Chet had cut enough to free both men. As soon as he moved the last beam out of the way, both men toppled toward him.

"Whoa! Where do you two think you're going?" Chet said, shoving his body in the way so they wouldn't fall. "Dwyer? You want to help me over here?"

It took some maneuvering, but finally Dwyer was able to get a safety belt around Roy and get him over to the drop line. He hooked them up, tested the line, and then called, "Okay, take us up."

As they reached the top, hands grabbed for Roy. Quickly he was laid in a stokes and picked up.

"Wait. What about Johnny?"

Captain Stanley leaned over so that Roy could see him. "Chet's bringing him up, Roy. Let's get you clear so we have some room for him."

Roy nodded and closed his eyes. The stokes swayed and dipped and jerked, and finally, it lay still.

"Roy?"

Roy opened his eyes and looked up at…Gil Robinson? Yeah. It looked like him. It was dark, and he really couldn't see well. "Yeah…"

"How do you feel?" Gil asked, flashing the penlight into Roy's eyes to check his pupils.

"Well, I felt fine until you did that," Roy said. "How long were we down there?"

"Around twenty-two hours."

Roy's eyes widened. And then he thought he heard Dwyer's voice. "Is that Dwyer? Does he have Johnny?"
"Johnny is right here, Roy," Dwyer answered from somewhere off to his right. "He's got a nice bang on the side of his head, and a nice gash that will need some stitches, but other than that, he's looking good. Gil? Let's get a fresh set of vitals and then strip them down before transport. Whoa, Johnny, where do you think you're going?"

"What? Where? Oh, there you are, Roy---you look like shit."

Roy tried to turn his head, but couldn't.

"Johnny, leave the collar alone," Dwyer said.

"Charlie, obviously, if I'm sitting, I don't have spinal damage. Leave me alone, my head hurts."

"Gage, is there an issue over here?" Captain Stanley asked.

"No Cap, there isn't. I was just telling Charlie here about how I feel just fine."

Roy strained to look over, but still couldn't see anything. What were they making collars out of these days? These new ones had no give like the other ones did.

"Why don't you lie back down, John, and let Dwyer do his job. You were down there for over twenty two hours, and to tell you the truth… you're not looking too hot."

"Aw, Cap I'm fi---wait---what? Twenty two hours?" Roy waited, knowing Johnny was going to say something bizarre. "Cap, what the hell took you so long?"

"Well, pal…we found your HT, but no sign of either one of you. Want to explain to me what you two were doing at the opposite end of the building and five floors down in the basement?"

Roy waited to hear what excuse Johnny was going to give.

"I don't remember Cap. I think I have a concussion. Charlie? Did you check my pupils? I'm seeing two of you."

Roy snorted.

"Shut up, Roy," Johnny muttered. "You don't look any better than I feel."

"Gage, lie back down."

"Yes sir," Johnny said. "Hey, watch it with that thing Dwyer…"

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(08/13/2011)

Chapter 11

Dr. Joe Early met the ambulance. "Hey, Charlie, Gil, looks like you finally found our two missing paramedics."

"Yeah, after twenty-two hours," Johnny grumbled from his gurney as he rolled by.

Joe looked at Dwyer, and Dwyer just shrugged as if to say 'you know Johnny.'

"Put them both in Treatment Room Two."

"The both of them? Together? Doc, are you sure? They argued with each other the whole way here in the ambulance when they weren't busy correcting our technique."

Dr. Early nodded. "If I put them together, I won't have to listen to their questions about how the other one is doing. Could you do me a favor and let Joanne and Julie Desoto know that Roy and Johnny have arrived and that I'll be down to speak with them shortly? They're in the lounge."

Dwyer nodded. "Sure doc."

"Crap."

Dwyer wheeled Johnny's gurney into the room after Roy's and looked down. "Crap?"

"I forgot about Julie."

Dwyer smiled. "I'll make sure I let her know that. You two take care."
After Dwyer left, Johnny turned his head and looked at Dr. Early. "Hey, Doc? Do you have some good drugs to put me out for say...uh...a couple of days?"

Joe shook his head. "You know I can't give you anything if you're showing signs of a concussion. Now lay back and let me get these exams done."

Both men managed to remain quiet as Dr. Early examined each of them and then ordered x-rays and lab work. After he was done issuing orders, he completed filling in both charts.

Johnny sighed. "This is all your fault Roy," he said, staring at the ceiling, ignoring the nurse that began taking his blood.

"My fault? I told you that I didn't drop the HT on the other side of the building."

"Yeah, but you weren't sure where you dropped it either. And you still dropped it. So...this is all your fault. And that's what I'm telling Julie."

"I never tell Joanne it's your fault!"

Johnny shrugged. "Maybe not, but she always thinks it's my fault anyway."

Roy sighed knowing that was true; Joanne did always think it was Johnny's fault, but to be fair, he never really argued the point with her---he was too busy liking the special attention she paid him. "Okay, fine. But you take the blame the next time."

Joe Early shook his head at the exchange. "I'd prefer it if there were no next time."

Johnny looked at Roy with one eyebrow cocked, and Roy just shrugged. "Sure doc," they both said.

"I'll be back after the x-rays are done and the labs are back. You two behave yourselves."

They didn't speak until after the x-ray technician was done and the room emptied out.

"Okay, you had plenty to say before. Why are you so quiet now?" Roy asked.

"This is the first time since I've known Julie that I've ended up at Rampart."

"You have been rather careful ever since you started dating her."

"You're just a regular comedian tonight, aren't you?"

"You're worried she won't be able to handle it?"

Johnny didn't answer.

"Look, Johnny. I've been in and out of the hospital a half a dozen times since I joined the fire department. And every single one of those times that Joanne came down here, Julie was the one that came to the house to babysit the kids. She's used to it. She'll be fine."

"And what if she's not?"

"Kiss her."  

"What?" Johnny rolled up onto his elbow and stared at Roy in disbelief. "Kiss her?"

"Well she's the one goes all ga-ga when you kiss her, so kiss her. She'll forget all about you being in the emergency room."  

Johnny narrowed his eyes at Roy. "They really should come back and check your head again."

"Which reminds me...about our talk..."

Johnny immediately lay down and closed his eyes. "What talk?"

"You know which talk."

"I don't remember any talk, Roy. I have a concussion."

"Well let me refresh your short-term memory. You promised you'd help me."

"With what?"

Roy looked at the door to make sure nobody was on their way in. "With the kissing thing," he hissed.

"I really don't recall any such conversation."

"Look, you promised--""

"Roy, I thought we were going to die there---of course I promised."

