



*Summer  
Stuntwriting 1*

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*Summer Stuntwriting, as performed by Dianne Fox and Anah Crow, prompted by members of the Torquere Social LiveJournal Community on June 21, 2008.*

## **Table of Contents**

<b>Life in the Country...2</b>
<b>The More Things Change...6</b>
<b>Let the Grass Grow...9</b>
<b>Perfect Storm...13</b>

## *Life in the Country*

Riaz was paying attention to his work. Honest. He looked at the handful of chard he'd just ripped up and stuffed it back in the ground. Whoops. It wasn't his fault Jamie was being so distracting.

Jamie was down on his knees making sure the netting to keep the rabbits from the garden was staked down tight. Down on his knees with his ass in the air. Riaz could smell Jamie's sun-warmed skin over the scents of tomato plants and basil. He stopped himself before he pulled up an innocent radish in the next row. Jamie wiggled his ass. Nice, ripe ass. Ready for biting... and other things.

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Jamie stretched out to reach one of the stakes on the far side of the row, spreading his knees for balance. A low sound got his attention and he turned toward Riaz. Riaz was wearing nothing but a pair of ridiculous red board shorts with huge white palm trees printed on them. Jamie would've laughed at Riaz's taste in clothes, but he got distracted by the sight of Riaz's dark chest, bare except for the little hemp and bead choker he always wore and shiny with sweat.

Jamie caught Riaz's expression and grinned. He'd been hoping Riaz would show a little interest, one of these days. Being best friends was great, but why couldn't there be a few benefits in there now that they were older? He wiggled his ass a little, knowing the soft cotton gym shorts were damp with sweat and clung to him like a second skin.

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Bastard. Riaz blinked sweat out of his eyes and wondered if the heat was getting to him. When Jamie wiggled again, on purpose, the second time, he knew he was being baited. Son of a bitch. The sun glistened on the ridges of muscle on either side of Jamie's spine, on his broad shoulders. Riaz had been such a good boy for so long, long after they'd both come out. They were friends. Sweaty ass-wiggling was not friendly.

Riaz growled and crawled toward Jamie, doing his best not to crush the romaine lettuce on his way. Fuck the vegetables. It wasn't nice to tease. As soon as he got close enough, he lunged forward and bit that sweet, ripe ass, hard. Yummy.

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Jamie yelped, swinging his arm back to smack Riaz on the shoulder with one dirty hand. "Hey! That hurt!" He pouted at Riaz, rubbing the cheek of his ass. "Jackass." It didn't hurt that much, but Jamie didn't want to admit how much of a turn-on it had been, either. His dick was already hardening in his shorts.

"You wiggle, you pay." Riaz was unperturbed. He laughed at Jamie. "I didn't even bite you that hard." Before Jamie could move, Riaz grabbed the waist of his shorts and tugged them down. The cotton shorts twisted up as they rolled down his thighs. Getting them back up was going to be impossible. "I didn't even... oops, there IS a mark." Riaz sat back on his heels and gave Jamie the most wide-eyed unapologetic look in the history of people looking at each other. Ever. Then he bit his lip.

"Fucker." Jamie scowled at Riaz. He tried to crawl backward a little so he could kneel up and get his shorts back on, but they were so tangled and tight that he didn't move more than a few inches. "It was too that hard." And then Jamie realized exactly why he shouldn't be glaring at Riaz. "Going to kiss it and make it better?"

Riaz, quite solemnly, took off the backwards baseball cap he was wearing to keep his wild black curls in check, and he hung it over a tomato cage. "I'm sorry," he said contritely. He batted his dark lashes at Jamie, then leaned in and planted a hot, wet kiss on the mark he'd made.

Jamie swallowed down a moan, but he couldn't help the way his body arched into the kiss. Maybe it was supposed to be a joke, but his dick didn't care. "Yeah," he muttered, but even he wasn't sure if it was supposed to be forgiveness or encouragement.

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Riaz didn't care what exactly that noise was supposed to be. What it wasn't mattered more. Whatever it was, it wasn't 'stop kissing my fine white ass' and it wasn't 'don't slide your tongue over my silky, sweaty skin' and then after that, it sure as hell wasn't 'quit licking up the long, smooth line of my spine until you're biting the back of my neck'. It wasn't any of those things at all.

