

A close-up photograph of a person's torso and hands. The person is holding a white, crumpled cloth or piece of fabric. The lighting is warm and focused on the hands and the cloth. The background is dark and out of focus.

Oil and Water

by BA Tortuga

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Chapter One

The one thing Max could deal with about England was the beer. Sure, it was warm, but it had good flavor. He liked the pubs well enough, too. Dark wood and dart boards and shit. Hell, if he kept his mouth shut the folks were even nice enough. It was when he opened his fat yap and came off like the know-it-all redneck he was that he got in trouble.

Which was about every day.

Tonight he was all about the low profile. He'd gone for the tweedy cap instead of the gimme or the cowboy hat, and had even left the ostrich boots at home. He just wanted a nice, quiet drink, to be left alone for a bit, because God only knew he wasn't getting that at the stone monstrosity he called home these days. Damn that Morrie anyway for kicking off and leaving him a man about town in a town he knew nothing about.

Max settled in a corner seat and pulled his cap low, just grooving on the relative silence, even in a crowded, smoky pub. No one was talking near him for a change, and that? He liked.

There was a ruckus at the door, a quartet of big, burly guys pushing people around and hollering, obviously looking for someone. Funny how assholes were universal.

Something brightly colored and tinkling—tinkling?—slipped beside him, ducked down in the shadows of the corner.

Either he was about to be assaulted by a midget clown or somebody quick and skinny had just slid right in between his legs and the wall. Now, he was usually one to get a bit upset

about someone invading his space, but he had a feeling he knew who the jerks at the door were looking for, so he just leaned a bit to cover, sipping his beer again, casual-like.

The four spread through the pub, looking, growling. The presence behind him stayed quiet, pretty quiet. Well, barring the low-level tinkling that came with every shiver and shift.

Whoever it was back there sounded like Vixen or Blitzen or somebody, and was going to make those guys look at him funny for having a jingly ass in a minute. Max groped back with one hand, finding something, a shoulder maybe, and gripping tight to hold the ... whatever still.

The jingles stopped, the fabric under his hand silky, the body bony and warm.

There. That was better. Max nodded as he met the eyes of one of the guys, trying not to be obviously sizing them up, but man, they were all fucking big. As in goddamned big. He wasn't one to shrink from a to-do, even one that wasn't his, but there was enough muscle there to make him just stretch out his legs and cross them at the ankle and make like a bump on a log.

He got two or three long looks, but the brute squad finally regrouped, heading down the street, unhappy and pushing at each other.

"Dude. I so owe you man." A willowy guy unfolded from the corner, a bright-belled and laced shirt bloused over the tightest pair of leather pants on God's Earth. "Seriously."

Well, now. That was something he'd never expected to see, and the voice? Not a bit upper crust. Sounded like home

only without the hick. "Yeah. It's not often I let someone slip into my back pocket."

"You had the safest looking pocket here." Obviously fake blue eyes smiled at him, undershaved, dark hair pulled back in a ponytail. "You're from back home. Cool. I have wicked luck. Can I buy you a drink?"

"You can." What the Hell. A fellow wayfarer was always welcome, even if the guy was brighter than a parrot. "Might as well."

"Fucking A." Jingles settled beside him, a long, black case plopped on the table, one hand held out. "I'm not usually running from gorillas. I appreciate you playing smokescreen. I'm Morgan."

"Max." He shook, looking Morgan over. "Why were you this time?"

The skin over those high cheekbones went pink. "That would be because one of them popped my ass while I was playing and didn't appreciate my response. Sort of didn't appreciate the crowd's response even more."

"Playing what?" He figured the case had an instrument of some sort, but since he'd avoided band like the plague back in the day he had no idea what.

"Flute. And don't give me that 'oh, flutes are girly' thing. It takes effort to blow like I do."

Max looked, kinda startled. Surely the guy couldn't be that blatant. Of course, the way Morgan was dressed, maybe he really was. "I bet. Takes talented lips."

"You know it." Morgan ordered them a round, getting himself a scotch. "So, are you a tourist? You don't sound like you've been here long."

"I haven't. Not exactly touring. More like ... visiting relations." Yeah. That was the best way to put it, even if it was more like visiting the relations that you didn't ever talk about because they were from Aunt Loudie's side of the family and hadn't come down out of the trees yet.

"Cool. Or, depending on the relations, not."

"Yeah." The new drink was a little fresher than the last, and Max leaned back again, looking at Morgan intently. "What about you?"

"Oh, I sort of travel. A lot. Venice, LA, Sydney, Cozumel." He got a quick grin. "I stay in one place as long as I can. Then I scramble."

"Always one step ahead of the gorillas?" He grinned, thinking of how many other poor slobs had become human shields for this guy. Had to be quite a few.

"The gorillas. The police. Dad. There was that unfortunate incident with the son of the head of the Turkish police in Istanbul..."

He had a sudden image of Morgan's skinny self in a Turkish bath, and was surprised at how appealing it was. "I liked Turkey."

"Yeah? I liked the underground, but they have some rules." He got a wink. "I do my best with the fewest of those possible."

"Well, yeah, but they had some great ore deposits." Way to kill the conversation, Max. He went back to his beer. Suave.

"Ore deposits? Oil? Gold? Coal? My pop's into that gig big-time."

"Oil. Some coal. I'll go with whatever there is, but oil is my specialty." Yeah. He could find oil no matter where it hid from him. His thick, sweet love.

"Cool. You know Vic Bowen? He's my dad." Vic Bowen of Bowen Industries, Bowen Petroleum, Bowen Unlimited. Damn. Just. Damn.

"Yeah. I know ... well, I've met him a few times." Old Vic was out of even his league. The man was a legend.

"Yeah, me too." He got a wink. "Once or twice."

That surprised a laugh out of him, garnering them a few stares. "Not such a close father-son thing, huh?"

"Shit, no. I'm like the only kid, you know? Eighty seven thousand trophy wives and *one* finally throws a kid when he's an old guy. My job is to stay out of trouble and not embarrass the family name."

"Oh. Man, I can relate to that." These days at any rate. He could so relate.

Morgan leaned closer, gave him a look. "Man, you need to get out. Chill. You look ... pinched."

"Yeah? Well. It's been a long few weeks." More than. Morrie and all ... it weighed on him. The last of the beer went down sour.

"You dance?"

Max almost choked. Then he stared. The kid couldn't have surprised him more if he'd asked if he played polo with decapitated goats, which come to think of it, someone had asked him once. "Uh. Maybe?"

"Oh, now there was a definite answer." Morgan threw his head back, laughed. "Shit, man. You don't have to dance with me. I know lots of places. Just thought you could use a little fun."

"Well, I'm not much on..." Max thought about how to say it. "I'm bigger on redneck coordination exercises than I am nightclub dancing."

"Oh, cowboy shit." He got a long once-over. "I can see that. You got a hat and boots and everything?"

That put his back right up, and Max sat up straight, giving Morgan a look. "I do."

"Cool. Never did that—well, got a part in a summer run of *Steel Magnolias*, but that's Cajun, not cowboy."

The rabbit hole just got bigger and bigger. Max opened his mouth to say something like, 'you're an odd duck' and found himself saying, "Let's get out of here," instead.

"Sure, cowboy, I can play." The way that ass moved in those tighter-than-skin pants? Max believed it.

He got up, made sure he was settled up, and grabbed Morgan before he wandered out, just to make sure the big guys weren't waiting out there. Then he led the way ... somewhere. He wasn't sure where to go.

Morgan seemed to know tons of people, mostly young and brightly decorated: club kids, buskers, random groups. "Gotta love this town, huh? So alive."

This? Was a bad idea. He liked a lot of what he saw in London, but a city was a city. "I should go on home."

"Oh. Okay. Sorry." Morgan nodded, stepped back. "Thanks for letting me hide back there. It was cool. Let me call my car? Frank's close; he'll see you home."

"I. Yeah. Okay." He grinned wryly, trying to let the guy know it wasn't him. "Sorry. I'm just a little punchy. And you've got to have better things to do than be around a drag like me."

"A drag? Nah. I know I'm just..." He got a little shrug, then a cell phone appeared. Suddenly the young casual guy was gone, replaced with this crisp, sure man. "Frank. I have a guest I want picked up at Tottenham Court Road, right by the tube station. Take him anywhere he wants to go. Yes, Frank. I'm aware Moses is going to shit. Tell him if he was better security, I wouldn't avoid him so easily."

Then *boom*, the jester was back. "Look for a big, black car, big, black man, answers to Frank."

"Wait. You're leaving?" What the Hell was wrong with him? Poor guy probably thought he was a nutball with hot and cold running neuroses.

"Well, you see, Frank? Works for Moses who works for Dad who I'm sort of avoiding a little."

"Oh." Maybe that beer was stronger than he thought, because he was just too damned fuzzy to sort that out. "Well call off the dogs then, man, and let me call my place. You can come back with me."

"I wish I could." Morgan laughed, took his hand, tugged him down the street, away from the corner. "Where's your place?"

"Uh." He laughed a little, heading down the street with Morgan holding his hand, and wasn't that the weirdest thing in a night of weirdness. It was also nice. "Marleybone. Just above Mayfair." It was a swank neighborhood, with bunches of old Georgian houses.

"Pretty." They moved pretty quick, keeping to the crowds, the act feeling illicit, strangely exciting. "How do you want to go?"

"Well the tube stops running soon, yeah? Let's grab a cab." That way he didn't have to call his car either, because damn he hated the microscope.

"Sure. Maybe we'll get a good cabbie. One day? I met one who could sing all the Beach Boys playlist."

That made him laugh. "Well, now, that's not so impressive. If I met one here who could sing all of the old Hank tunes..." There wasn't a cab in sight, so Max pulled out his own cell and hit the number of the cab company. He'd programmed it in. Asking for a pickup several blocks from where they'd called Morgan's driver, he kept walking, just sort of studying his strange companion.

Thin and lean, in perpetual motion, Morgan seemed young at first glance, but there were lines beside those eyes, one or two silver strands in the dark hair.

The man couldn't be much younger than him, maybe not younger at all than Max's own thirty-some odd years. Certainly not the kid that he'd called him. They waited for the

cab, Max only then realizing they still held hands. "How old are you?"

"Hmm? Thirty-three, at least for another few weeks. How old are you?"

Damn. "Thirty ... two?" He'd have to look for sure, but he thought that was right.

Morgan chuckled, eyes lit up again. "When's your birthday? I bet ... I bet you're a January baby."

"Why do you say that?" So yeah, his birthday was January eighteenth. So what?

"Because you seem like a goat. Me? I'm a twin, through and through."

"A goat?" The cab pulled up and they piled in. He still couldn't get used to the whole front and back thing, and the wrong side of the road thing. He wasn't sure whether to laugh or bitch. "As in you see me chewing tin cans?"

"As in Capricorn—the goat with the fish tail. Business-smart, stable, stubborn, ambitious. Good teeth, prone to stress-related disorders."

"Oh." Right. "So you're, uh..." Twins. What the Hell was that? He wasn't good at that horoscope shit.

"Gemini." Morgan winked. "Charming enough to be two."

"Oh, right." He grinned, letting Morgan's good humor ease him. Wasn't like him to get all twisted up about things. Maybe it was the Gemini in Morgan that had unsettled him. Of course he'd been kinda skittish before the corporate shark surfaced. Maybe it was the sorta odd attraction to a fella that was so not his type.

Morgan chuckled and stuck his tongue—his tongue with a steel bar pierced through it, good Lord—out. "Try for more enthusiasm now."

He'd never seen one of those up close and personal, and Max found himself squinting at Morgan's mouth. "Why did you do that?"

"Do what? Stick my tongue out?"

"No. Get it pierced." His cheeks heated up. It was a dumb assed thing to ask, but it was out now and he really did want to know.

"I was dating a guy in Las Vegas who thought it would be hot. He watched me get it done and gagged."

"Not exactly what he fantasized about, huh?" Oddly enough? Max thought it was hot.

"Nope. It's pretty cool, though. There's this thing I have? It *vibrates*. Extremely entertaining, although the noise is a little like a jackhammer in your head." The cabbie gave Morgan a look, but Morgan didn't look the least bit concerned.

"Vibrates?" Well, now. That came out loud as anything, getting him an even worse look. He was acting like the worst kind of redneck spaz. And that wasn't really like him at all. He laughed out loud, the sound more natural than anything that had come out of his mouth in an hour. "That sounds like it might be a bit too fancy, and a little frightening if you stuck it in the wrong place."

"Oh, I'm more worried about swallowing it. I mean, that? Would be too weird, having your stomach vibrate."

"No shit." They pulled up in front of his place, or at least he thought it was his place. They all sort of looked the same. "So you want to come on in?"

"Sure, if you don't mind." Morgan slipped out of the cab, jingling all the way. "I could use a glass of water in the worst way."

"Nope. Don't mind a bit." In fact he didn't want to let this one get away without a little more ... what? A little more time? He led the way in, the house dark and quiet that late, the various folks around during the day not awake. In fact they made it to his wing without being accosted.

The place seemed larger inside than it did out, long and narrow back from the street, rising several stories. He'd taken the simplest set of rooms he could find, but they still had fancy chaises and velvet drapes and shit.

"Wow. It's like a movie set, huh?" Morgan looked around, setting the flute and a small backpack on an end table. "What does your house look like?"

"My house back in the states? It's more hunting lodge chic, I guess, though I don't have the dead animals. I have live ones ... outside, I mean." He nodded toward a couch. "Let me get you water. Anything to eat?"

"Yeah? What kind? Of animals, not food, although that's cool, too, if you're hungry." Morgan settled in, cross-legged. Oh. Flexible.

He got a bottle of water out of his mini fridge, grabbing some fruit and stuff, too, and a beer for himself. Oh, cheese. Yeah, and some of that sausage. "Horses. Dogs. Cats. I couldn't bring my dogs. The quarantine laws here suck."

"Horses? Really? Cool! What kind of dogs? Can I take my shoes off?"

"Sure." He sat across from Morgan, pulled at the laces of his boots. Hell, cowboy boots were so much easier. "Mostly mutts. Morrie said I should go for purebreds, but I'm a mutt myself."

"Mutt? Who's Morrie?" Morgan pulled his shoes off, then put the belled anklets and belt into them.

"Yeah. I'm not exactly high class. And Morrie is the guy who left me this place. He was a good guy for a hoity toity." Morrie'd been a great guy, the owner of the first ocean rig he'd ever worked on. Made him foreman. Gave him a shot at the good work.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I guess he died?"

"Yeah. Just about six months ago. He had cancer. He was like ... eighty-five. He'd had a good life." Max nibbled, smiling at the memory of the reading of Morrie's will. Man, there'd been some folks mad as wet hens.

"Oh, man. Cancer? Sucks." The grapes were munched, then some cheese. "So you live here now forever?"

"God, I hope not." Lord. He'd not want that. "I'm not one to stay in one place. But I'll keep the house."

Morgan nodded. "I hear that. I'm sort of a gypsy myself."

"Yeah." They kinda sat, munching and leaning and just ... quiet, which was odd considering.

Morgan reached up, pulled the tie from his hair, the dark mass sort of falling around the thin face, completely changing the way the man looked.

It was ... wow. Max blinked, remembered he still had his cap on. He took it off, ran his hand over his shaved scalp. "I like your hair." He blinked again. Well, hell.

"Oh, thanks." Morgan watched his hand. "Is it smooth or stubbly?"

"Huh? Oh, right now I'm stubbly." Rough as a cob. He needed to shave.

"Can I feel?"

"Sure." He bent his head, leaning forward, having no damned idea why he was anticipating it so much.

Morgan scooted forward, fingers cool and careful as they slid over his head. The touch wasn't tentative, was sure and forward, stroking his scalp. "Wow. Wicked."

"I'm pretty much bald front and back, so I just shave the sides and middle." No one had ever called it wicked before. Max shivered, looking up at Morgan under his eyelashes.

"It's sexy as fuck, man. The textures..." Morgan looked fascinated.

The drag of Morgan's fingers pulling the stubble back and forth was actually making him damned horny. So was the guy's scent, which wasn't girly at all. It was spicy, sharp, male. Made him want to put his nose against Morgan's neck and sniff deep, and without even thinking about it, he did.

"Mmm..." Morgan's pointed chin lifted, fingers sliding over his nape.

"You smell good." Lame, Max. Lame as a horse in the hobbles too long. He let his lips and tongue work for him instead of against him, licking a patch of bare skin.

"Oh. Hot." Morgan moved, shifted, ended up in his lap.

"Yeah. Hot." Really hot. The leather pants were nice and smooth under his hands as he gripped Morgan's ass, and the skin at Morgan's collar was scalding, salty.

"Mmmhmm..." That was a sweet sound, sex-kitten purr mixed with a rich, low groan.

Damn. That was a *fine* sound. Max went ahead and squeezed his double handful of ass, tested his teeth on that warm skin, seeing what that would draw out.

"Oh, that's ... Yeah." Morgan moaned and wiggled, hips rocking in his hands, that leather heating up for his touch.

Even better. Morgan had a great voice. Max rolled his hips up, rubbing nice and hard.

Morgan snuggled right into him, rubbing back, giving him all that heat to touch and squeeze.

"You feel good too." Yeah. And Morgan would feel even better under his hands without that silky shirt on, so Max started working on it.

Morgan's lips moved over his head, brushing, just parted, tongue just teasing. "Oh, pure sex..."

It made him jump, that touch, made other parts of him leap to attention too. He ran his hands up Morgan's back, savoring the feel of the bumpy spine, the warm flesh.

"So lucky, you were there to slip behind." Morgan's tongue teased his ear, the piercing bumping him.

"Glad you did, even if I did wonder if I was losing it." He brought his hands around, fingers sliding over Morgan's concave belly, up over his chest to press against his nipples.

Oh, those were pierced, too, the metal warm and smooth. "Uhn ... Nope. Not losing it. Not at all. Fuck, you've got nice hands."

"You. Shit, where else are you pierced?" Oh, that was ... wow. Max grabbed one of the little bits of metal, pulling it lightly.

"Mmm ... gotta love a man who's not scared of touching them." Morgan took his hand, drew it between those thin legs, a hard bump stretching the leather between Morgan's balls and ass.

Oh fuck. Max moaned, pushing Morgan back until he tumbled to the floor, and started working on those leather pants. He had to see.

Morgan chuckled, wiggling and helping, giving him a look at a long, hard cock, pubes shaved down to a bare line, before Morgan went to hands and knees, that heavy ring right fucking there.

"Jesus. That's amazing." He'd never in his life seen anything like it, and he wasn't exactly a blushing virgin. Max reached out, touched, gentle but firm.

Morgan stretched, legs spreading some. "It doesn't hurt. Just tugs deep inside."

"Yeah? You mean when someone does this?" He couldn't help it, he just had to pull at it, roll it. Not too hard, because a man had tender spots, but damn.

"Sweet fuck, yes!"

The scent was even stronger there, down between Morgan's legs, and Max was all for that. He loved the way a man smelled, rich with earth and musk. He bent, nuzzled

those surprisingly heavy balls from behind, fingers still working.

"Oh. Oh, you're something special." Morgan's voice didn't hold anything back, all sex and need and rumbling desire.

"Me?" He laughed, breath moving over Morgan's skin, finally unable to resist the urge to catch that ring in his teeth. Lord, he wasn't usually so fast to move, but there was something about how uninhibited Morgan was that made him brave.

"You. Oh..." Morgan's shoulders dropped, hips swaying, pushing back toward his face.

Yeah. Him. And that little sliver of metal. And Morgan's ass, which looked delectable. He cupped it in his palms, holding Morgan still to play with those balls, moving them with his tongue, his chin.

Soft babble filled the air, little cries and low words just pouring out, letting him hear how good it was.

Without even thinking, Max spread those tight asscheeks and slid the tip of his index finger right in, all the way to the second knuckle. Oh. Tight. Hot. Soft as anything. He moaned against Morgan's skin, hips rolling, jeans too, too tight.

"Oh, fuck. Yes. Feel you. Damn." Morgan lifted his head, panting. "Just damn."

"You're something else." Did he say that already? Damn, the man was just a picture of need, and Max bent, taking Morgan's balls into his mouth, easy and gentle.

"Oh..." Morgan whimpered, entire body rippling, shivering. Those heavy sacs were hot, velvet soft, wrinkling and shifting under his tongue.

He reached between Morgan's legs with his free hand, gathering his legs under him so he didn't need a hand to brace, and grabbed Morgan's cock, both hands working in time with his mouth. Lick, suck, rub, push in...

Morgan jerked, humping his hand, heat sliding over his fingers, the scent of sex sudden and heady.

"God, you smell so damned good. Taste good. How did you get to me so fast?" He was babbling, just groaning, touching. Needing.

"The stars, maybe. Who knows? Who cares? Fuck me?"

"I don't have anything." He wanted to. Oh man, he wanted to, but he'd kinda not planned on ever bringing anyone here.

"I do. In my bag. Just bought them on a whim. Rainbow colored." Morgan reached for his bag, dug out a line of six rainbow-colored rubbers.

Oh God. There was such a thing as blind luck. Max grabbed one, pondered what to use for lube while he tried to get his jeans undone. He almost hurt himself, and hoped to heck he didn't hurt Morgan pulling away, because the guy teetered.

Morgan turned, fingers joining with his, working his jeans open, sweater up. "Want to see."

"Oh." He dropped the condom, let Morgan undress him. He knew his own body pretty well. Knew what it would do, what Morgan would see. Tight, lean muscles designed to work long and hard. Tattoos around both biceps. An appendectomy scar. Another scar on his chest where a gusher had caught a piece of metal and driven it right into him. But he wanted to see

what Morgan thought. Wanted to know if he was as hot to Morgan as the man was to him.

"Oh. Oh, look at you..." Morgan's lips were on his chest, fingers exploring and rubbing and searching. "You're so ... Damn. You taste. Yeah. What happened to your chest?" Those fingers trailed along the scar, then that hot, pierced tongue.

"I. Uh." He had to think, and it was so hard. Not as hard as his cock, but close. "It was a rig accident. Pressure. Bent metal. Bleeding."

"Ow." It was licked again, Morgan's fingers fishing out his cock, stroking it. "Oh. Oh, I want. I want this."

"Yeah. I have ... oil. Over there." He pointed vaguely to his little bar area. He liked a little oil with bread, a habit he'd picked up in Italy.

"kay." Morgan nodded, crawled over, ass swaying, tempting him.

He almost dislocated something getting out of the rest of his clothes, pumping his cock while he waited, watching. Oh, and the condom was ... there. Never let it be said he couldn't do focused when he had to.

Of course, the sight of Morgan stretched up on his knees, oil-slick fingers pushing into that tight hole?

That was something to focus on.

"Christ almighty, you're gonna kill me." He was gonna stroke right out, just bust a vein. He wanted that so damned bad that he found himself crawling to Morgan instead of waiting for him to come back in range, pushing Morgan down and spreading the man wide.

Oh, yeah, flexible, that ring catching the light.

"Yeah. Oh yeah." No more waiting. Max just grabbed and lifted that ass, pushing his covered cock against Morgan's hole, testing.

Morgan groaned, bore down and rocked against his cock, tight heat taking him right in.

"God." That was tight. So tight, hot, just damned good. Max found his equilibrium, finally, rocked forward, started fucking like he was good at it.

Morgan's hands moved constantly, steadily—on him, on Morgan, flicking that nipple ring, stroking his scar.

He just moved, biting, licking whatever skin he could reach, touching all over. Max pushed, cock sliding in and out, better than anything he's had in a long, long time.

"Don't stop. Damn. So fucking deep." Morgan's hips rocked, bucked.

"Not gonna. Couldn't now." No way he could stop any more than a man could stop an oil leak by sticking his finger in the rock. It was too damned good. He moved harder, faster, giving it good.

Morgan just took and took, hips jerking, meeting him dead-on, their skin slapping.

Grunting, gasping, Max tried to hold on until he thought Morgan was close. He groped blindly, finding Morgan's cock, rubbing and jerking.

Morgan nodded, heels pressing into his thighs. "Yeah. Yeah. That's it."

"Oh, good." He laughed, biting down hard on Morgan's neck, white noise taking over his brain as he shot and shot, hips jerking wildly.

Heat hit his fingers, Morgan vibrating beneath him.

Max wheezed, blinking, still stroking Morgan lightly, lips and tongue rubbing on Morgan's skin. "Wow."

"Uh-huh." Morgan nodded, fingers sliding over his head. "Wow."

"Damn." They almost toppled over, but he caught them, sort of turned and hauled Morgan against him, intent on the couch.

Morgan went easy, curled into him, hand holding on.

Well, Hell. It would be just as easy as pie to take the man to bed. Max heaved up to his feet, pulling Morgan with him, staggering into the enormous bedroom. He'd left the dark, wood tester bed and all of the fancy furnishings, but he'd put his own sheets and blankets on the bed, so it was an incongruous mix of classical and camp Max.

"Mmm. Big and cushy." Morgan stroked his belly, his hips. "I snuggle."

"S'okay. I don't mind." He usually slept with the dogs. He would hope Morgan drooled and farted less. "Long as I don't wake up with all my shit gone and the police looking at me."

"Uh. So not my style. I have an allowance." Morgan chuckled, winked.

"Me too." Blinking slow, Max wrapped right around Morgan, nuzzling in so he could breathe their scent. Hot. Fucking hot. "Nap."

"Uh-huh." Soft and warm and quiet, Morgan snuggled in, breath steady on his throat.

He'd wonder later at the relative wisdom of letting someone he didn't know for shit into his house, and into his

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bed. For now? Max just decided that the jingling wraith that slid behind him in an English pub must have been meant to meet him and that he'd sleep on it. Tomorrow would take care of itself.