"Well, we didn't," Roy snapped. "And a promise is a promise."
“Fine,” Johnny said.
Roy waited, but Johnny said nothing else.
“Fine? As in you’ll help me?”
“Yeah, I’ll help you.” Johnny rolled back up onto his elbow and glared over at Roy. "But I'm not kissing you."
“Fine. I never asked you to.”
“T'm not, Roy.”
“I said, fine.”
“Just so we're clear.”
“As crystal,” Roy said, as Johnny turned over and almost pulled over his IV.
“When?”
Johnny sighed and turned back over. "When what?"
“When are you going to help me?”
“I don’t know Roy. Sometime after we get out of here I guess,” Johnny said with an irritated look. "Now could you shut up? You're giving me a headache.”

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(08/13/2011)

Chapter 12

Joanne and Julie sat together at the table in the lounge. Joanne cradled the cold cup of coffee between her hands and stared down into it. She remembered how her heart had stopped when Hank Stanley had called her to tell her that her husband and Johnny were missing. She shuddered. She would never get used to those calls. Never.

“How much longer do you think it will be before we'll be able to see them?” Julie asked, pushing her empty cup away.

Joanne looked up at her sister. Weary anxiety and an edgy nervousness replaced the fear and panic from earlier. Already her sister looked like she'd aged ten years. She wished she could shield Julie from everything that happened today, but she was determined to marry Johnny. She needed to learn how to handle days like today. "Not long."

"I'm so…nervous. I don't know how I should act or what I should say. Should I say anything at all? I wish they would just hurry up. This waiting is driving me crazy. I don't even know how you can sit there and be so calm," Julie said miserably.

"That's me---calm Joanne Desoto." Picking up her cup, Joanne got up. She dumped its cold contents in the sink, and poured herself a fresh coffee.

Julie stared at her sister as she sat down.

Joanne smiled faintly and shrugged. "When Chris was two and I was six months pregnant with Jenny, Roy got hurt on the job for the first time. A wall collapsed on him and a few others at a structure fire. His captain called me on the phone from the hospital. He said they took Roy straight to surgery. I fell apart.

"I took Chris over to mom and asked her to keep him while I went to the hospital," she said. She caught Julie's grimace and nodded. "Yeah, that went over well with Mom.

"Dad drove me to the hospital. When I got there, they took me to the waiting room where the other four wives waited. I didn't know any of them since Roy had just been assigned to that station, but I felt like a duck out of water. Every last one of them looked immaculate, as if ready for an evening of dinner and dancing. I showed up with Chris's lunch on my shirt, my hair in a messy pony tail, my face blotched from crying.

Joanne smiled faintly. "They introduced themselves and asked about Chris, and my pregnancy. One of them took a comb out of her purse and straightened my hair. Another gave me her sweater and buttoned it up so that you couldn't see the stains on my shirt.

"Right after that, one of the doctors came into the waiting room looking for me. He told me Roy was in the recovery room. He said he would be just fine and that I'd be able to see him in a couple of hours. I cried like a baby.

"A little while after that, another doctor came in. He asked for one of the wives. When she stood up, he just shook his head. That was all---he
just shook his head. The woman didn't say anything. She didn't cry. She just asked if she could see him; and then they left."

Joanne stared into her cup. "After another hour, another doctor came in, looking sad and tired. He asked for one of the wives. When she stood up, he said he was sorry—that her husband hadn't survived his surgery. The woman lost it. She started screaming and crying, and she didn't stop. I was young, and frightened, and had no idea what to do. I just stood there and did nothing. Two orderlies came in and picked her up off the floor and carried her away, but she never stopped screaming." Joanne shuddered at the memory.

"I went to both wakes. The first one was calm, serene, everyone was supportive. The second one was horrible. The same woman that carried on in the hospital made a scene and had to be carried out. I saw what that did to the rest of the wives that were there. They looked just as terrified as I felt. Some of the men looked disgusted and I heard one say that she disrespected her husband's memory by carrying on like that. After that day, I promised never to be like her."

Joanne raised her eyes and stared across the table at her sister. "I'm calm because I decide to be calm, and because I'm never going to give anyone the opportunity to think I disrespect my husband and what he does. I feel everything you're feeling, I just act like I don't. And when I go home, and the kids are in bed asleep, if I need to cry, I cry."

"I'm sorry."

Joanne nodded, looked the clock, and then took a sip of her coffee.

"Jo?"

"Hmm?"

"What if I can't be like that?"

"You just do the best you can, Julie."

"But what if I'm like her?"

"Well, that's what you have me for."

***

(P: 08/14/2011; E: 10/08/2011) TBC

Chapter 13

When Joanne walked into the room alone, Johnny sighed. Julie wasn't coming---he knew it. He watched Joanne cross the room to Roy's bed. She took his hand, and then leaned forward and gave him a kiss on his forehead and said, "How are you feeling?"

"I'm okay," Roy said. "The both of us are."

Johnny smiled wanly when Joanne turned around. "Hi, Joanne. Fancy seeing you here." He felt relieved when Joanne smiled at him.

"Julie will be up in a few minutes; she stopped by the ladies room."

Johnny nodded and turned over, both to give them some privacy, and also so that they wouldn't see how relieved he was to hear that Julie hadn't left.

Joanne looked at Roy. "You look tired," she said, brushing a clump of hair back. She could feel the grit in it.

"Joanne, I'm fine really. We just got stuck in a hole that we couldn't get out of and had to sit around and wait for the guys to come and get us."

"Hank said it took them a long time because they were looking in the wrong place."

"Twenty-two hours," Johnny mumbled from his bed.

"It was my fault honey. I dropped the HT and we went to go look for it."

"Do you need me to bring you anything?"

"No, just some clothes when you pick me up."

Johnny heard footsteps coming down the hall, and he knew it was Julie. He turned over and watched her walk in the door. She smiled at him tremulously, and flung a "Hi Roy" across the room as she approached the bed.

She stopped at the foot of the bed and looked him over. "Hi sexy."

"I can't hear you from that far away," Johnny said. He held out his hand.
Julie came forward and took it, and then leaned over and kissed his forehead.

Johnny looked at her in surprise. "That's it? I've waited all this time to see you, and that's all I get?" He felt Julie's hand relax a little in his, and pulled her closer. "How about we try that again?"

"You're hurt," Julie said, glancing at the bandage on the side of his head.

"It's just a scratch."

"You got ten stitches, and, you've got cuts and scratches all over you; and you have a concussion."

Johnny's eyes narrowed. "I'm fine."

"You're not fine."

Johnny pulled Julie closer until her face was inches from his. "I only have a little headache, and the stitches are itching. But I am fine."

"You scared me," Julie whispered.

"I'm sorry," Johnny whispered back. "Why don't you close the curtain? And then we'll talk."

Julie nodded and Johnny let her hand go. She closed the curtain around the bed, and then turned to Johnny. Johnny pushed the button on the side of the bed to raise it a little, and then put out his hand. When Julie took it, he pulled her next to the bed. His other arm snaked out, flipped her around, and pulled her onto the bed with him.

"Johnny! You said talk."