None of the noises Jamie was making sounded remotely like Riaz wasn't supposed to be doing what he was doing, or like Jamie's sleek back wasn't supposed to be sliding against his chest as Jamie pushed back against him. They were usually pretty clear on boundaries like that. Riaz licked up under Jamie's ear. "I'm sorry," he said again.

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"Jesus," Jamie muttered, trying to catch his breath. His body was moving without his control, pushing back against Riaz, but he didn't care enough to stop. This was what he'd wanted. "It's okay. It is. But I'm going to be really pissed off if you stop now."

Jamie turned his head, straining to catch Riaz's mouth in a kiss. The way Riaz groaned made it sound like Riaz didn't plan on stopping any time soon. Good. Because Jamie's ass was bare and his dick was hard and Riaz's mouth still tasted of the strawberries they'd eaten at lunch.

They were really good at this communication thing. Riaz tugged his own shorts down enough to free his dick and when he pushed forward, he slid between Jamie's thighs, groaning again. After an afternoon in the sun, the sensitive flesh there was warm and damp and just slick enough for fucking. Jamie's shorts were all but tying his legs together, which worked just fine for Jamie. He liked it like this, and now it was with the guy he liked best.

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The best part was knowing that Jamie liked it like this: outside, impromptu, dressed. The way Jamie whined and bucked back was just confirmation of all the stories Riaz had heard after the fact. "Who're you gonna tell about this one," he muttered as he rubbed one hand almost clean on his thigh. When he reached around and got hold of Jamie's dick, it was perfectly hot and full and heavy against his palm.

"You," Jamie moaned. "I always tell you. I'm gonna tell you all about it, when I convince you to do it all again." He rocked his hips, pushing his dick into Riaz's hand and then arching back to feel the slick slide of Riaz's cock between his legs. He kept moving, bracing his hands in the dirt for leverage. Jamie had been telling Riaz about his escapades for years now, like he'd secretly been hoping he would turn Riaz on, at least a little. Secretly, he always had.

"Rather do it than hear about it." Riaz bit him again for good measure, and then gave himself up to doing instead of talking. Jamie's thighs were so tight and his dick was so hard; it was everything he'd thought it would be. He stroked Jamie rough and fast, twisting his hand a little to bring Jamie off before he lost control.

Jamie was a screamer. Riaz knew it far too well, but hearing it on his account was incredible. When Jamie came, hard and loud, spattering the dirt with come, his thighs going tight around Riaz' dick, there was no holding back. Riaz growled and came, slicking the inside of Jamie's thighs with an orgasm that left him shaking and leaning on Jamie for support.

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Jamie let his head hang down between his arms as he tried to catch his breath. "I'd rather you do it, too," he admitted, bucking back against Riaz to get him to lift up again. When he could, he twisted back to kiss Riaz again. "You can do it again in the shower, when you help me clean up the mess you just made."

Riaz hugged him close with an arm around his chest. "Oh, man," he muttered. "This damn country life with you is nothing but chores." He grinned and then kissed Jamie hard.

## *The More Things Change*

Owen laced his fingers with Mike's, leaning over to bump their shoulders together. Thirty years ago, maybe they would've been more careful about holding hands in public, but thirty years ago, Mike had still been a cop and Owen had still been a line cook. Now, they both had jobs that were more accepting. The whole world was more accepting.

It was a sunny day, a beautiful day for a fair. They walked down the boardwalk, soaking up the sunshine and the carnival music. There were people milling about all around them. Mike bought them a bag of cotton candy - blue, Owen's favorite - and Owen waved at the nice married couple who lived down the street. Sadie and John, he thought. Sadie waved back, but John was too busy being coerced into playing a carnival game to notice them.

Down on the beach, pretty college boys were playing volleyball in the sand, shirtless and sweaty and gorgeous as they stretched to spike the ball. Mike came back with the cotton candy, holding out a pinch of the sugary blue fluff between his fingers. Owen laughed and took a bite.

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"I won't tell your staff you just did that." Mike took a bite for himself, letting it melt on his tongue. Kissing Owen seemed like a good idea at the time, it usually did. He fed Owen another puff of blue sugar. "Want to hang out and watch the show?"

