

A person wearing a blue t-shirt and a dark tactical vest with straps and buckles. Their arms are crossed over their chest. The background is plain white.

Xara X. Xanakas

THE FIVE TIMES

RAPTOR MESSED WITH THE BULL

(AND THE ONE TIME HE GOT THE HORNS)

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Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

THE FIVE TIMES RAPTOR MESSED WITH THE BULL

(AND THE ONE TIME HE GOT THE HORNS)

By Xara X. Xanakas

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

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The Five Times Raptor Messed With the Bull,

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Photo Description

A tall, bulky SWAT officer is walking away from the camera on his way into a bedroom, stripping off his bulletproof vest and shirt along the way. His pants are down around the tops of his thighs, giving us a view of his tightly-whitey encased backside.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

Aftermath of dangerous hostage rescue situation; one guy is from an assault team, the other one is a sniper and their adrenaline is still pumping...

Sincerely,

lege

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: law enforcement, sparring turned sticky, back alley hand job, public shower handies, seriously handsy protag, bathroom blowjob, self-denial, repeated cases of blueballs, snarky heroes, plot-what-plot?

Word count: 10,016

THE FIVE TIMES RAPTOR MESSED WITH THE BULL (AND THE ONE TIME HE GOT THE HORNS)

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ONE

In which Raptor meets the Bull

Only the lights directly over the weights were on when Raptor got to the police station's small gym at two-thirty in the morning. He preferred working out this way, all alone in the near-dark. He pulled his long, black hair into a ponytail and strapped his weight vest on before getting started on the treadmill. Halfway through his run, he noticed a figure moving in the shadows. The new guy walked up to his treadmill and smiled as he leaned one elbow on the display screen. Bull had just transferred in from another precinct to fill the gap in their SWAT team after Drake got promoted to squad leader.

"You're the Raptor, aren't you?" he asked

Raptor didn't spare him a second glance as he adjusted his ear buds and bumped the treadmill up faster. Bull took the treadmill next to Raptor and began jogging. Raptor shot him a look, raising one eyebrow, but Bull kept pace with him. When Raptor slowed down, so did Bull. They were both walking before Raptor looked over at him. He pulled one earbud out and looked over at Bull.

"You're the one they call Raptor?" he asked again. "I've heard about you."

"What do you want?" Raptor wasn't even trying to hide his annoyance as his treadmill came to a stop. *Another 'roidhead with more balls than brains.*

Being the only openly out officer on the squad brought challengers out of the woodwork. Raptor admitted he didn't look like he'd be much of a fighter next to the rest of the guys—at five foot seven, he was shorter than most of

them, and his features leaned more toward pretty than handsome. His long, black hair only added to their biased impressions of him. Every new class had someone who wanted to prove his mettle by calling Raptor out, and the gym seemed to be their location of choice.

“Just wanted to introduce myself. They call me Bull.” He smiled again, and Raptor gritted his teeth, ignoring the dimples that made Bull look like a harmless puppy.

“What do you want?” Raptor asked, slower this time.

“I just wanted to meet you.”

“And now you have.” Raptor wiped a towel over his neck.

“Are you finished?” Bull asked as he checked the clock.

“Why? Did you have something in mind?” Raptor’s voice was low and breathy. Almost any other time, he might have considered flirting with the big man, but Raptor knew better. The police gym was not the place to try to get lucky, no matter how deserted it was. It was almost a shame, Raptor thought. Bull was just his type: tall and adorkable, with big, green eyes and dimples—*God, those dimples*—when he smiled.

“I could use a sparring partner,” Bull said, looking around the deserted gym. “I kind of hoped for some more people around here. The gym at my old precinct was always busy, no matter what time of day.”

“I had hoped to be alone.” Raptor kept looking at him, that one eyebrow raised. Bull grinned and shrugged at Raptor. “Fine,” Raptor finally said, leaving the treadmills and walking over to the mat in the back of the gym. If Bull wanted to fight him, he might as well get it over with. Bull was at least a head taller and probably had forty pounds of muscle on him, but Raptor was ruthless and methodical when fighting. Too many opponents thought their brawn would beat his brains. Raptor enjoyed proving them wrong. He stopped at the edge of the padded floor and took off his weight vest.

“Do you always wear that for working out?” Bull nodded at his gear.

“What’s it to you?”

“Just curious. I don’t know of anyone else who runs in boots.”

“Well, I haven’t run across any criminals willing to give me a time-out to change into sneakers and wind shorts before they take off running.”

“Have you had to chase many criminals down?”

“Enough that I make sure I can do it in my TAC gear now,” Raptor said as he sat down to remove his boots and socks.

“I guess that makes sense.” Bull nodded as he stepped over and kicked his shoes off. Then he stripped off his T-shirt and wiped his forehead with it before he dragged it over his sculpted abs.

Raptor shook his head and ran his towel over the back of his neck. This was not the time or the place to get hot and bothered by Bull’s body. He cleared his throat and focused back on the challenge Bull had issued. “What fighting style did you have in mind?”

“I’m not sure. Do you have any preference?” Bull asked with a grin.

Raptor had several thoughts, but he doubted Bull would appreciate those kinds of ideas. “Your challenge. I really don’t give a fuck.”

They moved to the center of the mat and circled each other. Raptor was patient, refusing to make the first move, so Bull charged at him. Raptor easily dodged to his right and shoved Bull as he went by.

“Nice move,” Bull said. He circled back and faked left before charging right, catching Raptor off-balance and toppling them both to the floor. Raptor growled and wrapped both arms around Bull’s shoulders. He planted both feet on Bull’s left side and rolled them over. Bull struggled in his grasp, managing to knock Raptor loose, but Raptor kept the advantage. Bull fought harder, but Raptor dug in more, pinning Bull face down on the mat. Bull moaned and shoved his hips back into Raptor’s. “You’re stronger than you look.”

Raptor felt the adrenaline kicking in, and the friction of Bull’s body touching his soon had him hard in his shorts. He put any sexual thoughts out of his mind as he used his hips to push Bull back down into the mat, ignoring the grunts Bull made.