"Shh!"

"You're going to hurt yourself," Julie hissed.

"Shh! You're making too much noise," Johnny said, turning her. "Now, give me a kiss."

"No, you don't deserve one for scaring me like you did today."

"It wasn't my fault," Johnny whispered back. "Now, kiss me."

Julie looked into Johnny's eyes. She could see the lines at the corners of his eyes, so she knew he had headache, but she also saw that he was determined to get his kiss. "Fine, but just one. And then you're going to lie down and rest."

"Okay."

At first, the kiss was gentle, but as soon as she went to pull away, Johnny deepened the kiss…and she forgot about everything.

***

At first Roy and Joanne just ignored the whispering, but when Joanne heard her sister moan, she knew exactly what they were doing. She flushed with embarrassment when Roy stopped what he was saying and stared over at the closed curtain.

"Well, Julie doesn't sound as upset now as she did a few minutes ago, does she?" Roy said looking back at Joanne.

"No. She doesn't."

Dixie walked into the room, and stopped dead in her tracks with a look of concern when she heard a moan coming from behind the curtain.

"You may want to knock on the curtain first, Dixie," Roy said.

Dixie rolled her eyes and grabbed the curtain, yanking it back. "This is a hospital not a---"

Joanne gasped.

Roy just stared over in appreciation. Johnny held Julie's wrists to the each corner of the top of the bed and was lying on top of her, grinding and circling his hips down into her. Julie's legs were locked around Johnny as she strained her head up to kiss Johnny in an opened mouth kiss that looked hot and sexy. Roy could see their tongues mashing and twirling around in the small space between their lips. Julie gave a deep moan and Roy felt himself tighten.

"John Gage!" Dixie said. "Stop that right now."

They may as well have been talking to the wall for all the notice Johnny and Julie gave them.

Dixie walked over and grabbed the pitcher of water. Walking over to the bed, she reached over and poured the contents out on Johnny's head.

***

(08/14/2011 TBC)
Chapter 14

Roy shifted up in the bed so that he could see past Joanne. He cringed when he saw Dixie grab the pitcher and dump it over Johnny's head. When the water and ice hit his neck and back, Johnny arched immediately and rolled automatically, right off the edge of the bed. The IV pole jerked, and then toppled over, and Roy winced when Johnny hit the floor. Julie lay there face up, stunned for a moment, looking as if she wasn't really aware of what happened; and then Roy saw her roll and look over the edge of the bed.

"Johnny!" Julie scrambled to get off the bed. "Johnny?"

Roy sat up at Julie's tone.

Dixie rounded the bed. "Move back, Julie," Dixie instructed, and then stood and reached for the call button. "This is Nurse Dixie McCall, room 212, I need a gurney and two orderlies down here stat!"

Roy grabbed at his IV and yanked it out, then pulled back the sheet and swung his legs onto the floor. He moved Joanne out of his way, quickly crossed the room, and rounded the bed. "Joanne, come and get Julie," he said. Stepping forward, he grabbed Julie under the arm and stood her up. "Julie, you need to move out of the way. Go with Joanne." Joanne took Julie and pulled her back out of the way to the corner of the room.

Dixie reached up and grabbed the sheet, pulling it down from the bed. She balled it up and pressed it against the place where the IV had been ripped out to stem the blood. Roy knelt down on the floor beside Johnny's head. "Johnny? Can you hear me?" He touched Johnny's head gently and threaded his fingers through Johnny's hair to feel his scalp. "Dixie? Did you see him hit his head?"

"Check the side with his stitches," Dixie said. She placed her fingers on Johnny's neck to take his pulse.

Roy moved his hands under Johnny's head and felt the dampness. Sliding his hand back out, he showed Dixie the amount of blood on his hand. "We're going to need a cervical collar before we move him."

"Oh god," Julie whispered when she saw the blood on Roy's hand. "I killed him."

"You didn't kill anyone; I was the one that threw the ice water on him," Dixie said, filled with remorse; she should have anticipated Johnny's reaction. "Joanne, why don't you two wait down in the waiting room? We're going to need to move him downstairs as soon as the gurney gets here, and we'll need you two out of the way."

Joanne nodded and led Julie out of the room.

Dixie looked up when she heard the sound of the gurney. "We're going to need a cervical collar." One of the attendants nodded and left the room. She looked at the other one. "Alert the Emergency Room that we'll be bringing a patient down immediately."

The orderly came back into the room handed Dixie the cervical collar. "Roy?"

Roy lifted Johnny's head slightly and Dixie fitted the collar around.

"Okay, let's roll him," Dixie said, straightening Johnny's legs out.

Once they got Johnny on his back, they moved out of the way. The orderlies picked Johnny up and set him on the gurney. Dixie turned to follow. "Get back in bed, Roy. I'll send in a nurse to take care of that arm for you."

Roy watched them wheel Johnny out of the room. He lifted his trembling arm and looked at the three-inch trail of dried blood, and then dropped his arm and crossed the room. He let out heavy breath, and sat on the edge of the bed to wait for the nurse.

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"Oh for Christ sake, will you stop that already?" Johnny grumbled, putting his hand up to push the light out of his eyes. He squinted up at Dr. Early, and then closed his eyes; his head was killing him.

Dr. Early clicked off his pen light. "How does your head feel?"

"Like you stomped on it."

"What's today's date?"

Johnny groaned. "I don't know. My head hurts too much to do the math right now."

"What's the last thing you remember?"

Johnny let out a long-suffering sigh, opened his eyes, and glanced around. "When did you move me out of the other exam room? Where's Roy?"

Johnny grimaced when Dr. Early narrowed his eyes. "Damn. I gather that wasn't the right thing to say." He sighed and closed his eyes. "What happened?"

"You fell out of bed and hit your head. Do you remember that?"

Johnny thought hard for a moment but the effort only made his head hurt worse, and he shook his head, and then winced when doing that caused the side of his head to start throbbing. "No, doc. I don't remember, but it figures." He heard the door open but didn't turn his head or open his
eyes.

"How is he?" Dixie said, her voice filled with concern.

"Hello…I'm right here," Johnny said, wiggling his fingers in the air.

"Oh, you're awake."

Johnny heard Dixie move closer and he opened his eyes and squinted up at her. "Hey Dixie."

"Hey Johnny, how do you feel?"

"Well, I'd probably feel a lot better if Doc would make my head disappear."

"Johnny, I'm so sorry."

"Dixie, he doesn't remember," Joe said.

Johnny looked at Dixie. "I know I'm going to regret asking this but…why are you sorry?"

"I'm the reason you fell out of bed. I threw ice water on you."

"Uh-huh, and why is that?" Johnny asked, knowing he wasn't going to like the answer.

"Because you were having sex in it with your girlfriend."

"What?" He blinked up at Dixie. "I was?"

Dixie nodded.

