

NOT for the first time, Sabin had Vargas pinned against the ground. “Haven’t seen that one before,” Vargas wheezed.

“He’s teaching us different styles now,” said Sabin. “Says we’ve got different body types, or something –”

“Don’t talk about my father,” said Vargas breathlessly, “when we’re doing this,” and he grasped Sabin’s shirt to pull him down, and met Sabin’s warm mouth with his own, letting his tongue clumsily compensate for the fight he had lost. He felt Sabin relax into him, his grip turning tender.

“I still think you should talk to him,” Sabin said afterwards. Vargas shook his head.