It always did.

Chapter Two

Morgan wrapped his jacket around himself, tugging the collar up against the rain. Miserable weather lately. Maybe it was time to head south. Italy, maybe. Or Brazil.

Somewhere warm and lush and green.

He shivered, trying to decide whether to go to his little, private flat or his official rooms or just finding a pub to hide in for a few hours. There was no way he was bringing his flute out into this shit.

His reverie was broken by the feel of a solid shoulder slamming into his, almost knocking him back on his ass on the wet pavement.

"Careful! Christ, this isn't a fucking football field." He winced, rubbing his shoulder.

"Shit! Sorry. I didn't even see..." The voice rang a bell. So did the tall, rangy body, even if it was topped by a cowboy hat this time instead of a cap.

He grinned up. "Well, cowboy! Rescue me on one meeting, beat me on the next."

"Oh. Hey." He got a half smile that turned into a thunderous frown. "You're a Hell of a houseguest, leaving without a word."

He backed up a step or two. "Didn't know I was one. A houseguest. I left my cell number."

"You did? Oh." Now Max just looked ... embarrassed. "Sorry. I. It wasn't there when I woke up. 'Course the maid or whatever the Hell she is was in..."

Morgan grinned, shook his head, then moved closer, reaching out and grabbing Max's phone. He found the address book and scrolled down, finding his name. "See? Right here."

"Oh. Well how in Hell was I supposed to know that?" Max grinned back. "I never call anyone."

"Oh, good to know." He looked Max over, nodded. "I like the hat."

"Thanks. Keeps the rain off better." Max reached out, wiped a drop of rain off his nose.

"Yeah. I was just wishing for something warm and lush." There was electricity—pure and sharp and settling in his balls—whenever they touched. Still. Wow.

"Yeah?" Shifting from one old cowboy boot to another, Max nodded. "It's wet as a dog in a creek. Want to have dinner with me?"

"Oh, I'd like that." A dog in a creek ... Oh, damn. That was adorable, as adorable as pure, walking sex could be, anything.

"Cool. We could. Uh. Well, I was going to say we could go back to my place, but Morrie's sister is there." The tone and the look on Max's face explained easily why Max was out walking in Soho in the rain.

"Oh. Family. Ew. I have a little place. I mean, there's a big, fancy place, too, with better food, but there's a little, private place next to a fab, little, Italian bistro..."

"I like Italian." That grin was pure fire. Just hot enough to melt him, sexy and full of anticipation. "Antipasto stuff we can eat with our fingers?"

"Yeah, and these lush, red wines you can buy by the bottle. It's like..." He took Max's hand, started walking. "Like drinking velvet."

"Oh yeah. I love a wine you have to strain with your teeth." The hand in his hung slack for a half a minute, but soon enough Max curled those long fingers around his and held on.

"We can get it all to go. I have cushions and candles in my flat. Oh, and a sweet, little balcony with an awning." He loved his little walkup. The walls were painted a deep, lush purple, the furniture was all cushions and soft.

"Oh, that sounds about as good as anything I've heard in a month of Sundays." Moving a little closer, Max rubbed shoulders with him, bumping hips.

"Mmm. Yeah?" He leaned a little, the rain not seeming near so gloomy. "Where were you going in such a hurry?"

"Oh, I was just. Getting away. Took a cab, told him to stop wherever and let me out." Those oddly light brown eyes dipped, the brim of the hat covering them so he couldn't see.

"Oh, wow. And you found me." He beamed, squeezed Max's hand. "Must be fate."

"Yeah." That got him a glimmer of a look, a smile. "Must be. From now on I'll check my cell phone."

"I'll know to call first." He winked, winding through the streets until they got to Mama Leone's, the twinkling, white lights familiar and almost magical in the growing mist.

"Smells good. Real good." Max's thumb slid over his hand, slow and easy, caressing his skin.

"They have the best food." He was buzzing, vibrating. Wanting another taste of that salty skin.

"Remember. Finger food." Oh, there was a growl in that voice now, something that just sent a shiver down his spine.

He nodded, purring a little, cock going hard in his pants. "Ciao, Signora Leone. È stasera bagnato. Vorrei ordinare i due antipasti, prego. E una bottiglia di vino, per favore."

Morgan paid and they moved off to wait for their food, after he had a nice chat with the signora. Max was just looking at him, hat in his hand, a little smile on his face.

The temptation to reach up, stroke the bald head, see if he could make Max moan again, it was huge.

Those eyes went two shades darker, Max swaying close to him for a moment before moving back. Something must have showed on his face maybe, because Max had this "I'd rather eat you than dinner" look all of a sudden.

He licked his lips, teeth playing with the metal in his tongue. They hadn't even kissed. Oh, they'd touched and fucked and licked, but.

Kisses.

Morgan liked kisses.

"It clicks when you do that."

He grinned. "I have to do something. I want to kiss you."

"Oh." Cheeks going bright red, Max sucked his lower lip in and chewed on it. "I want you to, too."

His eyes were fastened on Max's mouth, cock throbbing. "I'm next door. Third floor. Green door. Is the food ready yet?"

Max looked, shook his head, just biting that pretty lower lip. "No."

"Damn." He scooted closer. "Do I have to wait?"

"I don't think ... damn. I mean." Stuttering to a stop, Max looked around, grabbed his hand and pulled him back into a shadowy corner. "No."

"Oh. Good." He pushed close, leaning up and sliding his tongue along Max's bottom lip. Oh. Oh, yeah. He liked that.

A gasp met him, a light puff of warm air, then Max bent to press against him, lips covering his.

His hand slid over the back of Max's head, lips parting just like that, letting Max's tongue in.

The kiss went deep, Max tasting him thoroughly, one hand on his waist to hold him close. The man tasted like beer and spice, warm and good.

Purring, he slid his tongue against Max's, tongue stud rubbing.

"Mmm." The sound vibrated against him, Max just purring. They turned their heads, finding an even better angle, Max rubbing against him lightly.

"Now, ragazzi. What would Nonna say?" Mama Leone was laughing, holding out bags of food and wine.

Max stepped back, and if the man blushed any harder he was going to combust. It was even cuter than the down-home sayings.

"She'd say I was lucky." He grinned, licked his lips happily.

Max took the wine, then he put his hat back on and reached for Morgan's hand, nodding at the signora. "Ma'am."

Mama's face lit up and she laughed, the merry sound following them back out into the rain. They headed up and up, the bright green door cheery, waiting for them.

He unlocked the door and ushered them in, the scent of roses and sandalwood and soap familiar and homey.

Max just stopped in the middle of the room and did a full turn around. "It's great. Really you."

Morgan nodded, smiled. It was mismatched and bright and goofy and comfortable and cluttered and filled with interesting foods and things and smells.

And Max looked at once out of place and right at home. The man set his hat aside, set the wine down carefully, took the food from him and set it down, too. Then grabbed him and kissed him again.

He pushed right into Max's heat, shrugging off his coat before winding his arms around Max's neck.

That rumble purr came again, Max licking his lips before that hot tongue slipped right in, fucking his mouth.

Oh, man. Why hadn't they done this before? He groaned, hips rocking in time with the thrusts of their tongues.

Max grabbed his ass, lifted him right up to his toes, kissing him so hard it felt like drinking something too hot, too fast. Scalding.

Groaning, he just drank deeper, spinning with the heat they built up between them, fingers rubbing that fascinating, smooth skin.

Finally they had to breathe and Max leaned against him, forehead to forehead. "Damn."

"Yeah." He unbuttoned Max's coat, pushed it off, hands sliding over the strong arms.

"We should eat." Spinning away, Max took the coat and tossed it aside, grabbing the food and heading for a clump of pillows in the middle of the bed.

He chuckled and took off his shoes, his damp sweater, pulled two wineglasses and a corkscrew from a cabinet. His hair was wet and he let it down as he settled, snagging an olive and nibbling.

Max wrestled the wine open a lot faster than he could have and poured them both a glass, handing him one and reaching for an artichoke heart. The look on Max's face when he tried the wine almost made up for the lack of kisses. "Oh. This is good."

"Yeah. Decadent and sweet." His fingers found a cube of cheese, let it melt in his mouth. Yum.

Max nodded, eyes closing as he took another sip. "It **is** like velvet. Almost heavy, but stops just short."

"Mmmhmm." He scooted a little closer, eyes on Max's lips. "I bet it tastes amazing off your skin."

"You think? I bet it would taste good on you, too." There was that twinkle again. The "oh yummy" look. Max took a sip and leaned to him, mouth opening on his.

He groaned, pushing a little closer, tongue sliding in to taste, to lap at the sweet wine.

One of Max's hands slid up his back, resting right between his shoulder blades. The wine trickled into his mouth, the flavor of Max's mouth following.

Shivers started in the pit of his stomach, a heat slowly building inside him that threatened to be huge.

"So much better." Every last drop was licked away before Max sat back to get a cube of bread, crusty and flavored with Parmesan, feeding it to him gently.

He nibbled and ate, lips brushed those callused fingertips, fingers stroking the inside of Max's wrist. Then he found a bit of eggplant wrapped in prosciutto, offered it to those sweet lips.

Max took it, tongue sliding over his thumb as the morsel disappeared. Those funny, too-light eyes had gone dark again, pupils dilated as Max stared at him, as Max bent to suck at the rise of skin at the base of his palm.

"Oh." His own eyes rolled and his teeth sunk into his bottom lip, hips rocking.

"Mmmhmm." They toppled, Max pulling him alongside and pressing against him. He felt like a pasha or something. Decadent. Another shared glass of wine cleared their palates, and Max fed them both some cheese, rich and creamy.

Then he painted Max's lips with the salt and oil from a kalamata, leaning in to lick and lap them clean before repeating the action.

"Yeah." Max licked his lips, licked at the olive as he passed it over again. "Good."

"Mmmhmm." He held the olive between his teeth and offered it over to share, fingers reaching for the wine.

They both bit down on the olive, Max's lips moving against his as they chewed.

He grinned, leaning so their noses rubbed together, the scent of olive and grape and basil and them heady.

"Best antipasto I've ever had. And no worries about garlic breath offending." Max grinned back, every too-long eyelash and dark beard whisker plain this close up.

Morgan chuckled, ate an almond, then fed one to Max. "I think more meals should be eaten like this."

"Oh, absolutely. Half the world would be less bugnuts crazy if they just ate off someone else's skin once in awhile."

"At least half. Mmm ... you would taste good with honey and cinnamon..."

"Oh. Maybe for breakfast. I make a mean biscuit." They laughed together, Max rolling a little and grabbing the take out carton, moving it closer and feeding them both bits of tomato and cheese, speckled with basil leaves.

His fingertips and lips and tongue tingled, the sips of wine making the very tip of his nose numb. He licked a drop of olive oil from the corner of Max's mouth, humming happily.

"God." Max blinked, lashes brushing his cheek. "This is really good wine. And you're even better."

His fingers dipped into those sweet lips, exploring as he smiled. "We taste good together."

"Mmm." That purr was becoming necessary, shooting right down his spine to his balls. Max sucked on his fingers, tongue sliding between them.

He arched at that, rubbing them together, hungry for Max now, for that salt-sweet skin. He started working their clothes open and off with his free hand, eyes fastened on Max's.

Moving the wine and food out of reach, Max helped him, hands moving over him to rub the cloth away.

Morgan leaned up on his knees, unbuttoning Max's jeans, pulling them down over the lean hips. He grabbed the bottle of wine, took a deep swig and then wrapped his lips around Max's cock, tasting grape and need and salt altogether.

"Fuck! Morgan." His name sounded good on Max's lips. Max felt good under his, and the deep sweetness of the wine mixed perfectly with the dark salt of Max's skin.

Sucking until the bite of the wine was gone, Morgan lifted his head, smiling, rubbing Max's belly with his chin.

"Damn." Max leaned up on his elbows, smiling down at him, eyes drugged, dazed. "That was ... damn. Do it again?"

"I can so do that." He took another long drink, head swimming just a little, mouth dropping back around Max's prick.

Arching up, Max rocked into his mouth, thighs rising on either side of his head. Those long muscles were hard and tight, Max's cock salty and rich. Max lifted his hair, fingers sliding over his scalp.

He groaned, humming around Max, fingers sliding along soft inner thighs to find Max's balls, rolling and squeezing.

That made Max moan, made him shake under Morgan. Max's sac tightened under his hand, pulled up, slick drops sliding into his mouth from Max's cock.

Oh, satin to mingle with the grape's velvet. Yes. More.

He got more, Max panting, bucking up, begging with caressing hands and rough noises.

He lifted away for one more drink, one more mix of grape and cock.

He didn't get it. Max pulled him up, took a kiss that made his already spinning head go crazy. It got even more wild as Max turned them, pushing down on top of him, cock rubbing against him.

"Yeah. Fuck. Please." He tugged Max closer, cock rubbing against his slacks.

"Want your skin." They fought for a minute, Max trying to pull away, him trying to get closer. Finally, Max won, pulling away just long enough to get Morgan's clothes off before falling back to him, licking his throat, cock hard and wet in the hollow of his hip.

"Uhn." He licked Max's ear, tongue stud sliding, heated.

"Oh. Your ... yeah." Max reached between them and down, lifting his balls, rolling, finding his piercing.

He nodded, spreading for that touch, hand tugging Max closer, rubbing faster. "Uh-huh."

"You make me crazy." Yeah. Oh, yeah. Max bit him, right down on his chest, right above his nipple. Hard enough to bruise.

He arched, pushing hard against that hand between his legs, the entire fucking room spinning madly. "More."

They kissed again, Max taking his mouth like he was more hungry for Morgan than anything else in the world. Yeah. Made him lightheaded, made his heart pound. Max was just making these noises, little moans and groans, licking and biting.

They started rubbing, his tongue fucking Max's lips in time with their bodies.

Just about the time little, black spots started appearing before his eyes, Max broke the kiss, crying out, hand squeezing his cock as Max shot against his thigh.

"Fuck yes!" He bucked, rubbing, gasping as he came hard.

Max collapsed against him, panting, sweaty and covered in come. And laughing. "Damn. We need more wine."

He started giggling, nodding. "Yes."

"You make things fun again." He got a look, serious as anything, Max reaching out to stroke his cheek.

"All work and no play makes us old, cowboy." He nuzzled into the touch.

"You know it. And all I've done lately is work." Sighing, Max rolled and grabbed the wine and food before coming back to settle against him. "It sure ain't like me to run off, but I'm tempted this time."

"Yeah? Where to?" He loved escaping, lived for it.

"Mountains? Beaches? Forests? Tibet? Fiji?"

"I was thinking Rio." Max's voice went dreamy. "I love the food. And the weather."

"Ooh. Rio. I have a house there. You can see the water. It's in Santa Teresa, overlooking the bay." It was a pretty, little place, smack dab in the art district.

"Yeah?" Pulling back, Max looked at him again, this time looking ... hopeful. "I can make feijoada."

"Ooh ... black beans are gifts from the gods. I know how to fix caipirinha, so we'd be set." His mouth was watering

already, the thought of the bean stew and the sweet, tart lime cocktail together.

"I could just write Morrie's folks their quarterly check and go. Just for a bit. I have a good lawyer here."

"All it would take is a phone call to get the kitchen filled and the rooms aired out." He wasn't pushing. They'd only met twice. He wasn't...

Oh, yes he was.

Happily.

Max was ... delicious.

"I..." For a minute he was afraid Max would say no, that long body stiff against his, obviously battling doubts. "Would you? Really?"

"I would. Really." He nodded, then tilted his head. "Of course, you don't have any reason to believe me, huh?"

He could be anybody.

Which was, sort of a wicked fun idea...

"You've got no reason to believe I didn't just kill some old English blighter and move into his home. We're even, huh?" Max's stomach growled and the man sat up, reached for the cheese and bread. "I want to go. With you."

He nodded, excited. He'd call James in the morning and arrange everything. "When can you go?"

"I'd have to go back, pack a few things, write a few checks. Day after tomorrow."

"Plenty of time." He grinned, drawing circles on Max's belly. "We can barbecue and make love for hours and watch all the beautiful people being beautiful."

"We can. And just ... oh hey, we could go out for a few days, too, maybe camp some." God, the man was cute, bouncing that way, totally unconcerned with his nakedness.

"You'll have to show me how. I never have. Well, unless the night on a park bench in Milan counts." He grinned, leaning to lick one nipple. "It was research."

Laughing, gasping, Max touched him, hand sliding through his hair. "I've spent more time out than I have in. I'm not sure what to do with four walls all the time."

"Paint them." He nibbled a little. Oh, yum.

"Yeah ... I mean ... oh. Damn." That thick cock was twitching, rising again.

"I like your nipples. I like tasting you." He took one between his teeth, rolled it, flicked the tip with his tongue.

"I like you liking them." Stroking, petting his neck, Max held him close, moved him across to the other nipple.

"Mmm..." Oh, this cowboy was too tasty for words. He licked and sucked, fingers tracing ribs and abs before tangling in the thick curls above that heavy cock.

Max dipped a finger in the wine, running it down over his cock, leaving a trail for him to follow.

"Mmm..." Morgan slid down, following that sweet, wet path.

"Fuck, we smell good together." The whole room smelled like sex, earthy and deep, mixing with the pungent aromas of Italian food.

Yeah. He could only imagine how they'd smell in Rio, the heat and the sun and the spices redolent in the air, the gauze curtains of his house flowing.

"Damn. What you do ... did I mention I like it?" He got a wild grin, Max sliding, moving, just giving him what he needed.

"Uh-huh." He bit Max's bottom lip, almost crowing with the pleasure.

"Uhn. 'Kay." After that Max kinda quit talking, started kissing and licking and biting instead.

They rolled together, pushing up and into each other, low moans filling the night air. The bed creaked as they slid on the sheets.

Their skin got damp, slick, their breath humid, so warm. Max held him, thrust against him, cock sliding, pushing. Clever fingers found his nipples, twisted the rings there, pulled them until he wanted to scream.

Finally, he did, threw his head back and cried out, hips pumping furiously as heat poured out of him. He could hear himself, talking and jabbering and promising, but he couldn't make the words out, wasn't completely sure he wanted to.

Max held on to him, watched him, eyes hot and dark, the gold swallowed up by the brown. Then Max let loose, pulling him down hard, hips pumping, cock jerking wildly against his skin. "Oh! Oh, Morgan."

"Shit, yeah. Come on, cowboy." He needed this, needed to have their smells in the air and the sheets.

"Shit!" So hot, so rich. Max's spunk joined his on their bellies, that big body shaking under his.

Morgan groaned, cuddling in with a soft sigh. "So good."

"Amazing." Yeah, especially when Max just sorta ... surrounded him like that, curling right up with him in the

Oil and Water
by BA Tortuga

middle. Their breathing slowed, the breeze from outside cooling them down.

His cheek was on Max's arm and he turned, nuzzling, kissing just a little, listening to the sounds of the city outside their window.

"I'm glad we came." It was almost a whisper, almost lost, but he heard it.

Morgan nodded, humming happily. Him too. Oh, him too.

Chapter Three

They took the cable car up to Sugarloaf to see the city from above. They went to the Paco Imperial to see the history exhibits, and Max dragged Morgan to a gem show that just happened to be running. They hit the favelas so Morgan could see where Max usually stayed, and yeah, it was the low rent district compared to Morgan's place, but Max still loved the liveliness of it. Then they went to the market to get about fifty kinds of pork and a huge mass of black beans for Max to cook them feijoada.

Once the beans were soaking, they hit the beach. It was perfect, as late afternoon was just waning, and while the humidity hit them like a thick blanket, the air was starting to cool.

Morgan was stretched out in this odd, gauzy ... thing, black Speedo visible through the cloth. It should have seemed girly and odd, but Morgan didn't seem self-conscious about it, carried it off like it was perfectly reasonable.

Hell, the Speedo should've seemed unreasonable to him, as he wore clam diggers. Morgan looked good in it, though, so Max wasn't gonna complain. Now that guy over there in the buttfluss with the hairy back? Oh man. Whenever Max started thinking he might embarrass himself looking at Morgan, all he had to do was look over there and ping! Flatter than an inner tube going three rounds with a goathead.

Morgan's hair was down, thin fingers drawing patterns in the sand, the man looked decadent. Like there should be oiled men fanning him, feeding him grapes.

Too bad Max wasn't about to oil himself up and fan anyone. At least not in public. If Morgan asked him to do it in private ... "So are you having a good time?"

Morgan smiled over, nodded. "I am. I love the way the heat just bakes your bones, feels good."

"I? Like watching your bones bake, sugar." He did, he did. Morgan on the half shell. Damn.

He got one of those husky, happy laughs he was learning meant Morgan was pleased and flattered and headed toward turned on. "The rings in my nipples are hot. Feels wicked."

Whoa. Max looked over at the hairy man and deflated a bit. No way should he be thinking of peeling off the gauzy thing and licking Morgan's nipples. At least not here. "You're trying to get me in trouble."

"No. I'm trying to turn you on, make you want me. There's a difference." Bright blue eyes dragged over him. "Trouble would be challenging you to truth or dare."

Damn. Max shook his head. No one had ever kept him off balance like this guy. "It's working. Definitely working. And no way am I playing truth or dare with you unless we go home."

"Oooh. It could be our evening's entertainment. I'll dare you to let me lick cachaca from your throat and the hollows of your hips. You can tell me about the first time you made love."

Look at the ... oh rats. Hairy guy had waded off into the water like a whale breaching and left him to turn over on his belly to cover his erection. "It's not all that scintillating, but I can sure lick with the best of them."

"No? First times are sort of weird." Morgan wriggled a little, ass shifting. "Ours was good though."

He couldn't help it, he had to reach out and slide his hand over Morgan's ass, just a little. "It was. Damned good. My first time ever was with a girl, though, and pretty damned disappointing. I couldn't figure out what the big deal was."

"Yeah? I never have, not with a girl. My first time was in prep school." Morgan's ass raised up, just pushing against his touch.

"Yeah, well, I tell you, sugar. In Enid, Oklahoma you don't even look at other boys. You don't think about it." He petted, figuring out how to get under the gauze so no one could really see, and so he could get to skin.

Ah, side slits. Perfect.

"Yeah?" Morgan asked. "Lots of boys do in school, they just don't talk about it and kick your ass if you do after."

"Figures." Oh, that skin was warm, soft, just barely dusted with sand. Hot as hell. "I didn't tumble to it until I was oh ... twenty? Twenty-one?"

"Wow. By then I'd met Asim, was living in Medina." Morgan smiled over. "Who was your first guy?"

"Who was Asim?" His own question popped out without any thought on Max's part.

Morgan tilted his head. "Oh, he ... We met in school. He was the son of a sheik and when he left school, he took me with him."

"Oh." Well, that brought up a thousand and one questions, but every one of them seemed rude as Hell. "Mine was a thirty-year-old wildcatter named Poe. He was something else."

Turned me every which way and then turned me loose a wiser man."

"Poe? Cool." Morgan grinned, wicked again. "Are there pictures?"

"Yeah. Well, not of him and me, you know ... but I have pictures of him." God, that summer on the Gulf'd been something. He could still remember to this day how Poe had tasted.

"Oh, wow. Talking about him makes your eyes dark."

"He was a good tutor." Max squeezed one of Morgan's asscheeks. "No one's even come close to making me crazy like he did 'til now."

Morgan's thighs parted a little. "Your hands. Hot."

"Your skin is like really fine suede. Smooth and hot, and damned if it doesn't get hotter when I touch it." He just wanted ... all sorts of things he shouldn't on an open beach. Max pressed down, gasping as he got some friction on his cock.

Morgan groaned, stretched out. "Oh. There you go with the leather again ... kinky cowboy."

"Am not." Blushing, yes. Kinky, no. At least he never had been.

"No? You're making me hard on a beach, that doesn't count?"

"I'm hard too." God, Max was gonna go up in flames, if not from the hard-on then from the blush. "I want you."

"Oh, good." Morgan scooted a little closer. "I want to lick you, see if I can make you come with just my tongue."

His hand clenched on Morgan's skin. "Sugar, you're gonna make me come just talking about it." Decadent didn't even cover how Morgan looked now. Now it was ... purely damned evil. So not fair.

"Yeah? That sounds perfect." Morgan's teeth sank into that full bottom lip. "I have a list of things we could try. I could ride your cock on the balcony as the sun comes up. Fill the tub with oils and rub your skin until you're shining. Mmm ... trickle honey on your cock."

Max all but whimpered, hips starting to hump the towel he had spread on the beach. So hard. He was gonna bust. "Morgan."

"Yeah, cowboy. I'm right here." One finger trailed across his lips. "Right here wanting you like nothing else."

"I want." Yeah. Max wanted to roll right over and grab Morgan and fuck that ass right into the sand. Jesus fuck he wanted.

"I want you, too. Want your mouth. Your cock. Your fine hands..."

Sweat beaded and ran on his face, his chest, sand sticking to his arms as he braced and rocked. He was trying not to be obvious, but shit he was so fucking hard, and the sand shifting beneath him just separated by a few thin layers of cloth ... He was gonna come.

"Don't close your eyes, cowboy. Let me see it all, please."

Oh. Max glanced over at Morgan, eyes glazing over as he worked to keep them open. Morgan looked so damned needy, so good, and thinking about all of the things Morgan wanted

to do with him, fuck. Max came right there, right in his shorts, biting his lip against a harsh cry.

"Fuck, yes." Morgan panted, lips parted, cheeks flushed. "Yes."

He was still petting Morgan's ass. Well, more like bruising it. Damn. Max panted.

"Oh, you ... you're something special. I want to taste you again."