Johnny sighed. "Damn. Figures I would forget something good like that."

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(08/15/2011 TBC)

Chapter 15

An hour later, Roy looked Johnny over carefully as the orderlies wheeled him into the room on a gurney. Lying on his side with his head propped on a pillow, he looked pale and drawn. He didn't even open his eyes when the orderlies transferred him to the bed.

Dixie hovered until the orderlies moved the gurney out of the way. She stepped up to the bed. Covering Johnny, she checked his IV. Then, she straightened the sheets and then checked the IV again.

Someone was feeling a little guilty, Roy thought, as he watched Dixie fuss over Johnny.

Dr. Early walked into the room, followed by Joanne and Julie. Joanne walked to his side. She smiled and kissed him on his forehead. Julie hovered by the door and stared at Johnny. Dr. Early stood at the head of the bed and wrote something in Johnny's chart, then began flipping through the pages.

Roy looked over first at Dr. Early, then at Dixie, who was still fussing with Johnny's sheets, and then back at Dr. Early. He looked over to the door where Julie hovered, and then he looked at his wife and raised his eyebrow.

Joanne shrugged as if to say 'better safe than sorry.'

Roy glanced at Julie again. She looked ready to burst into tears.

Johnny shifted in the bed and opened his eyes. He glanced over at Roy and Joanne, and then he saw Julie standing in the doorway. He lifted his hand in her direction and she hurried forward.

"I…I wanted to say I'm sorry before I left," Julie said.

"You're leaving? But I'm fine; I only have a little headache. Stay," Johnny said, taking her hand.

"You have a concussion," Dixie said, looking up from the bottom of the bed.

Roy noticed Dixie kept fiddling with the sheets as if concerned that her tight tuck wouldn't stay tucked if she let go.

"I'd better go," Julie said softly. "I'll come back tomorrow."
Johnny nodded and didn’t argue further.

Roy studied Johnny’s pale face and the tightness around his eyes. Johnny was hurting more than he was letting on.

"Give me a kiss goodbye then."

The temperature in the room went up ten degrees when Johnny sat up, pulled Julie close, and grabbed her mouth with his own. They began kissing. Again.

Dr. Early cleared his throat. Dixie undid her tucked sheet, snapped it, and began tucking it again.

Their efforts were wasted, Roy thought. He watched as the couple forget their audience and engaged in an openly sensual kiss. Roy’s eyes narrowed as he watched them. He studied the way Johnny’s head turned, the way one rested behind Julie’s neck to keep her still, and how he wrapped the other arm around Julie’s waist to hold her close. It didn’t look like Johnny did anything special.

Roy looked at Dixie; her eyes were glued to the couple. Dr. Early was opening staring, but not interrupting, which Roy found rather interesting.

When Roy looked at Joanne, he expected to see her staring as well. He leaned forward to see Joanne’s face. Instead of looking impressed, she looked annoyed.

"Julie, it's time to go." Joanne's voice sounded loud in the quiet room. "Julie!" she snapped.

Roy smiled when he saw Johnny wince and break off the kiss.

Julie looked ready to climb into bed with Johnny.

Joanne hurried across the room and took her by the arm. "Time to go."

"See you tomorrow," Johnny said softly. He cupped the side of Julie's face, kissed her gently, and then let her go.

"Tomorrow," Julie replied.

Joanne rolled her eyes at the breathless answer. She pulled her sister away from the bed. Turning, she looked at Roy and smiled. "I'll see you tomorrow, honey."

Roy nodded and watched as Joanne hurried Julie from the room. He turned and looked over to the other side of the room at Dixie.

"How do you feel Johnny?" Dixie asked.

Roy's eyes widened. Dixie spoke as if Johnny had developed a hearing problem.

Johnny winced and gingerly eased himself back down on the bed.

Roy noticed that Johnny's sheet remained untucked.

"Interesting," Dr. Early said after a moment, and then turned to address them both. "Dr. Brackett will be back up in the morning to check on the both of you. Roy, if everything checks out, you'll probably be released after lunch. Johnny, you earned yourself an extra day."

He looked at Johnny and added, "If I were you, I would behave myself and not go around pissing off the nurses. Get some rest."

Roy grinned at when Johnny shot Dr. Early a confused look. "You know that this is going to be all over the hospital by tomorrow. Nurses talk, and so do orderlies," he said as soon as Dr. Early left. When Johnny shrugged and pulled his sheet up to his shoulder, Roy couldn't resist adding, "I don't see what the big deal is…to me it doesn't like you do anything special when you kiss."

Johnny's eyes narrowed. "Well then I guess that means you won't need me to teach you anything."

Roy shook his head. "Uh-uh. A deal is a deal." He shrugged. "Maybe I missed something."

"And maybe you just shouldn't be so nosy."

"You kissed her in front of everyone," Roy pointed out.

"Shut up, Roy. I'm trying to sleep." Johnny turned over.

After a few moments of fidgeting, he turned back over and glared across the room. "You told me to kiss her."

"Not like that."

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(P: 08/25/2011 E: 10/08/2011) TBC
Chapter 16
September 15, 1976

By midmorning, Dr. Brackett made his rounds. He examined Roy first and told him everything looked good. "Stay off your feet for the rest of today and take it easy. You're still showing signs of dehydration, so I want you to make sure you drink lots of fluids."

"I can go back to work next shift?" Roy asked as Dixie walked into the room.

Dr. Brackett shook his head. "I'm afraid not. I don't want you returning to work until next week," he said, flipping Roy's chart closed.

Roy turned on his side in his bed and listened to Johnny try to wheedle his way out of another night's stay at Rampart.

"Oh come on, Doc. There isn't any reason to stay here another night," Johnny complained as Dixie took his vital signs. "I'm fine. I didn't even need an aspirin this morning."

Dr. Brackett flipped through Johnny's chart and nodded. "Everything looks good."

"So I can go?"

Dr. Brackett nodded. "I don't see why not."

After Dr. Brackett gave him his discharge instructions and he and Dixie left, Johnny reached for the phone at the side of the bed and dialed.

"Betty's Bridal Boutique. This is Julie..."

Johnny smiled as soon as he heard Julie's voice. "Hi beautiful."

"Hi Handsome. How do you feel?"

Johnny could hear lots of talking and laughing in the background. "Fine. I just wanted to let you know I'm getting discharged." He heard Julie groan.

"Honey, the store is mobbed. I can't leave until later."

Johnny shrugged. "That's okay. I can catch a ride from Roy and Joanne," he answered shooting a quick glance over at Roy. Roy nodded.

"Okay. I packed you a bag and left it at the house. Jo is going to bring it to you. I only packed a pair of sweats though because I thought you were staying another night."

Johnny turned his head as Joanne walked in the door. "Joanne just got here; she has it. So I guess I'll see you at home later?"

