



LOVE HAS NO BOUNDARIES
gabbo de la parra

**THE ROAD
FROM
MARYVILLE**

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Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

THE ROAD FROM MARYVILLE

By Gabbo de la Parra

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

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THE ROAD FROM MARYVILLE

By Gabbo de la Parra

Photo Description

A bare-chested, handsome man, with big arms and a perky nose, reads a book (yes, a book—not an e-reader) on his stomach over a light-colored carpet. The nice thing is, he has his round tanned butt exposed because his cargo shorts are way below the curve (almost reaching his thighs) leaving all that delicious flesh visible for us to enjoy. Did I mention he has the cutest dimples flanking his coccyx?

Story Letter

Dear Author,

Their Mom guilt-tripped him and his brother into coming home for at least a week for Easter. So this Detective took off two weeks from work, his brother was supposed to come to him from college so they could both drive there together (their mother lives in another country/state). Oh, and their mother was looking forward to meeting their partners, too, which wouldn't be that bad, had his not dumped him a month ago. Nope, he still hasn't told his mother, since she would just arrange for sons and daughters of her neighbors to visit them when he came home.

Of course, his last day at work isn't going well. Some ass hit his car, so he actually had to use public transportation. He had to fight off the advances of a drunk on the Tube and got beer spilled all over his favorite T-Shirt. Then his female neighbor tried to seduce him, again, when he arrived at his flat.

The day couldn't get worse; at least he thought so before finding his brother having sex with a blond twink on his couch, who is apparently his squeeze of the week. The guy is a history major who is apparently looking forward to visiting the sights in their hometown, and who hated him on sight. After going out to a party and leaving his sick boyfriend behind, his brother

finds someone new and actually dumps the twink on him while driving to the beach with his new partner.

Do you know what their mother suggested after he told her the story? To take the twink home with him!!! (“You can’t leave the poor boy alone in such a state.”)

Please let them have an interesting trip and find to each other on this holiday!

I’d love HEA and enemies to lovers, but I’ll take being prejudiced or reserved.

Please, no BDSM, ménage, incest, open relationships or instant love.

Sincerely,

Fehu

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: enemies to lovers, flavored implements, shooting enthusiast, road trip, NYPD

Word Count: 12,459

THE ROAD FROM MARYVILLE

By Gabbo de la Parra

1. Bazookas & Douches

“What the...?”

“Shorrie, kwutie, butch I’f veen trai-ing to catshf your eyef for a hwile an’ yoarh hiknoring meh,” the man slurred, attempting to *clean* Trenton’s crotch by spilling more beer onto it.

This hadn’t been a good week. He was riding the frigging subway because some moron had decided to rear-end him two days ago, and the damned insurance company refused to give him another car. What was the point of being one of New York’s Finest if it didn’t give you any leverage with a company that had a chicken for mascot?

His whole hand ended up on Drunken Dude’s face to prevent the man from stealing a kiss. Trenton seriously considered arresting the idiot, but just the thought of all the paperwork, plus another unnecessary trip on the subway, was all it took for him to push the guy aside and let him rest sprawled on the floor. He stood up, adjusted his coat, and moved to another car, even though he knew it was illegal.

Part of him wanted to smack the offender, and another (a bigger one) to make sure nobody would rob the guy, but the guy had put himself there—let him deal with the consequences.

Ten minutes later, he forgot all about the drunk as he reached his stop, and he waded through thoughts of his messy week on the short walk home.

Mrs. Perkins was lurking close to the mailboxes in the lobby of his building. Trenton tried to give her a polite nod without stopping to retrieve his mail, since it could wait until she wasn’t around. He wasn’t in the mood to be groped.

“Why so serious?”

Goddamned Southern Gentlemanliness.

Trenton turned around and forced a smile. He couldn't help but look at her strategically spilling bazookas. Not that the transparent robe was covering anything else anyway. "A bad day, that's all."

"I have a remedy for that, big boy." She shimmied a little, showing her perkiness as her bosom drew dangerously close to Trenton's face, which was a feat on its own because he was at least eight inches taller than her.

This same woman had caught him and that cheating, lying bastard Jeremy several times on the stairs. What made her think that because the son of a bitch had gotten out of his life, she had a chance?

Hello, wrong equipment?

This BS needed a final stop. "I think you are aware that I'm gay. *Right?*"

"Pfft." She did a dismissive gesture with her hand, sporting long, red-painted claws. "You are so big and a cop. I'm pretty sure you were just experimenting."

His momma had taught him to be a gentleman no matter the circumstances, but he had lived in New York long enough for some cynicism to have rubbed off on him. "Ma'am, the fact that I'm six foot two and a cop doesn't make me love cock less. Have a good day."

Before he could turn around, she gasped with feigned shock, putting her talons over her abundant chest, *clutching the pearls* as the pageant queens would say. The place where this cougar was hoping for him to leave a pearl necklace, that was.

He had said "fuck" and all its derivatives enough times in the past week that if he was putting money in a swear jar, he would be able to buy a yacht tomorrow. He was not going to let this cartoony Jezebel make him curse again.

Trenton did an about-face and left her standing there, spilling and being shocked all she wanted.

She called behind him, "Wait, I read about this thing, pegging?"

Oh hell, no. He was not gonna let that woman ram him with a strap-on. He didn't even look at her as he put his hand up and flipped her off, escaping as fast as he could.

The elevator did a particularly weird noise when he exited it. Like a suppressed chuckle. Well, things could not go further downhill if he was imagining a frigging metal box laughing at him. Good thing he was taking these few days off. Some of his momma's ribs would make it all better.

The apartment door was unlocked.

Odd.

"Oh fuck yeeeeesssss."

Too late to close his eyes or remove the porn flick developing on his couch from his retinas and therefore from his brain. "Holy fucking shit!" Trenton blurted, unable to control his surprise.

The lanky, strawberry-blond twink fucking his brother froze in mid penetration and stared at him with eyes so big he could have passed for an owl.

"Oh, hey, big bro. What's up?" His jackass of a brother smiled as he swept his cum from Trenton's couch with a finger and licked it, as if finding themselves in this awkward situation were an everyday occurrence.

"There is a reason why you have your own bedroom, Cutler. What is *wrong* with you?"

Lanky didn't know whether to pull out or keep going or what. Trenton was doing his best to keep his focus on the guy's face, but after more than a month without sex it was getting harder by the second.

"Ah, we just got caught up. You know how it is." Cutler resolved Lanky's conundrum by disengaging the impaling cock with a muffled *pop* and getting to his feet.

"Oh, gross. I don't need to see y'all's dangling bits." Trenton put the back of his hand over his eyes and walked away. "You *are* paying for the cleaners. I will never be able to sit on that couch again without feeling all nasty."

“Seriously, you’re a cop. Sure as hell you have seen worse things—disembowelments and decapitations included.”

“That’s my job, you *shithead*. This is just unfortunate and completely preventable.”

“Uh-huh. Come on, Hugh, let’s shower and call for pizza.”

Trenton shifted to face them, then remembered they were naked and talked sideways. “You need to send him home or to whatever hole he crawled from.”

“Don’t be such an ass, big bro. Hugh is coming with us to visit Momma. He’s paying for my ticket and wants to do some sightseeing since he’s a history major. And you know how much history East Tennessee conceals.”

“You have got to be shitting me.” Trenton shook his head. “Fine, just keep to yourselves and out of my way.”

“Sorry to meet you like this, mate.”

Of course he had to be Australian, just another foreigner screwing the Land of the Free. California wasn’t big enough for them, now they were invading New York, too. Trenton felt the body heat as Lanky approached him, all dangling, not-so-tiny bits, his hand extended. “Keep your skanky ass away from me or I’m going to shoot you.”

He saw Cutler pulling the offender to the side. “Dude, he’d totally shoot you, back off.”