“Not quite what you had in mind, is it, big guy?” Raptor hissed in his ear. Bull shivered as Raptor pumped his hips against him. Raptor moved one of his hands to Bull’s hip. His fingers dug into the sensitive flesh there as he squeezed Bull’s hip tight before moving his hand to press it flat on Bull’s thigh. “Thought you’d pick a fight with the queer sniper to prove yourself? Not working out for you, is it? Am I going to have a problem with you, big man?”

“Only if you leave me hanging, little man.” Bull turned his head to grin at Raptor as he lifted his ass higher to rub along Raptor’s crotch. Raptor stilled above him. Bull pushed back again.

“Are you getting off on this?” Raptor asked as he took the hint and shoved one leg between Bull’s.

“Yes,” Bull whispered as he rocked into Raptor again. He pulled Raptor’s hand under himself to palm his erection, leaving no room for Raptor to mistake his intention.

“You crazy son of a bitch,” Raptor whispered and wrapped his hand around Bull’s cock to stroke him through his sweatpants. “You know anyone could come in here and catch you like this. They could find you, lying on the floor under me. What about everyone finding out?”

“Let them,” Bull whispered.

He ran one hand up to grab Bull’s hair and pull his head back before settling on his knees between Bull’s legs. He used the better leverage to thrust his hips hard and fast against Bull. “They’ll think I’m fucking you,” he whispered into Bull’s ear. “How would you like that?”

“I’d love you to fuck me,” Bull said with a moan as Raptor stroked his cock faster. Bull whimpered and pumped his hips back and forth, rubbing harder between Raptor and the mat.

“You really want this?” Raptor asked as he twisted his hand over Bull’s cock.

“Fuck, yes,” Bull moaned. “Yes. Close. So close.”

Raptor knew he should be more cautious, but the feeling of Bull submitting to him made him reckless. He leaned forward and bit down hard on Bull's neck, and Bull cried out as he came in his pants. As Bull got his breath back under control, Raptor got up to pick up his things, his cock tenting the fabric of his shorts as he stood back up.

“Same time tomorrow?” Bull asked with a grin.

Raptor chuckled and shook his head. Bull was going to be a whole different kind of trouble than he was prepared for. When Bull approached him, Raptor expected a physical fight, not whatever it was Bull seemed to be starting with him.

With a shock, he realized he was looking forward to seeing where it would go.

TWO

In which the cat gets out of the bag

Raptor was on the roof of the building across the street from the bank. His rifle muzzle barely cleared the edge of the building, and he was watching everything that was going on. The new nerdy kid, Urkel, was next to him, looking through his own scope at the action below. Hunter had his own rifle set up on the other end of the rooftop.

“What the fuck is he saying?” Typhoid asked over the comm unit.

“Twelve hostages and three hostiles, reporting up to one leader. All hostiles are wearing bulletproof vests,” Raptor said.

“How the fuck do you know that?” Urkel asked.

“Watch his hands. Two open-palm taps to his thigh, followed by two fingers. That means twelve people on the floor. Now, three fingers in the middle of his back, and one pointing out as he runs it over his head. Three middlemen, one leader. Tugging on his shirt tells us the hostiles have protective wear on.”

“Dude, that’s fucking spooky. When did you learn to speak Bull?”

Raptor shrugged. “It’s standard communication protocols.”

“What’s with the hand dragging across his chest?”

“That means everyone’s okay. What it doesn’t explain is just what in the fuck he’s doing in there,” Wolf added from the ground team.

“No clue, but let’s just be thankful he’s in there. At least it gives us eyes on the situation,” Drake, their squad leader, said. “Better than flying in blind. Raptor, do you have a shot?”

“Negative.” Raptor flipped off the mic and looked through his scope again. “What is that idiot doing?” he mumbled.

“What?” Urkel asked.

Raptor shook his head. “So, what do you think is going to happen here?” he asked, taking the training opportunity for the newest sniper team member.

“Well, we’re behind him on the right, so after he gives us the go-ahead signal, he’s going to duck left to give us the best shot.”

Raptor nodded. “That’s what he’s trained to do.” Of course, Raptor knew Bull well enough by now to know that he rarely did what was expected. So, when Bull started pacing in front of the windows, luring the hostiles with him, Raptor wasn’t really surprised. Four men in masks followed Bull to the open end of the room. Bull allowed one of them to grab him by the front of the shirt and shove him into the window. He spread his arms wide and slid one hand down the glass.

“That’s the signal. Get ready,” Drake called over the comm unit. “Raptor, you on?”

“I’ve got the one on Bull. Urkel, get the one on the right, Hunter get the left. Can you guys mop up once we bring them down?”

“No problem,” Typhoid grunted. “Just keep that asshole out of our way.”

“On it,” Raptor grinned. Bull tapped on the glass pointed toward the right. A second later, all hell broke loose. Urkel and Hunter fired in unison, dropping their two hostiles, and Bull shoved the man standing in front of him. He tumbled backwards and toward the left, and Bull fell to the right.

“Shithead!” Typhoid shouted, but Raptor had been expecting some kind of boneheaded move from Bull. When the shot opened, he took it, narrowly missing Bull’s left shoulder. The bullet impacted in the center of the leader’s chest, knocking him off his feet. Bull jumped up and restrained him, and the assault team stormed into the bank and grabbed the masked men.

Nadia, Pete, and Maya joined the team inside and immediately began working at calming the hostages down and tending to any injuries they had. Raptor, Urkel, and Hunter climbed down the stairs and met the ground team in the street. Raptor noticed Bull had a comm unit on, and the mic strapped around his throat.

“Were you wearing that the whole time?” Raptor asked.

“No, they just gave it to me,” Bull said as he tucked the earpiece in. “I’ll take Raptor and clear the alley.” He grabbed Raptor’s arm and started to walk away from the group.

“What the fuck do you think you were doing?” Raptor asked after they turned the corner.

“What?”

“Why were you even in there?”

Bull shrugged. “I had to cash a check.”

“You are the unluckiest son of a bitch.” Raptor shook his head as they went down the alley.

Bull grinned at him, showing his dimples. He flicked the mic on before he spoke again. “Alley is clear. Repeat. Alley is clear.” He flicked the mic’s switch again and grabbed Raptor’s shirt, pulling him close. “Fuck, that was hot.”