"We should go home. I need to get rinsed off, but we should ... yeah." He figured he could make the water and get clean, then they could leave.

"Yeah." Morgan stood, the gauzy thing just hiding that long, hard cock. "Come on."

He went, getting up, sorta pulling his shorts away from his body.

Morgan ran ahead of him, giving him something to follow, something to watch.

They splashed and laughed until Max was clean. It was fun. Damned fun, but it was time to get back to the house and get busy. "Ready for that game of truth or dare?"

That gauze was completely see-through now, pierced nipples dark and hard. "You know it."

"Good." Taking Morgan's hand was as natural as breathing. Max tugged him out and they gathered their stuff, heading off. God, he couldn't wait to try some of the things Morgan suggested.

Maybe a couplethree Morgan hadn't.

* * * *

The smell of the beans and pork was heavenly and Morgan was lounging on the divan, naked, dipping chunks of fruit into liqueur, feeding a chunk to Max, eating a chunk himself. He was buzzing, purring, loving the darkness of Max's eyes.

"So, cowboy, truth or dare?"

"Mmm. Truth." The pink rising in Max's stubbled cheeks told him his cowboy might not be ready for a dare yet.

"Mmm..." He leaned forward, licked Max's lips. "What's your favorite thing to do during sex? What just turns you on, no matter what?"

"Oh, that's easy." Max grinned, tongue coming out to touch his. "Well, it's not so much anything anyone does. But I like the way sex *smells*. I've turned guys down just 'cause they didn't smell right."

"Oh. Oh, yeah. You and me? This morning? Made the sheets smell right." He nudged Max's tongue with his stud, playing.

"Mmmhmm. You smell so damned good." Max kissed him hard, tasting him, teasing his tongue.

Oh. Tart and citrus and booze and heat and salt and Max and yeah. Yeah. Addicted. Lost. So fucking happy.

"Mmm." The tail end of the kiss was slow, lazy, Max nibbling and asking, "Truth or dare?"

"Mmm ... dare." He dipped a chunk of pineapple, rubbed it on Max's lips.

"Take out your contacts?"

He blinked, tilted his head. "Okay. I can do that."

He never did that.

Never.

But if Max couldn't handle his light blue streak in one dark brown eye? He should know.

He reached for his backpack, finding the spare contact case inside, and slipped the bright blue contacts out, screwing the lids on and looking over at Max.

Max put one hand under his chin, turning his face to the light. "Fuck, you have blue. Oh, Jesus that's sexy."

His belly clenched, lips parting. Oh. So keeping this one. So keeping him. "Yeah? Not creepy?"

"No. It's. Damn." He got another kiss, deep and hard, the tension in Max's body against him speaking volumes.

His fingers slid over Max's scalp, nails **just** scratching, so light, so careful.

Max shivered, rubbing against him, breaking the kiss to bend to his neck and breathe him in. "So pretty."

"Oh. I." He smiled, blinking hard, the feel of his eyes naked odd, fascinating. "Truth or dare, cowboy."

"Truth." Max grinned, nuzzling his nose.

He smiled, lips brushing Max's again and again. "Oddest place you've ever had an orgasm."

"On the beach?" They laughed about that, then Max sobered up and thought about it for a minute. "To most folks it would probably be on a rig in the middle of the ocean."

"Yeah? Was it cool? Do they move?" His father never let him see the types of places the men worked, never took him to see.

"Yeah. It's like a ship, kinda. And man, those showers? Moldy."

Okay, ew. He chuckled, wrinkled his nose. "Really?"

"Yeah. It's just hard to keep them clean. And it's hard to fuck a guy when if you get caught you'll get your ass kicked."

"Like because of the rules or because of the guys?" He grabbed a cherry, dipped, nibbled.

"Because of the guys. God forbid any of them should just admit they might need to get laid." Dipping his head, Max licked at the cherry juice running down his chin. "Truth or dare, sugar."

"Mmm..." He lifted his chin, groaning low. "Uh. Truth."

"Tell me about Asim?" He almost missed it, with Max buried in his throat that way.

"I ... He was the sixth son of a hugely wealthy man. He met me at school and sort of blew my mind. He took me with him when he left school, kept me with him." He nuzzled against Max's temple. "We were together two years and he ... how did you put it earlier? Turned me inside out?"

"What happened to him?"

"I don't know. My father found me. I. Uh. Sort of woke up in a hospital in Okinawa and he was gone."

Sort of.

Max pulled back, looked at him. "Hospital?"

"Yeah. A mental type hospital." He blushed dark, looked down. He should have lied.

"No wonder you avoid your daddy." Pulling him close, Max squeezed him, lips moving down beneath his ear. "Sorry, sugar. I didn't mean to pry."

"Yeah. He. He gets what he wants." He pushed close, lips on Max's skin. "I'm not crazy, you know? I wasn't even crazy then."

"Nope, you just don't fit in the old man's realm of normal. I've met him, like I said. He's all about his authority."

"Yeah." He nodded, relaxing. Max kept not freaking out; it felt good. Made him feel good. "Truth or dare."

"Dare, sugar." Max laughed, looked at him expectantly.

"Oooh..." He bounced a little. "There's a little chest in the closet. Go pick two things out? One to try on you tonight and one to try on me?"

There wasn't anything esoteric—dildos and plugs, a fur glove, cock sheath, clamps. Fun little toys to entertain with.

"Uh. Okay." Rolling out of the bed, Max padded to the closet and pulled out the chest, bringing it back and setting it on the bed to paw through it. "Oh. Uh. Damn."

God, he loved the way the man blushed. He grabbed a long piece of papaya, sucking on it, watching, admiring the way Max was put together, all strong lines and planes.

Max picked out a plug, fairly small, and a pair of clips, handing them over.

"Mmm ... cool." He rolled the plug between his palms, warming it. He liked this one. It was ... comfortable, nice and giving. "Your turn."

"My turn? Oh. To ask. Yeah. Uh. Truth or dare." Those eyes had gone really dark, watching his hands on the plug.

"Mmm ... Dare." He squeezed the plug, rubbing it, massaging it.

"Okay." He waited, but Max never asked, just watched him.

He purred a little, letting his thumbs slide around the base, push it through the web of his fingers.

"I. Morgan. Put it in? I want to see it in you." Max stroked the plug with one finger.

He nodded, swallowing his groan of pure need as he reached for the lube in the chest. He slicked the plug and spread, one leg on the back of the divan, the other on the floor. "I have one with a little chain embedded in the base with a hook for my piercing." He rubbed the tip against his hole, teasing himself, teasing Max.

"Oh, God. A chain." Watching, licking his lips, Max reached down to stroke himself, teasing right back. It was fucking hot.

"Uh-huh. Pretty and sparkly and perfect (for what?)." He groaned, pushing down with his hips, eyes on Max. "Uh."

"That I would love to see." Max touched him too, fingers playing the head of his cock lightly.

"We can do that. We can do anything, cowboy." He pushed up into the touch, coming back harder on the plug, lips parting. "Anything."

"We'll do this first." Strong fingers closed around him, pulling at his cock. "Truth or dare?"

"Truth." Oh, yeah. Yeah, cowboy. He rocked between that hot hand and the plug that slowly stretched him.

"Tell me what you want me to do next."

"Mmm..." His eyes closed, tongue wetting his lips. "I want your cock. I want to taste."

"Anything, Morgan. Anything you want." Max lifted him, pushed him to his knees, giving him just what he was asking for. Max's hands slid right down his back as he knelt, jostling the plug. He groaned, body jerking, lips open and hungry. He

was already flying, hips rolling in an instinctive motion, ass squeezing the plug.

"Come on, sugar. Want to feel your mouth." That thick cock nudged his lips, wet and hot.

He took Max in one slow motion, eyes rolling as his lips slipped, tongue pressing against that shaft all the way down. Max moaned, hips bucking up, all that muscle clenching up nice and tight. The plug got another good push, Max playing him like an expert. Max made him dizzy, made every nerve come to life with a buzz and a spark. He could smell Max, heavy and rich and all around him.

He could taste him too, deep and spicy, sliding in and out of his lips.

Things sort of went still and liquid all at once, Morgan's thoughts derailed. All he knew was Max and him and right now heat, pressure and pleasure and salt.

Max was talking to him, calling him all sorts of sweet names, petting him. He could barely hear it, but he could tell. Max was also moving, trying not to thrust into him too hard, still managing to push up good and deep.

His hands wrapped around Max's hips, tugging them together, deeper, harder. His hips were shifting, moving instinctively with the pressure inside him.

"Morgan. Fuck, yeah. You look. Look at me, Morgan." Max petted his hair, his cheeks.

He blinked up, tongue stud bumping the ridge along the head of Max's cock.

Max's eyes were almost as dark as his, clouded with need, looking right down into his. He got a moan, a jerk of Max's cock. "Oh. Your eyes. So fucking sexy."

He moaned, hand dropping down to pump his own cock, mouth pulling hard on Max's. Oh. Oh, fuck. Keeping this one.

Grunting, rocking, Max touched him everywhere, urging him on. Every bit Max could reach got stroked, pinched, scratched. He grunted, jerked, fist tightening, lips squeezing.

"Morgan!" Max just gave it all up to him, coming like a freight train, fucking Morgan's mouth like mad as he came.

His body tightened around the plug, seed pouring from him as he swallowed, head just swimming. When the world stopped spinning he was sitting in Max's lap, being petted, soothed, Max crooning low words at him. Sniffing him, which would be funny if he hadn't just come so hard.

He lifted his face, lips parted for a kiss. "Oh, cowboy. You're special."

The kiss went deep, Max tasting him, probably tasting himself too. "M'just me, sugar. You're the one who makes me crazy."

"You do a good crazy." He sucked at Max's bottom lip, hum vibrating through him.

One of Max's legs rose, the thigh pushing on the plug. "Yeah? I like it. Never thought I'd say that."

Groaning low, he rocked a little, teeth sinking into his bottom lip. "That feels ... Yum."

"It looks decadent. Like something you'd read in the Kama Sutra or something. My balls are gonna hurt tomorrow, I

swear." Max sounded amazed, looked it too, but didn't stop, just kept touching him, rocking him.

"If they do, I'll kiss them better."

Jerking, moaning, Max nodded. "Yeah. I could stand that, I think. Uh. I think it's your turn if we're still playing." They were definitely still playing if the way Max was moving that damned plug was any indication.

"My turn. Yeah. Truth or dare." He leaned down, licked at Max's throat, his shoulder.

A low, rough sound came out before Max answered, "Truth."

"Mmm ... love that noise. Where's your favorite place in the world?" He nibbled some, teeth testing the skin.

"Oh, that's hard. I like a lot. There's this place in Wyoming, it's all green and perfect in the summer. and then there's a place in eastern Europe ... man, it's all rock, mountains and stuff."

"You like the wilderness." It wasn't a question.

"I do. You like the city, huh?" Max didn't sound worried, just curious, nibbling and licking.

"I've never been in the wilderness. Only cities, so I don't know yet."

Shifting, Max tilted his chin up, looked down at him, a huge smile dawning. "We should go. There's great places around here, or oh man, Peru. We should go to Peru. Talk about mountains. You'll love it."

"Peru? The women with the great black hats and serapes. I like the serapes." He gave Max a patently false vapid look, the act ruined by the moan when Max bumped the plug again.

"Not working for me, sugar. I've seen what's behind those contacts now." He got a wide grin, another push against the plug, Max's fingers sliding between his ass and Max's legs, finding the guiche piercing and rubbing it too.

"Oh..." He spread, curled forward for a kiss, lapping at Max's mouth. "Your turn."

"Mmmhmm." Max licked at his lips, bit them. "Truth or dare."

"I. Dare. Dare." His lips were tingling, fingers sliding around Max's nipples, teasing them.

"You know what I'm going to ask. Put those on me? I've never ... well. Never used anything like clamps." Max ducked his head, shivered when he pinched.

He hummed, opening the clamp, taking that hard, little nub between his teeth and tugging.

"Uhn, Morgan." Max lifted up and he could feel that thick cock growing against him again. The bit of flesh in his mouth drew up, went hard and hot.

"Yeah, cowboy. Gonna do it now." He slipped the bars of the padded clamp onto that pretty, little nipple, tightened it.

"Oh. Oh, God." Flushing from face all the way down his chest, Max rumbled, hips rolling. "Feels. Everything tight."

"Uh-huh." He leaned close, blowing against the hard little nub, tongue tip just touching.

"Fuck!" So sensitive. Max was so sensitive to everything he did. Just, yeah. Boom. Max bucked, shook.

"Mmm ... and that's just the first one." His fingers moved over to that sweet, naked nipple, tugged and pulled.

The skin under his hand just shivered, Max's fine muscles moving and clenching. "It's. Oh. Morgan."

"I know. It's sharp and fine, fucking magic." He got the other clamp on, started playing with the chain between, tongue licking and flicking and driving Max higher and higher.

"Yeah. It's big." Hands smoothing down his back, Max arched beneath him, writhed under his mouth. "So big."

His fingers wrapped around Max's prick, rubbing, stroking while his tongue licked and stroked over those hard nipples. That thick cock leaked for him as Max moaned and pushed up into his hand. Every time Max moved under him the plug shifted inside him, giving them a full circle of sensation.

"You're so hot, cowboy." He glanced up, moaning at the look on that face.

"You. You make me feel. Oh." Max just looked blown away, face tight, eyes hot as anything, just staring at him.

"Good. Feel me. So much I want to show you."

Max touched him, from his own nipples, twisting the tiny rings, down to his prick, pumping it gently. "You feel amazing, sugar."

He moved closer, rubbed their chests together, lips sliding over Max's. Opening right up, Max sucked his tongue in, tasting, teeth threatening. He whimpered, jerked, pushing harder.

"Want you, Morgan. Want you to ... do you want. Damn it. Fuck me?" Max wasn't quite looking at him, cheeks and ears a hot red, but that hand never stopped moving on his prick, and Max was so, so hard in his own hand.

"Oh, fuck. Yes. Yes, Max." He nodded, panting. "With the plug in, it'll be like we're fucking each other, yeah?"

There was no reply save the frantic nodding of Max's head and Max slid down under him, spread for him, just waiting. He grabbed the lube, sliding two fingers around that sweet hole, leaning down to nuzzle Max's cock and balls as he pushed in. Moaning deep and long, Max opened up, letting him right in. Max's skin was superheated, cock thick and hard against his cheek. Those heavy balls were already drawn up, tight against Max's body.

"Don't come, cowboy. Want to be in you when you come. Want to feel it." He lapped at the tip of Max's cock, fingers pressing deep.

"Then you'd best hurry." Reaching down, Max pushed between that thick cock and Morgan's lips, grasping the base and squeezing.

"Rubbers?" He leaned up, body tight as fuck, wanting into that tight heat so fucking bad.

"I ... if you. I." Max groaned. "I trust you, sugar. But if you want, it's all good."

"Oh, cowboy." He leaned down, dropped a kiss over Max's heart. "I wouldn't harm you for anything. Not anything." He slicked his cock up, rubbing the tip against that tight, little ring of muscles. "Not for anything."

"I know." Oh, that smile. It just made everything right. Max tilted up, opened up, took him in, pulling him down for a kiss.

He smiled back, met those dark, dark eyes, sinking deep into Max's heat. "Oh. Wow."

So hot. So fucking tight. He'd never felt anything so tight. Max just smiled, petted, grabbed his ass to pull him in deeper.

"Hasn't been anyone like this ... not since Poe. Feels good, sugar. Real good."

"Yeah. You're like silk inside, cowboy." He arched up, one hand tugging the chain connecting those clamps, ass squeezing the plug with every thrust.

"Oh, fuck, yeah. That's it." Max was squeezing his ass, pushing the plug so deep, following right through on the fucking each other idea.

"Oh. Yeah. That. Yeah." He nodded, pushing harder, deeper, eyes just rolling. His eyes rolled back into his head, lips parting as he gasped.

He could hear Max making rough, needy sounds, could feel every finger as they dug into his skin. Max urged him on, pushed up against him, begged him.

"Yeah. Come on. Come on, cowboy. Give it up." He pushed deep, groaning low.

Max abandoned him with one hand to stroke right off for him, Max's cock twitching and jerking, that ass clamping down hard.

He groaned, watching through Max's peak, popping the clamps off when the aftershocks started. Oh. Yeah. That made Max tight. Damn. Oh. "Coming!"

"Oh, God. Yeah." Made Max buck, made him squeeze. "Hot."

"Uhn." He nodded, mouth dropping on one nipple to suck as that tight ass milked the come right out of him.

That gave him one more jerk of Max's body and something that sounded like a whimper.

He pulled hard. Marking. His. Whether Max knew it or not.

"Morgan." Yeah. That was the rough, deep sound he wanted. That growl. Max petted him, breath starting to slow.

"Yeah. Yeah." He smiled, nodded, world just spinning.

"Damn, sugar. Never played a better game of truth or dare."

"Oh, me either." He cuddled in, heart pounding.

Nuzzling, Max nodded. "Think I might have to keep you."

"Oh. Oh, good. Because you? Something special."

"So are you, Morgan. Don't ever doubt it."

Max squeezed him, settled with him. "There ought to be time for a nap before supper."

"Oooh. Nap and then supper and then more licking, yes?"
He snuggled in. "I do love Rio."

Chapter Four

Supper? Was fucking amazing. Max couldn't have been prouder of it. And the appetizer wasn't anything to sneeze at either. Fuck, his nipples still throbbed. No one had ever done things like that to him and made him want more. It felt good. Real good.

Now they were in the post-supper snuggle, and he figured the licking would start soon. So he'd better ask while he could.

"You think you might really want to go out in the boonies with me?"

He got a chuckle, Morgan looking up at him. "The real question is, would you dare to take me out into the boonies?"

"You know it. I want to show you Machu Picchu. And sleep with you in the mountains." With Morgan's natural curiosity? It would be like seeing everything for the first time.

"Really? Okay. That sounds fun." Morgan nuzzled, chuckled. "I bet sex in the mountains is cool."

"Makes you lightheaded as anything. All that altitude." He laughed, remembering a young miner named Palo who introduced him to how breathless a man could get before he passed out. "You'll like it."

"Yeah?" Those dark eyes were happy, warm, dancing, the icy streak in the one just fascinating.

"Yeah. It's kind of a buzz. And the mountains? Man, it's like the land of mist or whatever. Fucking gorgeous." Like Morgan's eyes. Max grinned. Man he was waxing poetic. He kissed Morgan's nose, then his mouth.

Morgan laughed, the sound pushing into his lips along with Morgan's tongue. That laugh made him happy, made him want to bring it out again and again. Was he a goner or what? Max pulled Morgan closer, kissed a little harder until Morgan straddled his waist, rubbing against him, cock long and hot against his belly.

"Mmm. You're gonna kill me." He was feeling lazy, sated. But still wanting.

"Nope. Loving you. Different things."

"They say you can kill with kindness." He reached down, circled Morgan's cock, stroking lightly. He savored the feel of the hot, thin skin there, the way the large vein throbbed for him.

"Oh, that's silly." Morgan arched, flicked his lips with that pierced tongue.

"You think?" That little flash of metal fascinated him, and he went after it, sliding his tongue into Morgan's mouth.

Morgan's tongue slid around his, tugging slightly. So hot, that tiny flare of ozone, the taste of the metal. Max felt for Morgan's nipples, trying to find the little rings there too. There. Yeah.

He got a whimper, a groan, Morgan arching toward his fingers with a groan.

"Love how hot you get, sugar." He did. Loved how Morgan just threw himself into everything they did like it was the last time he'd ever have sex. It was fucking amazing. He twisted Morgan's nipples, bit into that swollen lower lip.

"Oh. Love how you're not scared. How you touch me like I'm real..."

"Not afraid of anything with you, Morgan. You make me fly." How could anyone treat this man as anything less than what he was, just right there, immediate, needing.

"Yeah." Morgan stretched up tall, belly rippling, low gasps on the air.

This night was just as perfect as the night before, warm and damp, low sounds coming through the open window, echoing Morgan's breathing. He kept one hand on Morgan's prick, let the other play those hard, little nipples, just rubbing and pulling and twisting. Watching.

Morgan didn't hold a damn thing back, either, just rocked and moaned, let him see everything. It was heady, sexy. Made him feel like some kind of sex god. Well, okay that might be going too far, but damn. He loved the way Morgan's eyes unfocused, the way that little, blue streak just shone.

"You. You want me to ride you, cowboy?" Morgan spoke, then blinked and chuckled. "Oh, I'm funny."

Oh. Hell yes. "Yeah, Morgan. Yeah."

"Don't let me fall." Morgan stretched back, reaching and bending—and oh, fuck, he could see possibilities in that flexibility—grabbing the lube.

"Not gonna." Damn. Just damn. Max held tight, watching Morgan, still stroking him with one hand. Even cooler than the stretch back was the long ripple as Morgan pulled himself upright.

"You? Are something else. Sex on two legs, sugar." That body. Oh what Max could do with that body.

"About to be sex on your ... leg, cowboy." Morgan winked, started slicking him up.

That? Was so bad he groaned aloud. Or maybe that was the feel of Morgan's fingers on his skin. Fucking sexy. He started petting, smoothing his hands over Morgan's skin, waiting. Needing.

Morgan was still loose and slick from the plug, so it didn't take much before he was pushing into that heat, Morgan wiggling and settling in his lap.

He grunted, trying to keep his eyes open. Yeah. Just like that. He pulled Morgan down, then pushed him up, savoring the feel.

"Oh. Oh, yeah. That's. That's just like the first time good..."

"Yeah. Sweet." Addictive, just like his first taste of sugar, leaving him wanting more. Max bucked up, let Morgan feel how much he was loving it.

Morgan brought their lips together, one hand on his head, the other playing his sensitized nipples, all the while riding him, just bouncing on his lap. Electricity jolted from his nipples to his cock, and Max bucked, pumping Morgan harder. He never thought he could come so much in one day, but damned if he wasn't just that close again, on the razor's edge.

"Oh. Yeah. Come on, cowboy. We'll come and then go soak in..." Morgan grabbed that hard cock, started pumping. "In the uh ... Bath. Thing."

"Oh. Yeah. Morgan." The bath. Yum. Max rolled his hips up, pushing into Morgan, driving them hard and fast.

Morgan squeezed him tight as a fist, those eyes wide and happy, heat spraying on his belly.

"Fuck!"

Took him completely by surprise when he came, shooting hard right into Morgan's body, shaking and shuddering.

Morgan's head rolled, a huge, shit-eating grin on the man's face. "Is this where I say 'yahoo'?"

Little shit. "This? Is where you say, 'thanks for the ride, Max'."

"Oh. Cool." That little ass squeezed him tight-tight, made his eyes roll. "Thanks for the ride, cowboy."

"Anytime, sugar. Any old time you want."

And that? Was a promise he really could keep.

Anytime.

* * * *

"Max?" Morgan looked at the piles of pretty fruits lined up at the market. "Which of these look sexy to you?"

He had a bag in his hand with a glass jar of pomegranate lotion and these bathy, soapy deals that were purple and smelled like cantaloupe. They got a piece of amethyst and a jar of ink that this old lady said was magic and this most bizarre toy monkey.

He thought Max had bought beans and onions and milk. Ooh. Milk. Milk baths. Max would look so sexy in one of those...

"And is there a dairy nearby?"

"Nearby where? And sexy? Uh..." Max looked at the fruit, the most dubious expression on that face. "We need rice."

"Rice? Okay. I like rice." He grabbed one yellow dealie and a long, orange one, and two big handfuls of the dark purple

baby grapes. "And nearby enough that we can fill the tub with milk."

"You lost me, sugar." Max grabbed a whole bunch of healthy looking shit and set off, presumably in search of starch.

He rolled his eyes, following long enough to notice a pile of sweets, all obviously set there to tempt him. Right. Sugar.

By the time Max wandered back, he'd bought one of each. Max, on the other hand, looked like a burro. Or maybe since they were going to Peru, a llama. He was weighed down with all sorts of dry foodstuffs. "What'd you get?"

"Caramels. These cherry deals. Oh! Sugar cane. Grapes, too."

"You're gonna be bouncing off the walls."

He met Max's eyes, grinned. "You'll have to occupy me."

Oh, that worked. He could see it in the way those light brown eyes went tar dark. He might even be able to smell it. Max just looked ... wow. "I can sure do that."

"Yeah? Gonna play truth or dare with me again? Twenty questions? Strip tiddlywinks?" Oh, he *was* having fun.

"Strip ... you nut." Max grinned at him, looked for a minute like he was gonna kiss him. But it was kinda crowded for that, and Max backed off, those cheeks bright red.

"There're a few questions I could ask."

"Okay. I'm good at those. You hungry? There's a zillion botecos around here. We can snack and play twenty questions. First guy to refuse to answer ... uh ... has to do something icky that I'll think up later." He'd have picked

something like sleep on the sofa, but ... well where was the fun in that?

"Okay. Should we stow the stuff?" Max looked ... younger. Smiling. Happy.

"Kay." He nodded, then grinned. "Or we could grab something to take home and play naked. I'm easy."

"Well, the milk needs to be put up..." He got a wicked grin, Max's mouth twisting up so sexy.

"Mmm. Cowboy..." He stepped closer, eyes sliding over Morgan's body, imagining the tanned skin soaking in cream.

"Hey now." Stepping back again, Max shook his head, laughing. "Food. Home. We'll eat and play there."

"Mmm ... good. We can eat and play and siesta and play." He started walking, bouncing along. "And come and touch and push and laugh and..."

"What do you want to eat?" Max wandered along behind him, and every time he looked back Max was watching him. Admiring him from the looks of it.

"Do you fit on a plate?"