“Sweet Fehu,” Trenton heard as he slammed his door shut.

What the hell is a Fehu?

A soft knock interrupted Trenton’s ruminations. “It’s open.”

Whatshisface poked his head into the room. “I brought you some slices of pizza. Truce?”

“Shouldn’t you be jumping my brother’s bones or something?”

“Maybe later.” The man smiled, entering the room. “We started with the wrong foot. My name is Hugh Knobel.” For the second time that night, a hand was extended toward Trenton.

“Trenton Waddell. Detective. Twelfth Precinct. Homicide Squad.” He aimed to destroy the guy’s hand as he shook it, but Hugh had some grip of his own. Actually, he didn’t seem that fragile once he was dressed. He had pretty eyes, too, really blue, like oceans.

Wow, he really needed to get laid. He was lusting after his brother’s Squeeze of the Week.

Hugh chuckled. “You always introduce yourself that way? Seems a little far-fetched, mate.”

“Stop *mating* me. I’m just letting you know I’m a cop, and I can make things happen. Good *and* bad things.”

“Sounds like a lot of dingo snarling.” Hugh put more pressure into their joined hands.

This impressed Trenton. Just a little, but he had to respect the fact that the twink didn’t shy from him. And that voice—it was not just the accent but the depth. It was like a goddamned caress.

Yeah, he definitively needed to screw someone pronto. Preferably, not the long-legged man in front of him. He had a healthy color that wasn’t exactly a tan but he was anything but pale.

And you need to stop appreciating those little details, horn dog.

Luckily, his iPhone trilled. He was supposed to be on vacation—why were they calling? “Waddell.”

“Hello, Mister Waddell, my name is Stacey, and I’m calling to inform you that your ticket has been cancelled because your name appears on the No Fly List as of two hours ago.”

“What? There must be a mistake. Did you double-check that? I work for the Police Department,” he practically growled.

“I do apologize, sir, but if your name has a red flag we have to cancel your ticket. Now, about the cancellation fee. We cannot refund your ticket completely—”

“What? What cancellation fee? I ain’t cancelling anything!”

“Well, since we are obliged to cancel the ticket, we must apply the cancellation fee.”

“You’ve got to be kidding. Y’ALL are the ones cancelling it, why do I have to pay a goddamned fee?”

“It is the policy of the airline...”

Trenton hung up. He wasn’t in the mood to deal with the airline’s shenanigans. He needed to find out why his name was on the No Fly List. He was a frigging cop, for Pete’s sake.

“Is something wrong?” Hugh stood there with a genuinely concerned face and a plate full of pizza slices.

“I can’t fly tomorrow. Some dipshit decided to put a red flag on my name, and that was the airline calling to tell me I’m fucked.”

Hugh put the pizza plate down on the night stand and dug his phone from his second-skin jeans. With deft fingers, he did some search or whatever. “We can drive. It’s only thirteen hours.”

“We? There ain’t no *we*. Y’all take your fancy flight and leave me the hell alone.”

“Now, now, mate. There’s no reason to have your jockstrap in a bunch here. It’s a family trip, we’re together in this.”

Trenton got to his feet, rage making his entire body throb. He poked Hugh with his index finger square on the chest. “Just because you’re sucking my brother’s dick doesn’t make us milk brothers. You’re simply a random dude who happened to be around when his asshole itched.” Before Trenton realized it, they were nose-to-nose. “Get the fuck out of my room this instant before I forget that you have constitutional rights. Wait a second—you don’t have any ’cause you’re not American. I can shoot your ass without any remorse.”

The pretty twink took a step back and arched an eyebrow. His voice came out in a deep growl, perfectly matching Trenton's. "I never understood why people called cops *pigs* in this country. Now, I totally get it." He did an about-face and slammed the door on his way out.

"Well, I'll be damned."

Trenton was talking to himself as much as to the huge erection vying for his attention below his waist.

"I can't take care of you right now, Boy. But as soon as I'm done with the phone, I'm all yours."

Adjusting the boy in question, Trenton sat back on the bed, picked up the iPhone, and dialed his contact in Homeland Security.

"Thank you, Malloy."

"You're welcome, Waddell. I'm really sorry I can't do anything until our tech people come back on Monday."

"Yeah, Shit Hurling Fridays. I know."

Malloy chuckled and said, "Good-bye."

This damned hacking business smelled a lot like his brother's doing, but without proof there was no point of making an ass of himself with baseless accusations. Geez, they weren't even going on the same frigging flight.

Trenton stepped out of his room. He needed a cold one (or three) and some leftover pizza, if those two jackanapes hadn't eaten the whole thing.

They were sitting on the offended couch, watching some black-and-white film with subtitles. Hugh was the first to notice him. "We're renting a car and driving to Maryville. You're welcome to join us."

Cutler looked like someone not only peed on his Cheerios but finished them with a steaming number two. "For the record. Not my idea." He crossed his arms over his chest.

When did his baby brother get so big?

Narrowing his eyes, Trenton studied both men. It was true that his relationship with his brother had been somewhat tense since Cutler came to NYU, but the closer they got to going back home for a visit, the snappier the kid became. He decided to be the bigger man and share the trip with them; perhaps that would help them reconnect. He would just have to grin and bear the intruding Aussie. “Thank you. At least let me pay for gas.”

“Excellent.” Hugh’s lack of emotion was undoubtedly fake. “The agency will bring the car by tomorrow at six.” He stood up and patted Cutler’s cheek. “Let’s get our bags ready, mate.” Looking at Trenton, he uttered a low growl. “Good night, Detective.”

And Boy perked at the deep tone.

Trenton decided in that instant that he didn’t like Hugh Knobel one bit.

2. Baudelaire & Hungry Dingoes

The green sign proclaimed 81 South Harrisburg. According to Google, they were still a hundred miles away from the Maryland border, and three hours later than the assumed schedule, thanks to several road repairs.

Who does road works on a bloody Saturday?

Cutler dozed with his head on Hugh's shoulder, while his fuckwit of a brother drove with a scowl comfortably lodged on his face. Hugh had encountered very few people so predisposed to hate him in his life. Yet, he still tried to do the right thing and forced Cutler to accept his decision to drive instead of fly. Besides, he wanted both brothers to find each other again after the things Cutler had said when they were not burying the bishop. Being an only child had always been a sad theme for Hugh, so he couldn't understand why two people lucky enough to have each other would let it go to hell due to their stubbornness.

Hugh caught Trenton studying him through the mirror. "What's that writing on your back?"

"Excuse me?"

"Tattooed on your back. Looks like the words of a song or a poem. It's not English and not Spanish."

"It's the last strophe of a Baudelaire poem in French."

"Which one?"

"*L'Albatros*." Hugh concluded Trenton was just asking for the sake of looking for something to be an arsehole about. Trenton would surely call him a snob for having not just a poem but one written in French on his back. Mentally, he recited the words:

Le Poète est semblable au prince des nuées

Qui hante la tempête et se rit de l'archer;

Exilé sur le sol au milieu des huées,

Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher.

Even though he didn't speak French, Hugh felt it was a disservice to the great poet to have his poem in a language other than the one in which it was originally conceived.

Then, the strangest thing happened.

"“The Poet is like this monarch of the clouds, riding the storm above the marksman's range; exiled on the ground, hooted and jeered, he cannot walk because of his great wings.”” Trenton spoke with a soft, grave tone that fathered gooseflesh on Hugh's arms. It wasn't the exact translation Hugh knew, but it was a very lyric one. He was astonished.

“Well, bugger me. You were the last person I expected to be able to recite Baudelaire.”

“My brother is the one in charge of your buggering.” Trenton chuckled to lighten the retort. “It's a funny story how I learned about Charles Baudelaire. My Advanced Spanish teacher was a French lady who had learned the language in Spain, so she had this accent with a ton of Zs in it, and we were learning it European style, translating English translations of French poets into Spanish.”