Joanne walked over and set Johnny's bag on the chair beside his bed, and then walked over to Roy. She gave him a cursory inspection. He looked tired and pale, and looked like he could use a long soak in the tub. She dropped a brief kiss on his lips. When Roy tried to grab another, she pulled away with a guilty look and handed Roy his bag.

Although she didn't mean to, she had hurt Julie's feelings in the car on the way home when she pointed out that---if it had been her and Roy in the same situation---Roy wouldn't have ended up with a concussion. Julie never gave her a chance to explain the reason why. Instead, she hopped out of the car, got into her own, and drove off. Julie didn't answer her phone at all last night, and wouldn't talk to her this morning when she called her at work. Joanne didn't know if that was because she was still mad, or because she was busy with the crowd of women in the background---probably both.

Johnny hung up the phone and he caught Joanne's quick movement to avoid Roy, and saw Roy's look of hurt and disappointment before he masked it. When Roy glanced over at him, he turned and grabbed his bag as if he hadn't seen a thing.

"I'll go change," he said, slipping from the bed. He headed toward the bathroom.

His head still pounded, so he decided against taking a shower---he could do that when he got home.

As he changed, he thought about the conversation he and Roy had, crushed up against each other in the darkness, while they waited for someone to find them. He thought Roy was crazy for asking him to teach him how to kiss. Even when Roy pointed out all the logical reasons why he would be the perfect person to teach him, he still thought Roy was crazy; but now he was having second thoughts.

Roy hadn't been lying. Joanne didn't want to kiss him.

Roy had looked so...so...

Johnny sighed.

He hated seeing that look on Roy's face.

Joanne and Roy were having problems. They were his best friends...and they were his family now, although they didn't know that yet. There was no way he was going to sit by and let them fall apart if there was something he could do to help fix it.

Besides, he thought as he slipped into his t-shirt, how hard could it be to teach Roy how to kiss? All he had to do was find out what he was doing, and then give him some pointers on how to improve. That's how he learned how to kiss and how to please a woman in bed.
Women could be brutal when they broke up with you. It didn't matter if it was because they hated your job, or your new haircut. When they got pissed, they attacked your manhood. Almost every time he'd gotten dumped in the past, he'd been told, usually while ducking projectiles that were being hurled at him, just where he needed to improve. While it hadn't made him feel good to know he was lacking in certain areas, he did eventually improve.

Johnny smiled as he put on his socks and running shoes. He didn't know how many times after they were done making love that Julie rolled over and went to sleep on him—just like he used to do to his previous girlfriends. They had taken it as an insult. He saw it as a compliment.

"Hey, are you going to take all day in there? I want to leave before Dr. Brackett changes his mind," Roy called.

Johnny grabbed his bag and went out.

"How's that headache?" Roy asked.

"It's not that bad. Where's Jo?"

"She went to get the discharge papers. Why?" Roy asked when Johnny looked around furtively.

Johnny stared at Roy for a moment, and then sighed. He'd have to talk to Julie as soon as she got home. "We'll start your classes tomorrow."

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(P: 08/26/2011; E: 10/08/2011) TBC

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September 16, 1976

Johnny pulled up into Roy's driveway, parked, and sat there for a moment.

Yesterday, before he left the hospital, he vowed to do whatever it took to wipe the look of hurt and disappointment off Roy's face.

When he got home, he spent the day resting and sleeping. Julie came over after work and they ate the sandwiches she fixed. Afterwards, they curled up together on the sofa and watched Charlie's Angels. He fell asleep at some point and when he woke up at two in the morning, she was gone. She didn't answer her phone this morning, so he still hadn't had a chance to talk to her about Roy's situation.

He began to have second thoughts about helping Roy while on the drive over. The last time he'd gotten involved in a situation between Roy and Joanne had been over Stoker's spaghetti recipe. That happened four years ago and it still came up in conversation.

What if whatever he taught Roy backfired? What if it worked? Either way, Joanne was going to figure out that Roy was getting his information from somewhere…and she would blame him. Did he really want to hear about something like this for the next four years?

"Are you---"

Johnny jumped. Turning his head, he glared at Roy. "Don't sneak up on me like that."

Roy grinned. "Sorry. I called you twice. Are you coming in so we can get started?" he asked, backing away from the rover when Johnny opened the door.

Johnny followed Roy into the house through to the kitchen.

"Want coffee?"

Johnny nodded and sat down at the table.

Roy handed Johnny his coffee and then sat across from him with his own cup. "Where do we start?" he asked with an expectant look.

Johnny took a sip of his coffee and sat back. He stared at Roy for a moment and then cleared his throat. "I figured that the best way to start is by figuring out what you do wrong."

Roy frowned. "What I do wrong? Who says I'm doing anything wrong? I just want you to give me a few pointers."

Johnny's eyes narrowed at Roy's defensive tone. "In order to give you a few pointers, I need to know what you and Joanne are doing."

"Doing?"

"Yeah, you know…before you…” Johnny raised his eyebrow suggestively.

Roy's eyes narrowed. "Don't you think that's kind of personal?"

Johnny raised both eyebrows. "Asking me to teach you to kiss wasn't personal?"

Roy flushed.

Johnny took a sip of his coffee, and waited. Roy shot him an embarrassed look and cleared his throat.

"I…uh…"
Johnny sighed. "Look, there's no way this is going to be a comfortable conversation, so let's just get this over with," he said finally, taking pity on his red-faced friend. "You said that over the past couple of months you've noticed a change. So I'm assuming that before that, things were good?"

Roy nodded. "Yeah, I thought they were."

"Okay, so why don't you tell me what you did before you noticed the change."

"What I did?" Roy asked.

"Yeah," Johnny said, taking in Roy's confused look. "What were the different things you did to get things going between you and Jo? How did you get things started off?"

Roy's face cleared. "Oh. Well, that's easy. We have a system."

"A system." Johnny's eyes narrowed. He leaned back in his chair. "What kind of a system?"

"I watch what Jo wears to bed," Roy answered.

"Uh-huh." Johnny waited. "And then what happens?" he asked when it looked as though Roy was done explaining.

"Oh. Well…if Joanne is willing to have sex, she wears her nightgown to bed. If she's not in the mood, she wears her pajamas."

Johnny managed to keep a straight look on his face as he cleared his throat. "So, if she's…wearing her nightgown, what do you do?" he asked after a moment.

"I just told you, we have sex."

"I got that part. I meant…what do you do to get things started off?"

"I don't have to do anything. I mean, other than…you know."

Johnny shook his head. "No. I don't know. I need you to tell me."

Roy's eyes narrowed.

"Look Roy, I'm not the one that asked for help learning how to kiss," Johnny said. His hand splayed across his chest. "If you changed your mine, that's perfectly fine with me."

Roy flushed, and then shifted uncomfortably. "I don't know exactly what it is you want me to tell you."

