FABRICATION MONA MOORE

"AH, BODIE... Your hair's so soft, just like silk."

Ray's voice was muffled, his face tucked into his lover's shoulder, fingers tangled in the longer strands at the back of Bodie's neck.

"Mmm."

Bodie, eyes closed, rolled his head against the stroking fingers, sleepily savoring the caress.

"I love your skin," the murmuring voice went on. "Satin smooth, this is."

His fingers lightly stroked high on the side of the ribs, but when Bodie gave a lazy squirm, he obligingly moved on, running his hand over the fine soft hair barely visible on Bodie's forearm.

"This is velvet, here. Oh, yeah..."

He brushed the same spot with his lips. Bodie's other arm tightened around him, and he made an inarticulate sound of enjoyment.

He eased back just far enough to look at his companion. In the soft morning sunlight, Bodie lay relaxed in a sensual sprawl, eyes shut, drowsy in the aftermath of love.

Resting on his elbow, Ray stroked his hand down Bodie's arm. He drew a fingertip gently over the clear skin of the inner wrist, admiring the blue veins that showed there.

"Transparent," he murmured. "Like chiffon."

Bodie's mouth quirked in a smile.

"And you're beautifully pale," Ray went on. "Like linen. Makes me looks so dark."

He admired the contrast of his lightly tanned hand against Bodie-ivory.

Scooting down in the bed, he put his head back on Bodie's shoulder. Even half asleep, Bodie responded with an automatic onearmed hug.

Ray turned and briefly nuzzled into the soft hair of Bodie's armpit.

"Mohair," he crooned.

His exploring hand moved down, brushing against the almost invisible body hair centered on Bodie's chest and more darkly on his stomach.

"Umm. Soft and fuzzy, you are. Vel—" The hand paused. "No, I said that. Not velvet. Cashmere. That's it."

Ray eased his leg over Bodie's, moving further into his embrace. Lips nibbling, groin pressed against his partner's thigh, Ray revelled in the beginning of new arousal. His hand began a familiar route south to cup Bodie's genitals.

Tangling his fingers in the luxuriant pubic hair, he gave a gentle tug.

"Wool."

He resumed his exploration. Ray felt the pulse of response under his fingers as his hand roamed over and around and under.

Another texture here, another type of furriness.

"Suede," Ray muttered thoughtfully, hand caressing the wrinkled large grained skin over the balls. "Suede, or... Corduroy. That's it, Wide-wale."

Bodie was waking up—his favorite way. Beat alarm clocks all hollow, his Ray.

"Whale? You saying I'm fat?"

"Fuzzy," Ray chuckled. "Not fat, fuzzy."

"Something's getting fatter," Bodie smirked, lifting his hips slightly to encourage attention to his growing hardness. "Ah..." He gave a low moan as Ray finally gripped him. "Oh, yeah..."

Hand busy, Ray kissed his way up from the shoulder onto the muscled neck, pausing once to trail his tongue along the carotid artery. He charted an affectionate path along Bodie's hairline, and over to his eyebrow, licking against the grain.

He admired the wild miniature tangle. "Tweed. Eyebrows like herringbone tweed."

He moved down to kiss the closed eyelid, barely touching. The long dark lashes tickled his lips. Smiling, he licked at the tiny lines at the corner of Bodie's eye.

"And here... Crinkle gauze," he whispered as Bodie squeezed his eyes shut under the combined attention of busy hand and gentle lips.

Ray nibbled his way down Bodie's cheek, heading for his mouth. He dropped featherlight kisses on Bodie's jaw, then pulled back as the bristles scraped his lips.

"Now that's more like burlap," he protested mildly.

Bodie scritched his stubbled chin against Ray's equally scruffy cheek.

"Haven't shaved, have I? You wouldn't let me out of bed."

Ray could be somewhat demanding on offduty mornings.

"You know you love it," said Ray, unrepentant.

Curly hair teased Bodie's skin as Ray bent his head and licked lightly at his right nipple.

"Brocade," announced Ray, examining the resulting dimpled pattern.

"What?" Bodie was having difficulty paying attention to what Ray was on about. That hand kept distracting him.

"Seersucker," replied his beloved, stroking softly across the puckered trail of scar tissue from the old knife wound below Bodie's right collarbone.

"Ray."

Ray looked up, meeting Bodie's gaze.

"Ah, sweetheart," he said, melting. "Your eyes are the exact color of new blue denim. Did you know that, love?"

"Ray, you... You cloth-head!" sputtered his bemused lover, and shut him up by the simple expedient of rolling on top of him and kissing him soundly.