“Crikey. That must have been quite the experience.”

“Mm-hmm. I learned Spanish in that peculiar way before I entered the Knoxville Police Academy, and it has helped me a lot in New York.”

“You gonna braid each other's hair later?” Cutler snorted, coming out of his slumber. “Are you planning on stopping soon, 'cause I'm starving.” He stretched, shifted to put both of his legs on Hugh's lap, and winked as he rested his back on the car's door. “I bet you're hungry, babe.”

Cutler's tone indicated anything but food, and Hugh suddenly felt self-conscious when he spied Trenton's green, green eyes on him. “Sure, I can eat.”

“Alrighty then, we stop for food and, after that, someone else takes the wheel.” Trenton's cheeriness was downright staged. Hugh didn't blame him; Cutler's funky attitude was excessive.

Hugh drove and Cutler played with the radio, changing stations and trying to find decent music in the middle of nowhere. The incessant rain following them for the last hour had become stronger and the visibility was vanishing. Trenton stared ahead impassively, perhaps hoping to make the rain stop by the sheer force of his intention.

“Hugh, the next exit has a motel, take it and let’s stop for the night. There’s no point in trying to arrive today anyway.” Trenton’s words came out dry, like they were before discovering they had Baudelaire in common.

“Sure.”

Thirty minutes later, the brothers sat on opposite sides of the queen bed, their MacBooks on their laps, both men typing away. Hugh was almost sure Cutler was furiously blogging about the sucky trip, but couldn’t fathom what a cop could be doing on his laptop. It didn’t seem like he was paying bills.

Seeing Trenton gave Hugh a hint at what Cutler might look in—what was their age difference?—maybe six years. Trenton was a rougher, buffer version of Cutler, the main difference being Cutler’s gray eyes to Trenton’s green, and the facial hair the older brother sported. The Van Dyke made his plump lips appear caged creatures in desperate need of release. Also Cutler had longer, Eighties-ish-revival hair while Trenton’s was short and a little spiked on top.

Cutler made an unnecessarily loud tap to something on the notebook’s keyboard, and set it aside with a flourish. His smile landed on Hugh. “Come on, babe, give me some sugar.”

“I don’t think we should do that with your brother so close.” Hugh peered at Trenton, whose arched eyebrow and twisted mouth snarled silently *I’m in the room, you know*.

“Pshaw, I think BBD here can handle people making out or having sex near him without being invited to participate.”

This time the snarl was audible. “Kid, you have issues. What did you do with my sweet little brother?”

“That kid died when you moved to New York.”

The storm was in full force outside, and there was no other place to hide than the bathroom. It was not far, ten steps perhaps, but the tension that had bloomed inside the room had him paralyzed. Apparently, Cutler had a lot to vent about, and Hugh didn't want to hear it, but he was glued to the chair. He tried to decipher the intricate floral pattern on the ugly curtains—nevertheless, the sparks flying between the two brothers were worse than a car accident, it was like watching Rome burn.

Still, Trenton surprised him for the second time that day. Instead of barking, he almost choked. "I just... I'm..."

"Save it. There's no way to turn back time." Cutler jumped from the bed like it had scorpions on it and stomped to the bathroom. "I'm taking a shower; you coming?" His scrunched face wasn't cute like when he was in the throes of ecstasy, it was downright scary.

Hugh shook his head; his vocal cords didn't want to help. With a "Fine" and a *boom*, the bathroom door closed behind Cutler. Hugh felt a mixture of embarrassment, concern, and despair, staring at Trenton's pained features. He seemed lost. Someone hadn't just kicked his puppy—they had run it over, back and forth, back and forth.

The only half-intelligent thing that came to Hugh's mind as his temperamental vocal cords remembered their purpose was, "What's BBD?"

Trenton's shy, crooked smirk lit his face. "Big Bad Detective."

Hugh dreamed of dingoes fighting over a dead something. He never had the chance to learn what the thing in pieces was. A second morning wrapped in Cutler's arms seemed the perfect way to enter the day. Then he recalled they were not alone, on that bed in a random motel room. He froze for a second, but Cutler was so relaxed around him—well, his morning wood was a boulder against Hugh's ass, but apart from that, everything else exuded peace. Giving in, Hugh burrowed back into the delicious warmth around him. The strong arms squeezed him, and Cutler nuzzled his neck.

Yeah, maybe today would be a better day between the brothers. He didn't have the chance to have a real conversation with Cutler last night, but his body language spoke of openness. Hugh would do his best to help them get through whatever the years of separation had done to them. His mistake (choosing the longer route) would prove valuable now. More time on the road meant more time for the brothers to come to terms with their convoluted relationship. He opened his eyes, ready to turn around and give Cutler a "good morning" kiss when thundering gray eyes met his.

Fuck me dead.

If gray eyes were in front of him, then who was behind him? Only one answer to *that* silly question. Hugh grimaced at Cutler and tried to dislodge himself from Trenton's grasp. As he struggled, Trenton put a leg over his hip and pulled back, his calf going between Hugh's legs to cover him more, and tightening his grip. This was beyond awkward, and, in the way Trenton's body was wrapped around him, Hugh couldn't even elbow the man.

"Trenton wake the fuck up." Hugh squirmed and pushed to no avail. Moving a mountain would have been easier.

"You son of a bitch."

Hugh felt the muscles around him tense and recoil.

"Do I have to remind you that bitch is your mother, too?"

Ready to be pushed away like a rotten carcass, astonishment settled upon Hugh as Trenton untangled them carefully and gave him a soft pat on the shoulder as he removed himself from the bed. Again, Hugh was in the middle of the snapping contest, and this time he was in the direct line of fire, sprawled on the bed.

"I'm sorry, Cutler. Hugh shouldn't have been sleeping between us. Force of habit—I would have done the same thing if it were you in his place."

Cutler seemed to consider this for a moment, his brow furrowed. He hissed, "Gross."

"I know, right? You're not a baby anymore for me to cuddle you."

“You’re an ass. Between brothers, cuddling shouldn’t be an invitation to impalement.” He gave a suspicious glance at Trenton’s crotch, his face a disgusted mask of contempt.

Those tented flannels had nothing brotherly about them.

Hugh swallowed the gulp in his throat, hard.

3. Hot Pink Cockatoos & The Runs

It had been nice to awaken with a warm body in his arms. *Shit*. He shouldn't be thinking such things. One: he didn't like twink. Two: it was his brother's twink. Three: he had decided at the beginning of this godforsaken trip that he didn't like frigging Hugh Knobel.

If God was merciful (and he had been raised to believe that), at least one of his fuck buddies in Maryville would be available to help him release this pent-up lust. As a cop in New York, he needed to be careful with the kind of actions he engaged in, but here, back home, with a friend from the past, it was a different story.

Why had that lanky frame felt so right in his arms?

Goddamn it.

Trenton liked his men with meat, not to the bodybuilding extreme, but with some hot, round muscles to squeeze while pounding or being pounded. And yet, that poem tattooed between the not-so-wide shoulders, the even narrower hips, and those glutes that could totally fit in his hands, would not stop whirling in his mind. This was one of those moments when he hated his photographic memory. Awesome asset at work, a monumental pain in the ass in situations like the one in which he was currently immersed.

They left West Virginia during the early morning, did Kentucky in record time, and were entering Tennessee via Knoxville. At this rate they would arrive at Maryville before noon, and their parents were waiting with the Easter Fest ready to burst. It was an event in the neighborhood, so everybody was anxiously expecting them, and their mother kept calling Cutler's phone since they told her Trenton was driving.