"I want to know what you do between the time you close your bedroom door and lock it, and before you have…intercourse," Johnny replied, choking out the last word.

"Oh." Roy looked down into his coffee for a moment, and then he looked back up. "We have kids, so we hurry."

"You hurry." Johnny sat there for a moment. He cocked his head to the side and looked at Roy curiously. "So you don't give her any attention other than…getting the nightgown off?"

Roy flushed a darker shade of red.

Johnny stared at Roy with an incredulous look. "Come on Roy, tell me you at least take the nightgown off."

"Sometimes." Roy looked away.

Johnny shook his head. "I can't believe you have two kids. He took a drink of his coffee and gave Roy an amused look. "When was the last time you got laid?"

Roy sighed. "It's been a while."

Johnny snorted. "I'll bet. He got up and poured himself another cup of coffee. Turning he leaned against the counter, stared over at his friend, and shook his head. None of the women he'd ever dated, including Julie, would've let him get away with what Joanne let Roy do; not without him having to dodge lots of projectiles aimed at his head or his nether regions.

Several solutions to the situation ran through his head, but all of them ended up with Joanne breaking Roy's legs. He stared at Roy, thought about what he said, and then he got an idea. He cleared his throat.

Roy turned and looked at Johnny. "What?"

"Ready for your first lesson?"

Roy nodded.

Johnny grinned. "Okay, here's what you have to do before we get to the kissing."

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(P 10/08/2011) TBC
Chapter 8: Notes On Getting By

Author's Notes: Don't read if you don't like spoilers

"Getting By" Notes

Chapter 1 - Eviction

The day after being released from the hospital, and still wearing a cast, Johnny gets evicted by the sheriff. The sheriff won't listen to his explanations and asks him to leave. Johnny can't think. He has no phone to ask for help and is in a cast. Determined not to ask for help, he decides to load his rover by himself. After the sheriff leaves, it begins to rain. Johnny begins loading his things. Mike and David visit Roy in the hospital and find out Johnny has been released. Mike and his brother David bring take-out to the hospital. Mike cautions David to play things cool. Roy is in bed reading a magazine. Mike finds out Johnny got released and tells Roy he will check on him. Mike tells David to go home. David refuses and says he will meet Mike at Johnny's house. (Op: Eviction 201202161354/Attitudes 201202170205) 3,111

Chapter 2 - Misery

David and Mike leave to go to Johnny's house. Johnny loads his things in the rain. The sheriff returns and calls 911 when he sees Johnny on the ground. David stoker uses his police lights and siren to get to Johnny's house first. Once he gets across town, he decides to wait for Mike. In the pouring rain, Johnny has difficulty loading his old trunk, so he drags it across the ground. The sheriff, who had returned, thinks Johnny hit his head and calls 911. Mike arrives and Johnny is both relieved and mortified. David arrives and gets angry when he sees Johnny on the ground. He gets the sheriff to leave and introduces himself to Johnny; makes a pass at him. The fire department arrives and Dwyer begins treating Johnny. Mike loads Johnny's things into the landrover and speaks to Captain Hookraider. The ambulance arrives, Johnny is loaded, ambulance leaves. Fire dept leaves with Johnny's rover. Mike is pissed that Johnny was left to fend for himself after eviction. (Op: Rainblues 201202181155/Misery 201202201437) 4,094

Chapter 3 - Rampart

Johnny is upset that everyone would know what happened to him. To distract Johnny, Dwyer threatens to tell Roy. Dwyer delivers Johnny to Dr. Early and then leaves. He tells Dixie what happened, and then heads upstairs to tell Roy. Mike and David arrive at Rampart and Dixie sends them up to Roy's room to wait. Roy listens to what happened to Johnny. Cap calls, he's on his way to Rampart. Johnny gets his waterlogged cast removed. Dr. Early tells him his temperature is still a little low. Johnny insists that he didn't hit his head. Dr. Early says he will check the X-rays to determine which cast Johnny will need. Dixie tells Joe and Kel about what happened to Johnny. She catches Roy on his way down to the emergency room and makes him go back to his room. When fire personnel begin arriving in droves, Dixie tries not to laugh. (Op: Rampart 201202211218/Solidarity 201202221051) 3,767

Chapter 4 - Payback

The guys get together and pay Mike Johnny's first three month's rent at the beach house. David thinks they handed Johnny to him and Mike on a platter. Roy hears all about how the fire department engineers all injured their backs in support of Johnny. The fire department watch as the head of the fire department and the head of the Sheriff's department square off in the parking lot. David holds Mike from fighting, and gets into it with his brother himself. Dixie sends Mike and David into the treatment room. All the men regather in the hospital room to go over what happened in the parking lot. Johnny, still aslep, misses everything. (Op: Payback 201202231850/Brawling 201202241943) 4,301

Chapter 5 - Pretense

Johnny, Joanne and Roy arrive at the beachhouse. Johnny finally decides that he'll stay. David shows up to bring Johnny the forms he needs to fill in to report his missing checks. He tells David he's uncomfortable with what everyone has done for him. David tells him it's not about him, it's about his friends. David calls Mike and tells him to go home. He argues briefly with Mike about upsetting Johnny. Johnny makes his way outside to think. He hates what happened but thinks about what David said, and decides that he can put up with being taken care of for a few days. Mike makes it home and finds Johnny outside on the porch. Johnny looks tired. He wakes Johnny up, and for a moment, when Johnny looks at him, Mike catches his breath. Then Johnny moves and the moment is broken. Mike tries to help Johnny but Johnny pulls away. Finally, Johnny lets Mike help him. Johnny decides to let Mike help him, but can't hide his erection. When Mike offers to get rid of their erections, Johnny can't help but say yes. Mike Jerks him off and he passes out. (Op: Beach House 201202251516/Pretense 201202261557) 4,174

Chapter 6 - Contradiction

After Johnny slumps in the shower, Mike carries him back to his room and puts him to bed. Without taking care of his own erection, he heads back to his room. David arrives home. He figures out something happened between Johnny and Mike and finally Mike tells him. David gets angry with Mike for going against what they planned. He warns Mike off. David helps Johnny dress for dinner. Johnny appreciates that David's help is very matter of fact and not overwhelming. He begins to think that people fussing over him is not that bad. Johnny notices how nice it feels to not eat or be alone. When everyone calls to see how he's doing, he begins to get irritated, until David begins seeing the amusement of the situation. When Chet calls, Johnny messes with him. They sit and watch the game and before Johnny falls asleep, he decides he will stay until he gets his paychecks replaced. David begins to wake Johnny up. Since Johnny is so sleepy, he doesn't put up a fuss. When David moves up behind him, he grips his crutches and waits. Johnny's submissive attitude has David jerking off in the shower. After, he begins washing Johnny. Johnny begins to get hard the longer David waits to touch him. After the shower, David helps Johnny to bed and then decides to take care of Johnny's erection by asking him to jerk off. David watches everything Johnny does to get himself off. Then he stops Johnny. Johnny tries to get David to finish him off. First he begs, then he gets mad, then he begs again. David tells Johnny not to move. He asked Johnny if he's ever been sucked before. David asks Johnny if sucking him off is what he really wants. Johnny begs for more. (Op: Reconsidered:
Chapter 7 - Frustration

