

Chocolate-Covered Kitten

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Rory stretched, not quite wanting to get up. It was a Saturday, he finally had the day off and it was too damn cold out to do anything. he'd much rather just lay here doing absolutely nothing.

"Mmmm."

Inhaling deeply, he brought in the scent of love, passion and... chocolate? He wrinkled his nose. "Babe?"

"Yeah?" The answering voice was way too cheerful.

"Kitten, why does it smell like chocolate in here?"

"Ummm..."

Okay, that wasn't good. Neither was the fact that he couldn't feel his boyfriend. They usually woke up wrapped in each other. Rory sighed, finally opening his eyes. Yep, Kitten was most definitely not in the bed with him. "Babe?"

A hand waved up at him from beside the bed. Rolling over until he was near the edge, Rory peaked over, holding in his laughter at the sight before him. "Kitten... having fun?"

A chagrined expression on his face, Kit licked at a spot of chocolate on his left hand, following it up with a slow swipe of the tongue over his forearm.

"Babe..." His voice was low and drawn out but he couldn't help it.

Chocolate was everywhere. On his very naked lover, all over the floor, covering the side of the bed. He couldn't believe he'd slept through whatever had just happened in here.

"I had an accident."

"I can see that."

"It wasn't my fault."

Rory laughed, lifting up the corner of the blanket. "Get in here, brat."

Kit scampered up, smearing chocolate between them. Rory groaned at the feel of Kit against him. "God, I can't get enough of you."

"Don't you want to know what happened?"

"I already know. Let me see if this is right. You went downstairs to see if there was any food, found the bottle of chocolate body paint I was saving as your Valentine's Day present and decided to come up and surprise me with it but dropped the bottle before you could make it."

Kit buried his head against Rory's chest, mewling softly. "I couldn't wait. Did I ruin your surprise?" The chagrin in his voice was evident enough but Rory tipped up that beautiful face, looking into his Kitten's eyes.

"Kitten, don't you know you can't ruin a damn thing when it comes to us. I fall more in love with you every day."

Kit froze, his hips bucking. "What?"

Holding in his grin, Rory ran the knuckles of his hand down Kit's soft cheek. "I love you, Christopher. My Kitten. Be mine?"

"Oh!" Kit reared up, claiming his lips. Rory happily complied, more than willing to let Kit express his emotions. The younger man pulled back, a blush filling his cheeks, making his eyes seem even brighter. Wait, no, that was the sheen of tears.

"I love you, too. So much. I'm yours, I swear." He glanced down his body, beaming. "Chocolate body paint and all."

"Well, to be honest, I was thinking about getting rid of that. You know, wouldn't want it to go bad or anything."

"I thought you were saving it for Valentine's Day?"

"Consider it your early present."

"No, it isn't my gift."

Confused, Rory tapped Kit on the end of his nose. "What?"

“You. You’re my gift. Being here with me, in my life. You’re my gift.”

“Damn, Kitten. You’re going to have me bawling here if you don’t stop.” He sniffed, holding back his own tears now. “Guess I’m just going to have to get raunchy so I don’t lose my masculine cool right now.”

With a happy laugh, he tossed Kit onto his back, coming up and over the younger man. Leaning down, he met the upturned face, kissing his lover. Their tongues traced, dueled.

The scent of chocolate filled the room, just as their laughter erupted, dancing along the walls. Their love filled them, reaching out, a gift from one to the other.

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