Raptor kissed him hard before shoving him into the brick wall. “What the fuck were you thinking, ducking right? You knew where we were, jackass.”

“Exactly. I knew where you were, and I knew you could make the shot. That’s why I pointed right instead of left,” Bull said, sounding like it was completely reasonable to forego every bit of training they had had.

“But it might not have been me up there,” Raptor shouted. Bull tugged on Raptor’s hips to pull him in for another kiss.

“But you were there.”

“But I might not have been.” Raptor grabbed Bull’s belt and opened it.

“Fuck, you yelling at me gets me so fucking hot,” Bull mumbled into Raptor’s neck.

“Then prepare to get really hard, you stupid motherfucker,” Raptor growled as he tugged Bull’s zipper down. He reached into Bull’s pants and

pulled out his mostly hard cock. “Because you never, *never*, go against your training,” he shouted, giving Bull’s cock hard pulls as he talked.

“Oh, fuck yes. Do that again,” Bull said.

“You could have died, you dumb shit.” Raptor moved his other hand into Bull’s pants and cupped his balls as he stroked Bull’s cock.

“Fuuuck.” Bull closed his eyes and dropped his head to the wall behind him.

“You *should* have been shot, dumb ass. And then where would we be? Your fucking funeral.” Raptor panted as he rubbed his groin along Bull’s leg. “I should have shot you just to teach you a lesson.”

“I like this lesson better,” Bull moaned. “Fuck, Raptor.” His breathing was speeding up, and his balls tightened in Raptor’s hold. He bit at Raptor’s shoulder as he came.

“I’m going to teach you another one later, asshole. Once we all finish cleaning up this clusterfuck.” Raptor tucked Bull’s cock back into his boxer briefs and wiped his hand on the grey cotton before he zipped Bull’s pants back up. “Don’t ever do that shit again.”

Bull smiled and cupped Raptor’s face in his hands before he leaned in and kissed him. “I knew you wouldn’t miss.”

“Fucker,” Raptor said, but he couldn’t help grinning. “Let’s go to the debriefing.”

When they left the alley, they found the squad standing there, staring at them. Their expressions were a mixture of shock, amusement, and in Typhoid’s case, irritation. Raptor didn’t know what was going on until Drake stepped forward.

“You put this on upside down. For next time, the volume is supposed to go on the other side,” he said as he reached over to Bull’s mic. He shook his head and flipped the switch to the off position.

“So much for covert affairs,” Raptor mumbled as he shot a glare at Bull. Then he stood up straighter, adjusted himself, and walked away, ignoring the comments they hurled in Bull’s direction.

THREE

In which Bull learns a lesson

Debriefing sessions were painful enough, but when an op went south they became endless torture sessions. And going south would have been an improvement on this one. FUBAR didn't even cover how badly this op had gone. A couple of the rookies jumped the gun, disobeying the hold order. The aftermath was an epic disaster. Two officers were hurt—luckily only a few bruises, but it could have been so much worse.

Raptor was glad Bull was currently riding a desk after another blown op, because this was just the kind of boneheaded move he would have made if he'd been there.

Five hours of finger-pointing later, and it was safe to say Raptor was pissed as hell. The other guys staring at him as he stalked down the hall to the locker room didn't help his mood any. They all knew about him and Bull, and Bull's constant hovering since the squad returned to the station only intensified the whispers. Bull kept wandering by the conference room where the captain was reaming the team out for the screw-ups. Raptor finally got up and closed the blinds, but that didn't shut Bull out completely. He resorted to texting Raptor when he couldn't see in anymore. After the seventh, the captain glared at Raptor until he finally shut off his phone.

He walked up to his locker to find Bull standing there, waiting on him.

“That bad?” he asked.

“You don't even want to know.”

“But you're okay?”

Raptor slammed the door shut. “Yes. Just like I answered in response to your first four texts.”

“So you're done here for today?”

Raptor nodded his head. “I think I've had enough for one day.”

“Good. Let's go.”

“In a hurry?”

Bull leaned closer. “I’ve been hard since you stormed into the building this morning.”

“Patience is a virtue.”

Bull laughed. “Not my strong point, in case you haven’t noticed.”

“Oh, I’ve noticed. I just haven’t done anything about it.” He looked at Bull’s face, taking in the eagerness in his expression as they left the locker room. “Yet,” he added as he followed Bull out of the building. Instead of heading for the parking lot, he made a left.

“I’m parked over here,” Bull said.

“My place is closer,” Raptor called when Bull made to go to his car.

“Yes, sir,” Bull said playfully as he followed Raptor down the sidewalk.

When they got inside his apartment, Raptor shoved Bull into the back of the door and kissed him. Bull went with the movement, letting Raptor take the lead.

Good. He had plans for Bull.

“I want to...” Raptor said after he pulled back from the kiss. He was still keyed up after the rough day.

“What?” Bull was panting for breath as he stared down into Raptor’s face.

Raptor shook his head and pushed Bull. He glanced from Bull’s eyes down to his lips and back up. “Get the fuck in the bedroom,” he said, his voice low and full of dark promise.

“Yeah, okay.” Bull grinned and nodded, bumping the back of his head on the door.

Raptor knew Bull loved when Raptor was like this, assertive and in charge. Bull’s cock was hard as a rock where it was pressed into Raptor’s hip. Even with the barely contained aggression still simmering just under the surface, Bull trusted Raptor not to hurt him.

Today, he'd push Bull to his limits, and maybe just a touch further, but never anything beyond. The faith Bull had in him made Raptor dizzy.

"You. Bedroom. Naked. Now," Raptor ordered.

"Yeah. I can do that," Bull said as he spun on his heel and walked away. He heard the clunking of Bull's boots on the ground as he pulled them off and dropped them. Raptor grinned and closed the door to the tiny bathroom attached to his bedroom. He gave Bull a couple of minutes as he washed his face and pulled off his shirt. When he opened the door, he found Bull lying naked on his bed, one hand tucked under his head. His eyes were half-closed when he looked over at Raptor. He licked his lips and started stroking his dick with his free hand.

"Stop that," Raptor said.