David sucks Johnny off, allowing him to control the pace until he comes. He tells Johnny not to over-think it. Mike overhears David and Johnny's shower. He asks David if they can handle Johnny. David says he can but that Mike must wait because Johnny can't be in charge. Not yet. The doorbell wakes Johnny up. It's Chet. As they're talking, Chet notices that a Sheriff's car is in the driveway. The Sheriff's Department arrive at the beach house. Their solution to the situation is to have the Sheriff that evicted Johnny in the rain take Johnny around until Johnny can drive himself. Johnny gets upset with this solution. Chet and Marco are present. Roy argues with Johnny on the phone, telling Johnny that he deserves to be driven around by the Sheriff. Johnny hangs up on him. Mike gets home and is determined to talk with Johnny. Johnny tells him about his horrible day at the accident. (Op: Switch: 201203011810/Frustration: 201203021814) 4,546

Chapter 8 - Disbelief

After Johnny has his say, Mike tells Johnny how he saw things. He gets mad that Johnny thinks that everyone thinks less of him. They get interrupted by the doorbell. Roy shows up to see Johnny and is surprised when Mike answers the door angry. While Mike decides to go for a walk to cool off, Roy tells him he'll be apologizing to Johnny for earlier. Before Mike can walk off in nothing but his jeans, Roy reminds him to get dressed. Mike is embarrassed that he had nothing but jeans on. Roy saw the video of the accident and realized that Johnny thought they were all dead. He tells Johnny he did everything right, but Johnny admits that he doesn't feel that everything is okay. Mike overhears the conversation. Johnny wakes up and finds himself in bed with David and Mike, but doesn't remember how he got there. When David offers to suck him off, Johnny accepts. Mike wakes up and Johnny tries to play it off, but when Mike wants his turn at sucking Johnny off, Johnny can't resist. He thinks it's a dream. Nobody could feel that good twice in one day in under an hour. Roy was never going to believe him when he told him what happened. (Op: Clueless: 201203041209/Disbelief: 201203060002) 4,168

Chapter 9 - Clueless

Johnny doesn't know how to act with the Stokers after they sucked him off. He decides to act nonchalant and realizes it's the right decision. After a huge breakfast, he watches the Saturday cartoon line-up with David, betting that the Road-Runner would again emerge victorious over the Wile E. Coyote. David and Mike talk about Johnny humming the doublemint gum commercial. David says he doesn't know why Johnny is on board with their attentions so soon, but Mike wonders if it's because of the accident. Mike leaves to go pick up snacks for the poker game. Mike comes home and finds David and Johnny asleep. He puts everything away and cleans up the house. He was getting ready to cook lunch when Roy shows up. Roy looks concerned at finding Johnny asleep. David thinks about how bad Johnny's nightmare was as he takes a shower. When he's done, he wakes Johnny up just as Roy comes into the living room. David sees something flash in Johnny's eyes when Roy asked him how Johnny was....but he couldn't place the emotion. Roy, Mike, David and Johnny have dinner. Although Johnny acts normal, David still watches how he interacts with Roy and decides he's going to keep an eye on that relationship. The guys come over to play poker. Again David watches the interaction between Johnny and his co-workers. David is pleased that Johnny is paying a lot of attention to him. Johnny fakes tiredness to get the guys to leave, then he makes a bold move: he takes off his shirt and tells David he wants to play with him. (Op: Clueless: 201203061715/Bluffing: 201203081101) 4,539

GB Chapters Merged into GB 2

Chapter 10 - Kissing

After Mike sees the guests off, he walks back inside and sees what's going on between David and Johnny. He steps up behind David to let him know that he was there, and then began unbuttoning David's shirt. He knows that Johnny's mixed signals are pushing David's buttons. David watches as Johnny correctly interprets his body language and takes on a more submissive posture. David gets hot watching Johnny watch him. Watching Mike undress David and then running his hands over his chest gets Johnny hot and he decides to take on both Stokers. Seeing that Johnny wanted what was coming next, David decides to move things down to his bedroom. He has Mike help Johnny as he locks up the house. Johnny in his bathroom, he waits until he has full control of himself, and then goes to his room. Suddenly anxious, Johnny hides in the bathroom. David comes in, calms him down, and begins kissing him. Mike gets hot watching David and Johnny from the bathroom doorway. When David calls him over, Mike eagerly responds, and gets to kiss Johnny for the first time. David strokes them both off as they kiss. Then, they get Johnny ready for his shower. Awareness returns to Johnny as Mike and David get him ready for his bath. He lets Mike hold him up, and then David finally joins them. David begins kissing Johnny and then takes his hand and has Johnny jerk him off. (Op: 201203101636) 4,150

Chapter 11 - Collared

After Johnny jacks David off, David gives Johnny one last choice to flee. Johnny elects to stay and experience more. David decides to take control of the pace by shampooing Johnny's hair, but when Mike threatens take-out food, David quickly corrects him. Johnny feels guilty and thrilled when Mike and David appear to argue over him. He didn't get any sleep at the hospital because he kept thinking about the both of them in bed with him. After giving Johnny one last warning of his intent to fuck him, David begins to guide Johnny's arousal. As they make-out, Mike washes them. When Mike finishes, he lets David know, and then David informs Johnny that it's his turn to wash Mike so that he can become comfortable touching his body. After a brief moment of awkwardness, Johnny begins to wash Mike, but once he begins grinding, David stops things. Johnny gets puzzled when Mike asks David for permission to kiss Johnny and asks why, but neither Stoker answers; David just says no. They dry Johnny off and help him to bed. As the guys help him into bed, Johnny thinks about how much he wanted Mike in the past, and how much he worried about it. Mike looked so sexy to him that he wished Mike would hurry up. David sees that Johnny has recognized Mike's submissive posture and has begun to switch to a more dominant energy. To stop that, he elects to collar both Mike and Johnny to keep them both submissive. David says that after he fucks Johnny, he'll let Johnny fuck Mike. Johnny accepts the collar. David tells Johnny that he can't speak to Mike when Mike is wearing the collar. He calls Mike over to the bed, but Mike admits that he's ready to come. David is surprised. (Op: 201203140422) 4,134