"Sorry, sugar. It would take a big plate, and I look bad with an apple in my mouth." Max caught up and swatted him, juggling the packages afterward for his trouble.

Oh, fuck. That had him laughing so hard it hurt, his ass tingling and wiggling. "No public beatings!"

"You don't like public beatings? How about a private one?" Max was laughing too, cheeks on fire for him, eyes just dancing.

"Oooh. Private beatings..." He wrinkled his nose, grinned, cock filling from the play. "Do cowboys give private beatings?"

"I..." Max stuttered a little. "Well, that can be one of your questions over supper."

"Oh. Okay." They found a little stall that smelled good, bought little, paper wrapped bundles that made his stomach growl.

"Mmm. Smells almost as good as you. We can have one of your sweets for dessert, too." They meandered back to his little flat, laughing and joking and just having such fun.

They got the milk and the little cube of butter and some chunks of ... meat-type stuff in the fridge. Then tumbled together on the sofa, food and a pitcher of juice waiting.

Max fed him a few bites, fingers brushing his lips, getting them good and settled. "No."

"No?" He started unbuttoning Max's shirt. Since they were home, he wanted skin.

"No, this particular cowboy has never done any private beatings..." He got help, Max shrugging out of the shirt when it was opened.

"Oh." He grinned, leaned down to nibble one nipple for a second. "I've never been beaten by a cowboy in private either."

The little bit of flesh went hard so fast, still a little red from their play the last couple of days. Max had the prettiest nipples. "Uhn. 'Kay. You ever do that though?"

"Do what? Get beaten-beaten? No. No, people get hurt. But, I've been spanked, paddled, flogged once..."

"Yeah?" Max sounded a little breathless, looked a little worried and a lot turned on. "Is it ... did you like it?"

He nodded, then shrugged. He'd had all sorts of experiences, some could still give him wet dreams, some? Eh. "I guess it really depends on who's doing it and why, yeah? It can be sort of weird, it can be scary, it can be mind-blowing."

He got a long look, then a nod. "Yeah. I've known some guys ... the things they wanted to do made me sorta back away like a pissed off bull fixin' to charge. You just make me curious, sugar."

He got another piece of meat, fed it to Max. It didn't surprise him, really. Lots of people were working out their neuroses on their lovers. He was just into feeling. Fucking. "Yeah? I bet you're sort of sexy all flushed and pissy."

"Pissy." Max just laughed, chewing and swallowing before kissing him. Mmm, spicy. "I don't think Ed thought so. I clocked him one."

"Ow. What did he want you to do?" There were two little u-shaped spots by Max's chin that didn't have any hair and he licked one. Too neat.

"Let's just say he had this whole scenario in mind, and he invited an audience. I didn't trust him for nothing, and no way was I playing that game." The little mouth twist was back, this time a little cynical. Max was petting his back absently, every so often touching the top of his ass, dipping into his pants.

Oh, the cynical? Not as happy, so he kissed until it eased. "I don't mind an audience, but only if I'm performing."

Performing and fucking? Hard for me to do together. I get ... busy feeling, yeah? Whose question is it?"

"Yours, sugar." That was more like it, that happy-eyed look. Max popped a piece of that orange, fruit thing, licking his lips slow and easy to catch juice.

"Mmm..." he purred, the scent of the fruit sharp and tart. "What do you want to do that you never told anybody you wanted?"

"What, in general?" Frowning a little, Max petted him, pulling him just a little closer.

"Whatever. In general. Sexually. Workedly. Whatever." He just wanted to know about Max.

And snuggle.

Well, more than snuggle.

"That's big. I mean ... well. Sexually, I've got what I want. Just someone who wants me. You fit the bill, sugar." Max kissed him, and he thought for a minute he'd have to come up with the something icky he threatened for non-answers, but Max finally went on. "I think maybe ... now mind, I like the money. But I think for a long while I've wanted to just go back to working, playing. Not having the responsibility. Does that sound wrong?"

"Nope. All work and no play makes men like my father." He met Max's eyes, saw himself in them, grey-eyed and serious. "It'd be stupid and tacky to say money isn't everything when I have so much, but..."

"Yeah. It makes some trouble." Another fruit sticky kiss landed on his mouth. "I probably wouldn't bitch 'cept for old Morrie's folks? Trouble in all caps."

"Relatives are like that. Creepy and vulture-y." He rubbed their noses together. "Good thing we're not family."

"Yeah. That would be kinda gross. Where's the weirdest place you've had sex?"

"Hmm ... Wierd ... In a giant fish tank pretending to be a merman." He gave Max a sheepish grin. "I was young."

"Yeah? Sounds kinda floaty." The wide chest under him rumbled and shook, Max just laughing at him.

"It was stinky and a little uncomfortable. You have any idea how much rubber's in a merman suit?"

Not to mention the sweating and chafing.

"I can imagine. I've spent my share of time in a wetsuit. Never wanted to fuck in one, though." They shared more tidbits, just lazy and good, Max kissing him, stroking him, letting it build slow between them.

"What's the most orgasms you've had in twenty-four hours?" He hadn't been so happy in years.

The answer was immediate, laughter in that voice. "Yesterday. What was it? Five? I swear to goodness, sugar, you dehydrated me. Wore me out."

He reached down, cupped those heavy balls. "I kissed them and made them better, didn't I?"

"Oh." Thick thighs fell apart, Max opening for him, giving him access. "You did. Never felt anything so good."

"You taste fine, smell so good." He kept touching, stroking, just humming with pleasure. "Your turn, cowboy."

"Hmnnnn? Oh. Right." Max's cock rose against his wrist, hard, thin skin flushing dark. "Uh. How does it feel to get pierced?"

"Stings. The tongue? Not sexy. The nipples? A lover did those and I came."

"Oh. I bet. Those clamps ... What about the other one?" Max sorta hoisted him, pressing down between his legs from behind, rubbing his guiche.

"I ... Asim had it done the first time. It was intense, you know? I guess I was more than a little high—I was real young and didn't know what was coming out of those censors." He smiled, shook his head. "It was taken out in the hospital and I had it redone years later. Sober. For me, you know? To be something to make me feel good."

"I like it. Can you tell?" Oh, yeah, he could tell. Max played with the thing like no one else ever had, just so not afraid to drive him crazy with it.

He chuckled, nodded. "Yes. I have a serious thing for how you like it."

Morgan reached down, worked Max's fly open, fingers carding through dark curls. "How long have you shaved your head?"

"Maybe five, six years? It just got so damned bald." Arching up, Max gave him room to work, fingers pulling at his own clothes at the same time.

"It's sexy. I want to shave it sometime." He'd gotten to watch once or twice. Hot. Very hot.

A deep rumble sounded, Max nodding. "Yeah. That'd be. Yeah." They finally got all the way naked and Max turned them on their sides so they could both touch.

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"Oh..." They fit together so well, legs sliding together, bellies snuggled. He took one kiss after another, feeling almost as drunk as the night with the wine.

"Yeah. Hell, yeah." So big and rough skinned, but Max's hands were so gentle, so good on his ass, his thighs.

"You have amazing hands." He shivered, nipples tightening as his rings rubbed against Max's skin. "I want to just touch and taste and feel forever."

"Okay." Max bent, licked his throat, bit down a little. "I'm all for it, sugar."

"Okay, cowboy. We've got a plan."

And enough sexy fruit, magic ink and rice to last at least that long.

Chapter Five

They camped. Max was thrilled at how Morgan just took to everything. Oh, the man had some peculiar ideas about what camping was supposed to be like, dragging along little monkey statues and silk pillows and such, but Morgan was so damned enthusiastic about everything that Max just laughed at some of the more outlandish stuff.

It couldn't have been better for Max. They hiked. They rockhounded. They made love beside a mountain stream and trekked through jungle. They hit a lot more than Peru, but that was where they were ending up and Max had a surprise for Morgan when they finished the four-hour train ride and the twisty bus ride and got to Machu Picchu.

At one of their stops for provisions, Max had hooked up and got ahold of the Sanctuary Lodge up at the summit to book them a room. After weeks of camping out? They were gonna have a bed and a shower and a gourmet meal.

He couldn't wait.

They got on the bus that would take them to the top and Max grinned, sitting way closer to Morgan than he should.

"You're gonna love this view, sugar."

Morgan laughed, the pale skin tanned, contacts left behind days ago. Morgan looked happy, healthy. Edible. "I've loved everything we've done so far, cowboy."

"Good. Because I've been having the time of my life." He had. Just, damn. He slid one hand over on Max's thigh, squeezing a little as the bus lurched into motion.

Those dark eyes laughed and shit, he hadn't ever had such a ball. Everything enthused Morgan, everything was an adventure, a game, something exciting. "Are there going to be llamas?"

"There will. We'll take pictures." Oh, that'd be funny as anything, Morgan and llamas.

"Cool. We should get serapes and you need a black hat." Morgan nodded, as if that was that.

Hell, who knew? Maybe for Morgan it was. He wanted to kiss Morgan. Bad. "Figure it will be gettin' on late when we get there. We'll camp tonight and tour tomorrow."

"Oooh ... more sleeping bag adventures! Do I get to try to make you scream?" Wicked, rotten bastard.

"You can try." No fucking way. Not even if the hotel was empty.

"I do pretty good." Morgan stuck out that pierced tongue, wagged it.

"Sugar, you do it better than anyone ever has." That was the God's honest truth. Morgan did things to him that no one else had even thought of. He loved it.

Oh, ho. That got him a blush, a grin, a look in those eyes that promised a world of gratitude.

He squeezed Morgan's thigh again, then distracted both of them with the view that was opening up right outside of the window. "Check it out, sugar. We're really climbing."

"Oh, wow." Morgan leaned over him, eyes wide. "We're like airplane high."

"Fantastic, huh?" The view was like nowhere else. He copped a feel while Morgan was stretched over him.

"Uh-huh." Morgan wiggled, little ass a huge temptation.
"There's *clouds*, Max! Below us!"

God, he adored that. He just did. The ass, too, but mainly the sheer lust for life, for new experiences. The ass overcame his good sense, though, and he patted it. "Yeah. S'fucking cool."

"Yes!" He got a look, a smile, one of his hands squeezed tight. "Thank you. Thank you, cowboy."

"You are most welcome, sugar." He held Morgan's hand, grinning huge. God, wait until Morgan saw the ruins.

Morgan settled, watched avidly for the remaining fifteen minutes, oohing and aahing over every little thing.

The bus pulled right up at the top and they stepped out to a prefect evening view of the ruins. Damn, the hotel was literally steps away. Hot damn. "Grab your bags. We? Are camping in style tonight."

"Oh. Sweet." Morgan's eyes were dancing, voice awed.
"Shower sex."

"Oh yeah." He probably ought to blush at that, especially since that nice German lady was looking at them funny. But he? Wanted Morgan. Like soon.

They had one of the two suites, the view of the Sacred Mountain seeming to fill the window. Morgan immediately gathered damn near everything they owned and called for the laundry, stripping down to skin.

Max just laughed, stripping down, too, and leaving their clothes outside the door in the laundry bag. "Shower, Morgan. You owe me shower sex."

"Oooh. Yes. Yes, I do. Lots of it. And then you'll have to pay me back in desperate, mind-blowing orgasms." Morgan bounced toward the bathroom. "I do love our barter system, cowboy."

"You and me both." Laughing was becoming a habit. He liked it. The shower was going when he got there and Max stepped right in and reached for skin.

Morgan hummed, pressed against him, lips pressing against his throat, Morgan breathing him in.

Damn. He soaked Morgan in, too, the scent of them strong, heavy and male.

"Gonna suck you off, cowboy. Then we'll scrub." Morgan slithered down his body, tongue sliding over his skin.

"Oh. God." Max looked down, stroked his hands over Morgan's wet hair. "Yeah. Please."

"Yeah." Morgan's face buried into his pubes, hands sliding down his legs. "Oh, Max. Good."

Hell yes, it was good. Went beyond good. Morgan was slick with water, skin hot and smooth under it, and that cheek and mouth against Max's cock made him jerk, moan.

Morgan's tongue stud pressed along his shaft, then nudged the slit of his prick, making him jerk.

"Morgan. Oh." Fuck, that piercing. All of them. Made him crazy. He spread, planted his feet on the slick tile. "Yeah, right there."

Hot fingers wrapped around his prick, holding him steady, fucking his cock with the smooth stud.

He groaned and jerked and tried to thrust, but all he could do was stand there and take it. Just like that. God.

Morgan found a rhythm—fingers and tongue working him, not teasing, not playing, just pushing him.

The shower sounded unbelievably loud, but that was good because it drowned out his breathless noises. The altitude was making him light-headed, making everything seem more, bigger. Better. Morgan was just blowing him away.

Morgan reached up with one hand, wicked fingers sliding over a single dark mark before finding one of his nipples and tugging.

"Fuck!" God, he was so hot, so fast off the mark that he jerked, hips pumping, and just came. Right then and there, all over Morgan's lips.

He loved the happy, hungry little sounds Morgan made, the way that tongue licked him clean. The press of Morgan's body against his as Morgan stood and begged a kiss.

He took that kiss, and another and another. Damn. Yeah. He reached down, palmed Morgan's cock, rubbing. His knees were just weak.

"Oh." Morgan's eyes rolled, head falling back. "Uh-huh. Need."

"So hot, sugar. So good." Pulling Morgan closer he bit down on the skin over Morgan's collarbone, pulled at that sweet cock, urging Morgan on.

"G ... good..." Morgan's hands landed on his shoulders, hips rocking furiously, cock hot and heavy on his palm.

Oh, it could be even better. Max pushed Morgan up against the shower wall, bending to lick and bite at one tiny nipple ring, still stroking and pulling.

The rush of words started, pleases and yeses and his name over and over, each time more needy than the last. Morgan arched into him, coming hard, ass slapping back against the tile, cry echoing.

The most amazing thing he'd ever seen was Morgan in his pleasure. Max watched, catching them both as they started to slide.

"Mmm ... Fucking love you and me in the shower, cowboy." Those dark eyes were dazed, warm. "And in the sleeping bags. And the jungle. And the woods."

"And occasionally in the bed." They danced a little, shuffling upright and soaping each other, rinsing off just as the water went cold.

"Oh, face it, cowboy. I just love you." Morgan leaned down, turned the water off.

That stopped him dead for a minute, made his heart pound. Then he grinned, felt it just stretch his cheeks it was so wide and goofy and he yanked Morgan up to kiss the man silly.

Morgan's fingers splayed over his scalp, lips opening right up.

Oh. So good. When they came up for air he just kept right on smiling. "Yeah. Yeah, Morgan."

Morgan's fingers traced his smile, then cupped his jaw. "Cool."

"Wanna see if the bed is as good as it looks?"

"You know I do. There's lots of it to explore."

"And I can explore you all over again." Mmm yeah. He wanted to touch all over.

"Mmm..." Morgan stepped away, ass wiggling as he moved. "All yours."

"You know it. I figure on keeping you." He followed that ass, already recovering from their shower and starting to need.

Morgan crawled onto the mattress, hands and knees, little ring catching the light. "Oh, good. Come get me."

Like he was going to say no to that? Damn. He hopped on the bed, reaching right out for that sweet ass, for the skin just beneath.

Morgan pushed right back into his touch, thighs spreading, just like that, so fucking wanton.

"God, sugar. You just make me ... yeah." Max wanted to say all sorts of things. Instead he pulled at Morgan's ring, bent to bite one ass cheek. Hard.

Morgan arched, fingers scrabbling on the sheets. "Oh. Oh, fuck. Cowboy."

"You like that, Morgan? I do." He did. He liked to see Morgan arching and moaning and begging him. The bruise that came up on Morgan's ass shocked him, excited him.

"Feel you, Max. More. Make me feel you." So husky, so low, that voice settled deep in his balls.

Max shivered, rubbed his cheek against the bruise he'd left, pulling at that little guiche. He moved then, spreading Morgan with his thumbs, licking that little hole with his tongue, unable to resist one more minute.

Morgan took a deep breath, ass cheeks going tight for a second before pushing back against him.

Open, hot, the taste dark and earthy, and Max went to town, licking, fucking Morgan with his tongue.

Morgan reached back, hand pumping that hard cock, low groans filling the air.

He helped, pressing against Morgan's balls, moving faster, harder, really giving it to him. Damn, Morgan got to him so good.

"Fuck. Fuck. Max. Cowboy." Morgan's body went tight, toes curling as Morgan bucked.

Oh. Oh yeah. Max took it all in, the sight and scent and sound.

Morgan's cry filled the air, the musk of come strong and sharp.

Max wanted. Bad. He rolled up, spit into his palm and got his prick wet, lining up with Morgan's hole. "You ready, sugar?"

"Yeah. Yeah. Fuck me."

Morgan pressed back, taking him in.

So fucking hot. Max groaned, feeling like he'd run a mile in ninety-degree heat. With a hundred percent humidity. He was panting, taking Morgan in short, sharp thrusts.

"Oh. Oh. Cowboy." Morgan grunted, riding him. "Going ... going to keep me hard."

"That's the idea, Morgan." Hoo yeah, that was the idea. He steadied himself, reaching for Morgan's cock, wanting to feel. They rocked together, Morgan like a furnace.

Morgan moved between his hand and cock, still hard, still hot for him.

All he could do was moan, pant, curse a little at how good it was. Always so good. About as far away from a midget clown as anyone could expect. The thought made him bite into Morgan's shoulder to stifle a laugh and they both jerked as Morgan tightened down.

"Fuck! Do it again." Morgan tilted his head, panting.

"Mmm yeah." Hell yeah. He found another sweet spot, just above Morgan's nape, and bit. Fuck, yeah.

Oh. Oh, he got another cry, that sweet body gripping him like a fist.

Max lost it, the rhythm just gone as he pounded Morgan, grunting, pushing. He straightened up, needing the leverage, hands on Morgan's hips, holding Morgan in place for his thrusts.

Morgan just kept moaning, took everything and then more.

Two, maybe three more thrusts and Max was shooting hard, his ears ringing, from his own shout and from lack of air.

They ended up laying side-by-side, his cock sliding from Morgan's ass, both of them panting, their fingers twined together.

"Oh. Morgan." The man just blew him away. No doubt about it. "I love you, you know?"

Their hands were brought up to those soft lips. "I know. Fate, yeah? Just brought us together."

"Yeah. I'm glad you hid behind me." He grinned, feeling all goofy and lightheaded, like he'd been kicked by a mule, but so much better.

Morgan chuckled. "Yes. Meeting you? Way more fun than getting my butt kicked. Way better."

"No doubt." He cuddled in, pulling Morgan close. "You just get it bit with me."

Morgan's laughter settled deep inside him. "Yeah. Now you've marked me. I must be yours."

"Mine." The thought scared him as much as it thrilled him, but he'd roll with it. Because hell or high water, he was Morgan's, too. Lock, stock and barrel.

* * * *

Morgan was lounging in the huge-ass tub, up to his neck in bubbles, champagne close by.

Fuck, he loved room service.

Max was still sleeping, looking fine and tanned and studly and Morgan hadn't had the heart to wake him. So, on the phone and soon there was champagne and strawberries and bread and soft cheese.

And soon enough there was Max, wandering over, stretching tall, all those muscles rippling. "Hey, sugar. Want me to wash your back?"

"Mmm ... yes. Please." He looked up, one finger trailing up Max's thigh. "I ordered a snack."

"Yeah? I could use one." Dropping down beside the tub, Max leaned in for a kiss, lips and tongue exploring his.

He wrapped one hand around Max's neck, lips parting.

"Mmm." The soft sound was fed right into his lips like champagne and berries, sweet and tart and tasty.

Groaning nice and low, Morgan closed his eyes, rubbing Max's tongue with his own, ass sliding in the tub.

The kiss got deeper and deeper until he slid almost beneath the bubbles. Then Max backed off, laughing and finding a sponge. "Lean up."

"Lean..." He moved, eyes fastened on Max's lips, that smile.

A soft chuckle sounded, and Max started scrubbing his back, slow and sensual, strokes long and easy.

"Oh. Feels good..." He leaned even further, gave Max more room to touch.

"Yeah? I like your skin." Still scrubbing gently, Max moved the sponge down to the top of his ass, pushing lightly.

"Mmm..." He reached out, dipped a strawberry in the champagne and held it to Max's lips.

"Oh." The sound was pleased, deep. Max bit at the fruit carefully, teeth just brushing his fingers.

God, he could get hard just watching Max eat. "Good?"

"Fuck yes. C'mere." Max cradled his skull with his not soapy hand, turning him for a kiss so he could taste.

Oh. Sweet. Tart. Bubbly. Fine. Damn. He reached over and wrapped his wet hands around Max's waist.

He got a sweet, hot kiss, Max dropping the sponge in the tub and pressing that other hand against his lower back.

Max's ass was smooth, hot in his hands and he tugged them together, hoping to pull Max in.

"Oh, sugar, you taste so good." Water sloshed against the side of the tub as Max half slid in with him, pressing against him.

He got Max all the way in, settling against that warm strength. "Better. I like being wet with you."

This was not as fun as the waterfall sex, but warmer, cozier.

"I like it, too. Shower. Waterfall. We'll have to try a lake someday. Oooh. Or maybe a boat. I like boats." Morgan liked the way Max babbled sometimes. He learned more neat shit that way.

"What kinds of boats?" He started licking, nuzzling, Max's stubble tickling his lips.

"Oh, anything big enough to be seaworthy. I like a nice bass boat, too. But deep sea fishing is much more my thing." Max petted him, nuzzled him, reached for some cheese to feed them both.

"Like sharks?" He took a sip of champagne, fed it to Max.

"Some. All sorts of things. Mainly I just like being out." They fed each other, kissed, licked. Max kept making these happy noises.

"I'm finding myself fond of it." He started playing with Max's nipples, stroking, plucking.

"Oh. Sugar. That's good." The water sloshed again as Max wiggled and moaned a little.

"We should get them pierced. You'd be crazed."

Max went still and Morgan wondered if the man was even breathing. But then Max spoke, so he decided yes. "I ... sugar. I don't know. Would you like it?"

Morgan reached up, stroked Max's face. "Only if you did. The cool part would be you wanting." He took a kiss. "And you'll need to decide if they would suck for working." He

kissed his way over to Max's ear. "There's nothing wrong with just fantasizing about it, just getting off on the thought, cowboy."

"Mmm. Yeah. C'mere." They turned, slid, Max finally righting them and taking a scorching kiss.

He pushed close, just rubbing, hard as a rock. Yeah. Yeah, cowboy.

Max was just as eager, pushing down against him, cock hard against his thigh and hip. "Oh, Morgan. Damn."

"Uh-huh. What are you thinking?"

"I. I'm thinking about what you ... about you watching me." Oh, the color in Max's cheeks? Delicious.

He purred, pressed closer, fingers dropping to wrap around Max's cock. "Watching you what, cowboy? Talk to me."

"Morgan..." Max could babble about all sorts of things, but in this he looked like he was just gonna explode. "I was thinking about the piercing. You watching."

"Oh, I'd fucking lose it. Watching the ring go in. Knowing how hot the skin would be..." He could so help that little fantasy out, send Max higher.

Arching into his touch, Max moaned long and low, and that sweet cock jerked in his hand. "Yeah. Oh, just, your eyes. Yours. Love your eyes."

Oh, fuck. He would have fallen in love just for that and there were a zillion things more. He leaned back, tugging a little harder, meeting Max's eyes. "So fucking hot, cowboy."

"You. You're the hot one ... Oh. Yeah." Max was just going crazy for him, wiggling, moaning, skin heated.

He leaned in for a kiss, eyes fastened to Max's. "Don't close your eyes. Need to see."

Max's eyes went wide, and he got a noise, sort of a yes, Max opening for him, letting the kiss get deep and hard.

Morgan watched, tongue pushing deep, fucking those hot lips.

That mouth. God. He almost chuckled as Max sucked his tongue, searching for the stud and licking. Even in his mouth Max couldn't leave it alone.

His thumbs slid over the tip of Max's cock, pressing in, rubbing.

"Mmm." Max pushed so hard that they slid again, so fast that he banged his head against the side of the tub.

The kiss broke apart, soft laughter and gasps filling the air. "Dangerous."

"Yeah. I should ... here." Max moved them again, those muscled arms just bulging and Max sat him up nice and firm against the back of the tub and crawled on him, straddling him. "Like this."

"Oh. Oh, yeah..." He grinned, nodded, hands sliding over Max's skin. "Acres and acres of skin and it's all mine."

"All yours, sugar." Max reached back, touched his cock. "And this is all mine."

"Mmm ... yours..." He tried to push into the touch, couldn't.

He got a smile, all dark and kinda dangerous and wanting. It was a good look on Max. "You touch, sugar. I'll handle this part." His cock got a good squeeze before Max knelt up a little and reached for some of the fancy lotion by the tub.

He groaned, lips parted, fingers sliding up to tease those dark nipples.

Gasping, arching, Max looked down at him, eyes fluttering but staying open. He got to watch as Max reached back with slick fingers, pushed those fingers inside Max's body.

"Sexy..." he groaned, one hand wrapping around Max's cock. Sexy and his and here.

"Oh. Yeah." Max didn't wait long, just got them both ready and slid down on him, opening right up and taking him in.

His eyes rolled, a low sound torn from him at the tight heat.

One hand braced on the rim of the tub, Max reached down with the other to cover his hand on Max's hard prick, pushing them. Max rose and fell, settling him so deep.

So strong. Max just ... Wow. Blew his mind.

He bit his bottom lip, fingers squeezing, thighs going tight.

"Morgan. Love. Damn, I ... please." Hard lines were etched in Max's face, every muscle in that body strained and pulled.