"What?"

"Stop touching yourself."

"But you look so good," Bull whispered.

The breathy sound of his voice made Raptor's cock twitch. Raptor cleared his throat and crossed his arms over his chest in an effort to get control over himself.

"Stop touching yourself, or I will have to restrain you." Bull's breath hitched and his hand slipped along his cock. It had been a mostly empty threat, but Bull's reaction made Raptor start thinking of all the possibilities. He raised an eyebrow and watched Bull's hand travel up and down his length again. "Should I dig out the cuffs?"

Bull licked his lips and nodded. Raptor went over to his closet and dug in the bottom of the chest he had pushed into the back corner.

"You're not going to use the flex cuffs, are you?" Bull asked.

Raptor glanced over his shoulder and saw Bull's concerned look. "No, those bite too much for what I have in mind for you." He pulled out a pair of padded nylon cuffs. A short chain connected them.

Raptor stepped up to the head of the bed, and Bull held his hand up to him. He wrapped the cuff tightly around Bull's wrist. Then he straddled Bull's chest to thread the chain through the slats of his headboard and secured Bull's other wrist. He could feel the heat coming from Bull's body through the fabric of his cargo pants.

"That all right?" he asked, running his hands along Bull's shoulders as Bull tugged on the chain.

"Feels good."

"That feels good? Then maybe I shouldn't do this," Raptor said as he reached down to stroke Bull's cock. Bull groaned and bucked his hips.

"No, you should definitely keep doing that."

Raptor chuckled and slid off Bull's chest. Bull started to protest, but it turned to a hiss when Raptor leaned over and licked one nipple while he flicked the other with his fingers.

"Sensitive?"

Bull nodded. "Always have been."

"I wonder," Raptor said as he spread his fingers over Bull's ribs to thumb his nipples. Bull groaned and his cock jerked.

"Please," Bull moaned.

"Can you come from this?" Raptor bent back over to take a nipple between his teeth. Bull rolled his hips, and his cock bounced in time with Raptor's tongue flicking over Bull's skin. "Can you? I bet you could."

"I'd come if you breathed on it right now." Bull groaned. "Please," he whispered again.

"What do you want?"

"I want you to touch me."

"I am touching you."

"More."

“More of this?” Raptor asked as he teased Bull’s nipples, lightly scraping his fingernails over them.

“Lower,” Bull said with another roll of his hips.

Raptor chuckled. “All in good time.”

“I’m not going to last much longer.”

Bull’s broken whimpers were driving Raptor crazy. He wanted to draw this out, take his time taking Bull apart, but just this little bit of teasing already had him on edge. He knew Bull wasn’t going to last much longer. With a sigh, he sat up and got the lube out of the nightstand drawer. He slicked up his hand and wrapped it around Bull’s cock. Bull grunted as Raptor began sliding his hand down his cock in long, slow strokes, going head to base, then repeating the stroke. Bull shuddered and pushed his hips up in an effort to speed Raptor’s hand, but Raptor kept his pace languid.

He tightened his grip and added an upward stroke to his teasing. Bull groaned loudly, and Raptor picked up the pace as he reached between Bull’s legs to cup his balls, rolling them between his fingers. Bull grunted and pulled on the cuffs, and Raptor moved his hand from Bull’s balls to work his zipper open one-handed and remove his cock. Bull watched him through his eyelashes as he worked both their cocks.

“Now, Bull,” he whispered, and Bull shouted as he came over Raptor’s fist. His body thrashed on the small bed, and he yanked hard on the cuffs, cracking the wood of the headboard. Raptor came a second later, coating Bull’s cock and balls with come. He panted and rested his head on Bull’s chest. He heard the Velcro ripping as Bull maneuvered his hands over to release himself. Bull hummed happily to himself as he wrapped his arms around Raptor.

“You fucking tease,” Bull said. His voice was hoarse from the panting and shouting, but he was smiling.

“That was kind of the point,” Raptor said with a grin.

FOUR

In which Raptor has a typical Tuesday

Raptor had been minding his own business, just practicing some moves with the sparring dummy in the gym. That's when these three assholes showed up and challenged him. Since the "Bull's Bank Bust" incident, the whispers had gotten louder. It was only a matter of time before the next big shot came at him.

"You guys really want to do this?" Raptor asked as he tightened the wrap around his wrist. "Now? Don't want to get more backup?"

Their leader stepped forward and gave Raptor a once-over. "I think we can handle it," he said with a snort.

"Whatever." Raptor shrugged his shoulders, then cracked his neck. "Let's go."

One of the guys started to advance, but he tripped on the mat and fell down, hitting his head with a loud crack. He rolled onto his side with a groan but didn't say anything else. His chest was moving with his breath, but Raptor didn't have a chance to check up on him before the next guy was advancing on him. He grabbed the guy's arm and flipped him over, twisting his arm as he held him down on the mat with one foot. The guy screamed and rolled away, grasping at his shoulder.

Drake and Typhoid had been sparring with Wolf and The Comet on the mat next to them, but they all stopped to watch Raptor. He knew they would have his back if he needed it, but they also allowed him to fight his own battles. After a moment, Drake nodded and stepped away to help Pete check on the jerk on the floor.

Raptor had landed a series of blows to the jock's face when Bull showed up. He started forward, but Typhoid stopped him with an arm across the chest.

"But—" Bull started.

"You can't," Drake said.

“What do you mean I can’t? What the fuck are you guys doing just standing here?” He tried to step in again, but Typhoid curled a hand around Bull’s arm.

“He needs to finish it himself.”

“But—” Bull protested, glaring back at the action in front of them.

The jock landed a punch and Raptor’s head snapped back. He had blood on his mouth and the beginning of a bruise on his cheek. Raptor countered the punch with a jab of his own, followed by two more and an uppercut. The jock was stumbling, but he managed to lunge forward and grab Raptor around the waist. They both tumbled to the ground, with the jock landing on top of Raptor. He wrapped his hands around Raptor’s throat, and Bull shouted. Comet helped Typhoid hold him back as Raptor put both hands on his opponent’s hips. He bucked up and pulled the jock down to him, grinding their groins together. The jock grunted in surprise, and Raptor used the leverage to flip them over. He slapped the jock’s hands away and pinned his wrists to the mat.