He was pretty certain none of the players was a student. Mike tried hard not to ogle the students. Sometimes, he wished he'd taken a job that allowed for a little more ogling but his careers, cop and professor, didn't turn out that way. Since he didn't know anyone, though, they could sit on a park bench and eat sugar and watch sugar all at the same time. It was a summer solstice ritual, watching all the pretty bodies come out to play.

For a little while." Owen stole a pinch of the cotton candy from the bag. Being head chef at Edesia meant he was expected to have more refined tastes, but honestly, he just liked good food and Mike had long since convinced him that cotton candy was damn good food. They sat on the bench and watched for a while, until the pretty college boys gave way to pretty college girls and Owen lost interest. He fed Mike a piece of cotton candy and kissed Mike's blue-tinged lips. "Time to go, baby."

Mike had been looking past the girls to a pair of slightly nerdy young men building a sandcastle -- a real castle -- closer to the water. They'd stopped to argue about something and he'd been distracted by watching the pretty gold-skinned one gesticulating wildly about some architectural detail. When Owen kissed him, he realized that he was hungry for more than cotton candy, and it wasn't for the icy cold watermelon waiting in the fridge. Icy cold watermelon could be used to draw interesting pictures on Owen's skin, though. God, Mike loved summer, and he loved each one more than the last because he and Owen had a whole new set of memories to add to the treasure pile in his head.

"Where are we going?" He got up and offered Owen his hand.

"Home." Owen grinned, slipping his hand into Mike's and letting Mike draw him up to his feet. "Almost time for the ice cream truck. I'll buy you a rocket pop." He'd probably end up buying himself an éclair, while he was at it; he always did. Where Mike stayed fit with cycling and swimming, Owen's body definitely showed how much he liked food. Mike liked Owen's body just like that, and proved it every time Owen worried about it.

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Owen gave Mike's hand a squeeze and they headed back home, up the hill and past the neighbor kids playing in the sprinkler in their front yard. On the opposite side of the street, a young gay couple was heading down to the fair, holding hands. The little blonde kept leaning up on his toes to kiss his boyfriend on the cheek, the neck, and the mouth. "Remember when we were like that?" Owen asked quietly, laughing a little. "Couldn't keep our hands off each other."

"I think we tried a little harder back then." Mike slung his arm around Owen's shoulders and pulled him closer, ducking his head to kiss Owen's neck. "I think we're still kind of like that," he added. They might both have silver hair, sure, but there was nothing old about how they felt about each other.

The wind that came down the hill was warm and sweet, ruffling Mike's curls and tugging Owen's hair into his eyes as he laughed and leaned into the kisses Mike was planting on his neck. When Owen looked up, the young couple was looking their way, murmuring to each other, and he wondered how he and Mike looked to them. The little blonde smiled and waved his fingers at them, then turned back to his boyfriend, giggling up at the tolerant smile waiting for him. He looked up at Mike and got a smile of his own that made him warm through.

The chime of the ice cream truck was a few blocks over, still. "How about I take you out for ice cream later," Mike suggested as he and Owen turned to walk up the front steps of their bright yellow house with the rainbow flag out front. "I think we might miss the ice cream truck."

Owen grinned, leaning in to kiss Mike on the mouth. "I think you might be right."

Inside, Owen and Mike made their way back to the bedroom, stopping here and there in the hallway for more kisses. Owen unbuttoned his shirt once they were in the door, letting it slip off of his shoulders. It was his favorite, a turquoise Hawaiian monstrosity with bright red parrots printed on it. They'd bought it on vacation in Maui a few years ago, right before they got married. Owen had a lot of happy memories associated with that shirt.

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Mike would have hated that shirt, but he loved Owen to pieces and Owen loved the shirt, so it was a great shirt. He tugged off his own white t-shirt and dropped it aside, kicked off his sandals, and shucked out of his shorts and boxers. They could pick all that up later. "I'm right," he murmured, getting his hands in Owen's hair and kissing Owen hard. "Still can't keep my hands off you."

Owen made a pleased little sound, letting his shorts and briefs fall to the floor. "Feeling's mutual, baby," he answered, drawing Mike back toward the bed. He slid his hands over the light dusting of silvery hair on Mike's chest, then up around the back of his neck. Pressing up close, Owen rubbed his hardening dick against Mike's thigh. "Some things don't change."