A plausible explanation as to why the two-timing SOB Jeremy wasn't coming hadn't yet occurred to Trenton. Good thing she would be distracted for a while by Hugh's charming dimples and sexy blue eyes. *What?*

He stole a glance in the mirror and said blue gems were fixed on him. A scowl was his only defense after being caught, and Hugh scowled back.

Excellent, Trenton didn't want the twink thinking he was attracted to him and his Aussie ways.

Beside Hugh, Cutler opened his mouth to say something, and Trenton cut him off. "We're not stopping for food. You have to wait until we get home. I know you can eat an elephant and still be hungry, but not today, kiddo."

"A piss break is what I need, moron. Or would you rather have me pee in a bottle?"

The fragile cessation of hostilities after breakfast was wearing thin. Mostly because Cutler had a major in Pain in the Ass and a minor in What the Fuck? That didn't diminish Trenton's love for his brother though, and after last night's revelation, he understood that part of this banana cluster was his fault.

Maybe a lot more than just a third.

"If it were my car, I'd told you to fuck off, but since Hugh is the one paying the rental bill, I'll let him decide."

Cutler used what he thought was his sexiest voice, his lips almost brushing Hugh's cheek. "We can go together to the restroom and make up for this morning's blooper."

Trenton saw Cutler wink at a big-eyed, rapidly blushing Hugh as they separated. Okay, he knew they were fucking, but why Cutler felt the need to flaunt their intimacy like that was beyond him. Something in Hugh's reaction made him interfere. "I ain't giving you enough time for that."

"What's another hour?"

Even though Trenton couldn't see below their faces, he knew Cutler had done something with a lower body part, judging by Hugh's jerk.

"Cutler, when we stop, you're going by yourself. That's not up for discussion, unless Hugh needs to go, too."

"Nope, I'm fine."

"What is it to you if I want to blow off some steam with him?"

“You’re just being thick for the sake of being thick. I’m the one who has to call Momma and tell her that you’re not coming to the Easter Fest because you were arrested for indecency. Hugh can get deported for shit like that. Don’t you care about him at least a little?”

“Geez, what crawled up your ass? I thought it was Florida that had the alligators in the sewer system.”

“You obnoxious brat.”

“Gentlemen,” Hugh interjected. “This thing, between you two, stopped being cute like ten hours ago, and it’s giving me the shits. Therefore, I’d highly appreciate it if you’d keep it to yourselves until I am not close enough to hear it, if you need to keep it going.”

“Are you siding with him?” Cutler’s accusation sounded like a five-year-old’s.

“I’m not taking sides. I just want you both to shut the fuck up if you cannot have a normal, amicable conversation. This back and forth is as useful as an asshole on your elbow. So, quit it now.”

Hugh delivered his little speech with the same determination Trenton had seen in people ready to shoot others. He decided he might like the strawberry-blond twink a little bit.

On Court Street, they passed by the baseball field where he’d practiced while he was growing up. Turning right on Waller, they entered his childhood street. Trees and bushes were still mostly bare, but he remembered the bright leaves and colorful flowers. Trenton’s heart swelled a little when he saw his Momma’s cockatoo-shaped mailbox, more hot pink than the actual subtle pink of the real bird. The big picnic tables from the Tenebrae Methodist Ladies Association had been brought to the backyard, and the laughter of men, women, and children mingled with the bark of dogs as they chased each other around.

The homey aroma of barbecue assaulted them as soon as they alighted. Tara Waddell was waiting for them on the porch with her arms extended and a watery smile. Trenton hadn't seen his mother in five years, and as her matronly body and arms embraced them, he vowed never to be away for so long.

"Oh, my boys. Y'all look so handsome." She covered their faces with kisses, still strangling them.

With both their arms around their mother's ample waist, Trenton felt for a moment that nothing had changed between Cutler and him. Cutler even grasped his forearm, encircling their mother in a double bear hug. He hoped they'd be fine after this visit, and the Aussie was out of the way. Just the two of them against the world.

Tara sniffled and dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief she had magically made appear. "And who's this gallant young man?" Their mother eyed Hugh like he was three piece and more than one biscuit.

"Hello ma'am. My name is Hugh Knobel. I'm very pleased to meet you." He shook her hand vigorously.

Pulling him into a smothering hug and shaking him like a giant rag doll (Trenton could almost see Hugh's feet swaying from side to side), Tara then studied him at arms' length. "So cute." She let go of him and snapped her fingers. "I know that drawl, hold on, don't tell me. It's like that crocodile man!"

Trenton chuckled, seeing the slight red creeping onto Hugh's high cheeks.

"Momma, my friend is from..." Cutler tried, but Tara cut him off.

"Cutler Anthony Waddell, how many times I told you to call things by their real name. You can say he is your boyfriend, we don't judge in this house." Her penciled eyebrow hiked up, then returned to a normal position, remembering the task at hand. "No. Don't say it—I'll get it on my own. Hold on." She did a tiny jump, triumphant. "*Awstraliah*, that's where you're from!"

“Yes, ma’am,” Hugh sputtered as she grabbed his hand and pulled him into the house.

“George, George.” She called after their father, “Cutler brought one of them *Awstraliahns!*” She looked back at Trenton. “Where’s Jeremy?”

“He had to work.”

“Poor thing. George, GEORGE.”

“No. He didn’t.”

“*Yuh.* But I ain’t carin’ he’s twenty-two, I’m goin’ to spank him so hard, he’ll never ever think of embarrassing the name Waddell again.”

“Where’s Hugh?”

“In the guest room, havin’ the backdoor trots like a broken pipe.”

“I’ll be right back.”

Trenton jumped the stairs two at a time. Once in the guest room, he knocked at the bathroom door. “Pepto not working?”

“Go away.”

“Hugh, can you take Imodium?”

“Yes, I guess. This is so bloody humiliating.”

More watery noises. Yeah, the situation was embarrassing, but what his brother did was worse. Running away to Myrtle Beach with that skank Pam Olenick, and leaving Hugh discarded and sick. They were supposed to stay a couple of days after Easter, but what was the point now, since Cutler had escaped to South Carolina—which in no book figured as a Spring Break destination.

“I’m going to Cottoned-Eye’s Drugstore to get you something, and I’ll come back in a jiffy. Keep flushing and don’t let the fumes kill you.”

“Bloody funny, BBD,” came the muffled response through the door.

Thirty minutes later, Hugh was miserably negotiating with a spoon to bring a very light soup to his lips. Imodium had worked almost instantly and now he needed something warm in his stomach to make him feel better.

Trenton's mother patted Hugh's head. "Poor darlin', at least you ain't due for the marble orchard anymore."

With an eye-roll, Trenton bit his tongue. Not like Hugh was truly dying.

"I'm sorry the barbecue made you ill."

"Not at all, Tara. It wasn't your barbie, I'm sure of that. It must have been one of those gas station hot dogs."

They had moved from Mrs. Waddell to Tara in less than two hours, and Trenton was somewhat baffled by that. She never let Jeremy call her anything but Mrs. Waddell, but maybe it was because she never saw him in person. Perhaps in her mind, video chat didn't count as a meeting, no matter the two years Jeremy and he had been together.

"You are just too kind. Now finish your soup, and I'm goin' to run you a nice bath." She patted his head again and left the room.

George Waddell popped his head into the kitchen, "You boys doin' all right?"

Trenton said "Yes," while Hugh swallowed some soup and nodded. His father made a clicking sound with his tongue and disappeared from view.

"You have nice parents."

"It's a shame I can't say the same about my brother. What an asshole."

"Well, we're not together like that, anyway."

"What do you mean?"

"We're more like fuck buddies. Actually, more friends than fuck buddies."

"How come I never heard of you before, then?"

“I have no answer for that. You’ll have to ask your brother. You were somewhat right when you accused me of *just being there when his hole itched*.”

“That was severely uncalled for.”