“Forgot you picked a fight with the queer, didn’t you?” he asked, low and dangerous. “Thought you’d find easy pickings and make yourself look like a big man on your first day? Didn’t quite work out that way, did it?”

The jock didn’t say anything, but his downcast eyes spoke for him. They sat there for a moment, catching their breath.

“Sorry,” the jock finally said, accepting his defeat.

“Now, here’s what’s going to happen. After you guys take your friends to get checked out by a doctor, you’re going to take my squad out for a beer to apologize for doubting their faith in me. Then you’re going to give me the fucking respect I deserve. That work for you?”

“Yeah.” The jock grunted as Raptor stood. Raptor held a hand out to help the guy up, and after a second, he took it. “You’re better than they say.”

Raptor patted him on his back. “I have to be. Now go, get your friends some help.”

“Are you coming with us?” the jock asked.

“No, I’ll be coming somewhere else,” Raptor said with a smirk as he looked at Bull.

Typhoid finally let go and Bull rushed the mat to cup Raptor’s face in both hands. He turned Raptor’s head both directions to get a better look him. “Are you hurt?”

“Nothing more than usual.” Raptor shook his head as he pushed Bull back to the edge of the mat to where his bag was laying on the floor.

“Thanks for taking it easy on them,” Drake said, joining them.

“That one idiot knocked himself out. Fell off the damn mat. What are they teaching these kids now?”

Comet snorted. “Not much, it appears.” He held a cold pack out to the jock, who took it gratefully before he held it up to his swelling eye. “Now, someone said beer?”

“Let’s make sure these geniuses are okay first.” Drake made his way over to where Pete was helping the now-conscious idiot in question to sit up. “How many fingers?”

“Two?” he answered in a groggy voice.

Drake looked at his hand where he held up three fingers. “Okay, hospital for Grace here. How about you, Lefty?” He turned to the one still clutching his right arm tightly.

“I just pulled something, I think.” He tried to rotate his arm and winced, but he was able to move it a full revolution. He took the cold pack Pete handed him and slapped it against his shoulder while he flexed the fingers of his right hand. “I’ll be all right.”

Pete nodded. “Rest, ice, repeat.”

“What about you, Dunccecap?” Comet asked the jock. The jock glared, but shook his head.

“I’m fine.”

Raptor chuckled. “And new nicknames are born. They’re never going to live those down.”

“Maybe we should get you checked out too,” Bull said, trailing a finger along the bruise starting to form on Raptor’s cheek.

“Do you want me to fuck you through the mattress or not? Because, in case you haven’t noticed...” Raptor said, grabbing Bull’s hand and holding it at his crotch, leaving the suggestion hanging in the air.

“And we’re out,” Typhoid nearly shouted as he turned away and wrapped an arm around Dunccecap to lead him toward the door. Raptor noticed a blush creeping up Typhoid’s neck as he made a quick exit.

“We’ll take Grace here to get checked out. See you tomorrow,” Pete said. Grace staggered a little, but at least he was moving on his own. Lefty and Wolf followed them. Comet winked at them and patted Drake on the shoulder before heading out himself.

“Raptor,” Drake started with a shake of his head.

“I know, LT. But what can I do? They keep coming after me.”

“You don’t have to fight them yourself,” Bull said.

“Right,” Raptor snorted.

“Bull’s right, Raptor. You’re not alone in this anymore,” Drake said.

“I may not be the only out officer here anymore, but I’m still their best target.”

“How do you figure?” Bull asked.

“Look at you. They’d have to be complete idiots to take you on. You’re six and a half feet tall and four feet wide in your TAC gear. Wolf’s almost as big as you, and with his dreads and helmet, he looks more Predator than human when you’re facing him down. Pete’s a medic, so they don’t really bother, and besides, he’s so innocent-looking, they may as well kick a puppy while they’re at it and cement their Disney-Villain status. But the pretty little man with the big reputation? Yeah, he’s fair game.”

“Raptor...” Bull said, but Raptor shook his head.

“No. That’s just how it works. And it’s okay. They need to know I can have their backs when shit goes down. If it takes kicking their asses to do it, so be it.” He pushed past Bull to the now deserted locker room. He flicked the lights off before he stripped and stepped into the furthest shower stall.

“Do you want to meet later?” Bull asked from outside the stall.

“No.”

“Oh,” Bull said. Raptor didn’t miss the disappointment in his voice. He turned to face him.

“Why wait?”

“I just thought. After that time...” Bull started, but he was staring at Raptor’s body. Raptor’s cock twitched under Bull’s gaze.

Raptor glanced back down the hallway. “Everyone else left. No one is around. Why don’t you...” he tilted his head in invitation to join him.

Bull looked back at the door, and then he started yanking off his clothes. He crowded Raptor against the wall and kissed him. He moaned when his cock slid beside Raptor’s.

“Shh,” Raptor said. He soaped up his hands and wrapped one of them around both their cocks. “Just because we’re alone now doesn’t mean it’ll stay that way. You need to be quiet.”

“Kinda hard to be quiet when you’re doing that,” Bull whispered. He reached down to cover Raptor’s hand with his own, stroking them both hard. “Fuck, Raptor.”

“Maybe later.” Raptor let go and grabbed Bull’s hips, digging his fingers into the flesh there. He pumped his hips with Bull as Bull jerked them faster. He twisted his wrist to cup both their heads together, and Raptor’s body jerked. “Yeah. Like that.”

“Uh-huh,” Bull breathed. Raptor could tell he was close, so he reached down between Bull’s legs to tug on his balls. “Fuck,” Bull whispered as he

came over his fist. He let go of himself and tightened his grip on Raptor's cock, letting his cum slick the way.

"Bull," Raptor whispered. He dropped his head back onto the tiles, letting go as Bull stroked his cock. Bull leaned down to nibble along his jaw, and Raptor came hard as he let out a hoarse shout.

Bull held him through a round of aftershocks, and when Raptor opened his eyes, the grin on Bull's face made his heart clench.

"I thought you said we needed to be quiet," Bull said after a quick glance up the hall.