Chapter 12 - Submission
Johnny can't believe David is sucking Mike off. He begins to masturbate as he watches. Just as he is about to come, David stops him! Johnny protests but then David moves over him and begins sucking him. When Johnny moves, David stops, so Johnny freezes and begs for more. As David sucks Johnny, he begins loosening his ass for fucking. As Johnny begins to come, David moves over him and slides his cock deep into Johnny's ass. Then he pauses to let Johnny get used to him. Johnny begins to egg David on but David stops. Since Johnny keeps trying to top from the bottom, he dares Johnny to fuck him and make him come. Johnny begins to fuck himself on David and sees himself in the mirror on the wall. David flips him and Johnny is back on the mattress. David expertly takes Johnny to the brink and keeps him there. He doesn't allow Johnny to come until he sees full submission. Mike and David take Johnny to shower. When Mike asks, David admits their relationship may work out if Johnny lets it. He tells Mike he saw fear in Johnny's eyes but that Johnny finally gave in and trusted him. He says they need to talk to Johnny about what is happening so that he doesn't think their relationship is all about sex. Mike wants to know about fucking Johnny and David says no because Johnny would top. David claims Johnny as his. (Op: 20120302231410) 4,066

Chapter 13 - Nightmare

David is abruptly awakened by a whack to his mouth and falls to the floor, whacking his head. Johnny is having a nightmare. He and Mike try to wake Johnny; calm him down. Johnny whacks Mike in the nose and Mike begins to bleed. David sends Mike to the bathroom while he takes care of Johnny. Johnny is yelling for everyone to "Stop" and "Get off me." David manages to wake Johnny up. Johnny realizes he hit, and hurt, both David and Mike during his nightmare. When Mike and David leave to go to the hospital, Johnny cleans up the room and then goes back to his own room, determined never to sleep with Mike or David again. David ends up with four stitches on his lip and a mild concussion. Mike had to get his nose cauterized. As they leave the hospital, Mike says he knows that Johnny cleaned up, went back to his room, and is finished with them. Mike is on painkillers. David accuses Mike of talking too much. David takes care of Mike, and they all go to Johnny's room. The craw into bed with him, and when Johnny wakes up, David says they have to sleep with him because David has a concussion. Johnny allows both David and Mike to stay, and wakes David up two hours later. David gets grumpy at being awakened. When Johnny says he needs to check David's responses, David puts Johnny's hand on his cock. David asks for Johnny to suck him, and when Johnny does, David begins to instruct him. When Mike wakes up, David orders Mike to suck Johnny. He's ready to come fast, but doesn't come because David tells him to wait, so that he can fuck Mike. Johnny asks Mike to stop so that he won't come. When Mike and Johnny roll to their sides and begin kissing, David moves up behind him and begins lubing his cock and ass, Johnny tells both Mike and David to stop because he's going to come. David stops and then tells Johnny to let them know when he was ready. (Op: 201201102025) 4,785

Chapter 14 - Disaster

Superlong smut scene continues as Stokers double team Johnny. Johnny surrenders to David's expertise, again demonstrating that Johnny would submit to David but still tried to top Mike. David knows that in order for things to work, he has to put Mike and Johnny on equal footing but David is certain Mike will continue to fight it, still he must try. He decides to let Mike decide freely without coercion, and Mike refuses, so David decides to move out because he can't see the need to create conflict when it's not necessary. The next day Johnny realizes something is wrong. He thinks it's because he left Mike hanging the night before. Before Mike can correct him, David comes home, acts very matter of fact with Johnny but ignores Mike. He needs to tell Johnny what's going on, and let Johnny realize he has nothing to do with his decision to leave. He explains to Johnny that Mike is refusing to take him as a lover, and Johnny doesn't understand how David could say he and Mike are not lovers. David tries to explain but Johnny's just not getting it because as far as he can see, it's more than just sex between the Stokers. David can't get Johnny to realize that it isn't about sex for him and Mike even though sex is involved, so just explains to him their 3-way relationship will continue, he'll still be involved with them both, but just not together. Johnny thinks that the way to resolve the situation is to submit to David in front of Mike, but later in the evening, Johnny feeds off of Mike and defies David. Mike panics because of what happened the last time David lost control. (Op: 201302180811) 3,933

Chapter 15 - Avoidance (Op: 201302314140) 2,828

With his collar on, Mike's hoping that going over the top submissive will halt the disaster he thinks is coming. He lets David know he's there, and there's an immediate response. But instead of being all freaked out, David looks at Mike like he's ready to pounce on him. Mike, still at odds with their past, slowly moves away so as not to give David the excuse he needs to react. Then Johnny moves and breaks the tension between them. David is furious, but he's definitely in control. He's very mild as he issues some directions, sending Johnny and Mike to the showers. Mike still fears David will freak out and desert him, so he checks to see if David is following them. That just pisses David off even more. He goes to the kitchen, has some whiskey to settle his nerves, but thinks about what happened and his anger reignites. He's furious that Mike and Johnny are feeding off each other and not giving in to him, because giving into them brings fulfillment for the three of them. But the defiance sets off his dominant instincts that he overcome their resistance, and he doesn't want to do things that way this time, he wants their cooperation. So, he holds back, releasing just enough semen to bring him back from the edge, and then felt Mike's hand on him. The sight of the collar gave him a sense of victory, but when he looked into Mike's eyes, he saw fear and apprehension and realized that Mike was acting from the past, accepting him to stop him from what he thought was going to happen, and that was like a slap in the face... or maybe I should have written ice on his balls, but in any case... no more nookie followed. Bummer. David's pretty pissed. He thought that Mike's love for Johnny meant that Mike had let go of the past. Apparently, he'd been wrong. So, he leaves, and Mike runs after him but nekkid and tells him to stop running away, which really REALLLY pisses David off, because he's not the one that's refusing to move forward to create the strong relationship the three of them could have. And so...he smashes Mike up against the wall and demands that Mike acknowledges them, and it seems like Mike surrenders, but nope, there's still an issue. David slams out before he turns Mike's face into paste, and Johnny listens to it all, feeling like an intruder and a whole lot confused by what's happening. So he goes after David, cast n all, struggles across the sand, and alternates between trying to understand, and pure frustration. When David tells Johnny that there is more between them, Johnny won't tell David what he wants to know. He wants David to put himself out there first, which just shows David that Johnny won't trust him; hence an abrupt end to the conversation. Johnny gets pissed at that and slaps David's helping gesture away and crosses the sand all pissed off. When he turns around to yell at David some more, he realizes that David's not there. (Op: 201302231410) 2,828

And moving right along...
Chapter 9: Notes on The Third

**Author's Notes:** Story in progress.

Another story in progress. A massive project with multiple subplots. I'll start slotting the chapter notes here, and then once the story is finished, it'll get slotted here as well.
Chapter 10: Bits, Ideas, Notes

Author's Notes: Non story specific ideas, scenes, notes etc.

This is just for notes and ideas that are story specific. I'm "internet & computer challenged" so the less I have to track, the better. Besides, I can fry a laptop like nobody's business, so it's best to save my WWomb writing where it was born.

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