"Uh-huh. Show me. I have you. Show me." He pulled harder, faster, all but demanding Max's orgasm.

"Fuck!" God, the way Max clamped down on him, so tight. Hot come spilled over their joined hands, Max jerking and shaking on top of him.

His toes curled, rocking, ass sliding as he pushed himself over the edge. Pushed himself into Max.

Max watched him the whole time, one hand coming up to cup his chin, eyes on his.

It set a fire deep inside him, something undeniable, something ... Max.

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"Love..."

"Mmm. Yeah. Love." Max kissed him, slow and thorough, claiming him.

Yeah.

Love.

Morgan slid his fingers over Max's scalp.

His love.

Chapter Six

Macchu Pichu had been fucking amazing. Max had seen it before, but he'd never been so awed by it as he was seeing it through Morgan's eyes. They'd gotten up in the morning and gone right out into a cloud, walking to the ruins and spending the day wandering, soaking up the history and the vibes and yeah, making love. Morgan rocked his world.

It was probably three days later when they surfaced on the train somewhere outside of Rio, both of them snapping awake just before they pulled into the station. They'd laughed about that, because they'd curled together like puppies on a porch, and Morgan told him he was "cute" when he said shit like that.

Cute.

Lord, lord.

Morgan's house was looking mighty fine by the time they got their bags, and Max was looking forward to more wet fun in the bathroom and not wet but slippery fun in bed before he broached the idea of touring through Morocco, maybe Algiers, then on to Seville.

They headed up to St. Therese, Morgan laughing and close, dark eyes dancing. The streets were full of partiers, tourists, people hawking things. They ended up with a bag of almonds and some grapes by the time they got to the house, Morgan laughing, reaching out the car window to buy the snacks.

Max grinned over. "Hedonist."

"Who? Me? No..." Morgan grinned, snuggled close. "We have massage oil at the house..."

"Oh." Oh, he could go for that, them oiling up and feeling each other all ... Max frowned as he pulled up to the house. Something was off. Maybe the housekeeper was there, because the curtains at the side window were open, and he kinda thought they hadn't left them that way.

Morgan looked at him and went still, looked around a little. "Everything okay? You see something?" Morgan asked.

"Well." Who knew? Maybe Morgan would know if ... what was her name? Maria? "Would the maid come while we were gone?"

"No. No, I told her I'd call." Morgan frowned, looked around. "We could go to a hotel..."

"Why? Let me just go on in and have a look see." He threw the car into park. "I'm sure it's just me, but in Brazil I'm always careful."

"I'll come with you." Morgan grabbed the almonds, the grapes.

"Okay, but hang back, all right?" Not that he thought Morgan was less than useful, but he wanted Morgan to be safe. And out of the way if something happened. He got out of the car and padded to the door, taking the key from Morgan and opening it carefully, standing back a full minute before going in.

Morgan followed behind, too close for his comfort. He heard Morgan sniff, then a hand took his wrist, tugging him close. "Frank's been here. I can smell his cigar."

"Frank?" That rang a bell, but Max was Hell with names. "Who's Frank?" He put an arm around Morgan, feeling the stiffness in his body.

"My father's head of security. The one who's in charge of keeping me out of trouble."

"Oh." Well. Damn. He didn't know what to make of that. Morgan didn't talk much about his daddy, but the man had put him in the hospital once. And Morgan sure had run from them in England. "You want to wait in the car?"

"No. They'll just watch, listen. They know I know they're here." Morgan looked around, then overturned a lampshade, pulling a tiny camera from inside. "Hello, Frank. I'm fine, thanks. Tell Father I said hello."

That made his teeth itch. Max didn't like having an audience that wasn't Morgan. "Come on, sugar. Let's go get the groceries out of the car."

Morgan nodded, stopping to pop in his contacts, hide those pretty eyes. "Almonds and grapes."

"Yes." He figured the tiny camera couldn't show that Morgan had left them on the table by the door. He wanted back in the street, where maybe they could talk. Bugs and cameras? The whole idea was creeping him out.

Morgan followed him out, walking down to the car, head down. "If you want to just go, I understand. I won't be mad. I'll find you again."

Oh, that made him fighting mad, seeing his bright, laughing man turned sober, scared, face down and those fucking amazing eyes covered up. He reached out, tilting

Morgan's chin up. "Sugar, I'm not going anywhere without you."

Fake, false blue eyes searched his, then he got a smile. "Yeah?"

"Yeah. That's why I hauled your ass out here. Let's go. We'll get our shit, hit the road." Hell, yes. He'd do a lot for that smile.

"Okay. Yeah. I can so do that." That smile spread, fingers stroking his belly.

"Good. We'll talk about it when I'm sure your daddy can't hear us." Something loosened in his chest, even if those eyes made his fingers flex, wanting to reach up and ... well, taking someone else's contacts out was about as easy as finding the proverbial needle in the haystack. But still.

"Okay. Should we go pack, get our almonds?"

"Yeah. We should." Looking around casually, Max waited a beat to see if anything moved, then bent and gave Morgan a quick kiss. "C'mon."

"Right behind you. Beside you. With you. Whatever." Morgan laughed, nodded. "You being the important word in the sentence."

His cheeks heated. Damn. "Same here, sugar. I could leave it all and not worry."

Well, except those grapes? Looked damned good.

"We'd need periodic lube and bubble bath." Morgan winked.

"Hell yes. I was thinking ... well, where we're going. We might look into jewelry or ink." It was hard, as he walked into the house, to keep from saying stuff he wanted to say.

"Yeah? That would work. I like to ... look." Morgan almost bounced. Almost.

"I never would have guessed." He laughed, heading to the bathroom to do his business and get his extra shaving kit.

Morgan worked fast, clothes and toys and books in bags and suitcases, grapes washed and put in a bowl.

Max wandered over and tried a grape. Oh. Yum.

Morgan smiled over, hip bumping his. "We could take them with us. I like that bowl."

"Yeah. We should. Let's." Oh. They could take a boat. He'd bet Morgan's daddy would never expect that. Something nice. He bumped hips back.

"We'll have to come back during carnavale. Dress up." Morgan grinned, winked.

"Or we could carnival in Venice. Colder, but man, they do it up right." Max smiled, remembering a young, velvet-eyed, Italian man that had made his day.

"Mmm ... and the Italian boys are so pretty..."

"Yeah. They have a way..." Lord. He was blushing. Max grinned over. "Well. You know what I mean."

Morgan grinned. "I do. Of course, I'm going to have to know all about how you know now..."

"Yeah." They'd have time on the boat. Lots of time. With a bed. And he could ... talk. Man, it was hard to talk about stuff like that sometimes, but Morgan liked it so much, and it made him hot.

"Are you ready? Can we?" Morgan motioned toward the door. "They'll come, want to tell you to leave."

"Yes. Let's get the Hell out of Dodge." He had all he needed. Max grabbed the grapes. Those? They would feed to each other.

Morgan squeezed his hand, nodded. "Yeah. Time to fly."

"Let's go." No way was he leaving Morgan. No way. They'd go together or not at all. And Max had a feeling he could stay one step ahead of daddy.

At least for a while.

* * * *

Okay. So. Boats?

Moved.

A lot.

Like a lot a lot and his stomach?

Seriously, deeply, painfully unhappy.

As in moving out and leaving him behind permanently unhappy.

Of course, at this point? He could agree to that.

"Hey, sugar. I found that motion sickness stuff." Max looked so guilty, coming in where he was stretched out on the bunk, sitting next to him and putting a hand on his forehead.

"Hey." He nuzzled into the touch, finding a smile. "It's better than it was. I'm getting my ... still slightly pukey sealegs."

"Yeah. It does get better, sugar. I'm sorry, I never thought." He got one of those gorgeous smiles Max was so good at, and a light kiss on the cheek.

"Mmm..." Okay, so that smile? Was worth it. Completely worth it. "Come tell me about where we are?"

"In the ocean?" Max slid into bed next to him, curling one arm around him. "I'm not sure exactly. I was looking for wonder pills."

He chuckled, taking said wonder pills before cuddling in. "Really? Like if we look outside there's no ground?"

Weird.

Cool, but weird.

"Yeah. Like that. You should look. When you're feeling better."

"Yeah." It was overwhelming, to think about that, to think that there could be whales underneath them.

Sharks.

Atlantis.

Just **under** them.

"You gonna be okay, sugar?" Oh, that felt good, the way Max was rubbing his back, then his tummy.

"I am." He hummed, almost purred, moving into those touches. "I can't wait to be all done with the sick thing so you can show me everything."

"Oh yeah. I want you to see all sorts of shit. But this is nice, too." His Max. Always so cool about shit.

"This is good." He closed his eyes, breathed Max in deep. "Tell me a story, cowboy."

"What kind of a story?" Warm and rough, Max's hands smoothed down his back, lips pressing against his temple.

"Mmm ... Tell me about the happiest day of your life, about the most amazing thing you've ever seen."

"Hmm. The happiest day of my life? That's hard to say, sugar. Used to I'd say when I hit my first gusher. These days? I have a lot of them."

Oh. Oh, cool. He felt warm all through, relaxed. Home. "How old were you, when you struck oil?"

"Maybe twenty-one. I was so fucking excited. It wasn't much of a deposit though. The big one came maybe five years ago. Set me up for life." Mmm. Max's voice was low, rumbling. Mesmerizing.

"Cool. When I was twenty-one, I was living in Los Angeles, playing as an actor." His lips brushed along the soft cloth of Max's shirt.

"Yeah? Did you like it?" Cheek rubbing the top of his head, Max hummed, soothing him. It was sweet.

"Los Angeles? It was okay. Lots of drugs. Lots of speed. Things are really fake there." Not like this. Not like Max.

"Sounds excruciating." Chuckling, Max shifted them gently, pulling him up on Max's chest so he barely felt the motion of the boat. "I was still in Oklahoma. I started traveling not long after that. People started asking for me a few years later."

"Are we ever going to go see your house? Your dogs?" Morgan would like that, to explore, to search through Max's home.

"Yeah. Yeah, we will. After this trip. It'd be good to go home. You'll like the house. Kinda in the middle of nowhere though." Max sounded wry.

"Hey! I have proven I can survive the middle of nowhereness! I managed without a cappuccino machine and

everything!" He winked, grinned, finally feeling good enough to tease.

"This is true. If you can survive camping in the jungle you can do anything. Love for you to see my place." He got a squeeze, a pinch.

He chuckled. "I bet there's a porch and a big barbeque deal in the backyard."

Oh, he must be better if he could say barbeque and not hurl.

"Yeah. A big one. We can have all sorts of fun."

He nodded. "We have been having fun." He met Max's eyes. "Thank you for not leaving me in Rio. I know that it can fuck with people, having Frank and his guys always searching."

"Made me more mad than anything. You seem pretty damned capable to me, sugar." Those dark eyes were dead serious.

"I am, if they don't have me stoned and strapped to a bed. I do just fine." Of course, he'd never really had to do without his bank account, his trust fund, but there wasn't any reason to think about that too much.

"Yeah." Leaning up, Max kissed him, lips soft. "Hell, I can even see your daddy wanting to keep tabs. A man like that must think of things like kidnappings and shit. I just think he does it wrong."

"Yeah." Eventually his father would find Max, talk or threaten or write a really amazing check or whatever, and this would be over. Until then, though? Morgan was hanging on.

And Max was hanging on to him, petting, loving on him, making all the sick go away. Well, that and the drugs.

He started working Max's shirt off, needing the flavor of Max's skin. "You make me happy, cowboy."

"Good. I could make that my goal in life, sugar."

He hummed, lips fastening around one nipple, pulling in long, slow motions.

Max moaned, just like he knew Max would, those little bits of flesh so sensitive, so responsive. Those big hands started touching to excite rather than soothe, sliding down his back to cup his ass, squeezing a little.

He wiggled, pressing close now, rubbing against Max, pushing back against those hands.

"Mmm. Morgan. Feels good." The rocking they did sure didn't feel like the boat. Max's hips rose and fell, lifting him right up.

"Oh." He groaned, tongue sliding over Max's nipple, teeth threatening.

He got a gasp, a full body shiver. "Sugar, that ... damn. That makes me crazy." Max squeezed harder, fingers digging into the muscles of his backside.

"Sweet. Want you." He bit a little, thighs parting.

"Always, sugar. Always." Max lifted him a little, pushed, and suddenly his thighs dropped on either side of Max's, his cock pressing down hard.

"Yeah..." He moaned, stretching along Max's body. Oh. Oh. He'd been needing this.

Max knew. He always knew. How else could he get the pressure just right, get the spread just right, making his thigh

muscles scream? Max licked along the side of his neck, beard stubble rough on his cheek.

"Uhn..." His toes curled, eyes closing as electricity shot up his spine.

He got a low, wicked laugh. "You **must** be feeling better, sugar."

He leaned down and took a bite. "Feeling you."

"Mmm." Max shifted a little, moved just **right** and that thick cock was pushing against his. Pulling them up tight, Max rubbed, giving him friction, giving him hard moans.

Oh, yeah. Just that. Just there.

Morgan started moving, his motions meeting Max's, cock hard and needy, skin dragging against Max's.

He could taste the salt of the sea on Max's skin, could almost feel it wherever he touched. Max was smiling at him, warm, naughty, looking happy as anything.

"You ... mmm ... you like the ocean. You look ... young." He grinned, arched.

"Oh thanks, sugar. Because I'm so old all the rest of the time." Max was laughing at him now, popping his ass, biting his earlobe. Hard.

"Bitch!" He chuckled, meeting those happy eyes, fingers tweaking Max's nipples. "And I'm older."

"Oh." Max bucked under him, eyes hot. "Again, Morgan. Do that again." He could feel how much Max wanted it in the rough touch of Max's fingers, in the hardness of that sweet cock.

"Mmm ... You just wait 'til they have rings and I can tug." He loved teasing, driving Max crazy. He pulled again, twisting the little nubs just a little.

"Oh God." Max rocked, shifted, panting suddenly.

"Uh-huh. Take them in my teeth, pull." He moaned, tongue dragging over Max's skin.

"Yeah. Oh. Like yours." Max reached between them, pulling one of his rings.

"Mmm ... yeah. Yeah, cowboy." His body arched, hips rolling. "More."

"Like that." Max was just all over him, pinching, pulling, watching him. Seeing him.

"Just ... just like that. Fuck. Just..." Their eyes met, Morgan gasping.

"Love you, Morgan. You know that, right?" Oh. Oh, fuck, the way Max was rubbing against him, fingers twisting his nipples...

He nodded, words lost as he came, fingers tight on Max's skin.

Max practically shouted, watching, panting, finally shooting hard against his skin, hot and wet, and so, so right.

"Okay. Okay. So. I can learn to like boats."

"Yeah? They do say a little physical activity can take your mind off seasickness." He got that look again, that happy, laughing, fucking addictive look.

"Seasickness? What's that?" He took a hard kiss, rubbing them together. "We smell like us now."

"Smells good. That must be the trick. We just need to break in the bed first wherever we go."

"You have the best ideas." He nodded, fingers trailing over Max's scalp. "Time to shave you, cowboy."

"Yeah. Think you're steady enough?" One of Max's eyebrows went up, the challenge clear.

"I wouldn't hurt you." He grinned, pinched. "Be good or I won't let you trim me."

Heavens knew Max teased him about his carefully trimmed and manicured pubes often enough. Like a guy could wear a Speedo all ... bushy.

"I'll behave, I promise." Such a solemn look. Too bad it was belied completely by the twinkle in Max's eyes. "You're getting a little fuzzy yourself."

He stuck his tongue out, stud wagging, teasing.

"Oh, now. Better not be making promises if you're not gonna keep 'em." Max pinched him, making him jump.

He leaned and dragged the stud over Max's ear. "Keeping every single fucking one, cowboy."

"Thank God." Shivering, Max pulled him around for a kiss, hard and deep, finding his stud and teasing it.

He moaned, both of them rocking together in time with the boat, Max's body making it sex instead of ... whatever it was before Max got naked.

"Gonna get me going again, lover." Oh, yeah. Like that was a complaint.

"Promise? I'm sure we're low on our orgasm quota for the week."

"You think?" Max made a great show of counting on his hands. "Damn. You're right. You'd better get the lube."

He chuckled and reached. "The lube and the Viagra..."

"Sugar, I don't need Viagra with you around." Max's hands slid along his skin as he leaned, short nails dragging.

"Mmm..." He arched, toes curling. "Oh, do that again..."

Ask and you shall receive, yeah? Max did it again, a little harder, watching him again. Always watching.

His teeth sank into his bottom lip, humming low. He closed his eyes, settling back against Max's heat. "'S good..."

"Yeah. It sure is." Max settled him in place before taking the lube away from him. "Want inside you."

Had to love a man with a plan. "I'm all yours, cowboy."

"All mine." Cool, slick fingers slid into his crease, pressed him open. Two of them sank right inside him, opening him up just like that. God, Max knew him so well, knew what his body would take.

Max's thumb nudged the ring embedded behind his balls and he spread a little farther, offered a little more. Shit, he loved that dull, deep feeling, that tug.

Those fingers spread him, worked him, got him all ready for that thick cock that was just waiting for him.

"Come on, Max." He was moving now, riding Max's fingers. Going from wanting to needing. "Fuck me."

"Yeah. Okay, sugar. Yeah ... just. Get me ready." Max handed him the little tube, distracted him with those searching fingers, pegging that spot inside...

"Oh. Oh. Again. Please." He fumbled with the tube, lips open as he panted, body begging. Max made him. Yeah. Wow. Damn.

Max got him again, right there, looking up at him with such heat. That heavy cock rubbed at his balls, pushing, waiting.

The lube spread over his fingers, wet and cool, and he reached for Max's prick, pumping and slicking in time with the fingers inside him.

"Oh, hell, Morgan. Now." Max slid his fingers out, hands gripping Morgan's hips instead to push him up and pull him down. Uhn. That cock, thick and hot and so damned hard, opened him up, pressed in.

Yes. His head fell back, throat working, taking Max in deep.

"Max. I. More."

Max gave him more, pulling him down hard, seating that big cock deep in him, right where he needed it. Hips rolling, Max started moving them, fucking him just like he'd asked for.

He could feel everything—the heat of Max's skin, the brush of curls on his balls, the way the metal ring pressed and shifted with every downward stroke.

"Love. Yeah." Once he got moving in rhythm, Max let go of his hips, touching him, tracing his lips, his cheeks, pushing up into his hair.

He just nodded, nonsense words bubbling out of him that all meant yes and love and yours and so good.

They were probably doing more to rock the boat than the ocean. Max shoved up inside him, muscles straining, hands sliding down over his throat, his chest, grabbing the little rings in his nipples again.

Pure electricity shot through him, his ass clenching Max tight, muscles going taut. "Fuck, yes!"

"Oh. Morgan. Yeah ... just. Yeah." Max looked like he was in heaven, looked like there was nowhere he'd rather be.

He nodded, panting. So close. So. "Max. I. Oh..."

"Come on, sugar." Max was stroking him, pulling him, coaxing it all out of him.

He nodded, body shuddering, balls emptying just like that.

Those dark eyes widened, Max's body jerking under him, heat filling him deep inside as Max came, too, so hard the whole bunk shook.

"Mmm..." He leaned down, lips brushing Max's, watching his cowboy fly.

Max chuckled, tongue coming out to touch his lips. "I think we cured you."

He nodded. "My own personal cure-all."

"Good for what ails you."

Morgan laughed, nodded. "Yes, I think so."

Leaning in, he rubbed his nose against Max's. Yeah. He could learn to like the boat.

* * * *

Max finally got to lead Morgan above deck on the third day out. Which was a perfect day for it, as it was sunny and mild and the ocean looked amazing. Holding Morgan's hand, Max pulled him along until they could see the horizon, then just turned him and let him look.

"What do you think, sugar?"

Those dark eyes were huge. "Oh. Oh, wow. Max. It ... It just goes and goes and goes."

"Yeah." He kinda hoped that wasn't a bad thing. "I think it's beautiful. Maybe it's 'cause I grew up in Oklahoma, landlocked, you know?"

"It's ... It's ... Wow." Morgan looked up at him, the look stunned, awed. "Thank you."

Oh, that was good. Max grinned at Morgan, relieved as anything. "You're welcome, sugar. There's all sorts of shit we can do out here, but I thought we might just want to laze."

"I could sit and watch this with you forever." Morgan leaned back against him, relaxed and easy.

"Oh, good." Squeezing, he moved them over where they could sit together, sort of out of the way. He could sit with Morgan forever, too. Too damned good.

Morgan leaned back against his chest, fingers sliding on his thighs. "Have you always liked boats, cowboy?"

"No." Man, he remembered his first one. Leaky, tin can, tossing about in the north Atlantic, cold as a witch's tit in a brass brassiere. "The first one I was on scared the bejesus out of me."

"Yeah? Why did you stick with it?"

"I needed the money. I was headed out to a rig. You wouldn't believe how many oil rigs float." He petted Morgan's belly, loving how it quivered under his hand.

"You're braver than I am." Morgan looked up, smiled. "You must think I'm spoiled rotten."

"Nope. If you were a bitch, or a little whiner? Yeah, I would. But you're not, sugar. You're fun, and you love life ...

nothing wrong with that." Morgan was so far from spoiled that it was amazing. He was the most **unspoiled** person Max had ever met.

He got one of those pleased, little smiles, dark eyes just shining. "Oh. Cool. Are we going to see whales? Sharks?"

"I bet we'll see something cool." Lord knew, he'd never taken this crossing before, had no idea what they'd see. But he figured they'd see all sorts of shit. He distracted Morgan with a little bite on the back of his neck.

"Mmm ... Toothy cowboy." Morgan's ass rubbed against him, a moan sounding.

"Mmmhmm. The better to eat you with, yeah? I love the way you taste." Max looked around. No one was paying them any mind at all. He reached up, flicked Morgan's little nipple rings through his shirt.

Morgan arched, groaning low. "You wait. One day it'll be you."

He sucked in a breath. Just the threat of that made him ... well, hard, not to put too fine a point on it. His cock pushed right up against Morgan's ass. "I'm thinking on it, for sure."

"I'd go with you. Hold your hand." Morgan looked back, winked. "Watch."

Those eyes. Watching him. God. "Yeah. I ... I wouldn't do it without you watching."

Morgan's breath came a little faster. "Good. I don't want to miss a thing. Not a second."

"Yeah. Yeah, sugar." He was rocking a little, trying not to moan out loud. The things this man did to him.

"Oh. Oh, man. Love how hard I make you."

"You sure do it." He was just aching. One of his hands dropped to Morgan's lap, stroking.

Morgan responded by pushing against him, rocking against his prick, rubbing him.

Fuck. He rolled up against Morgan's ass, just feeling happy in his bones. And in his bone. He laughed at himself, nuzzling under Morgan's hair.

"Mmm ... my happy cowboy." The wind blew over them, cool and wet, a sharp contrast to the heat between them.

"Very." There was something about Morgan's daddy's men bearing down on them in Brazil that made him feel trouble was brewing, made every moment seem precious. Max pressed down against Morgan with the heel of his hand, massaging.

"Oh. Oh, that's. Yeah." Morgan nodded, hips making sharp, little motions now, into his hand, back against his cock.

They were just gonna ... yeah. Oh, damn. He reached, dipped his fingers into Morgan's waistband, searching for skin.

Morgan sucked in for him, gave him room. Those lips turned, brushed against his jaw. "Please. Fuck."

"Shh. Promise I'm not gonna stop." Not unless some other passenger came along and called them on it. Could you be arrested for indecency at sea? Max grinned, pushed all the way down in Morgan's pants, hand cupping and squeezing.

Morgan swallowed his moan, nodding and pushing right into his touch.

That skin was so hot, so good under his fingers. All he could do was nibble and lick Morgan's throat, pet that sweet cock, and rock, feeling.

Morgan's lips were parted and if someone walked up? No one would doubt what was going on, the passion and need painted on that face.

"C'mere, sugar." When Morgan turned his face up, Max took a kiss, tongue pushing at Morgan's lips, wanting in.

Morgan purred, opened and let him in deep, rocking hard now, so fast.

They went faster and faster, both of them tight, hard, needing it so bad. The kiss stole his breath, the feel of Morgan's ass grinding against him through their clothes made him pant.

Morgan started sucking on his tongue, pulling, heat splashing on his fingers as those eyes went wide.

Those beautiful eyes. Max grunted, bucked as he came hard, hips jerking with no rhythm at all.

"What a view." Morgan hummed, eyes searching his face.

"Yeah." He grinned, echoing Morgan's earlier words. "I could sit and look at it forever. With you."

"Okay. It's a deal." Morgan leaned, nodded.

"Good." He gave Morgan another kiss, sweet and slow. He'd have to make sure they could. Somehow.

* * * *

Morgan opened the balcony doors, the breeze coming in off the ocean luscious. There was a little wrought iron table,

two little chairs, a tiled flowerbox with bright red poppies that just bobbed.

The lights from the city, the smells of food and flowers and grass and people—it was all good. Rich.

"Are we ordering up or going out, cowboy?"

"Well, I thought we'd order up tonight. Get our land legs back. Then head out tomorrow for a tapas crawl." Max came up behind him, arms sliding around his waist. He was getting used to seeing things with Max's chin on his shoulder, those big hands crossed over his belly.

"Sounds good." He really wasn't sure his linen slacks were in going out mode and he needed to find where he'd packed his contacts. "You smell good."

"I smell like sea salt." Max licked his neck. "You taste like it. Morgan on the half shell."

He chuckled, ass wiggling into Max's heat. "Is that good or bad?"