"Shut up." Raptor gave Bull a shove, and Bull laughed and reached around Raptor for the bar of soap. He washed them both off and then turned off the shower. Raptor moved to leave, but Bull held him in place for a moment, staring at his face.

"You're not alone anymore," he whispered. "I'm here now."

Raptor shivered, but it had to be because of the cold room and his wet skin. It had nothing to do with the way Bull's words wrapped around him and snuggled into his brain. Nothing. At all.

Or so he told himself, but neither he nor Bull called him out on it.

FIVE

In which Raptor has a revelation

You're not alone anymore, Raptor thought as he took another swallow from his beer. The bar was packed for a Thursday night. Dunccecap and Grace were chatting with a couple of girls at one end of the bar, and Raptor was sitting with Pete at the other end.

“Really, Raptor? Bull?” Pete asked.

“Yeah. Bull,” he said, thumping his head on the bar. “What’s wrong with Bull?”

“How...” Pete shook his head.

“No fucking clue.” Raptor drained his drink and tried to flag the bartender down for another.

“I mean, he’s hot, in a dorky, puppy dog way. And those dimples.”

“Those. Fucking. Dimples.” Raptor shook his head and tried to get the bartender’s attention again.

“But, really? Bull?”

“You keep saying that like it’s going to change anything. Yes, me and Bull. Got a problem with it? You don’t see me getting crazy about you and Wolf, do you?”

Pete blushed and stammered.

“Dude, relax.”

“I didn’t think anyone knew about us is all,” Pete said.

“At least you didn’t broadcast it for everyone to hear. Fucking Bull,” Raptor said.

“If it means anything, it was really hot. Objectively speaking, of course.”

“Dude, really?”

“What do you think finally got me and Wolf together?” Pete asked. His blush was darkening.

“At least tell me you waited until you left the scene.”

Pete laughed and sipped his drink. “We did. Not long after we left, but we did wait.” He got up and left Raptor alone at the bar. Raptor sighed and closed his eyes. A hand on his brought his focus back to the bartender.

“From the guy at the end of the bar,” he said, pointing to the guy in question. It wasn’t anyone Raptor remembered seeing before, but that didn’t matter. He smiled and nodded at the guy. He took that as an invitation to come over. He stood close to Raptor, crowding in the small space Pete had left.

“Hi, I’m Kelvin,” he said with a huge smile. It was a nice smile, but it was missing something.

Raptor chuckled and shook his head. *Damn you, Bull, and your damn dimples.*

“Look, thanks for offering, but I can’t take this.” Raptor pushed the drink toward Kelvin.

“Come on. You look like you could use some company.”

“I’ve got company,” Raptor said, but Pete wasn’t sitting near him anymore. Wolf had showed up, and Pete was currently trying to climb him on the dance floor.

“One drink won’t hurt anything,” Kelvin said as he looked Raptor over.

“Look, I—” Raptor started, but a hand on his shoulder interrupted what he was about to say.

“Hey, babe,” Bull said. He leaned in and kissed Raptor’s temple before glaring at Kelvin.

“I was just telling him he shouldn’t be here alone,” Kelvin offered. He and Bull smiled at each other, but there was no friendliness between them.

Bull stood up taller. “Well, he’s not here alone anymore.”

The words shook Raptor. They meant something different in this context, but Raptor went back to the night in the shower and he shivered again.

“You okay, babe?” Bull asked as he wrapped an arm around him.

“Fine,” he said, pushing away from the bar. He hated being the center of attention, so he turned around to find Pete and Wolf. They were now sitting at a table in the back of the bar. He looked at them and Pete motioned to one of the empty chairs.

“Tired of the testosterone fest?” Wolf asked with a laugh.

“They can have their pissing match.”

Pete laughed. “Sorry, but how long were you alone?”

You’re not alone anymore echoed around in Raptor’s head as Pete smiled at him.

“Wait, I know this one,” Wolf said. “Yeah, since always, right?”

“And now you’ve got two candidates just waiting for you to pick him,” Pete said. “If you would have advertised you were available before now, you wouldn’t have had to be alone for so long.”

“It’s not like I magically became available.”

“Yeah, you kind of did. I mean, I’ve never seen you go out with anyone, in all the time I’ve known you. I know Bob hurt you, but damn. You practically checked into a monastery,” Wolf said.

“I think what he’s trying to say is we’re really happy for you, whether you decide to settle down, or whether you decide you want to play a little,” Pete added, nodding to where Kelvin and Bull were still glaring at each other.

“I don’t want to fucking play. I played plenty before Bob.” Raptor rubbed a hand over his eyes. He really was done with games. “And Bob played plenty for all of us, so I’m over that shit.”

“And so Bull’s the one?” Wolf asked.

“I don’t fucking know. It’s been, what, two months now?”

“Two months since you guys advertised it for the world. How long was it before that day?” Pete asked.

“Couple weeks.” Raptor shrugged. He didn’t bother trying to hide it now. That day in the alley was irrefutable evidence that they had been intimate before. No sense fighting over it.

“Standard communication protocols my ass.” Wolf grinned and held out a hand. Pete rolled his eyes and dug out a five dollar bill, passing it to him over the table. Raptor raised an eyebrow at them.

“He called it. Said no one could become that fluent in Bull without knowing him. I just didn’t expect that you *knew* him, knew him.”

Raptor groaned and rubbed his eyes harder.

“Just...” Wolf said.

“What?”

“Be careful with him.”

“Me, be careful with him? Have you met him?” Raptor laughed. Bull was so sure of himself, with enough confidence for both of them, that the idea of him hurting Bull was crazy.

“Yeah, I have,” Wolf said, his tone serious enough that Raptor looked up and met his gaze. “He tends to jump in with both feet, hard and fast. So please, if you can, don’t make us pick up his pieces.”

“I...” Raptor shook his head.

Pete leaned over to bump shoulders with Raptor. “Look, I know how hard it is for you to open up, to anyone. I don’t want you to fall to pieces either,” he said.