“Ugh. Yeah, more or less.”

Trenton chuckled. “Well, I guess a nice dick can’t compete with a great pair of boobs.”

“My dick is more than nice. I don’t think it has anything to do with that. It’s a craphoot with bi’s—it can be cock this week and cunt the next.”

“No. It’s all about *douchebaggness*.”

“I know.”

Hugh smiled and Trenton suddenly felt really uncomfortable sitting there.

“Hugh, sweetheart, your bath’s ready,” Tara singsonged from the stairs.

“Trenton Arthur Waddell, you drive back to New York with that boy and take care of him. Ya’ heard me?”

“He was supposed to enjoy the Appalachians for a couple of days.”

“Neither George nor I can’t take Hugh to the mountains, not even to Gatlinburg. Unless you wanna do that job, you take him back with you.”

“But keeping him with me in the apartment is too much, Momma.”

“That’s the gentleman’s way. You do as you’re told, and that’s the end of it. I’m still seethin’ about your brother—don’t make me resolve my aggravation with your behind.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Trenton kissed his mother’s cheek and walked out of the kitchen to talk to Hugh. He found him in bed, Tara Waddell’s favorite quilted blanket thrown over him.

Hugh opened his eyes, “Hey.”

“There ain’t nothing subtle about my momma. I guess you heard the whole thing.”

“Don’t worry about it, mate. We part ways as soon as we arrive in the Big Apple.”

“No, Hugh. If I promised her I’d take care of you for a couple of days, I will.”

“Seriously. You don’t have to.”

“You don’t want that little lady loose in New York looking to spank you because you didn’t do what she wanted, right?”

“Not in a million years.”

“Then it’s settled. We depart with the sun.”

4. Silence & Stephanie

Tara patted their bums good-bye as the roosters crowed, after she loaded the rented SUV with all kinds of foods and sweets in coolers and handmade blankets. She gave Hugh a pillow so he could rest in the back seat, but risking incurring her wrath, he sat shotgun.

“You’re not my chauffeur, mate,” he told Trenton as he climbed into the vehicle.

They filled up the car and drove in comfortable silence until Hugh saw a sign with the caption: Welcome to Kentucky, Unbridled Spirit.

“Why does your name—Trenton—sound familiar?”

“The porn star, Trenton Ducati?”

“Nah. he’s hot, but it’s something else.”

“It’s a city name in five states.”

“That’s it. Trenton, New Jersey. That’s Stephanie Plum’s city, right?”

Trenton’s laughter was a rich thing, and the happy wrinkles around his eyes made Hugh feel weird. “Are you serious? That’s how you know about Trenton, New Jersey?”

“You know about those books?”

“Yeah, I’ve read them all.”

Another thing they had in common. “Which one is your favorite?”

“Hmmm,” Trenton seemed to consider it for a moment. “I’m not a fan like that, but I think it would be the one with a hives curse.”

“Yeah, that’s a good one. What about the movie?”

“Bad casting choices. Loni Love should have played Lula.”

“I guess if Morelli were a Southerner he’d look like you.”

“Now, you’re just being plain silly. Where’d that come from?”

“Well, mate, you’re hot, a cop, and have a grumpy attitude.” Hugh snapped his mouth shut. He shouldn’t have told Trenton he was hot. He knew his face had *OOPS* written all over it.

“You forget the part where he was an inveterate womanizer before he fell for the bounty hunter.” Trenton smirked and then put his attention back on the road.

Hugh swallowed hard and kept his mouth shut through several states.

They crossed the George Washington Bridge at around two in the morning. Too tired to unload the goodies, they just dragged themselves up to the apartment.

“You can sleep in Cutler’s room.”

“I’d rather take the couch.” Hugh crumpled onto the aforementioned piece of furniture. “Just in case he returns. I don’t want him trying to make amends.”

“I guess you *amended* enough on it the other night.” Trenton shook his head. “You wanna bunk with me?”

An unexpected shiver ran through Hugh’s body. Would he wake up in Trenton’s arms again? Only one way to find out, “Sure. Why not?”

“Okay, since your clothes are still in the car, let me get you a pair of flannels and a tee.”

Hugh felt like protesting the unnecessary amount of layers, but he thought better about it. He didn’t want to appear too eager in case it was just a polite offering. That didn’t mean he would not enjoy if *habit* took its course and Trenton wrapped himself about him. He followed Trenton into the bedroom.

The well-organized and squeaky-clean room had a different connotation now. It wasn’t the lair of the green-eyed monster anymore but a sweet temptation. He was a firm believer that everything happened for a reason; he always ended up in the right place at the right time for him to learn, accomplish, or finish something. Which one it was now, he had yet to discover, but dawn would bring an answer.

Trenton's invitation to share the bed produced an unprecedented lurch in his belly that Hugh didn't know how to interpret. Whether it was pure lust or something else altogether, the New York police detective's presence was affecting Hugh in a different way since he heard him recite the Baudelaire strophe. It seemed so incongruent with his total-wanker, macho-cop persona that it made Hugh think of hard candy with a gooey core. The fact that Trenton knew a poem by heart to remember the last verse specifically, spoke of a hidden sensibility that Hugh felt the urgent need to explore. And the hard candy exterior wasn't anything to be complaining about either, anyway.

The flannels were two sizes too big for him, but a string helped with that. Nevertheless, the bloody shirt was as useless as tits on a bull. Hugh wasn't exactly drowning in it, but it wasn't advertising his assets at all. Well, fuck it, he was beyond buggered, and it wasn't like Trenton hadn't seen him naked already.

Trenton was dressed in the same fashion. The main difference being he gracefully filled everything and his arms looked powerful in the sleeveless garment. Trenton smiled shyly as Hugh dove under the covers. "Ready?"

Hugh nodded (vocal cords away as usual when needed most), the image of bulging biceps doing all sort of naughty things to his brain. He accommodated himself on the bed, willing his now more-than-alert body to relax and not dwell too much on that husky voice of Trenton's as he murmured, "Good night, Hugh."

That score used in Disney movies when dawn is giving its first rays to the forest and the little creatures are stirring and stretching before they start moving toward the watering hole (full of flutes and harps) played in Hugh's ears. It was lovely to have such delightful warmth wrapped around him; Trenton's arms were the perfect place to wake up. And the solid column of appreciation flush to his arse cheeks was absolutely welcome.

A kiss landed on the back of his neck, and the bulging muscles holding him stiffened. "I'm sorry."

“Why? I’m not complaining.”

“We wasted like ten hours on the road from Maryville in a silence we could have used to learn everything about each other.”

“Sometimes silence is good. And you don’t always need your ears to learn.” He brushed Trenton’s cock with a soft undulation of his hips.

“Is that so?” came out a little strangled, and iron bands pulled him onto the mighty shaft.

Reluctantly, Hugh turned about and gave Trenton a quick kiss on the lips. “Yeah, sometimes your hands and mouth are better instruments for knowledge.”

“Don’t forget lower parts,” Trenton exhaled in a husky murmur as he ground their hard-ons together.

Hugh groaned, “That’s a more intimate study.”

“It certainly is.”

Trenton traced Hugh’s lips with his own, a light caress that did a thousand more things than a rough meeting would have. Their kiss had that simple easiness of familiarity, as if they’d done it a million times, like old lovers. Even their morning breath was timid amid the languid movements of their tongues, limbs and torsos.

With a quick roll, Trenton changed their sideways face-to-face position to one where Hugh was on top, still facing Trenton but with two deft hands exploring the contours of his bum. “You have such a cute little butt. That was the first thing I noticed about you.”

A giggle escaped Hugh as he drowned in green, green lakes. “I thought it was the writing on my back.”

“That I *saw*. How your ass could easily fit in my hands I *noticed*. It aggravated the fuck out of me, though.”