"You know what we have that those kids don't have," Mike murmured, walking Owen backward and kissing him between words.

"What's that?" Owen wrapped his arms around Mike's neck and leaned into the kisses.

"We have a big bed." Mike nudged Owen back up onto that same big bed. "And we have air conditioning." Owen laughed and sprawled across the bed as Mike crawled over him. "Which means we won't get too sweaty when we put this nice bed through its paces."

Mike remembered the first time they'd had sex; sweaty, nervous sex in his tiny little apartment on a devastatingly hot afternoon when they were supposed to just be picking up a cooler from Mike's place. He remembered looking up at Owen's face, at the sweat dripping from Owen's forehead onto his, and realizing that he was madly in love. They rolled over in bed together, in their cool bedroom, and Owen looked down at him with that familiar look in his eyes. Still the same.

## *Let the Grass Grow*

Jack clenched his pipe in his teeth, put down his first beer of the morning, and set his fingers on the home row of his third computer of the year. Two weeks. He could finish this book in two weeks. Damn Larry Parker for going and dying and leaving everyone scrambling to get something on the shelves about the scandal. Jack's eyes narrowed. Washington was going bust wide open with the information he had.

*We parked out back of the...* He got that much down and then the air was split with a wild roar. Jack spit out his pipe and knocked his beer over with a convulsive spasm that nearly took him out of his chair. "Jesus. Motherfucking. Son of a..." It wasn't a plane or a car. Jack sagged in his chair. It was the fucking lawnmower. Oh, hell, was it Saturday already?

He hauled himself out of his chair, pipe in hand, and stomped to the window. Fuck, yes, it must be. There was Ricky, the kid from across the street, come to mow Jack's lawn with Jack's red beast of a lawn mower. Jack was considering throwing a beer bottle at him, but then he got distracted.

Damn, but the boy had grown up pretty. Turned from Dennis the Menace into some kind of Adonis with a green thumb. Ricky had to be legal now. Jack leaned against the window and watched that young body move. He couldn't remember back that young.

Smoking his pipe, he let his mind wander, hoping he'd remember what he'd been about to write. While he watched, there was a belch of smoke from the old mower and Ricky stopped. Jack chuckled at the way the kid threw his head back with exasperation. Then Ricky bent over to see if he could get it fixed. That was even better. Perfect timing for a breakdown, too. Jack could just see the torn fringe of cutoffs riding up the lower curve of Ricky's ass. What deadline?

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This was not how Ricky had imagined spending his first summer home from college. When his dad had told him about the job, Ricky had only agreed because he'd had the hots for Jack Corson since he was fifteen years old and just figuring out that boys were a hell of a lot more interesting than girls.

He'd never done anything about it, of course. God, how could he? Jack Corson was his dad's age, and had a reputation for pitching his typewriter out the window when he got fed up with whatever he was writing. At fifteen, sixteen, seventeen years old, the idea of what a guy like Corson would do to him had been the source of more fantasies than he could name. And more nightmares.

A year of college had helped, though. Ricky had gotten over the nightmares, the fears of rejection and humiliation. He'd faced most of the things that had scared him, and none of

them had been nearly so bad as he'd imagined. He came onto a guy and got turned down -- so what? He came out to the swim team and had to deal with the embarrassing jokes and even more embarrassing attempts to set him up with every gay guy of even fleeting acquaintance with someone on the team -- which turned out to be not nearly as bad as it sounded. It got him laid a lot more than his own attempts had, up until that point.

So now he was home and his first contact with Jack Corson was going to be... what? Begging forgiveness because he'd broken the man's lawnmower? Fuck. Ricky tugged at his blond curls in frustration, then stalked over to the front door.

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Jack watched the boy struggle with the lawnmower. Man, that was ridiculously hot. Ricky's gold curls flew when he shook his head with frustration, his thighs strained and his ass shook as he tried to get the cover off, his arms and back rippled when he flipped the whole thing over to check underneath. Hell.

Jack wandered off to empty out his pipe and make sure he wouldn't set fire to the desk with it (not that he'd done that before), peeled off his shirt and dropped it on the puddle of beer, and went back to check on Ricky.