Raptor looked back at the bar where Bull stood, staring back at him. Yes, it was true that Bull had charged into his life and basically demanded Raptor let him in. Thinking back to that night in the gym, there wasn’t one moment when Raptor considered fighting Bull’s charisma. It was deeper than his dimples,

and more than his bright green eyes. Everything about Bull screamed “Love me,” and Raptor didn’t even try to fight it.

Bull’s gaze from across the bar never left Raptor. He stood there, drinking beer from a bottle, watching as Raptor talked with Wolf and Pete.

“He needs to be invited. To make sure he didn’t fuck it all up,” Wolf explained.

“What?”

“That’s why he’s staring. He won’t come over until you give him the go ahead.”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake.” Raptor stood up and looked directly at Bull. Then he walked to the bathroom at the back of the bar. At the door, he looked at Bull and nodded before he went in. Thankfully, it was clean. And deserted. He stepped to the side of the door and Bull came pushing through it a few seconds later.

Raptor shut the door behind Bull and flicked the lock before he grabbed Bull and pushed him back against the closed door. He slammed his hands on either side of Bull’s shoulders and looked up at him.

“What do you want from me? From this?” he asked.

“I’m not sure,” Bull said quietly.

“Bullshit.” Raptor ran one hand down Bull’s chest to palm his cock through his jeans.

“I really don’t.” Bull shook his head.

Raptor leaned in to kiss him, slow and deep. Bull put his hands on Raptor’s hips and pulled him close. Raptor reached between them to undo Bull’s pants and work them and his boxer briefs down to his knees.

“Tell me what you want,” Raptor said.

Bull bit his lips and shook his head again. “I can’t say.”

“Fuck,” Raptor said with a sigh. Everything came so easily with Bull. Everything but the talking about it, that is. It was easier to be with Bull than

with anybody before. Raptor knew he wanted more of that. All of that. With Bull. It scared the fuck out of him, and made him question his sanity, but he was ready to charge right into something with Bull.

“Maybe this will help you decide if we’re on the same page,” he said before dropping to his knees and taking Bull’s cock in his mouth, swallowing him to the root in one quick movement.

“Oh gods,” Bull moaned. He pulled the tie out of Raptor’s hair and ran his fingers through it as Raptor sucked his dick. It was messy and wet, and had very little finesse. Raptor hadn’t planned on going down on his—what, boyfriend? lover? Jesus, they really should talk about it—in a bar’s bathroom that night, but now that he was, he was doing it with as much gusto as he could. He swallowed noisily around the head of Bull’s dick, and he tightened his jaw as he sucked Bull deep into his throat. Bull didn’t seem to mind Raptor’s sloppy technique at all, going by the moans he made. His legs trembled as he kept himself from pumping too deeply into Raptor’s mouth.

“Fuck, Raptor. I’m going to—” he said as he bounced his hips into the door behind him. Raptor hummed and nodded his head. “No, come off.” He pulled gently on Raptor’s hair, encouraging Raptor to stand. He wrapped his other hand around his cock to jerk himself off as he kissed Raptor hard.

They were both moaning into it, and when he came, Bull shouted and threw his head back, banging it against the door. Someone slammed on the door from the other side, calling for them to unlock it. They chuckled, and Bull rested his forehead on Raptor’s. Bull tucked his dick back in and they both went to the sink to wash their hands. Bull turned to Raptor and opened his mouth, but Raptor raised a hand and shook his head.

“Don’t say anything, yet.”

Bull pulled him into a hug. “Okay. But dinner? Tomorrow?”

Raptor adjusted his still hard cock and unlocked the door. “Okay.”

PLUS ONE

In which Bull gives Raptor the horns (and everything else)

“Honey, I’m home,” Raptor called out as he stepped into Bull’s house. The bruise on his chest twinged as he leaned down to drop his bag next to the couch. Bull came out of the kitchen to kiss him. He had that full-on dimpled smile that lit up the whole room around them. “What’s up with you?” he asked.

“You said you’re home,” Bull grinned.

“It’s just an expression.” Raptor was deflecting, but he couldn’t help but wonder how nice it would be to have someone to come home to every night. Or if Bull would even want that with him. Sure, Bull’s house was huge compared to his tiny apartment, and Bull had given him a key, but that was just for convenience. *Wasn’t it?*

“Come on. Dinner’s ready.” Bull led him back to the small table in the corner of the kitchen. Candles flickered in the dim light, and there was a small cluster of fresh flowers in a bowl in the center of the table.

“What’s all this?”

Bull shrugged. “Nothing?” he sort of asked, acting shy for the first time since Raptor had met him.

“Bull?”

“It’s nothing. Just—let’s eat.” He pulled a chair out and urged Raptor to sit.

“It looks good.” Bull had made his meatloaf, leaving Raptor the crusty end part, just like he liked it. Bull kept looking at him, but didn’t say anything during dinner.

After they ate and cleaned up, Raptor cornered Bull along the countertop.

“Something is up. Tell me.”

“It’s just... Not here.” Bull pushed back and took Raptor’s hand, dragging him along to the stairs.

Raptor laughed and followed Bull up to his bedroom. “If you wanted me to put out, you just had to ask.”

Bull didn’t respond. He just pushed Raptor down on the bed and helped him out of his clothes. Bull was gentle as he eased Raptor’s shirt off his shoulders. His breath caught when he looked down at the yellowing bruise in the center of Raptor’s chest. He reached a hand out but stopped just short of touching it. Raptor grabbed his hand and pulled it against his chest.

“Hey, I’m here.”

“When you went down, I thought...” Bull shook his head.

“Thank God for Kevlar, huh?” Raptor grinned.

“But—”

“No. We’re not going to play *what if*. The vest did its job, we did ours, and it all worked out how it’s supposed to. That’s all we need.” When Raptor pulled Bull in closer to flip their positions, Bull held firm, caging Raptor in place with his larger body. He reached up to run a hand over Raptor’s hair, tangling his fingers in the long strands. Raptor spread his legs wide, and Bull settled on his knees in between them before leaning down to kiss Raptor as he went back to work on Raptor’s belt. He quickly had them both naked. Raptor reached out to grab Bull’s cock, but Bull stopped him.

“I just...” Bull said with a shake of his head.