“It doesn’t take a genius to guess why.” Hugh kissed Trenton again. The hands kneading his arse were driving him crazy with need, but he wanted Trenton to have his fill.

“By mere principle I shouldn’t be doing this with you, but I can’t help myself. Tell me to stop.”

Hugh growled, “That’s your wanker-self coming alive. You just want to blame me later for leaving you with blue balls, don’t you?”

Exploring hands left his arse and roamed past his hips and waist to travel north until they rested on his shoulders. “There’s something about you that is an offense and a provocation at the same time. I don’t know whether I want to shoot you for being with my brother first or smother you with kisses to erase the evidence of his existence from your body.”

“Trust me, I’m having the same existential debate here.” Huge poked at his temple with his forefinger. “Minus the shooting part, of course.” Then he gestured at the rest of his body with his entire hand, in an up and down fashion. “But this wants to try every particle of you.”

“You know what?” Trenton smiled and sighed. “Let’s shower up *separately*, and then figure this out over breakfast. We should allow our heads to weigh the situation before our bodies take control and do something we might regret later.”

Straightening himself up, Hugh ended straddling Trenton’s hips, his arse strategically positioned over the massive cock, engorged and ready to be called to duty. “Brilliant idea.” He rocked minutely, gauging Trenton’s reaction, and those green eyes narrowed. “I could eat a whale.” However with the pressure and rolling of his clothed arse cheeks over the rigid pole, he made certain Trenton understood that not just his mouth needed something in it.

Trenton lifted him bodily, separating their bodies and setting him aside on the bed as if he were a annoying pet not supposed to be on top of his master. “I’ll go first, and you get your things out of the car so you can have your own clothes to wear.” He practically ran into the bathroom, closing the door and locking it with a resounding click akin to a man chased by a horde of demons.

Resigned, Hugh huffed, jumped from the bed and went out to grab their luggage from the rented car. “Yeah, everything happens for a reason. It’s just not happening.”

Hugh came out freshly showered, wearing a fashionable white singlet with red trim. He’d never be able to get used to the name “wifebeater” for this garment, it seemed so bogan it didn’t make any sense. His jeans had enough spandex in them that he could easily do a split without tearing them apart. And he was prepared to be in all sort of odd positions to drive Trenton crazy.

The detective in question presented him with creamy scrambled eggs, thin slices of Black Forest ham and also unbuttered toast. Trenton had bacon on his plate and explained that it would be too greasy for Hugh’s stomach after Niagara had run through him the day before. Trenton also gave him milk instead of coffee.

Wrong on so many levels.

“You know adults don’t need to drink milk, right?” And *especially* if they had diarrhea the previous day.

“So what about those campaigns with people with white mustaches?”

“It’s a multi-billion-dollar industry. They’re going to use all the tricks up their sleeves to shove milk down your throat.”

Trenton gave a start and then chuckled. “Well, that’s a very strong position. Especially if you don’t like things forced into your throat.”

Realizing the double entendre he never intended, Hugh arched an eyebrow and uttered in a husky voice, “Four-legged-animal products are my concern, now if it comes from a two-legged beast...” He let his eyes roam over Trenton’s features and bare chest. “I wouldn’t mind so much.”

Something that was the love child of a growl and a sigh *and* a moan escaped Trenton. He warned, “Hugh.”

“What?” He used the face he had perfected over the years to get away with his mischief.

“You gonna make this difficult?”

“Hard is one thing, difficult is another.”

“You little shit.” Trenton slammed his hand on the table. “I don’t want us to do something we might feel guilty about later. I thought we’ve agreed on that.”

“Speak for yourself, mate. I never venture into anything without thinking it through first. That’s why I don’t have remorse later.”

That handsome face was a big *REALLY?* in neon lights. Trenton got to his feet and walked the three or four paces between them in slow motion and grabbed Hugh’s face by the jaw with his big meaty hand, squeezing and forcing it up until they were almost nose-to-nose. “We’ll see about that.” The sparks in those green embers were hypnotizing.

Trenton straightened himself, changed jaw-grabbing for hand-grabbing, and towed Hugh into the living room—where he plunked onto the couch and in one swift motion had Hugh straddling him, their faces mere inches apart. Out of his mouth, two words floated between them, half bark, half hiss. “Show me.”

Lips clashed like swords on a battlefield.

(Oi, History major here! Thank you.)

5. SWAT Team & Banana Blink

Trenton must have lost his mind on the road from Maryville. Why did the narrow hips of his brother's Squeeze of the Week felt so right burning his hands? What about this skinny jackanapes was so compelling he couldn't stop himself?

That tongue commanding his tongue, those long fingers patrolling his body, the crotch grinding his—it all was pure torment. Sweet, demented, and shameless torment, and he was ready to succumb to the vagaries of lust. The only problem (and it was a tremendous problem) was that for some inexplicable reason, Trenton wanted more. Not just the lanky body and strawberry-blond locks, he wanted—above everything else—Hugh's goddamned brain that seemed so in tune with his.

It was not the few exchanges they'd had, but what those exchanges had been. And those eyes, stupidly blue, wonderful eyes that made him need to fly and create sonnets like a teenager in love.

Hugh broke their kiss and rubbed his cheek against the hair on Trenton's chin. "You have no idea how much I love this, mate."

"You need to stop *mating* me." Trenton let out a groan, triggered by Hugh grabbing his denim-clad crotch.

"I'm sure you'd not say the same later on." Hugh chuckled as Trenton's iPhone began to trill. "Oops."

Trenton shushed Hugh with his index finger over those thin, sexy lips. "Waddell."

"Hey, big bro, how ya doin'?" Cutler sounded awfully cheerful. He didn't sound shit-faced, though.

"I'm fine. Where are you?"

"Still in SC. Is Hugh with you?"

"Yeah. Momma dumped him on me. Thanks."

"Do I need to feel like shit about it?"

“Would you?”

“Nah, not really.”

“Then why bother to ask such a silly question?” Trenton sobered up; Cutler leaving Hugh was the best thing that could have happened to him. “I love you, little bro. I don’t say it enough.”

“Same here, Biggie.” Cutler’s tone was almost sentimental.

Trenton hissed when he felt Hugh’s mouth around Boy. He’d been so distracted by the conversation, he didn’t even notice Hugh pulling his zipper down, much less the release of his hard-on. His Adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed and tried to regain some control of his voice. “W-When are you coming?”

“I have a class on Thursday I can’t avoid, so Wednesday night the latest.”

“*OHHH*. I have to go, work is on the other line. Be good, kiddo.”

“Are you all right?”

“Sure, I just hit my big toe with something.” Trenton looked down and saw Hugh (his lips stretched by Trenton’s shaft) arching an eyebrow in mock offense.

“Alrighty then, see you soon. Bye.” Cutler ended the call.

“That was a very dick move.” Trenton moaned as he threw the iPhone to the other end of the couch.

Hugh managed to smirk around his mouth full of Boy.

Grabbing his face, Trenton pulled him up. They faced each other. “What are you doing to me?”

“Polishing your shamrock, mate.”

Trenton rolled his eyes, “What? That doesn’t make any sense.”

With his own eye-roll, Hugh made a dismissive sound and commented, “Don’t pay attention to that. We Aussies tend to change words, but still—this is one lucky piece.” He pulled Trenton’s jeans down.

Before the information could reach his scrambled brain, Trenton was bare-assed on the couch and his legs were in the air, Hugh holding them up by the back of his knees. His balls were nuzzled by an inquisitive nose, and all his body shuddered. “What the...”

Hugh lifted his head, a sultry grin decorating his honed features. “Another question? You really need to shut the hell up and enjoy the ride.”

Trenton knew he should protest but all his neurons short-circuited because instead of his sac, Hugh went straight for his hole. And that was his Achilles heel. He moaned and grunted and tossed his head, unable to articulate a single coherent word.

