

Cade & Rafe Short Story

By Sloane Kennedy

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Cade Barretti felt his heart skip a beat like it always did when he strode into the kitchen and saw his husband, Rafe Barretti bent over the counter, his pert ass on full display. Even after nearly nine years of marriage, the sight of the man who'd changed his life forever nearly brought him to his knees and he couldn't resist running his hands over the denim clad ass that was all but calling out to him.

"What are you doing?" he asked as he leaned against Rafe, forcing his upper body farther down on the counter. He skimmed his lips over the back of Rafe's neck and a sharp memory of the first time he'd kissed Rafe just like this seared through his brain. Rafe didn't respond right away except to put down the marker he'd been holding in his hand so that he could brace his hands on the counter and push his ass back against Cade's now painful erection.

"What are you doing?" Cade asked again as he licked and nipped at Rafe's ear.

"Flash cards," Rafe murmured huskily, clearly turned on. "Rebecca's spelling bee is tomorrow. I promised I'd quiz her."

Cade tore his mouth from Rafe's warm skin long enough to scan the card Rafe had been working on. "What the fuck is absquatulate?" he asked. "And what the hell kind of word is that for a spelling bee for ten year olds?"

"Not just any ten year olds," Rafe said as he turned in Cade's arms. "Brilliant ten year olds...like our daughter."

A rush of warmth flooded through Cade at that. *Their daughter*. The adoption of their youngest child, Rebecca, and her two older brothers had been finalized two years earlier, but they'd been a family a lot longer. They'd fostered the trio for nearly eighteen months, but seeing the Barretti name on the legal documents had made it all the more real and every single one of the kids had been visibly relieved when they'd finally accepted that they were home.

“It means to leave abruptly,” Rafe murmured as his fingers searched out Cade’s ass. “And that’s not how it’s pronounced,” Rafe added. He repeated the word which sounded like nothing more than gibberish to Cade, but just the sound of Rafe’s husky voice was enough to cause more moisture from his already leaking cock to drip down his sensitive flesh.

“God, everything you say is a turn-on,” Cade growled as he began pulling Rafe’s shirt free of his pants. “Say some more.”

With every word Rafe uttered, Cade peeled another layer of clothing off. He stopped only long enough to glance at the clock on the microwave. “Fuck,” he snarled as he dropped his head on Rafe’s shoulder. “The kids will be home in ten minutes.”

Rafe’s mouth pressed against the soft skin behind his ear before whispering, “I only need five minutes for what I want to do to you.”

“Shit,” Cade barked and then he was tearing his own clothes off at the same time that he searched out the packet of lube from his wallet. Rafe merely stood there watching him, his knowing, hungry eyes taking in every inch of Cade. “Why the hell aren’t you getting undressed?”

“And miss the show?”

Cade grunted and dragged Rafe to him and slammed their mouths together. After that, it was a free for all as clothes went flying. And when Rafe finally pulled Cade to the couch and bent him over it, Cade shuddered with excitement. The cool lube felt good against his sizzling skin, but it was no match for the excitement that went through him as Rafe leaned over him and whispered, “Tell me what you want.”

Nine years earlier, his answer to that same question had driven Rafe away. Today, he knew Rafe would give him anything he wanted.

Anything.

But his answer couldn’t be any simpler...or any more meaningful.

“You, baby. I want you.”

With those words and like so many of the times they came together, their quick fuck turned into something deeper. And while Rafe's moves were hurried as he slid into Cade in a few hard thrusts, the emotion was there as Rafe whispered words of praise and love in Cade's ear. Cade's ass burned from Rafe's thickness spearing into him with no mercy, but his heart swelled as Rafe's lips sought his and his hands reached around Cade's body to help him seek his own release.

"Love you, Rafe," Cade managed to get out just before his climax hit him. He groaned as he shot all over Rafe's hand and a second later, liquid heat flooded his insides as Rafe found his own pleasure. He wrapped his arms around Cade's upper body and pulled him upright. As his cock slipped from Cade's sated body, he turned Cade around and sealed their mouths together.

"Love you," he whispered against Cade's lips. They held each other for several long seconds before Rafe glanced down at his watch. "And with a minute to spare."

Cade sipped at Rafe's lips and then nuzzled his neck. "How about we absquatulate to the bathroom for a shower?"

Rafe stilled for a moment and then kissed Cade hard before saying, "You clean up in here and I'll leave the kids a note."

Cade chuckled as he gathered up their clothes and bent down long enough to wipe up the proof of his release off the hardwood floor behind the couch. Rafe grabbed his hand and all but dragged him towards their room as they heard the front door open. And just as they rounded the corner, they heard one of the kids say, "Oh man, they're at it again."

"At what?" their daughter Rebecca asked.

"Nothing," came two male voices at nearly the exact same time.

Cade smothered Rafe's laughter with his mouth as he closed the bedroom door and locked it. And when Rafe tugged him towards their bathroom, he happily followed.