“Okay.” Raptor knew what was going on in Bull’s mind. Watching someone you—*love? Holy fuck, is that what this is?*—come under fire, seeing just how quickly you could lose him, it really played with your mind. Raptor’s mind reeled when he realized that, yes, he did love Bull. He lifted his arms above his head and stretched out, flexing all his muscles before going lax under Bull’s long body, giving in to the feeling.

“You’re so beautiful,” Bull whispered as he nuzzled Raptor’s jaw. His fingertips barely touched Raptor’s skin, raising goose bumps down his arms. Bull followed his fingers with his lips, kissing every bit of skin he could touch as he moved down Raptor’s body.

Raptor wanted to disagree, to tell Bull that he was the gorgeous one, but he couldn't form words with Bull's breath tickling his balls. He reached down and clutched at Bull's hair, trying to guide his mouth, but Bull shook his head.

"My turn," he said before licking a long strip up the underside of Raptor's cock. Then he did it again.

"Fucking tease."

"Takes one to know one," Bull said, and Raptor chuckled.

"Funny guy."

"I'm here to please."

"Then get on with it," Raptor growled as he tightened his grip on Bull's hair.

"Someone told me once that patience was a virtue. But since you insist," Bull said just before dragging his tongue down over Raptor's balls to his hole.

"Oh fuck," Raptor moaned as Bull alternated between teasing licks and gently nibbling the outer muscle of his hole. One of Bull's hands stayed on Raptor's cock as he rimmed him.

"You like that?"

What the fuck do you think? Raptor wanted to ask, but Bull moved to take his cock into his mouth, and all Raptor could do was choke out a garbled grunt. Raptor would have complained, but it was lost to the tightness of Bull's throat closing around the head of his dick, in time with two slicked fingers pushing into his hole. He was dimly aware of Bull pulling away, and he risked a glance up.

"You okay there?" Bull asked.

"Uh-huh," Raptor managed to grunt, lost in the feel of Bull's fingers sliding in and out of him in time with his mouth moving over his cock.

"Just checking." He held up a condom so Raptor could see it. "This all right?"

"Fuck yes. Now."

Bull grinned wickedly before he twisted his wrist to rub his fingers over Raptor's prostate, and Raptor's body arched off the bed without any thought on his part. Raptor watched the movement of Bull's muscles as he rolled the condom on. With the way the soft light of the room played off the light sheen of sweat on his body, he could have been carved by one of the masters. Except Bull was real, warm flesh and blood instead of cold marble. Raptor reached out to run one hand along the deep grooves of Bull's abs.

"Perfect," he said as he licked one of Bull's nipples. Bull smiled and leaned forward, pressing Raptor back into the mattress.

"No, you are." Bull pressed his cock against Raptor's hole. Raptor lifted one leg to wrap over Bull's hip and his cock slipped through the first ring of muscle, making them both gasp. Bull pushed in slowly until he was all the way in. He waited until Raptor's shivers stopped. "Still with me?"

"Yeah. Now move," Raptor said as he ground his ass down on Bull's cock.

"Bossy." Bull chuckled but complied with Raptor's order, starting with slowly dragging almost all the way out before pushing back in. Raptor grunted and moved his hips again, and Bull took the hint. He lifted both of Raptor's legs, balancing them on his chest as he grabbed Raptor's hips and increased the rhythm. Raptor groaned and clutched at Bull's arms, holding on tight as Bull's thrusts got harder, pushing him deeper and deeper into Raptor.

"Fuck me," Raptor moaned.

"That's what I'm doing," Bull said between thrusts. He let Raptor's legs slip down to brace his weight on his elbows before he bent forward to kiss Raptor softly.

"Close, babe," Raptor whispered into Bull's mouth before he reached between their bodies to grab his cock.

"Okay." Bull nodded and changed his angle as he snapped his hips forward, making Raptor see stars.

"Again," Raptor panted, pumping his fist fast as Bull managed to hit that spot every few strokes until Raptor finally shouted and came. Bull fucked him

through his orgasm until his hips faltered. His body stilled, and he let out a guttural moan as he filled the condom. They laid there for a few minutes before Bull reached down to pull out. Raptor's over-stimulated body shuddered as Bull's semi-hard cock slipped out.

"Love you," Raptor groaned, half out of it as he rolled onto his side. The mattress dipped as Bull moved off it, and then again when Bull came back to sit on the edge of the bed next to him. Gentle fingers stroked the side of his face, tucking his hair behind his ear. He grinned and blinked up at Bull.

Bull's eyes were focused on the bruise on his chest, but the expression on his face was guarded.

"Hey," Raptor said, sitting up to touch Bull's face. "What's up?"

Bull didn't say anything, but he reached out to touch the bruise again.

"I'm here. I'm not going anywhere."

"Did you mean that? What you said a minute ago?" Bull whispered.

"Mean what?" Raptor replayed the last few minutes to see if he could pinpoint what Bull might mean. Then he realized what he had said. He exhaled and dropped back down to the bed. He took another deep breath and looked back up at Bull before nodding. "Yeah. Is that all right?"

Bull grinned, that light-up-the-room smile of his, dimples and all. "So you'll stay?"

"For the night?"

"For all the nights," Bull whispered before clearing his throat. "I know your lease is up. And I've got all this room here. You're here a lot anyway. And..." He glanced at the mattress before looking back up at Raptor's face. "And I want you here. With me. For as long as you'll stay. Because I love you, too."

Oh. Raptor felt liked he'd been gored by a bull's horns when he saw how open and vulnerable Bull's expression was. His heart stuttered in his chest and he nodded.

“Yeah. Okay. I can do that.”

THE END

Author Bio

Xara X. Xanakas decided years ago to embrace her weirdness. A friend first described her that way to the man who's been her husband for over twenty years. That formula fits her, and she figures if it ain't broke, don't fix it. Being Texan, her crush on cowboys comes natural, but the techie in her loves to show nerds a good time. She relishes all things different, and brings saucy style to her writing. Whether wrangling a wayward ranch hand or adding another critter to her were-menagerie, Xara strives to make the outlandish appealing. She'll make you quirk a brow and snort with laughter, and that's all right by her. Xara believes that unique is best and happily ever after is the icing on the cookies.

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