"It's good. Fresh. Definitely an aphrodisiac." Max pressed, and he could tell for sure it was a good thing.

Morgan grinned, turned to rub them together, hand sliding down to land on Max's ass.

"Mmm." Max purred, the sound deep and husky. "Never seem to get tired of that, sugar."

He smiled. "If you start to, tell me and I'll do my best to switch tactics."

He got a kiss, a bright smile. "No chance." They swayed to the music of the city outside the window, the cars and people and the wind a perfect rhythm to dance to.

He just relaxed, went with it, let the heat inside them start to grow.

Max kissed his mouth, his cheeks, his ear, nuzzling under the fall of his hair. "Love the way you taste. Love it."

"Mmm ... don't stop, cowboy. Melting me down deep." He was buzzing with it, just like being drunk on fine wine.

"Yeah? You don't feel melty." Through their clothes Max's prick nudged his, bumped, teasing him. Just like Max teased him with a hint of teeth.

"You haven't gotten that to melt yet." He got Max's belt open, thumbs stroking alongside the hard cock.

A low growl sounded, Max all but lifting him and rushing them back to the big hotel bed. Flop. The air whooshed right out of him, Max coming down on top of him and kissing him hard.

He arched up, half chuckling, half gasping, rubbing hard against Max's muscles, lips open and hungry for the hard kiss.

Max rolled with him, tearing at his clothes, getting them both mostly naked. There was the whole socks thing, and Max's underwear was still hanging off one ankle. Then Max was on top of him again, biting at him, rubbing hard. Wow.

"Hungry!" He grabbed Max's ass, pulled them tight together. Max made his world spin.

"Yeah. You ... damn. You **taste** so good. Feel good." Max was all over him, licking, nipping, fingers finding his nipple rings and pulling, cock sliding against his balls.

"Uhn. Damn. More. More, Max." He leaned up, bit Max's earlobe, damn near shaking apart.

That damned growl came again, low and deep in Max's chest, rumbling against him. He felt it all the way down to his toes. Then Max was sliding, biting down his chest and belly before swallowing his cock right down.

"Sweet fuck!" He reached back for the headboard, heels digging into the mattress as his hips bucked.

"Mmmhmm." The tip of Max's tongue pushed into his slit, then those lips closed around him again, sliding right down. Max lifted his balls, rolled them, tugged at his guiche.

"Oh. Oh." The entire world shorted out, his hips driving his cock into that amazing fucking mouth. "Max!"

Max hummed, sucked, licked, one arm sliding under his hips to lift him so Max could just take him all.

He couldn't hold back—not with it so good, so immediate. He just shot, crying out as he convulsed.

Every drop was taken in, savored, Max licking him clean, cheek rubbing his thigh. "God, Morgan. Had to have that."

"H ... happy to help." He grinned, shivered, happier than he could remember being.

"Oh, good. Then you won't mind helping me with this." Max slid up, rubbed that thick cock against his thigh, smiling, cheeks flaming. The man could still blush like crazy, even when he was making the naughtiest eyes.

"Mind? Oh, cowboy ... I live for it." He took a long, deep kiss. "What do you want? My mouth? My hand? My ass?"

Max moaned. "Yes?"

"Oooh. A three-fer!" Morgan wrapped his fingers around that pretty prick, started rubbing, lips on Max's ear. "My

hands, then this stud." He rubbed the metal against Max's earlobe. "Fucking your cock. Then, my ass."

"Okay..." Sounding breathless, almost squeaky, Max rocked into his touch, little noises coming out that were sexy as fuck.

"Smell so good, cowboy. Make me want it, over and over." He kept licking, kept rubbing, kept dragging Max higher and higher.

"Oh. Oh, Morgan. Sugar. I need..." Squirming, humping, Max pulled back and looked right at him, right in the eye and shot hard, all over his hand.

Morgan moaned, brought his hand up to lick clean.

"Oh, fuck." His back hit the mattress again with a thump, Max leaning down and kissing him deep, tongue pushing deep.

Oh, yeah. He could live years and years on that hunger, on that need. They tasted like each other, like love, like sex.

"Love you." Cheek rubbing his, nose bumping, Max smiled down at him, looking happy as anything.

"Yeah? Good. It would so suck to be alone."

"It would. Not a worry, sugar."

Morgan nodded, took another kiss. "Not worried, cowboy. Not even a bit."

"Mmm." For that he got tongue and lots of it, the kiss going a little wild, a lot hot.

Shit, Max was going to get him up again, make him need again. Unreal. He wrapped one leg around Max's hip, rubbing them together.

He wasn't the only one. He could already feel Max, hot and growing hard, pressing against him. Max bent, bit his throat, tongue swirling around the bruise that popped up.

"Uhn..." He moaned, heel digging into Max's skin. "Shit. Cowboy. Yours."

"Mine." Another sucking kiss brought the blood to the skin on his chest, just above his left nipple, Max catching the ring there with his tongue, his teeth.

"Yes..." His hips rolled, lip caught between his teeth. "Fuck, Max. All yours. D ... don't stop."

His cock slid along Max's belly, skin just dragging.

"Not gonna. Not one bit." Sweat beaded and ran, making them slip and slide, hot as hell.

He pushed and rubbed, teeth grabbing where he could, lips dragging along Max's salty skin.

"Want in you this time, sugar. We can save the mouth for later."

He nodded, yanked Max's fingers up to his mouth to suck and wet.

Max groaned, body moving against his, cock wet against him.

He sucked, eyes closed, hips rocking in time. Damn. Yeah. Max. Love.

"Mmm. Good. Gotta get you ready now." Max popped those fingers out, slid them down, pushed between his legs, sliding against his hole. Soon enough two fingers were in him, stretching, opening him.

"Mmm ... Love feeling you in me, pushing deep." He met Max's eyes, leaned up to kiss.

Max gave it freely, lips moving on his, his movement pushing Max's fingers so deep. "Love the way you feel inside, sugar."

Morgan spread, knees drawing up, toes curling tight as he nodded. "More. Please."

"Anything you want." Max gave him more and more, spreading him wide. "You ready for me, sugar?"

"Yes. Yes, cowboy." He grinned up into those so-dark eyes. "Always."

"Good." Lifting him, spreading him, Max got him into position, pressed right into him, hot and wet and ready.

"Oh." His breath huffed out of him, eyes rolling. "Damn, cowboy, that's fine."

"More than fine, Morgan. More than." Face set, eyes hot, Max started moving, just letting him have it, hips slapping against him.

"Oh. Oh." He groaned, hands wrapping around Max's shoulders, groaning at the burn, the stretch.

"Love the way you feel inside, love the way you move." Oh. Oh. Max licked his throat, bit at it, fucking him with deep, long strokes.

"Max..." He arched, squeezed. "So good. Please. So good."

"Oh, fuck, lover!" Moving faster and faster, Max took him, hands tight on him, teeth hard against his skin. Those wide shoulders shone with sweat, skin glistening. Max's bald head glinted, too, the light from the balcony framing him, making it so damned sexy.

He watched, eyes wide, drinking every bit of it in. The smells, the sight, the heat. Damn.

They moved together, Max opening his eyes, looking down at him, everything just right there for him to see.

It was perfect. Just perfect.

He reached up, cupped Max's cheek, purring at the heat between them.

Max just purred back, moving faster and faster, finally rocking into him just right, hitting that spot that made him crazy. Max's eyes went wide as Morgan clamped down, and Max came hard inside him, shuddering, kissing him so good.

His orgasm pushed from him, wave after wave of pleasure pouring out of him.

"Oh, sugar. So pretty when you come." Max stroked his hair, kissed his nose, just grinning down at him.

"Pretty? Me?" He could handle pretty.

"Mmmhmm. So hot. Makes me want more all the time."

He pulled Max down into a long, slow kiss. "We have all the time in the world."

"We do. Tapas. Wine tasting. The Alhambra." That grin was just perfect, Max happy and relaxed.

"Mmm ... wine. I like wine from your mouth."

"Yeah." So pleased, those cheeks going pink. "I like that too, sugar. I like feeding you with my fingers, too."

Morgan leaned up, rubbing their cheeks together. "That makes me hard, makes me need."

"And I purely *love* that." Max's cheek was rough against his, those lips soft.

He chuckled, tongue teasing Max's earlobe. "Love you, cowboy."

Oil and Water
by BA Tortuga

"I love you too, sugar." Max bent, nibbled at his ear in return. "Count on it."

"I do."

And oddly enough? That was the truth.

Chapter Seven

Tapas with Morgan was probably the best idea he'd had in a long line of good ideas. Finger foods in a dark corner of a Seville restaurant, candlelight, strong, red wine ... damn. Yeah. Max watched Morgan lick those fingers and shifted in his seat, grateful his back was to the room.

"That? Is sexy as Hell, sugar."

Dove grey eyes stared over at him, Morgan grinning wide. "Flattery will get you sucked off in a taxi, cowboy."

"Promise?" He wondered if Max could smell him or something. With the amount of garlic in that one cheese thing? He didn't think so. Still, it sounded like a fine idea.

Morgan nodded happily. "I do. Pour me another glass?"

"Sure." He poured them both out some more, searching for Max's foot with his as their waiter dropped off this yummy looking calamari thing.

Morgan fed him, leaning over the table to offer him little bites. "Is it good?"

"Yeah. Spicy. Crunchy. Want some?" The dipping sauce was like fire. Max dipped and held out a tidbit, grinning. This was fun.

Morgan nibbled, lips making an "O" at the taste, eyes wide. "Fiery. More!"

Oh. He liked that look. It was almost the same as when Morgan urged him on during sex. Max nodded, dipping and lifting, watching Morgan's tongue flick out.

Morgan grinned, lapping the sauce and nibbling, driving him mad as those lips got near his fingers.

"You're just begging for it, sugar." That tongue piercing glinted, making him shiver.

"You're worth begging for, cowboy." He got a wink, those disguised eyes dancing up to flirt with the waiter, order more house wine.

That was the one thing that jarred him. Those eyes. He missed them. Lord, he was a sap when he looked forward to getting Morgan back to the hotel to get those contacts out before getting him there to get him naked. Barely.

"And you're worth the teasing."

Morgan's foot slid up along his calf, playful. "We need something sweet now, something with honey."

Tapas had to be the most perfect meal for Morgan anyone could imagine. Tiny servings of anything you could think of. Including dessert. Max ordered a soft goat cheese with honey and almonds and pears in wine. "Can't wait to see you lick that off your fingers."

"I can think of better things to lick it off of..."

"Well, I don't think they do it to go, Morgan." The man was out to drive him out of his mind.

"Then I'll just have to imagine..." Wicked, evil, little shit.

"When we get back to the hotel you mean?" He nudged Morgan's foot when it got a bit too far up his leg. He was never gonna be able to stand up.

"Cowboy, I'm imagining **now**." Morgan licked his lips, stud catching the light.

"Lord, Morgan. I'm so hard I hurt." Well, that was fine dessert conversation. Max buried his nose in his wineglass, cursing his red cheeks.

The look softened, fingers sliding against the back of his hand. "I don't want you to hurt, cowboy. I'm just enjoying you."

"I know, sugar. I'm enjoying you right back." He turned his hand, grasping Morgan's fingers in his, thumb rubbing. "So much. I think I could feed you tapas every night."

"Mmm..." Oh, that was a sweet, warm sound. "I could handle that. I like finger foods and you."

"Yeah. I like it too." He tried the cheese and honey, finally, moaning at the taste. God, there was a reason he loved Spain. "You have to try this."

Morgan leaned close, lips parted, wet. Hungry.

Scooping up piece of dried fruit, Max dipped into the cheese, making sure he got some honey and almond before gently popping it in Morgan's mouth.

The look on Morgan's face was pure bliss, the sound deep, low, happy.

Made his balls draw up. Max licked his fingers, tasting Morgan and honey. Oh. That would be a fine thing. Morgan's skin. Pure amber honey. He just looked at Morgan, just watched him lick his lips. God.

Morgan whimpered low. "I want to lick your fingers clean..."

Yeah. Max wanted that too. He picked up more fruit, cheese, honey. Then he held it to Morgan's lips.

Morgan took the bite, then licked and sucked at his fingers, eyes closing.

Max moaned low. "Oh, sugar. You're ... damn." He wanted. Fuck, he wanted to take Morgan to the bathroom and have at

it. Made him feel like a horny teenager with a bottle of Mad Dog.

"I want you." Morgan's teeth slid along his fingertips, nipping.

"Same here, sugar. I want you. We should maybe get moving, yeah?" Because otherwise the table would be doing some heavy double duty.

Morgan nodded. "Yeah. Yeah. I'm done waiting."

"Oh, good." He motioned for the waiter, because they wouldn't bring the bill voluntarily for an hour, and Lord knew he wanted to get moving.

They paid, Morgan pressing against his side, warm and hard and wanting.

They strolled down the narrow street, looking like casual tourists. Well, if a tourist sported a boner that was trying to just batter its way free. Max gave up and pulled Morgan right into a little dark alleyway, kissing him hard.

Morgan pushed up on tiptoe, rubbing furiously, tongue hot as a brand.

Fuck, yes. Max rubbed, hands squeezing Morgan's ass, lifting so they could get more friction. He loved the feel of Morgan against him. Loved it.

One of Morgan's legs wrapped around his hip, rocking hard, moaning into his lips, encouraging him.

As if he needed any encouraging. Morgan tasted like hot pepper and honey, sweet and spicy and so good he could kiss the man all day. Well, he could if his cock wasn't so hard. No way was he gonna make it to the hotel. Max sucked Morgan's tongue, licking at the stud.

One of Morgan's hands slipped down his belly, right into his jeans. "Want."

He sucked his breath in, pulling his belly muscles back to give more room. He nuzzled down, licked Morgan's chin, bit his neck.

"So hot. My cowboy." Morgan's fingers wrapped around his cock, pulling in slow, jerky motions.

"Oh God." Max thrust into Morgan's hand, hips snapping, hands probably leaving bruises, but he couldn't stop, couldn't let go. He could hear the sounds of the street right there, just on the other side of the alley, but he just didn't give a damn. All he could see and taste was Morgan.

"Yes. Hot. Come on, need it." Morgan groaned, nipped his ear.

Just like that, Max gave it up, coming in his pants, right into Morgan's hand, groaning loud.

Morgan moaned, took a deep, sharp kiss, little ass rocking in his hands.

Max lifted, hands pressing and squeezing, two fingers finally sliding back to press, even through all that cloth, right under Morgan's balls.

"Max!" Morgan bit his lips, going stiff, shaking.

"Yeah, sugar. Yeah." Why should he be the only one with wet jeans?

Morgan's kiss got lazy, sloppy, that slender body melted against him.

"Mmm. So much for back at the hotel." Max laughed, holding Morgan tight, letting them both recover.

"Mmm ... we'll still have the hotel."

"If we get there without getting arrested or something."
Lord, lord. Morgan made him reckless. Hot as a dog in Alabama in August.

"No arrests. Only fucking. Let's get a cab."

Now that was an idea he could get behind, one hundred percent.

* * * *

No one did tapas like Max.

No one.

They stumbled into the hotel room, just managing to get the door shut and locked before their lips were fused together in a wine and olive flavored kiss.

He fought to get Max's shirt off, tongue stud rubbing along Max's palette, teasing.

"Morgan." Max was fighting, too, to get them both naked, those big hands all over him. Max found his stud and teased right back, rubbing it back and forth with his tongue. As soon as his jeans dropped Max had his ass in those hands, squeezing and pulling.

"Uhn..." He reached out, fingers tugging on Max's nipples, teasing, pulling.

Max jerked, moaned. Oh those little nipples were as sensitive without rings as his were with. He really did wonder what they'd be like pierced. Max pushed, and they staggered back into the room, Max groping for the bed and holding him close. So they tripped over their jeans.

They started falling, both stumbling, shouting as they fell, him landing right on top of Max.

The breath whooshed right out of Max, he felt it hit his cheek, heard the oophf. Then Max was laughing, hands on his back, searching, testing his thighs and knees. "You're not hurt are you, sugar?"

"Nope. You broke my fall." He leaned down, in perfect position to suck one nipple, maybe nip it—just a little.

For good measure.

That got him a gasp, Max's fingers going from searching to finding sensitive spots and teasing them. "Oh. Damn."

"Uh-huh." He nipped again, rolling the tight nipple between his teeth.

"Oh, God. Morgan. Please." Max was just burning up, twisting under him, skin hot and damp. "So good."

Morgan moaned, hand reaching down to pump Max's cock, thumb sliding over the tip.

"Yeah." Max spread under him, gave him plenty of room to move. Wet, hot, so thick, Max's cock slid right into his hand like it was meant to be there. The nipple under his lips was hard, deep red, begging for it.

He whimpered, sucking hard enough to bruise, to make Max feel it tomorrow. His own cock was aching, the rings in his nipples rubbing along Max's skin.

Shifting, hips rolling, Max pulled him up for a kiss, lips mashing his back against his teeth, hard and urgent.

He straddled Max, hips rocking, crying out as the ring behind his balls dragged along Max's shaft.

Max hollered, too, cock pressing up, hands digging right into his skin. His lower lip got a hard bite, and he could feel it swelling right up.

He bucked, hands on Max's shoulders, holding tight, the room spinning. "Yes. Yes. Oh, fuck."

"Can't wait, sugar." God. Max had already come once, out in the alley, but Morgan could feel it coming, could feel it in the way Max's muscles went rock hard, in the way that prick jerked under his ass. Someone was so hungry. So hungry.

His thumb rubbed hard over that red, hot nipple, demanding. "Come on. Come on, need to see it."

"Oh! Oh, Morgan!" That face went hard and set, a deep grimace of pleasure showing for him. Max's cock jerked against his ass, come spraying against him.

Morgan panted, watching through the whole thing. "Beautiful. So beautiful."

"Sugar. Damn." Max reached, sliding a hand down his chest to clumsily fist his cock.

"Uh-huh. Damn." He nodded, face hidden in Max's throat as he humped Max's hand.

"Hot. So hard." Squeezing, pulling, Max encouraged him, Max's other hand dropping to squeeze his balls lightly.

"For. For you. Cowboy. Oh." He spread, jerked, come pouring from him.

The next kiss took what was left of his breath, Max pulling him down, moaning into his mouth. Just loving on him.

He nuzzled in, breathing hard, just melted bone-deep. "Damn."

"Yeah. Oh, yeah. That was one hell of a dessert."

"Mmm ... yes. Better than cheesecake."

Maybe even chocolate.

"Nothing like your skin." Max laughed. "Though, we might try the bed next time."

"Okay. I'll put it on our list." He winked, nose sliding along Max's skin.

"Oh, good. Breakfast in bed. With sex."

"Sex in bed with breakfast."

Max smacked his butt and nodded, rolling them up to sit, then standing and pulling him up. "I do like a man with priorities."

"Mmmhmm. You. Me. Naked. Bed. Food. Perhaps even lube."

"Maybe." Max guided him toward the bed. "Definitely fucking."

"Mmmhmm. Hard and deep." Oh, he did love this man.

"And more finger food." They flopped together, nuzzling right up close, Max smiling, looking so happy.

"And Irish coffee." He settled, blinking slowly.

"Yeah." They sank into the covers, Max's eyelashes fluttering against his cheek. "Love..."

"Uh-huh." He nodded. So much.

"We'll have more dessert in a bit, yeah?"

"Yeah. Nap." The wine and sex and warmth were making him blinky.

"Mmmhmm." Max's breathing evened out, deep and slow against his chest and ribcage, telling him Max was right there with him, already dropping off.

He nodded, smiled, fingers moving slowly. No one did naps like Max.

* * * *

God, Max loved playing with Morgan. He was grateful, more and more recently, that he had the money and the time to do it. He'd worked hard over the years, and it was like he'd met Morgan just at the right time. Like a reward.

They'd spent the day wandering around Seville, seeing the cathedral, buying trinkets, watching street performers. He'd bought something kinda special for Morgan at one of the jewelers, while Morgan was chattering with some old woman who was set up telling fortunes, stroking Morgan's palm. He wasn't sure Morgan even understood it, but he had smiled and laughed and finally talked her out of one of her rings for a few Euros.

Now they were having dinner at a little bistro, and Morgan was drinking wine and bouncing and recounting their day, and Max was waiting for his other surprise. One of his favorite things about Spain. Just about the time they got their almond flour cake and coffee, it was announced, too. They were gonna get to watch a flamenco show.

"Oooh!" Morgan's eyes were bottle-green today, the white linen outfit casual and classy all at once. "Too terribly cool!"

"You sure? We don't have to, but it's something you should see once, at least." He was grinning, pleased as punch.

"Absolutely." Morgan was all smiles, hand on his thigh, pale skin gone a sweet, healthy gold.

"Good." He reached down, played with Morgan's fingers as the music started, thrumming through his very veins. He loved flamenco, loved the energy of it, the sensuality. And

God knew he loved the idea of watching Morgan watch it. He'd bet his hedonist would love it.

Morgan watched every second, eating it up, breathing with the music, fingers squeezing him. "Oh. Oh, cowboy. Look."

There was one pair, a striking, hawk-faced woman and her handsome partner, that just made him catch his breath, made him shift in his seat, closer to Morgan. "Yeah. Amazing, huh, sugar?"

"Uh-huh..." Morgan was flushed, teeth sunk into that sweet bottom lip. "Oh, wow."

"Yeah." It was ... well, it was damned hot. The small cabaret smelled of smoke and sweat, the heat and the wine he'd had at dinner making him feel almost feverish. Morgan was just as hot beside him, like a little furnace, and the suggestive movements of the dance were making him damned hard.

The passion was palpable in the air, the emotion in the dance fiery, and Morgan's tongue shot out, wetting those pretty lips, tongue stud catching the light.

Max wanted. Like suddenly. Deeply. Fuck, his cock was just throbbing. His hand tightened so hard over Morgan's that he was afraid he'd hurt the man.

"Cowboy." Morgan was vibrating beside him, and he wanted to see those dark eyes, wanted to feel that mouth on him.

He didn't know if he could talk without his voice cracking, so he just watched as the dance came to a stunning, breathtaking conclusion, the music ending, the crowd erupting into applause.

Morgan clapped too, but his lover was watching him.

Max leaned close, whispered, "I want to take you back to the hotel and ruin you for life, sugar."

"Promise?" Morgan's throat worked; he could see the vein throbbing in the thin skin.

"Yeah. That ... I. I have a present for you." Well, yeah. He just needed to blurt shit out like that, like he was some sort of spaz.

"Yeah? What?" Morgan's hips shifted, hand dropping to adjust his erection.

"Something special." He hoped to God Morgan like the thin, gold chain with the clasps on both ends. He figured he sure as Hell would. "You'll see when we get there."

"Oh." He got a slow, burning grin, Morgan's thigh pressing against his. "Can we go now?"

"Uh-huh. The show's over for an hour, so we might as well." Might as well. Max chuckled, the sound deep and rough to his own ears. If they didn't go soon he'd be on the floor sucking Morgan like a lollypop. "Come on, sugar."

Morgan shivered, stood, hand held out. "Yes."

Max took that hand and stood, adjusting himself a little, too, so he could walk. He walked close to Morgan, hips bumping.

"You keep doing that and we'll end up in an alley again." Oh, he loved that laughter.

"Well, it wouldn't be even the second or third time we had a little too public encounter." His cheeks heated just thinking about Macchu Pichu and the lounge chair on the boat and ...

man, that zipper thing hurt right now. "But I want you naked. You're so pretty."

Morgan pinked, fingers squeezing his hand. "Naked is good. I'm a big fan."

"I know. And it's a damned good look for you." He winked, stroking Morgan's palm suggestively, feeling daring as anything.

"Flattery will get you anything you ask for."

"Good to know." Luckily, the cabaret wasn't far from their hotel, and Max hurried Morgan right up to their room, ignoring a few knowing grins. He just wanted so bad he didn't care a bit what folks thought.

Morgan was bouncing, eager and hot at his side.

The key didn't want to work and he was cursing old-fashioned keys and wishing for keycards when he finally got it, pulling Morgan inside for a deep, hard kiss.

Morgan started rubbing against him right off, hands pulling him closer, holding him tight.

"Mmm." Max lifted and pulled until he and Morgan were damned well aligned, rocking right into Morgan's body.

Morgan wrapped around him, low cries pushing into his lips.

They moved together hard and fast, flashpoint coming up pretty damned quick they were so hot.

Morgan sucked his tongue, pulling hard, eyes rolling.

Max just lost it, hollering into Morgan's kiss, hips snapping. Fuck if he hadn't come in his pants more since he met Morgan than he had in his whole life.

Of course, it was a matter of pride that Morgan came too, bucking right on into him.

Damn. "I think you like flamenco, sugar."

"I do. I like you more, but that was beautiful."

"My thoughts exactly. Let's get naked and cleaned up and then you can have your present." He grinned, pecking a kiss on Morgan's nose.

"Naked is good. You first." Morgan tugged his shirt open, kissed his chest.

Chuckling, Max let Morgan strip him down, grimacing at his wet pants. Then he went for Morgan's clothes, getting that sweet body all bare, stroking the soft skin.

Morgan looked better every day, the exercise and sunshine and laughter making him shine.

Max petted, hands moving over Morgan's chest, fingers finding those sweet nipples that fascinated him so damned much and pinching, pulling.

"Oh." Green eyes went wide, Morgan's cock jerking, starting to fill.

"Mmmmyeah. I think we should go to bed, sugar." Max grabbed his pants, got the little package out of them, and led Morgan to the bed. They stretched out and he kissed Morgan deep, teasing that hot cock with his thigh, pressing those nipples again, getting them good and hard.

Morgan rocked beneath him, moaning for him, hands roaming over his body.