Lips, teeth and tongue ganged up on his pucker. Hugh’s delighted *mmmm*-ing was arousing and disconcerting. This wasn’t supposed to be happening. Then he remembered that just a few minutes before, while on the phone, he’d realized and somewhat accepted that Hugh Knobel was a good thing in his life. His little epiphany shattered like a smashed window when Hugh’s glans poked his swollen orifice.

That brought him to reality in a flash. One: Hugh wasn’t wearing a condom. Two: he wasn’t gonna have his first time with Hugh in the same position he’d found his brother with the Aussie.

Really? That’s your second reason?

“Oh, Sweet Fehu. I want inside you, Trenton.” Hugh’s huskily delivered words prevented Trenton from starting an argument with himself. Hugh’s hands held Trenton’s ankles and his long shaft slid up and down against that burning center, sending a trillion commands. *Open. Surrender. Accept.*

Tough as it was, Trenton still reined in all the currents threatening to engulf him and make him a squirming mass of readiness. “I-I can’t let you fuck me.”

“You don’t bottom?” Hugh seemed almost devastated.

“I do, but...” Trenton knew his reasoning was silly at best and ridiculous at worst. Nevertheless, he needed to retain at least some measure of control of the

situation. He confessed, “I don’t want our first time to be like the image I have of you and my brother.”

“We will take turns afterward?” Hugh let go of Trenton’s ankles.

Nodding, Trenton wrapped his legs around Hugh’s taut waist, grinding his hole against the engorged beast.

“You bloody tease.” Hugh stood up and offered his hand. “If you don’t have condoms in your room, I know where Cutler has them.”

“I have my own supplies.” Trenton let Hugh guide him to his own bedroom.

After retrieving the implements (flavored condoms and lube), Trenton had his back against the headboard. Hugh rolled a Tropical Temptation rubber onto Trenton until it reached the base of his cock, and kissed him on the lips with a softness belied by the growl that followed. “No more foreplay.”

Moving from between Trenton’s legs, Hugh turned around, applying copious amounts of Banana Blink flavored lube as he went, and ended squatting toward a slow and succulent impalement on an eager spear.

Trenton closed his eyes and basked in the sweet heat swallowing Boy.

Hugh cheered the end of his journey with a satisfied groan. He started a languid but steady piston-like movement, flexing his legs and resting his hands on Trenton thighs.

The sounds accompanying the sultry motions broke Trenton from the erotic stupor. He licked the letters of the Baudelaire poem and took charge, his hands clutching at the warm muscles of Hugh’s waist. Controlling the progression, he made the supple body rotate as it lowered, adding another layer to the incredible sensations bringing both of them closer to a seismic climax.

“So big, Trenton. So bloody big.”

“All yours, baby.”

Somehow, Trenton knew those words hadn’t come from his groin alone.

This wasn't the moment to dissect feelings. All his analytical skills were blurred and muddled by passion and need.

Their orgasms descended upon them, like a SWAT team barking, "GOTCHA MOTHERFUCKERS."

Hours later, when their bodies couldn't produce any more fluids to substantiate their ejaculations, Hugh rested with his head over Trenton's chest. Trenton played with a reddish golden lock, twining and untwining it around his ring finger, while Hugh caressed the low relief of his abs.

"Tell me about your name." Hugh broke their comfortable silence. He lifted his head to face Trenton with a bright smile.

"I don't understand."

"Cutler told me he was named after the place he was conceived in, Cutler Bay, Florida."

"Oh, yeah, that's one of my earliest childhood memories. I remember I was miserable because I missed my friend Jimmy's birthday thanks to that family vacation."

"Your family went on holidays every year?"

"Nah, not much. That's why I remember that one so well."

"So what's the story behind your name?"

"It all started with the construction of the Clinton Laboratories as part of the Manhattan Project."

Hugh had that surprised look that Trenton was starting to cherish in his photography memory as part of their first encounter. "You have got to be shitting me. That was in the Forties. You're not that old."

"Indeed. Grandpa Waddell moved from New Jersey to work for the laboratories, met a girl from East Tennessee and fell in love. Papa was their first born, and I was conceived while attending a cousin's wedding back in Jersey. *In Trenton, New Jersey.*"

“In Stephanie’s town!”

“Exactly. I started reading the books because Momma told me about them, ‘cause she keeps track of such things.” Trenton chuckled, thinking that his mother would be called nowadays, *adorkable*.

“Crikey, I really like your mom.”

“And apparently she loves you.”

“Speaking of Tara. That pulled pork she sent would be perfect right this second since we skipped breakfast to dilly-dally in carnal procedures.”

“Yeah, there was a lot of indecision in all those acts.”

Hugh shook his head. “Shameful.” He yelped as Trenton grabbed him by the waist and rolled them, ending on top of Hugh, their lips grazing each other’s.

“I could stay like this forever,” Trenton sighed, drowning in those dark, blue oceans.

“Me too. But life would intrude soon enough, so let’s enjoy it while it lasts.”

“Wise words from a not-so-wise-looking man.”

“Oi!” Hugh punched Trenton in the shoulder. “Where did that come from?”

“From the same place that thinks that you are something special and wants to learn more about it but has reservations because you are, I mean, were, my brother’s lover.”

“It’s not like you *ganked* me from him. He left me alone and you took care of me, and this evolved from there.”

“Excuse me, I didn’t what?”

“Stole me. We weren’t together in that sense to begin with. I have a better opinion of Cutler than that. I’m sure he will understand. Just savor this time, okay? We will worry when the kangaroo yanks the bunny out of the hat.”

“This ain’t gonna be no bunny rabbit, but a rabid skunk.”

“We’ll see.” Hugh pushed his face up to steal a quick peck from Trenton’s lips.

Then Trenton remembered and pushed Hugh down with both hands on his shoulders. “What the hell is a Fehu?”

Hugh chuckled and winked. “I’ll explain when you’ve taken care of my stomach’s needs.”

6. Power Bottoms & Mind Losing

A year later...

“What’s with the sexy cheeks exposed, love?”

Trenton lay on his stomach on the latte-colored carpet, reading a book, the waist of his cargo shorts way below the middle of his rocky bum. The dimples flanking his coccyx competed for attention with the delicious curves on display, both assets screaming for Hugh’s wet kisses.

Green, green eyes moved from the pages toward Hugh, accompanied by a cheeky grin, “An invitation?”

“There’s nothing subtle about it.” Hugh chuckled.

“I am my mother’s son.”

“That you are.” Hugh knelt beside Trenton and slowly caressed from shoulder to arse, relishing the hard muscles and warm skin. He saw Trenton close his eyes and let his head go backward as if basking in the sun, every feature professing his urgent need to be dominated.

Who am I to argue with my man’s cravings?

Hugh kissed and licked the shoulder where his hand had started.

Trenton moaned, “Baby.”

Dotting smooches over Trenton’s back, Hugh found his way to a better position with strong thighs between his knees. He grabbed narrow hips and pulled Trenton’s arse up and hissed, “Keep your chest on the floor.”

A muffled groan was all the response he got. Trenton kept his chest grounded but used both hands to spread his cheeks, and his puckered door winked, a carnivorous flower enticing its prey.

“Bloody tease,” Hugh murmured as he complied and gave a quick lick to the quivering hole. The savage flower opened, asking for more, and Hugh languorously dragged his wet tongue from taint to angry entrance. Now the reactions were not only audible but visible as well. Goosebumps emerged, covering the muscled hills so close to his face.

As tempting as this particular end of Trenton's body was, Hugh wanted to see the pleasure enhancing his detective's chiseled features: eyes fiercely shut, mouth slightly opened in a silent prayer, cheek resting dreamily on the carpet. Trenton couldn't be more gloriously handsome even if he were consciously trying to.