Sweet mercy. The boy was bent over that thing, feet more than shoulder width apart, head so far down those curls were going to get dirty from the inner workings. Flexible. Jack looked closer. How had he not paid attention to the fact that Ricky's whole body was free of any scrap of hair, except for what was left on his pretty little head? That's what he got for hiring people with their clothes on.

When Ricky straightened and pulled at his hair -- Jack was right keen on doing that for himself -- Jack padded down to swing the door open just as Ricky knocked. "Tool box is in the kitchen." He let his eyes run over Ricky's perfect young body as he stepped back to let him in. "Under the sink."

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Ricky sucked in a breath. He hadn't expected Jack to be standing there half naked. "Thanks," he managed, and then he caught the way Jack was looking at him. Oh. Oh, wow.

Blinking, Ricky headed on through the house. He found the kitchen and opened up the cupboard underneath. Where was that toolbox? Ricky knelt down, looking into the dark space under the sink, and ended up on his hands and knees, digging around to try to get to the metal box in the back of the cabinet.

"Is it back there?"

When Ricky looked over his shoulder, Jack was standing right there, solid and heavy and real, arms crossed over his big, bare chest, feet planted a bit apart, looking down at him. He was fit but not from working out, probably from hunting and hiking, and his skin was bronze from the sun, making the silver hair on his chest and arms and legs stand out stark and bright. His eyes, boring into Ricky, were greener than the grass.

Ricky got his hands on the box and stayed there for a moment, undecided. What to do? Finally, he dragged the box out of the cabinet, but he left it on the floor, turning and kneeling up in front of Jack. "You want me to go work on the lawnmower?" he asked, tilting his head back to look up at Jack. He could think of better things to do with his time, right then.

"You got something else you want to work on?" Jack quirked one eyebrow. The look on his face was that of a man who knew everything, down to what was going to happen in the next few minutes. He was just waiting for Ricky to catch up with him. Jack gave the illusion of being totally relaxed but Ricky's line of sight was just right to see the outline of his hard-on through the worn fabric of his cargo shorts.

Jack Corson was gay. Everybody knew Jack Corson was gay. And Ricky's daddy had damn good health insurance, if it turned out everybody was wrong. So Ricky swallowed hard and tilted his head, murmuring, "I've got a few ideas."

He reached up, stroking his fingers over the fly of Jack's cargo shorts. They were held up by a belt, some kind of military surplus thing from some other country. Ricky thought about undoing the brass tension buckle of the belt, opening up the shorts, and getting at Jack's dick and just the thought was enough to make his mouth water.

"You go right ahead, then." Jack wasn't moving, but damn if his dick didn't twitch when Ricky ran his fingers down Jack's fly.

Oh, yeah. Ricky leaned in, mouthing at Jack's dick through his shorts. He was nervous, but it wasn't enough to stop him, or even slow him down. He sat back, working Jack's belt and fly open so he could get inside. Jack's dick was perfect, thick and heavy in Ricky's hand. Ricky moaned softly, leaning in to take it into his mouth. He half-expected Jack to stop him, to throw him out right then and there, but the objection never came, and Ricky started sucking.

This wasn't his first blowjob, far from it, but Ricky felt just as much pressure to impress as he had that very first time. He'd wanted Jack for a long time, and he didn't want to waste what might be his only chance.

He wrapped his fist around the base of Jack's cock, stroking up to meet his lips. Jack's hands slid into his hair, holding on, and Ricky started moving faster. This was better than any of the fantasies he'd had about Jack. The sting when Jack's hips started moving, pushing his dick into Ricky's mouth just made everything better, hotter, more real. Ricky

moaned around Jack's cock and moaned again when he heard Jack's answering quiet groan.

Ricky sucked harder, faster, wanting to hear Jack moan like that again. He got what he wanted. Jack was quiet, but not silent, making just enough noise to let Ricky know he was doing a good job.

Ricky gagged a little when Jack came, not expecting the sheer volume of come rushing into his mouth, but he managed to swallow without choking on it. When Jack's grip loosened, Ricky sat back on his heels. He was still achingly hard, his dick leaving a damp patch soaking through his cutoffs, and he started pulling his shorts open so he could jack off.

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Well, hell. That had been better than expected. Jack shook his head and his neck cracked like one of his guns going off. He grabbed a handful of Ricky's hair again when he caught him about to get himself off.