So damned hot. So fucking good. Max had never felt like this in his whole life. Never, until Morgan. "Gonna make me forget your present, sugar. Here, open it."

Morgan's fingers were a little clumsy, but managed to get the pretty, little chain out. "Oh. Oh, how pretty. How fine."

Max waited, hoping Morgan would figure out what it was for without him having to say. His cheeks went hot just looking at the damned chain, and his hips pushed forward without any conscious thought on his part, his cock growing against Morgan's hip.

Of course, he shouldn't have worried, Morgan draping the chain across those sweet, pierced nipples. "You're going to put it on me, right?"

"Yeah." Uhn. Yeah. His hands shook just a little bit as he took it, opened one clasp, then the other, attaching the chain to Morgan's nipple rings.

Morgan flat out purred, stretching up and letting him look his fill.

His cock? Was just gonna explode. That looked so good it hurt deep down in his belly. Max tugged it, just a little, watching Morgan's face.

Morgan arched, lips parting on a moan. So fucking responsive. "Yes..."

"Oh, sugar. You make me ache." The gold glinted, and Max knew it was fine enough he needed to be careful, but he tugged one more time, just a little harder. He needed to see the blood fill those little bits of flesh, needed to hear Morgan gasp.

"Love that. Love that you're not scared to touch..." Morgan shivered, nipples hard as little stones.

"I love how you look, how they feel. Love this one too." He reached down, spread Morgan out and touched the guiche, playing with it.

"Yeah? Good. Don't stop, cowboy. Make me fly."

He wasn't gonna stop anytime soon, that was for sure. The chain slid on Morgan's chest as Max pulled at the little ring he held, and he bent down to kiss the spot it had just bared.

Morgan made a sweet, soft sound, one that settled in his balls, in his soul.

"Pretty, sugar. So damned pretty." He just. He had no words for it. None.

The bright green eyes rolled, those long fingers tangling in his hair. "Love how you see me, cowboy. I do."

"Morgan." God, yeah. He just ... it was like a feast. Or like the little tapas dishes they'd eaten. Something for every part of his palate. Morgan's nipples tasted like salt and sherry, his belly like musk, the tip of his cock like nothing Max had ever thought he could have.

"My sensual cowboy..." Morgan twisted, pushing into his lips, his touch.

"You get me going, sugar. You know that." Even his old buddy Poe had never got him this way. Max bent, sucked Morgan in hard, tongue riding along the underside.

Morgan groaned, rolled and shifted until that hungry little mouth surrounded his cock, nipple rings sliding on his belly.

"Yeah, sugar." Fuck, yes, he could handle that. Mouths on cocks, hands on each other's legs and asses, they just made a circle of pleasure.

Morgan fed on him, head bobbing, happy, little cries filling the air as they bucked and thrust, loving on each other.

Max groped, hands looking for his little gift, looking for that chain, tugging at it as he sucked just as hard as Morgan. Goddamn, it was good. So hot. So ... oh. Damn.

Morgan cried out, heat pouring into his lips, hips rolling.

Max just closed his eyes and sucked, pulling Morgan into him even as he shot so hard he saw stars behind his eyelids. God, what this man did to him. It was ... unbelievable.

They settled together, nuzzling and sucking, humming at each other.

Grinning, Max wiggled around, getting Morgan in his arms and kissing him nice and deep, hand tugging at the chain. "So you like my present, sugar?"

"Uh ... uh-huh." Morgan grinned, moving toward him. "It's something else, cowboy."

"Good. I like it on you." Lord, lord, it was pretty. Max blinked. "I want to see your eyes, though."

Those thin cheeks went pink, but the smile was pleased and it didn't take a minute before the green was gone. Those dark eyes stared at him, bright, happy, so fucking good.

Max laughed right out loud and kissed Morgan quick and hard. "That's better. Much better. Now you look like mine."

God, he could see everything in those dark eyes. They didn't hide a thing—pride, pleasure, desire. Love.

He probably looked just as sappy. It was a damned fine thing. Max kissed Morgan again, hard, settling in for the night.

"So, you like flamenco and nipple chains," he said. "How do you feel about Cathedrals and modern art?"

"I'm a fan, cowboy. Let's go play." Morgan hummed, wrapped around him. "Tomorrow."

"Yeah, sugar. Yeah. Tomorrow." Tonight? They'd just take some time for them. And play a whole different way.

* * * *

Sugared nuts. An odd little doll in a Flamenco dress. Two hippo teeth from Africa.

God, Morgan did love el mercado.

He followed Max idly, buying a bottle of brandy here, a jingly bracelet there, filling his little bag.

"Come on, sugar." Max turned, walking backward, teasing him with a string of shells of some sort. "You're gonna miss out."

"I'd hate that..." He chuckled, following the shiny shells. "Those would look great wrapped around your cock, cowboy."

"Oh." Max's cheeks went bright pink, so damned cute on such a big, manly guy. "Okay." Max pulled out a few Euros to pay for the beads.

"Mmmhmm." Morgan nodded, eyes caught by a shiny, black robe. Oh, that would look fabulous.

"Hey, do you think..." Max's voice seemed farther away, far enough to make him look up.

"Huh?" He looked around, someone slamming hard against his back and making him stumble. "Hey! Careful!"

Hands wrapped around his shoulders, digging in. "Yes, Mr. Bowen. We will."

Oh. Oh, fuck him. "Max!"

"Morgan? What is it, sugar?" Max came, slowly wending his way through the crowd. He could see Max's hat. Then he could hear Max start to shout. "Hey! You let him go."

"Don't do this, guys. Come on. Whatever my father's paying you, I'll double it." He started struggling, pulling harder as he saw the syringe. "Max! Max, *please*."

"Morgan!"

God, how many guys had his father sent? It was like a swarm, and he could hear Max hollering for him, the dull sounds of flesh striking flesh telling him Max was trying, was fighting for him. His Max. It didn't make a bit of difference, either. They kept moving. He leaned over, bit the arm of one of the guys good and hard. That earned him a sharp blow to the cheek, his head slamming back. Fuck.

"Stupido! He's worth less if he's marked!"

Another blow sent his world spinning. "He's already marked."

"Morg..." The shout cut off abruptly, the sound a wet gurgle. Oh, God, they'd hurt Max. Oh, please, no.

The sting in his arm was familiar, sharp, the way the market got tiny and dim enough to make him sob. His little bag dropped from his hand as the men hoisted him up, pulled him along until he couldn't see or hear anything anymore.

The one solid thing in his world was just gone.

Chapter Eight

Max woke up in jail.

It wasn't bad, as jails went, certainly not as bad as that place he and Poe had ended up one time in Venezuela. Hell, it was nicer than the county clink in Enid, Oklahoma. But it was still jail.

And he was still without Morgan.

A hard knot of worry lodged in his gut every time Max thought of it. He figured it had to be Morgan's daddy who snatched him, and he had visions of the man zonking Morgan in a hospital someplace, a needle in Morgan's arm.

Goddamn.

Max paced, waiting for them to decide his passport was okay and let him out. He'd called Morrie's people already, for the first time happy that he'd inherited all that money and power. Those swarms of lawyers ought to be doing something for him, damn it, from getting him out of jail to starting the process of finding Morgan.

Because God knew he wasn't going to let this go.

"Senor? Your man is here. You are free to go."

The guard opened the cell and Max's heart leapt for a minute, thinking he meant Morgan. But it was some suit who met him, not his skinny-assed sugar.

"You get me what I asked for?" Max asked, taking his hat and boots from the guard.

"I have some information, yes." The lawyer nodded, handed him his wallet. "Do you require a physician, sir?"

"No." His head was like to kill him, but Max could wait. "I want to know where Vic Bowen stashed his son."

"Mr. Bowen left the country on a private jet yesterday evening. The flight plan had them landing in London, then heading on to the States."

Once he stomped into his boots, Max headed out, motioning sharply for the man to follow. He'd go back to the hotel, get their shit.

"Then I need a flight to the States. Wherever old Vic is headed."

"Yes, sir. I do know that Mr. Bowen hired four private nurses in the last two days. Full-time."

Fuck. Oh, fuck, what was that man doing to Morgan ... Max veered off, hailing a cab as soon as they got outside. "My passport and wallet," he snapped, holding out his hand. "I want on a flight in less than an hour."

"I'll see what I can arrange. Are you sure you won't see a doctor?" The documents were handed over, the man looking him over.

"I'm sure." He'd get some aspirin on the plane. And maybe some scotch. Max determinedly did not look down at himself. He figured his pants and loose, linen shirt looked like he'd been through a war. Or in jail.

"And get me a meeting with Vic Bowen. Yesterday."

If the man wouldn't let him talk Morgan out of wherever he'd stashed him, Max figured it was only fair to tell the old fart he was gonna bust Morgan out.

It was about damned time Morgan was able to stop running.

And about time for Max to take the man home.

* * * *

Max cursed under his breath, long and fluent. In about three languages. Goddamn, he hated bending the law, but that he did often enough. This, though. This was breaking it in the biggest way.

Still, he figured as he redirected the wiring on the big picture window in Morgan's hospital room, if the old man had agreed to see him, he wouldn't have been driven to these lengths. Max had finally gotten a glimpse of Morgan yesterday, out for a spin on the manicured grounds of the Palm Springs facility, and he'd been drugged out of his skull, uncoordinated and slow.

It had damn near broken Max's heart.

"You ready?" he whispered to the one guy he could always count on, the one guy who would be willing to fly in from somewhere in bumfuck Argentina to help him break his lover out of what amounted to a fancy jail.

Poe nodded. "You bet, buddy. Let's go get him."

The window popped right out of the cheap-assed, foam shit that held it in and no alarms went off, so Max breathed a sigh of relief and hopped over the sill once he and Poe had muscled it aside, getting a grin and a nod as they moved in. Lord, that man. He did love his adrenaline. Max almost grinned back, but his head was already clicking ahead three steps.

His little flashlight flicked on, illuminating the room, and there was Morgan, fucking strapped to the bed. Max growled,

making sure there was no attending nurse before wading in, ready to start yanking at wires.

"Dude." Poe held him back. "Let's make sure this is not gonna set off anything at the nurse's station or some shit."

Fuck. Okay. He could do that. He could. Max let Poe do the wire tracing, though, and went to take Morgan's hand, staring down at him.

Those dark eyes stared up at him, blood-shot and dazed. "Cowboy. 'M sorry. They got you."

No contacts, though. Max could see those pretty eyes just as they were. "No, sugar. No. We've got you. Can you walk?"

"Hmm?" Morgan frowned, blinked slowly. "'M tied to the bed."

"I know, Morgan. I know. We're gonna get you loose." Looked like they were gonna have to carry. Lucky he'd brought backup, then. Max looked at Poe. "Can we move him?"

Poe nodded, eyes on the machines. "Yeah, buddy, but he's got a few monitors that might set off. I'd say we'll have a two minute start."

"Sugar, look at me. Right at me. I'm gonna need you to help me. Can you do that?"

He got a grin, sort of cock-eyed, but real. "'Kay, cowboy."

On the other side of the bed Poe chuckled, starting to remove wires Max couldn't even begin to understand. He left the one on Morgan's chest and the clip on his finger until last. Max got it, nodded.

"We're gonna have to grab you and run, sugar. No fighting us, no noise. Gonna get you out."

"Won't fight. I want to see the dogs."

"He knows about your dogs? It must be serious. You ready, buddy?"

"Yeah. Okay, sugar. We're gonna grab you and go. Kay?"
Yeah. He was ready. They'd just have to go. Max took a deep breath, snapping off the clip on Morgan's finger and lifting at the same time Poe did. Running for the window.

"Sugar. It **is** you." Morgan went limp, not fighting him a bit, face turning into his shoulder.

He grunted, passing Morgan's weight to Poe, who had vaulted out the window, before scrambling out himself and taking Morgan back, pelting across the lawn as Poe went to fire up the car.

The alarms started up as he hit the edge of the grass, lights coming on all over the hospital.

Looked like his head start was up.

"Move, move, move." Max muttered it to himself, his feet sliding on the crushed clamshell driveway, even in his borrowed sneakers. He almost fell over the hood of the car, which was idling now, Poe hopping out to help him.

"Now's not the time to get cozy, man, they might have guns."

"No shooting." Morgan slumped into the back seat, head just rolling on the skinny shoulders.

Max bundled into the backseat with Morgan, knowing he was in no condition to drive, knowing his old buddy would be perfectly capable of getting them out of there. The rubber they left on the driveway? Yeah. Poe still had it.

"Sugar? Look at me, Morgan."

Those dark eyes rolled a little, trying to focus. "Max. Max, they're gonna take me away."

"No. They're not now. We're gonna go home, Morgan. I'm gonna take you home, honey." He held Morgan tight, bracing for the curves.

"Home." Morgan pushed close, shaking a little, shivering. Fuck, he hated that they'd drugged him up. "Sorry, cowboy."

"Why? You didn't do anything."

"Oh, fuck, hang on, folks," Poe said from the front seat, just about the time they did some sort of flying run over a speed bump and through a fence, throwing Morgan and Max together so that their heads clunked.

"Ow." He got another one of those grins, dark eyes crossed. "Faster, faster."

"Lord, don't tell him that." Morgan held Max close, blinking against the bright lights of the hospital on alert as they disappeared behind them. Hopefully without pursuit. Max took a kiss, needing to feel Morgan for himself, needing to taste.

Morgan's hands reached up, a moan pushing into his lips as he was held. His lover tasted acerbic and wrong and the piercing was gone, but it was still Morgan, still right.

Max just held on tight and closed his eyes, trusting Poe to get them to the church, or in this case, the plane on time. Once they got to Oklahoma, he'd defy the fucking Marines to come get Morgan, let alone old Vic Bowen.

He'd keep Morgan safe this time, damn it.

He would just have to.

* * * *

He was in an airport in ... Utah? Arizona? Dallas?
Somewhere.

Morgan blinked over at Max and ... Max's friend. His arm itched where they took the IV out and he was wearing a sweatshirt four sizes too big and he wasn't wearing shoes, but that was okay. He thought.

Max had explained what they were doing, but it didn't make any sense at all because Max had started speaking Swahili about a quarter of the way through and, uh, Max's friend had just laughed and handed him some water.

He thought it was water.

It was sort of water-flavored.

"Hey, sugar. Want part of a Cinna-Bon?" Oh. Gooley. And sort of bouncing in front of his face.

"Uh-huh." He bobbed along with the motions of the pastry, trying to figure out how to catch it.

"Open up." Max sounded like he was laughing at him, but Morgan didn't mind. Not when sugary goodness landed on his tongue.

"Mmm..." He moaned, the flavors just delicious and gooley and cinnamony and...

"They took my piercings. My chain."

"I know." Oh, growly. Not at all laughing now. "We'll get you some new ones. You know how I like them."

"Lord, y'all are something." A heavy, muscled body plopped down next to his, nut brown fingers pulling off a piece of pastry and disappearing from view.

"Is that good?" He leaned against Max, peering over at ...
"Who are you?"

"Poe. I'm an old friend of Max's. I'll come with you a bit. Stay at the ranch." Poe grinned, white smile flashing. He was really kind of pretty in a rough and ready way.

"Hi. I'm Morgan. I'm Max's lover. I want to meet his dogs."

"Of course you do," Poe said. "They're great, ungainly mutts."

Max chuckled, fed him another piece of bun. "Yeah, and you're gonna love the bed I have there."

"Is it as good as the one in Rio?" Oh. Rio. Truth or dare. Max. His cowboy. Oh, God. Max. They'd hurt Max. Father would hurt Max. "Did they hurt you? I heard them. They said you died. Did they hurt you? They hurt me, hit my face. Father wasn't pleased."

Max growled, putting an arm around him, the bun sort of ... flying across to Poe. Did Cinna-Bons fly? "Not dead, sugar. Not by a long shot. I did wake up in jail. You look like you're healed up nice."

"I am. Jail?" He reached out, moving closer. "I'm glad you're not. Dead. Or in jail. He'll come back. You know that."

"I know." They sort of ... clung, both of them forgetting where they were. "But he'll be on my home ground, then."

"That's good, right?" He was having trouble making sense of things, clearing his head.

"It is." Max grinned at him. "It's a real good thing."

"Though it won't be," Poe said, "if y'all get your asses kicked here."

"I am not ready for that." He winked over at Poe. "I lost my shoes."

"You didn't have any, hon. Or clothes either. We took you out of there starkers." He got a wink and another one of those broad grins. He could see why Max liked this guy. He really could.

Max squeezed his hand. "You look good in my shirt, though."

"Good. It's soft." His legs ached and he stood up, needing to walk around a little. God. What if they found him now? He didn't have his ID, his passport. He didn't have his clothes. He didn't want to go back. He wasn't hurting anybody.

Christ, his heart was pounding.

"Come on, Morgan. Let's go for a walk." Max got up, murmured something to Poe and put a hand on Morgan's back, guiding him to the bathroom.

"I ... What if they ... Fuck. Cowboy. What if..." He stepped carefully, watching the floor.

"No. You're gonna be fine." Max sounded so sure. So firm.

"I am?" Okay. He liked that answer.

"Yep. All we have to do is make our plane. Come on, let's splash some water on your face." That might make him feel more normal. Cleaner.

"Okay. I'm sorry. I'm sorry that you got hurt." Oh. Cold. Wow. Better. Cold.

"Stop that. I'm just sorry they got you away. Love you, sugar." Max nuzzled up on him as soon as they got alone and away from other people.

"Love you." He leaned toward Max, the man's heat and strength exactly what he needed. "We're going to your house?"

"We are. Gonna go, fatten you up a little, play a lot. Sound good?" Oh, he could focus on those dark eyes. He could.

"I like playing with you." He reached up, stroked Max's face. "I dreamed about you. Over and over."

"Glad you didn't forget me." The tone was joking, but the look was serious, Max pressing a kiss to his palm, then leaning to kiss his mouth. "I was going nuts, wondering what they were doing to you."

"Keeping me quiet. Fucking with my head." He stepped closer. "I don't want to do that again, but I will so I get my time with you, yeah?"

"You've got me. All of me, sugar." Max pulled him close, kissed him silly. "I hope you can stand it."

It was all he could do to just hold on. Nod. "Take me home. I haven't gone home in so long."

He couldn't even remember when.

"I'm taking you there, Morgan." Solid, strong, Max's arms held him up. "Home with me. It's about time I went, too. Stopped running from it."

"Kay. Cool. Fuck, you're strong." Hot. Good.

"Strong as I need to be, sugar." Lost. This time it was a good lost, but he got lost in Max's kiss.

He just melted, humming, the lights spinning and sparkling for him. Whoa. Wow.

The room spun, too, as Max pulled him into a stall. Okay, he could see that, since there were heavy footsteps out there, a bunch of guys coming in. They might not be so happy to see the sparkly kisses.

Dipshit men. Sparkly kisses were almost as cool as wine-drunk ones.

Max kept him busy, though, so he didn't need to tell them. Kept him all wrapped up in lips and tongue and cinnamon. He sort of climbed up Max, legs wrapping around the strong hips, just clinging.

Legs spreading to support them, Max stood like the rock of Gibraltar or something, holding his weight easily, just loving on him with hands and mouth. God, he'd thought ... he'd thought for sure he'd never feel this again.

He wasn't giving this up. Not again. Not now. "Cowboy."

"Mmmhmm. Hush now, Morgan. We can do this as long as we stay quiet." Max needed to shave. His cheeks and his stubbly head.

He opened his mouth to answer, then Max's fingers brushed his lips, hushing him. Oh. Right. Quiet. Touching. Right. Good.

Max kissed him again and again, just sort of slow and sweet, tongue pushing into his lips, tasting him over and over. Like they had all day, which they didn't, he knew that.

They had tickets.

Good thing Max was good at that whole schedule thing.

His back hit the little partition wall as Max got more serious, starting to rub up on him, cock against his pelvis. Max almost moaned, Morgan felt the vibration against his lips.

Oh, yes. His. Home. Max. Cowboy. More.

So sweet, it was so good when Max cupped his ass with one hand and reached between them with the other, rubbing, those teeth just biting into his neck.

Morgan threw his head back, throat working, hips rocking. He wasn't even sure if he was hard, he wasn't sure he cared.

Max was. Oh, Max was so hard against him, through their clothes, starting to really work it, hips snapping.

It was easy to reach down, touch that heat, pet it.

"Uhn." Low and soft, that grunt told him he was doing it just right, his hand tangling with Max's, both of them rubbing. Max rocked, licked, kissed, just held him.

"Yours." He whispered it against Max's lips. "Yours."

Max growled. "Mine."

And then Max was coming for him, hips rolling, belly and chest hard as a rock against Morgan's body, shaking like crazy.

"That's right. That's right." He nodded, humming and holding on. "That's better."

"Mmmhmm. Much. Oh. I needed that." Max grinned, looking a little embarrassed now, like his cowboy always did when they were so public.

A knock on the stall door made them both jump.

"Come on, lovers," Poe said through the door. "Clean up. We board in ten."

Morgan grinned, licked Max's lips. "Thanks, Poe. You've got grand timing."

"I do try."

Max rolled his eyes. "Then try harder and get us some wet paper towels."

Not five seconds after he said it, a wad of wet, brown paper sailed over the stall. "See you in five."

"Five what?" Ew. Cold. Wet. Sorta ... industrial and slimy.

"Minutes, sugar. He's giving us five minutes. Come on."
Max let him down, swiped at him, cleaned them both up.

"Kay. You have an ID for me?" He tucked Max back into the jeans, patting gently.

"We do. You're good to go until we get home and we can get you a real Oklahoma ID with your current fake ID. Won't be hard." Max grinned, his words breaking only a little when he patted. "Come on, sugar. Let's go home."

Home.

He liked that.

He liked that a lot.

* * * *

The house seemed oddly musty. Well, he shouldn't find it odd. He had an on-site foreman who took care of the horses and his few head of cattle and his dogs, but the house was mostly closed up, just Maria coming in to clean.

Max took off his hat and tossed it and his keys on the side table, picking up the phone to call Alan, his foreman and all around good egg, tell him to let the dogs come on up.

"Just plop the shit anywhere, y'all," he told Morgan and Poe. "We'll get everything set up here in a few, get the beds made and the shower going."

Morgan was so fucking pale, those dark eyes staring, wide. Those fingers slid over the top of his leather sofa, against the frame of one painting. Max wondered what Morgan thought of the knotty pine and exposed beams and Pendleton style rugs and shit. Bless his heart; he'd been through a lot in a few

days. Poe just kinda ... followed Morgan, looking like he thought Morgan might fall over.

"Hey, Alan. I'm home. You wanna ... yeah. I think I want to see the muttleys. I missed them. Thanks."

Max hung up, grinning a little and cracking the front door. "We're about to be invaded."

"Is that bad?" Morgan smiled over at Poe, one side of that mouth quirking. "He looks good here. Happy."

Poe nodded. "You know it. An Okie is always an Okie."

"Oh, fuck you." Max laughed though, right out loud, laughing even harder as he was bowled over by a barking mass of blonde and brown and mottled gray fur.

Oh, man, look at those tails go. Shit, he wasn't sure they'd remember him.

"Okay, okay. There's enough of us for all of you." Max looked over the golden's head at Morgan and Poe. "Help!"

"They like strangers?" Morgan headed over, smiling a little tentatively.

Lady, the heeler mix with one mangled ear, broke right off and went over to sniff Morgan happily, her little, stubby tail just wiggling like mad. Morgan was in no danger of anything but being licked to death, so Max went back to petting Goldie and Ruff, the golden mix and the retriever mutt.

Morgan plopped right down on the floor, fingers digging into Lady's ruff and scritching away until Lady was in ecstasy. Poe was watching with a confused, little look that he sort of got. After all, Morgan was supposed to be this rich guy, all snooty. Not sitting on his floor and loving on his dogs.

Poe could be a little snooty in reverse, sometimes.

"Okay, guys, lemme up. Let's see if Maria left any bacons in the fridge, huh?"

Morgan's laugh just filled his house up as the dogs loped toward the fridge, all of them pointing and ready.

"Oh, now who're the good hunting dogs, huh?" He helped Morgan up on the way, putting an arm around him. The fridge held Beggin' Strips, white bread, cheese, and beer. Max moaned. "Oh, bless Maria's heart."

"Oh. The cupboard's not bare." Morgan grinned, leaning right up against him, sort of snuggling in. "Are they all boys? Girls?"

"Lady and Goldie are girls, Ruff here is a boy, though he's been fixed." Poor old guy, he still humped everything that moved. "There's ice in the ice maker, too. You want some water, sugar?" he asked, handing Poe a beer and handing Morgan bacons to hand out.

"Oh, they sit. Yeah. Water sounds good." Morgan fed the pups, making himself three brand new best friends.

"Looks like he really likes them," Poe said, and Max gave him a look.

"He's a good guy, I told you."

"Yeah, yeah." He got that easy grin as Poe popped open the beer. Morgan got included in it as he looked up. "No offense, kid, but me and your dad went 'rounds a few years back. You? You I like."

"He and I haven't been in the same room without fighting in twenty years." Morgan looked over at Poe, shrugged. "That would explain the kidnapping and drugging part of our relationship."

"I'm thinking, yeah." Poe rubbed the back of his neck, rolling his head. "Is your foreman gonna take first watch?"

Max nodded. "He's got it under control."

"Cool." Poe sucked down the last of the beer and winked. "Then I'm for the guest room, a shower and a long nap. Later, y'all."

And he and Morgan were alone for the first time since. Well, since Morgan's old man had busted in, damn him.

Morgan looked up at him, fingers reaching up to trace his face. "Watch?"

