

Feast

By Jessica Freely

The Pick 'n' Save was a treasure trove to Seth. Piles of avocados glistening beneath the bright lights like emeralds, boxes of ruby red strawberries gleaming, row upon row, green beans and fresh corn and lettuce -- God, he hadn't had fresh lettuce since... well, for a long time. It was almost overwhelming, the abundance of food, not to mention the knowledge that he could have what he wanted and he didn't have to steal it.

"Which do you like better, cantaloupes or honeydews?" said David.

Seth tore his gaze from a display of tall, spiky asparagus to see David holding two melons up at chest height. He raised an eyebrow at Seth and wiggled his hips while he jiggled the melons. Seth laughed and one row over, a mother with two children in tow frowned at him. "Shh," Seth said, sobering, his voice a whisper. "You'll get us thrown out of here."

"Nah. Our money's good. We'd have to do a lot worse than that to get kicked out."

Seth swallowed. Our money. That was kind of him to say, but it was David's money. But soon, Seth would get a job and start contributing. In the meantime, he'd decided not to fight a grocery trip. They both needed to eat.

David put the melons down and picked up a stalk of asparagus. He sauntered up to Seth and stood so close their knees touched. He ran the tip of the asparagus over Seth's cheek and down his neck. It sent shivers up and down Seth's spine. "I wonder what would get us kicked out..." he murmured, his voice husky.

Seth wanted to grab David and kiss him, deep and long, but... not here. He got himself under control stepped back, looking around nervously. No one seemed to have noticed anything. "Let's not find out."

David stuck out his lower lip. "You're no fun."

Seth shook his head ruefully. David had probably never been made to leave a business establishment. Seth still felt like the store manager was going to descend upon him at any moment. But that was foolish. Even though he still wore his old clothes -- torn jeans, threadbare Piston's shirt, equally threadbare flannel shirt and his good buddy, the army jacket, they were clean now and so was he. His dark hair, though still long, was washed and tied back with a rubber band. Besides, he was with David who, with his blond hair cut short and his neat khaki's and blue button-down shirt, was the very image of respectability.

They selected a pint of strawberries, a bunch of asparagus, an avocado, and a head of leaf lettuce, then meandered out of the produce department. David pushed the cart and Seth

followed behind. In front of the meat counter, David stopped abruptly. Seth bumped into him. David leaned back against him and tilted his head up, to look at Seth with bedroom eyes. "What kind of meat do you like?"

Shit. David's warm proximity, his smell, the slight flush in his cheeks. Seth was getting really turned on. They needed to get this shopping done so they could go home and he could peel the clothes off of David, throw him on the bed and make him scream.

They selected two sirloin steaks, a pound of hamburger, some chicken parts and -- though Seth paled at the price -- a salmon filet.

In the bread aisle David asked Seth to squeeze his buns, to see if they were fresh. In the breakfast aisle, Seth confessed that his favorite cereal was Honey Bunches of Ohs. Mocha Java Almond Fudge Brownie ice cream nearly had them both coming in their pants. David grabbed a gallon and Seth snatched up a bottle of chocolate sauce. Turning back to the cart he spotted a restroom. He caught David's eye.

"Employees only," said David.

"Oh."

"We're almost done."

Seth nodded.

As they reached the checkout, Seth pulled his army jacket closed to hide the tent in his jeans. David was bright pink in the face and standing very close to the cart.

"Paper or plastic?" said the woman behind the cash register.

David looked blank.

"Plastic," said Seth, sweating a little.

The walk home settled them down a little bit. "Do you cook much?" Seth asked.

David shook his head. "Not really. Just eggs, steaks, burgers..."

"Can I cook the fish?"

"Sure."

"I haven't cooked much either but I think it'd be really good with the asparagus. And those little things we got because you thought they looked cool?"

"The capers?"

"Yeah, and butter and lemon. And then we can slice the strawberries, and have them over the ice cream with the chocolate sauce for dessert."

David grinned and picked up his pace. "You're making me hungry."

They made it back to the apartment and as David put the groceries away, Seth heated a frying pan on the stove. He diced some onion and garlic and sautéed them in butter until everything was a nice golden brown. Then he added the salmon and the asparagus, and a little salt and pepper. When the fish had turned nice and pink, and the asparagus was bright green, he added the lemon juice and some capers.

"That smells delicious," said David, walking up behind him. David wrapped his arms around Seth and pushed his hips against Seth, pushing his erection into the crack of Seth's ass.

Seth shut off the stove. He turned and took David into his arms. He bent his head and plundered David's lush mouth. "Mmmmm--" Seth raised his head in surprise. "Chocolate?"

David grinned and raised the bottle of chocolate sauce with a flourish.

Seth had held back long enough. With a growl he scooped David up and carried him to the bedroom. He knelt, deposited David on the mattress on the floor and quickly divested him of his clothes. David lay naked beneath him, all golden skin and blond hair, curved cock rising. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes glittered. He presented a banquet more tempting than anything the Pick 'N' Save had to offer. "I hope you're not too attached to these sheets," Seth said, brandishing the chocolate sauce.

"No, not at all," said David, and the, "Ahhh!" as Seth drizzled chocolate all over his chest, and belly, and cock.

They had dessert first, that night. Fortunately, the salmon turned out to be just as tasty later.

The End

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