"Not yet," he said, giving Ricky a little shake. Ricky froze and stared up at him with wide blue eyes. "You killed my writing this morning. You can get your fine ass upstairs and help me work through my writer's block." Jack did his pants back up and cinched the belt tight for the time being. "Go on."

Ricky didn't hesitate to do those cutoffs back up, slender fingers fumbling the buttons back through the holes. He didn't say anything as he got to his feet and when Jack pointed at the back stairs, he bolted like a leggy golden hare. Mm. Jack was going to have to take a few more shots at that.

"Fuck the neighborhood association," Jack muttered as he grabbed a couple bottles of beer before heading upstairs. "The grass can grow this week."

## Perfect Storm

Leon liked being friends with his exes; it had a lot to do with the kind of guy he wanted to think he was, and he didn't date men he didn't like as friends. However, Simon was his first ex, and Leon had never gotten over that it hadn't worked out. When he'd found out Simon was back in the old neighborhood, he had to drop by. He couldn't help himself.

Simon was still gorgeous, all planes and curves of muscle under silky skin. Leon stood there on the porch steps under the maliciously hot sun, sweating with nerves and summer heat. He thought he was going to keel over when Simon stepped back to let him onto the porch, gesturing for him to have a seat on the lemon-printed porch swing.

The storm came on fast, a hard wind coming up and the sky going dark. A snarl of wind threw an old newspaper against the screen as Simon leaned in to kiss Leon, right after Leon murmured, "I miss you." The rain started to fall like handfuls of marbles whipped at the steaming streets and Leon fell that hard right back into Simon's arms. And, damn, it was good.

The sudden wet and dark wrapped them up; between the storm and the magnolias, no one could see them where they were. Simon's hand got up under Leon's shorts and Leon whined, pushing back against it. He felt as raw as the weather, as electric as the lightning that slammed into a radio tower up the hill and filled up the air with ozone.

"Simon," Leon breathed, pushing Simon's shirt up and tugging at the hard nub that he caught between his fingers.

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Simon slid his hand up Leon's thigh, fingertips brushing the warm skin just under Leon's thick cargo shorts. It was a hot day, and it hadn't taken long for them to lose their shirts. Simon hadn't guessed that inviting Leon up would lead to this. He wasn't objecting, though, not when Leon's soft lips were making their way down the side of his neck and Leon's callused fingertips were plucking at one of his nipples.

Simon kept going, sliding his hand up under Leon's shorts until he could cup Leon's firm ass in his palm. No boxers, no briefs, no underwear at all. *Sweet Jesus*. Simon kneaded a little, pulling Leon up over his lap. It sent the porch swing to moving, but that wasn't so bad when Leon wrapped his other hand around the back of Simon's neck to keep his balance, and then kissed him hard on the mouth

Simon groaned, arching up into Leon's touch. When he'd moved back to town, he'd tried not to think about Leon, about how much he'd regretted that things hadn't worked out between them, but when Leon had shown up on his doorstep, all that effort had been for naught.

Simon slid his other hand up under Leon's shorts and pulled him closer, leaning up to catch Leon's mouth in another kiss. He hadn't ever forgotten how good Leon's skin felt under his hands, or how good Leon's mouth tasted, but it was easy to forget all the reasons they'd broken up. Years later, he could look back and see all the reasons had been stupid anyway, born of his own youthful belief that love was supposed to be easy. Now, he knew better.

Leon was writhing a little in his lap now, making the swing sway while the magnolias whipped the porch screens. "Simon," he said again, his voice raw and tugging at Simon's heart. "Please." His hands went to the waistband of Simon's shorts and he started undoing them.

"I've got you," Simon promised, kissing Leon again as he pulled his hands back out of Leon's shorts. He worked the button and zipper open, then reached in to pull Leon's cock out and stroke it lightly. "Get rid of the shorts?"

Leon gasped and shuddered with Simon's touch, then he got to his feet, unsteadily, and stripped the rest of the way. Lightning lit him up from behind, outlining him in white-violet, then the thunder came almost on the heels of it. The wind forced rain through the screen, but Leon's body shielded Simon from the worse of it.