"Why'd you stop?" those cherry lips asked.

"Going somewhere, love?"

Trenton huffed, then opened his eyes and focused on Hugh. "You know Cutler is coming with Preston in less than two hours to drive us to Maryville."

"So? That doesn't mean he cannot wait while we get ready after he arrives."

"You really have no respect for other people's time." There was no heat in those words, but Trenton looked extremely silly with his arse in the air, having this conversation, cheeks still spread by his own hands.

"I'll be quick then."

"Don't you dare give me a half-assed fucking."

Yup, they didn't need to be talking right this second. "Trenton?"

"What?"

"Shut up."

Hugh went back to the pouty orifice and with lips, teeth and tongue played that instrument until it was swollen and begging to be breached by a battering ram. (Remember? History major...)

"Please, baby, fuck me."

"We have no condoms and no lube." Body thrumming, Hugh wasn't sure he would be able to walk to the bedroom and back.

"They're under the motherfuckin' couch."

Sneaky fiend.

Two fingers kept rubbing the eager hole as Hugh retrieved the strategically placed implements. Kinky Kiwi read the condom packet. Seriously? Since when were New Zealanders a flavor? All right, Hugh's prick was too hard to be thinking of anything else but plunging into Trenton's snug tunnel.

"Do I have to grab it myself?"

Hugh loved when Trenton was like this, all hungry and demanding. Although they were both fully versatile, Trenton's power bottom side was the ultimate turn-on. "Right there with you, love." He used the aromatic rubber to circle the burning back door for a bit after coating it with Maracuyá Mousse lube. However, he had to abandon his tantalizing maneuver because Trenton pushed backward, bent on impaling himself.

Trenton rocked, undulated and rolled (as soon as Hugh was in) like there was no tomorrow. Hugh happily clasped his hands behind his neck and let his man work his magic with his sweet bum in full rotor-motion.

"Your cock is so good, so good." Trenton panted, never missing a beat of his multi-directional motions.

After a year of being together, they'd learned a great deal about each other in many departments, and they were in that stage of a relationship where the ardor of many gay couples would have diminished, transformed into a more relaxed and somewhat friendly companionship. For them, it was like the Lust switch couldn't be turned off, which was great since they both had the stamina to keep the party going for a long time.

Nevertheless, this particular encounter would be short-lived if Hugh didn't take control of the situation and subdue Trenton's frantic ministrations. One hand grabbed a hip; the other gave a hard whack to a bouncing cheek. "Slow down, cowboy. I thought I was the one supposed to be doing the fucking." Now he had both hands on Trenton's hips.

"Then do... it. I'm so close... I'm seeing stars." Trenton stopped moving, his chest heaving akin to someone just finishing a marathon.

Pulling almost all the way out, letting Trenton's sphincter playfully squeeze his glans just for a heartbeat, Hugh thrust in sharply. "Like... this?"

He grunted and slowly pulled back again, reentering with another hard blow, the speed of his piston-like motion increasing as the tempo became steadier and harsher.

Minutes passed...

“That’s the spot, yeah!”

“Getting there, love. You coming with me?” Hugh was ready to burst. He just needed to do it along with Trenton.

“Now, baby, fill me up. Argh, yeeessss.”

The potent grip on his prick was Hugh’s undoing. His entire body trembled, and rope after rope of jizz was expelled, leaving him shattered and exhausted, sprawled over Trenton’s still convulsing frame.

Hugh found his voice, after several minutes of his body and brain adjusting to a more serene state of being, and joked, “Crikey, you cannot say that I did *not* send you to your mother’s house well-fucked.”

Trenton sighed, somewhat dreamily. “Gosh. Wait until we get back to have more of this? It’s gonna be pure torture.” His iPhone trilled.

“And that’s our cue to start acting like not-so-horny people.”

“What are you, pair of loonies, beaming about?”

Preston chuckled and punched Cutler, who was driving, in the shoulder. His hazel eyes flashed in naughty amusement. Cutler looked at Trenton through the mirror. “Geez, can two guys not be just happy?”

“I’m a cop, little brother. I know how to read people.”

Hugh rubbed and tapped Trenton’s arm. They didn’t need words.

“Oh, BBD, we met the most wonderful girl.” Preston turned his body so he was looking at both Trenton and Hugh in the back seat, wearing a grin so big, it’d have been painful in a less pretty face.

And that ponytail helps a lot to equate Preston with any cover of a romance novel.

Cutler elbowed Preston. “Shhhh.”

“Whaaat? We’re all adults here.” Preston pointed with his thumb to the back seat as he sat up straight. “That’s a gay cop who fucks an Aussie back there, not some Southern Congressman.”

“And that Aussie is no preacher either,” Trenton added happily.

Hugh shifted and spoke in Trenton’s ear. “I’m gonna give you something to be on your knees later, love.” He noticed the tremor in the muscled frame, which in turn triggered his own hard response. “Or I can give Boy a place to confess.”

“Goddammit.”

“Hugh, what are you doing to my brother?”

“Oi, *your* brother is mine, so I can do with him whatever I want.” Hugh said it with a smile in his tone and a grin on his face since he had his eyes locked with Cutler in the mirror.

Cutler arched an eyebrow. “Whatever that *is*, not in my car. Okay?”

“You know that’s a diversion, right?” Trenton shook his head.

“Totally.” Hugh poked Preston. “Spill it. What’s the happiness about?”

Preston looked at Cutler with a well-practiced and fake attempt to seek permission to tell them whatever it was they were all giddy about. Cutler rolled his eyes and nodded.

“All right, we met the most amazing girl in the world, absolutely hot and definitively digging both of us.”

“And...?” Trenton had on his face the biggest question mark Hugh had ever seen, which was hilarious.

“For a cop you can be clueless sometimes, BBD.” Preston waved a hand between Cutler and him. “Bi’s here? She likes us and doesn’t mind having a guy on each end, and she also thinks two guys going at it is mega scorching!”

“Fuck me dead! You shaggers found the perfect bitch for your alpha bogan love affair,” Trenton burst with such perfect Australian diction, he might as well have been born beside a pack of dingoes.

“You wanker, that was my line.” Hugh pulled Trenton toward him for a deep kiss.

The woman singing on the radio, Cutler’s outburst defending their open-minded lady friend, Preston’s cackle, everything became muffled and distant as Hugh’s tongue explored Trenton’s mouth, traveling, commanding, owning.

The world seemed to slow down and lose gravity. All was ethereal and bright. And the declaration came out, easy and perfect. “I love you.”

Trenton growled and lifted Hugh bodily, settling him on his lap and becoming all paws and teeth. He stopped for a second before going back to give attention to Hugh’s neck, “I love you, too.”

Hugh giggled and murmured, “I never thought I’d find love on the road from Maryville.”

THE END

Author Bio

Born a Sagittarius in the fabulous year of the Rooster of '69, at the hour when his cat was about to become a complete dragon, Gabbo de la Parra landed on the Caribbean Coast of the outlandish Republic of Panama to start the adventure of Life.

Love and the Internet brought him to Middle Tennessee to embrace the American Dream and his husbandly romance. Writing has been an important part of his life since a very early age, and it's a pleasure to share his stories with others thanks to the wonderful opportunities this land provides. He is the author of the Spaniards series, Prince of Atlantis and other titles available through Amazon, Barnes & Noble and Smashwords.

Gabbo cherishes Life with a southern gentleman in a townhouse close to a lake, crowded with the spirits of his characters and their pets: black esoteric kitty, Luna; white emo-twink Maltese, Chance; and street smart Russian Blue, Bella.

His novels Septima Luna and Another Dawn on Planet X (the child of his two stories for LiAW) will come to your e-reading devices in Fall 2013 and The Pompeiian Horse in Spring 2014.

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