Leon was broader than he had been back in the day, bigger than life, but that didn't stop him from getting down on his knees in front of Simon. He shook his hair out of his eyes, looking up at Simon, eyes wide in the darkness. "I need you," he whispered.

Simon petted Leon's hair back out of his face. "I'm here." He leaned in, kissing Leon on the mouth, and then stood up to let his shorts fall to the floor. Leon was gorgeous on his knees. Simon threaded his fingers into Leon's hair and tugged gently, pulling Leon's head back so he could see Leon's face. "I'm right here."

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Leon knew himself better now. He'd never have been on his knees like this before. But now, he moaned at the way Simon pulled his head back, feeling the tug go straight to his dick. "Fuck me if you're here," he said, raising his voice a little to speak over the roar of the storm.

The air was heavy with the perfume of the beaten magnolia blossoms and the crushed honeysuckle crawling along the fence upwind of them. And he could smell Simon, Simon was so close now. Leon leaned in and licked the head of Simon's cock as the rain hissed against his bare back and ass and thighs. His hands, clenched at his sides, were slick with rain. "Please."

Simon hissed in a breath when Leon's tongue slid over the head of his cock. "I will," he promised. "You are so damn hot, Leon. God." Simon knelt down in front of Leon, hands still in Leon's hair, and kissed him hard.

It was so easy to melt under Simon's hands and mouth, to sink down to his back on the worn floorboards of the porch. It meant that Simon was Leon's shelter from the rain now, that it was Simon outlined in gold and green this time when the lightning broke across the sky, but Leon wanted to be on his back so badly he couldn't do anything else. Reaching out, he drew Simon down with him, spreading his legs for Simon to kneel between them.

"I missed you," he said, leaning up to offer Simon more kisses. He was caught in the storm, inside and out. He missed Simon, he needed Simon, he wanted Simon. The rain came down, thunder followed lightning, and the wind blew. There was no getting out of it now; he had to ride it out until it passed.

"I missed you, too," Simon murmured, teasing at Leon's entrance with his fingertips. He pushed one spit-slick finger inside and kissed Leon again. When he felt Leon relax, Simon pulled his fingers out and slicked his cock with spit and precome, and whispered, "You want it like this?" against Leon's mouth.

Leon was tense and trembling already, ready to break apart at the seams. "Please, Simon." He'd felt empty for too many years. He didn't care if it was just tonight, just for as long as the storm lasted. "Don't wait."

No questions tonight. He had to trust Simon in the way that Simon couldn't let him trust before. Totally. Without reservation. He moved under Simon to take him in, reaching for him to pull him down.

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Simon moaned as he pushed in, as Leon pulled him in. Leon's body was tight and hot, but Leon himself was even hotter. The way he moved, the way he sounded was incredible. He'd never been loud like this before, never been open like this. Simon couldn't resist.

He fucked Leon hard and fast, every thrust drawing another one of those desperate, amazing moans from Leon. The storm spat cold rain down over them, through the screen wall of the porch, but Simon hardly felt it through the heat of Leon's body wrapped around him.

Simon could tell when Leon started to get close, because his moans started to sound like words, pleading for release. Begging for more. Simon gave it to him, gave him everything he could. He'd held back, when they'd been together before, but he wasn't going to do that now. Whether it was the surrealism of the storm or the reality of the second chance he was being offered, Simon didn't care. He opened up just as much as Leon had, fucking Leon until he couldn't think.

Thunder crashed nearby as Leon started to come, masking the sound of his screams. Leon's body was impossibly tight around Simon's cock, and Simon just couldn't hold on anymore. Lightning flashed and Simon started to come, fucking Leon harder and faster through it.

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The world unraveled in heat and light and it wasn't until lightning broke again that Leon realized he was staring into the dark, hands still clutching at Simon's shoulders, body still moving under him. When Simon leaned down to brace himself on his elbows, brushing soft kisses over Leon's mouth, Leon remembered how to breathe. His body felt like it was singing.

"I miss you," he said for the third time, then exhaled slowly. The thunder came several heartbeats after the next flash; the storm was passing. The storm might have been passing through, but Leon realized that for all their flash and anger, neither of them had ever been able to leave.

Simon kissed him again, nuzzling at his mouth. "I miss you, too."

## **Summer Stuntwriting 1**

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