The dogs crowded around, all bumping them, and Max reached down to pet automatically, getting Morgan some water, getting himself a beer.

"Let's go sit, okay?"

"Okay." Morgan kept looking around, kept close like he was afraid they'd suddenly disappear.

They hit the couch and immediately got cuddled on, the two of them almost covered by a big, fuzzy pile of dog. Max laughed, made them a little room so he could kiss Morgan's cheek.

"You know your daddy will come after you."

"I know." Morgan sighed a little, stroked his belly. "You want me to go? I will. Then we can meet up somewhere else."

"Fuck no." His muscles trembled a little. He loved how Morgan loved on him without even thinking. "I want you to stay. And when your daddy comes, we'll talk. But we'll do it on my terms. My men are gonna keep an eye out for him, so we can rest."

"That sounds..." Morgan scooted closer, nodding. "I'm tired of running, cowboy. I've been going so long."

"I know, sugar. I know." He'd seen it in Morgan's eyes these last few days. Not just the drugs and the loopiness, but the bone deep weariness. "He's not taking you again."

They'd stand up to the man, and if Max had to he'd just buy him off. Surely old Vic Bowen would understand that he'd never have to worry about Morgan being taken care of again. Bowen'd have to live with that. He just would.

"He'll offer you a lot of money, after the blustering and threats." Morgan chuckled as Goldie pushed against one hand, demanding a petting.

"After these guys? Your dad will be easy." Max scritch Ruff's ears. "You should see the rest of the house."

"I should. You look happy here. Like on the boat."

"I am. And I've got you with me." He waited until Morgan finished the whole big glass of water before hauling them up, heading for the master suite, bumping hips. "Guess what I have besides a big bed?"

"Big sheets?" There was that laugh again, all rich and right.

"No. A sunken tub. With jets."

Oh, he couldn't wait. The water wasn't running anymore, so Poe was out of the shower. They could have a bath.

"Oh..." Hell, yeah. He knew that sound, knew what that little shudder and rub meant.

"Feeling better?" Morgan had slept all the way from Dallas to Oklahoma City on the plane, and then on the drive to

Max's. He looked better, for sure, even if he did still seem shocky. "Here's the bedroom."

And his big, lodge pole bed with the pillow-top mattress.

Those dark eyes went wide. "It's you. I mean, I thought it would be, but it is. It's you."

"You think? It was one of the first things I bought for the house. I loved it. And it will fit you, me and the dogs on cold nights." He laughed, dragging Morgan into the bathroom, where cobalt blue tile and white porcelain made a pretty tempting picture.

Morgan just crowed, moving toward the tub, stripping off as he went.

Max watched that too skinny body appear, checking for bruises and marks, growling when he saw where needles had been. But when Morgan looked back at him all he could do was smile, stripping out of his shirt as Morgan started the water.

"Pretty, sugar."

"Still? I've looked better." Morgan grinned over. "I've looked worse."

"You look mine." The pants took far too long to wiggle out of, but at least he managed to lean over and close the door when the dogs tried to slip in.

The tub was steaming, filling right up and Morgan slipped in with a purr, head rolling.

"Oh, you look good there, sugar. I can't wait to see what you look like in my bed." Max kicked off his boots and stepped into the almost too hot water, sinking in with a groan.

Morgan nodded, moved right over to settle in his lap. Oh, hell yes.

"Hey there." Yeah. That was like the universe snapping back into place. Max took a kiss, hands settling on Morgan's ass.

"Hey." Morgan hummed, fingers framing his face. "Hey."

"Mmm." The way Morgan touched him. Well, it made an old wildcatter like him feel loved. It really did. Like he was something fucking special.

He could feel it, feel as Morgan really started to relax, started to sink against him and know this was real.

Max just stroked Morgan's back for a while, petted him, nuzzling his throat. They sort of mumbled to each other, the odd love word or silly nothing, luxuriating in being together.

"Need to shave you. You're fuzzy." Those eyes held him like nothing else.

"Okay." He was probably more like prickly, but Morgan was too nice to say so. Max chuckled as he took a kiss. They'd shave him later.

Morgan opened up, easy as pie, tongue sliding against his, stroking sweet and slow.

Time to learn each other again. They'd only been apart what? A week? Not quite two? But it had been long enough to feel like it had been ages. Fucking ages. Max kissed back, letting Morgan have him as his hands traced Morgan's skin.

"I was scared." Morgan met his eyes, searching his face. "You know?"

"I know. I do." He'd thought ... well. Horrible shit. He really had. Thank God he'd exaggerated in his mind what the old man would do.

"Good. I mean, not that you know, but that you don't think I'm stupid." Morgan rolled his eyes, grinned over. "It's like my nerves are all firing."

"Well, we could maybe do something about that." Laughing, he kissed Morgan again, knowing the cure for what ailed them both.

Morgan moaned, pushed right up against him, demanding, wanting him. Fucking loving him.

His cock rose high and hard under Morgan's ass, and Max rocked them, his fingers automatically searching out Morgan's piercings, not finding them. That they'd have to fix. Before Poe left, since there weren't that many places in Enid to do it.

Morgan whimpered, frowning against his lips just a second before relaxing. "You'll put the next ones in. They'll be yours."

"Oh. Oh, sugar, yeah." God, he could ... his cock twitched violently. "Want you. So bad."

He got a nod, Morgan stretching up a little, rubbing the top of his cock against that tight hole.

"Not ... not gonna hurt you, Morgan." It might, too, if he didn't find something. Maybe there was. There. "There's stuff. Conditioner. Can you reach it?"

Okay, so he used it on the dogs. So what?

They had more hair than he did.

"Uh-huh." Morgan arched, stretched, giving him that pretty view again.

Mmm. Max nibbled at the length of Morgan's upper arm, licked at it where it met Morgan's body, just loving on every little bit he could reach.

"Mmm. Your mouth." Morgan started humming and purring, scooting right up close.

"Yeah. You like that, if I recall." He just, well, Max almost forgot what he was doing. Then the bottle of conditioner clunked against his back. Max chuckled, took the bottle and popped it open while he took another kiss, then another.

"I do." Morgan spread, ass rocking even harder, water splashing around them.

There. Finally he got his fingers slicked up, got them behind Morgan so he could start stretching him, opening him. Getting him ready.

He could see himself in those dark eyes, see how hungry he looked.

At least Morgan's daddy hadn't tried to do anything to those beautiful eyes. Max loved them, from the way the irises swallowed the pupils to that little, blue dot ... Max slid two fingers inside Morgan's body, pushing in deep.

"Max..." Morgan's head fell back, throat working. He could feel those tight muscles, rippling and squeezing around him.

"Uhn. Morgan. Sugar." So hot. Morgan was just on fire for him. Max added another finger, unable to stop, to slow down, needing to feel Morgan on his cock.

"Yeah. Want. Want you. Need you." Morgan started rocking, riding his fingers, moving on him so pretty.

Fuck. Max took one last kiss, letting Morgan open up a little bit more before getting more of the slick stuff on him,

this time on his cock, his fingers sliding free so he could line the head of his prick up where it wanted to be.

Heat wrapped around his prick, squeezed him all the way down. Those muscles shuddered and squeezed around him, held him tight.

"Morgan!" Max's back arched, his hips rolling up as his muscles strained. "Oh, God. You. Feel good. So good."

Morgan's fingers dug into his shoulders, holding on as Morgan's head fell back.

They rode hard, the water sloshing over the side of the tub, the bubbles around them adding a whole other layer of sensation, tickling his skin. Max held on, squeezing Morgan's hips, pulling him up and down.

"Love." Morgan's hand slid down the flat belly, started working that hard cock, working it in time with their thrusts.

"Love you." He did. With everything he had. Max kissed Morgan so hard his lips tingled, his breath coming hard and fast as he shot, his eyes just rolling back in his head.

Morgan grunted, bucking and bouncing in his lap, riding through his orgasm before stilling, squeezing tight as Morgan's heat was added to the heat of the water.

They sat there, panting, for who knew how long, until Max figured he was about to doze right off. He shook himself a little. "Come on, sugar. Up and at 'em."

"Hmm?" Morgan blinked up, dazed. "At who?"

"Bed. We're getting all swimmy. Come on." Max carefully balanced them before hoisting up out of the water, getting the jets turned off and the towels and ... yeah. Bed.

"Bed. I like bed." Morgan nodded, wandering. "Oh. Right. Your big bed."

"Uh-huh. No dogs tonight. We'll send 'em to get Poe." Poe would be lonely. Max chuckled, almost snorting, surprising himself.

Man he was tired.

"Uh-huh." Morgan crawled right in, purring.

Max crawled in after, the sheets there and fresh, bless Maria's heart, the pillow top cradling them as they curled together. They'd worry about Morgan's daddy later.

They had time.

* * * *

Morgan slept and slept, dreams driving him awake every few hours, Max's hands soothing him back to sleep every time.

Finally Max's hands were stronger than the dreams and he slept hard, resting, body working out all the shit in his veins. It was daytime when he woke up, the sun blazing in, warming the walls. It didn't smell like Max here, but it looked like Max, looked real.

He approved.

"Mmm. Hey, sugar. Want breakfast?" There was Max, sitting on the bed, wearing an itty-bitty pair of running shorts.

Oh. Pretty.

He scooted over, nuzzling and licking at all that skin. "Uh-huh."

Max stroked him, big hands all over him. "Hope you don't mind I went for a run with the mutts. You finally slept good, you know?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I feel real again. Awake. Alive."

The skin around Max's navel was salty, tasted good.

"Good. Oh, that feels good, Morgan." Max sounded right again, too. Relaxed, happy, that sexy growl in his voice.

"I want my jewelry back in. I want to fuck you with my tongue." He turned his head, lips opening over Max's prick.

"Uhn." Max's body arched, his cock leaping under the thin fabric of the shorts. It took one little motion of Max's hand to get that pretty prick out, rubbing against his mouth.

Mmmhmm. Much better than cotton. His eyes closed, tongue slipping out to flick over the slit, tease little bursts of flavor out.

So much more salty here, deeper, the flavor dark and musky. Max stroked his hair, his neck, fingers digging into his shoulder muscles in a slow massage.

That made it easy to open further, take more and more in, let Max's cock nudge the back of his throat.

"Oh, God, sugar. That's ... fuck, that's good." Slow but sure, Max started fucking his mouth, hips rolling up and down, in and out.

All he could do was hum in agreement, fingers reaching inside the leg of Max's shorts, rolling and stroking the velvet-soft balls.

A low growl rumbled down, Max petting all the way down his back, counting every bump on his spine on the way back

up, before petting his cheeks, fingers going right where Morgan's mouth met Max's cock.

He flicked his tongue out, tasting Max's fingertips, loving the low groan it got him.

"Morgan..." Yeah, his cowboy was getting close, muscles quivering, thighs hard as a rock under his arms.

"Mmmhmm." His fingers slid back, teased Max's hole.

"Fuck!" Whole body convulsing, Max came for him beautifully, just filling his mouth with saltbittervelvetheat.

Mmm. Better than wine. He drank Max down, cheek resting on Max's belly. Oh. Warm.

"Lord, that's a fine howdy." Max laughed, petting him, hands hot and sweet. "Gonna come up here and kiss me?"

"Uh-huh." He crawled right up, pushing into Max's arms. "Hi."

"Hi." Max kissed him deep and hard, sharing his flavor, tongue searching out every bit.

Morgan melted, straddling Max's waist, hips rocking just a little.

"Mmm." Max touched him, one hand cupping his ass, the other sliding down his belly to his cock. Those long fingers closed around him and pulled.

"Oh." He laughed with the joy of it, the way Max's calluses felt on him. "That's good, cowboy."

"Yeah? You like that?" Max rubbed his thumb up the underside of Morgan's cock, pressing the vein.

"Uh..." His eyes rolled as he nodded, heart pounding a little faster. "Uh-huh."

A warm chuckle landed on his neck, Max nibbling at his throat, stroking harder and faster. That other hand moved, too, Max's fingers sliding along his crease.

Morgan grinned, spread, hips pushing and rocking toward Max's hand. "Hungry, cowboy."

"Always. And you? Lord, you just take my breath, sugar." One finger touched his hole, still stretched from the night before. Max was working his slit on the other end, thumb pressing.

He rocked, quick, sharp motions moving between those hands. "Close. Max."

"Come on, sugar." Oh yeah, Max wanted it, wanted to pull it right out of him, lips and tongue working his neck, his chin. One of Max's fingers pushed right inside him, right up in, just as Max tugged strongly at his cock, groaning for him.

That was all he could take, heat just pouring out of him, legs shaking with it.

"That's it. That's good." Max kissed him before bringing his hand up to lick it clean, just humming. That was sexy as fuck.

"Mmmhmm. Real good." He leaned in, humming low. "Is it morning?"

"It is. You slept hard from about three on. It's about eleven." Max squeezed him before popping his ass. "Poe's cooking."

"Is that good?" He stood up, stretched, wandered to look out the window. Wow. This was in the middle of nowhere. Oh. Horses.

"Uh-huh. He went and got food, and is even now making black Russian French toast." Max watched him, leaning back on his elbows. "You like the view?"

"Yeah. There's so much space. It's like being on the boat." He sat on the windowsill, soaking in the sun. "Are the horses yours?"

"Yep. Mostly Alan rides them, I guess. He's the foreman. The one who takes care of shit when I'm gone. A fifty year old cowboy, and as cantankerous as they come." Padding over, Max sat behind him, leaning a little. "Do you ride?"

"I did, when I was a kid. You know, little indoor ring, round and round. I bet it's different out here." He looked up. "I'll have to be good here, huh? Keep my hands to myself outside the house."

If Max'd never told anybody out of fear of getting that fine ass kicked, he needed to be extra-careful. He wasn't naturally discreet.

"Out there? No. In town, maybe yeah. A lot of folks know, but I don't advertise." Max smiled against the back of his neck. "I own most of the land for a good ways, though. No one to see us."

"Mmm. I like that." He reached up, stroking Max's head. "You have something for me to wear?"

God, they were going to have to talk about money and things.

He was so not up for that.

"Yeah. I got stuff you can borrow, sugar. It'll be big, but we can get you some duds later today." He got a sweet kiss

on the nape of his neck. "There's some sweats here in the bureau."

"You just want easy access." He chuckled at himself. Like there was any easier access than naked.

"I want you any way I can get you." Serious as a heart attack, those words, Max hugging him tight before getting up and getting them both some soft sweats. "Let's go have some breakfast."

"Okay." He purred as he climbed into Max's sweats, the fabric warm, good. And, conveniently enough, equipped with a drawstring.

"Sensualist." Laughing, Max turned him in a silly, little dance all the way down the hall. Until they were attacked by a furry cannonball.

"Oof." He looked down, laughing as Max was molested by happy, drooling and fuzzy. "Which one is that?"

"Goldie. She's always first." It was the blonde; the one Max had said was a Golden retriever mix. "She's nosy as hell."

"She's pretty." He scratched behind her ears, getting an armful of wagging dog just panting all over him.

"She's a lover."

A swipe of another tongue came at his ear right before a cold nose pushed against his neck, a soft whine sounding. Max laughed out loud. "But it's Lady who seems to be right taken with you."

"Oh." Oh, man. That was. Wow. He grinned, reaching for Lady and stroking her neck. "They didn't take long to decide I was okay."

"Nope. They know a good 'un. You gave pets and bacon."

Breakfast smelled really good all of a sudden, making his stomach growl.

"You were supposed to feed me." It hit him, sudden and deep, that this place was more foreign to him than Peru had been, that he was a stranger here. A tourist.

"I what?" Max grinned, pulling him to his feet. "I'm fixin' to."

Of course, he loved being a tourist and doing it with Max had been the best time in his life. "Good."

"Come on." They made it all the way into the kitchen to find Poe sliding stuff on plates, singing Carmen at the top of his lungs, wearing nothing but a pair of Hawaiian-patterned shorts.

"Oh, hey, good timing," Poe said, waving a spatula.

Oh, excellent. Carmen. Orchids. Maple syrup. Very good.

"He's armed with kitchen utensils, cowboy. Should I be terrified?"

"Hell, yes." Max popped Poe on the ass as he went past, coming back with milk, orange juice and coffee. The dogs made themselves at home. Sitting right on Morgan's feet.

It was vastly different than having his toes in a fur rug, with the breathing and cold noses on his toes, but it wasn't bad at all.

"So, you want milk, sugar? Or coffee? Or what?" Max looked good, wandering around, getting cups and shit, just grinning at him, eyes dancing.

"Juice." He couldn't stop watching Max, admiring. So happy. The man looked so happy.

He got a glass of orange juice, a plate of food, Max popping a piece of sausage into his mouth. "Good, huh?"

"Mmmhmm." Oh. He was hungry. Really hungry. His stomach answered for him, snarling and growling long enough to make the dogs bark.

"Oh man, listen to that." That came from Poe, who set some hot fudge sauce and some hot maple syrup on the table.

Max just nodded, sitting next to him, feeding him another tidbit. Max had eyes only for him. It was wild.

"It's good." He slid closer, figuring Max would stop him if he got too close. He dipped some toast in hot fudge, offered it to Max.

Maybe there was no such thing as too close because Max took the nibble before pulling him over to sit on Max's lap. When he looked up, Poe had disappeared.

"Everything okay?" He settled in, unwilling to lose his spot.

"Uh-huh." Max fed him a piece of unreal French toast. Really good. "Everything's fine. I think Poe wanted to be alone with his eggs."

"Oh, good." He nibbled on the ends of Max's fingers, sucking them clean. "Tastes good."

"So do you." Max kissed the hot fudge off his mouth, tongue flicking. "Everything tastes better on you."

Meals were so much more entertaining with Max. He spread a bit of fudge over Max's lips, smiled. "Good."

Max licked it off, licked and sucked at his fingers. "God you look good in my house. Did I say that, sugar? 'Cause you do."

"Yeah? You look happy. Really happy." It was weird. He hadn't known Max looked stressed all the time until the man was home.

"Oh, sugar." Max kissed the chocolate off his lips. "You sound like you think I haven't been. You? You make me fucking happy, Morgan. You really do. This place is just ... It's my safe place."

He nodded, even though he really didn't get it, not at all. "I'm glad you brought me."

"Wasn't coming home without you." His back hit the table, dishes clattering down, the dogs stirring as they snapped up everything that fell. Max kissed him hard, bending him back, telling him all sorts of shit like want you and need you and gonna do you now.

Oh.

Oh, okay.

He moaned, bending easily, hips tilting to rub right where Max wanted him.

"Uh. Yeah." Max rose up over him, hips pressing between his thighs, pushing on him. Thick and hard through their sweats, Max just felt fine. Fine.

"Hungry." Oh, they hadn't fucked on a table before. Delicious.

"Want. I ... oh, sugar, want you so bad." Holding him up with one hand, Max scrabbled at their sweats with the other, getting him out, his cock against Max's belly, Max's against his thigh.

"Uh-huh." He couldn't figure out when they went from easy to needy, but it must've been the right time for it. He spread, trusting in those hands to hold him.

They could do that, though, go from zero to sixty in no time. Ever since the first night they'd met, sitting and talking one minute, all over each other the next. Max rubbed against him, slick and wet at the tip as that sweet cock slid up his leg to prod his balls.

Morgan moaned, scooted down and pushed against that heat, spreading as Max wanted in.

"Oh, Morgan. You sure? You're not sore?" Max. So sweet his Max. So good to him. There was a piece of French toast stuck to his back. Weird.

Great excuse to get back in the tub.

"In, cowboy. Fuck me."

"Okay," Max said, grinning madly, cock pushing at Morgan's hole. In, in, in. Max slid right in, so thick, spreading him until he had to wrap his legs around Max's hips to keep from sliding all over.

Mmm. Sore, but a good, deep, fine sore. He shifted, fingers wrapping around Max's upper arms.

Max started rocking him, pushing in and out, the rhythm as old as time. The table squeaked, creaked, all in time with Max's harsh breathing.

"Oh. Love. Max." He grinned, hips bucking, that damned piece of French toast coming loose.

"Yeah, sugar. Yeah. I love it." He didn't have any idea where the toast landed, but he could hear the dogs snap it up

as Max made love to him, muscles surging, just opening him up until he could hardly stand it.

His shoulders rolled up as Max hit his gland, eyes wide with the spark and pleasure. "There!"

Max hit it again and again, hips snapping, cock rubbing over his sweet spot until he saw stars.

He couldn't even breathe, just ride it, calling out Max's name over and over.

It didn't take long after that, his body squeezing down on Max's cock, making Max cry out, making that big body shudder. Max kissed him, taking his mouth by storm, tongue pushing in.

Oh, yeah. Table sex was definitely on the list above back seat sex and in the sand sex. He kissed Max right back, riding out his orgasm, just flying.

Max rested against him, panting, the shivers still working through every muscle. "Well. Breakfast went well," Max said, laughing a little.

"Uh-huh. Delicious." He had syrup in unmentionable places. "Your friend's going to kill you."

"Nah. He left a whole bunch of shit in the oven."

Oh, smart man.

He chuckled, happy all through. "You have a lot of breakfasts end like this?"

"No. Poe just always makes too much." Max touched his cheek, leaving a smear of hot fudge. "You need to eat, sugar, your stomach is growling again."

"I haven't eaten in..." He blinked. "How long has it been? Since I left?"

"About two weeks. They had you on all sorts of tubes..." Max trailed off, face red, eyes snapping. His cowboy had a temper. No doubt about it. "Here, sit up here on the table and I'll get us bacon and sausage and toast."

He caught Max's hand, held on. "I'm sorry, cowboy. I'm really sorry."

Fuck his father anyway.

Ew.

Or not.

"No. No, don't you apologize. You didn't do nothin'. You hear me?" Max used his hand to pull him close, hug him tight and hard, all that skin warm and good against him. "You're just fine. Just fine."

"I am. I'm here and I'll stay until I'm forced out, okay?" He couldn't promise forever because his father would come. They both knew it.

"You just wait, sugar. You'll see. You'll stay until *you're* ready to go. Not one minute before."

He looked up, met those dark eyes, stomach feeling hard as stone. "That'll be a long, long time, cowboy."

"That suits me just fine." Max kissed him, holding on tight, and he hoped they had all that time. He really, really did.

Too bad he wasn't sure he *believed* it.

Chapter Nine

Max watched Morgan, leaning on the fence as that skinny ass wiggled and bounced. Morgan had started teaching Lady Frisbee about the fourth day he was there, after they'd gotten him clothes and a driver's license. Being a heeler mix, Lady was good at it. Goldie? Not so much. So they had one dog bouncing all over like a champion gymnast, and the other flopping all over like a Koi fish with legs.

It had Morgan laughing helplessly, running about to retrieve the Frisbee when Goldie got a hold of it.

Ruff, the boy dog, was more like Max. He preferred to sit and stare. Those were his ladies out there, showing off. Morgan was no lady, but Max sure did like to watch him.

Morgan took to living in the middle of nowhere better than he'd expected, exploring the stables and the house, crawling around with that curiosity that made traveling with the man fascinating.

Oh, hell, who was he kidding? Everything about Morgan fascinated him.

"He sure is having fun, isn't he?" said his foreman, Alan, coming to stand next to him.

Max glanced over, noting the gimme cap pulled way down low over Alan's eyes. "He is. You heard something about his daddy, Alan? You need to share if you have."

Alan spat in the dirt, making Ruff bark and dodge. "Heard there was a fancy, private jet landed in Oklahoma City. Can't be long now."

Max nodded, fighting the urge to go gather Morgan up and hide the man. "Okay. Thanks."

Morgan looked over, eyes suddenly hooded as they searched him, expressive face still. "Hey, Alan. How're you?"

"Good. Good." Alan grinned, pushing the hat back. He'd taken to Morgan right off, and if Poe, Alan and the dogs approved, well, what more could a man ask? "How's the training going, son?"

"Goldie is getting better every day and Miss Lady is a star." The dogs both heard their names, tackling Morgan and stealing the Frisbee to play tug of war with.

Max hooted, hopping the fence and jogging out to give Morgan a hand up, dusting off that sweet, little ass. "They're so well mannered."

"They're fabulous." Morgan grinned, arm around his waist. "Everything okay, cowboy?"

"We need to talk, sugar." He wanted to let Morgan know his daddy might be on the way, but that they weren't gonna buckle under it. They walked back toward the house, Alan nodding and heading out.

"That's never good, Max."

"What? It could be." Hell, it might be the best thing.

"Yeah? It could?" Morgan relaxed a little, leaned right into him. "Okay, tell me all."

Max settled them on the swing on the porch, sitting close. "Alan says your daddy's in Oklahoma City. He's most like on his way here."

"Oh." Morgan sighed, lips going tight. "Okay. Okay, how far is that?"

"Maybe two hours." He grinned. It was an hour and a half to Enid, and then another half hour out to nowhere.

"Okay." Morgan took a deep breath, squeezed his hand. "So, do you want me to ... I mean, he won't come alone. I could head toward LA."

"No, sugar." Morgan would understand it eventually if Max had to beat it into him. "We'll let him in, and only him, and we're gonna have a little talk with him."

"We are? Have you **met** my father?"

"I have. I told you I had." He'd been a piss poor wildcatter then. He was a man to be reckoned with now, thanks to his own hard work, and then to Morrie. He thought maybe Morgan just didn't know that. Maybe Morgan didn't need to. But Max knew.

"He's going to bluster and threaten, then offer you a huge check and then..." Morgan blinked. "Well, no one's ever gotten past that part, so I don't know, but it's probably ugly."

"Oh, sugar." Max leaned over and took a kiss, just calming both of them. "Trust me. We'll get past it."

"Oh. Okay." Morgan reached up, those fingers stroking his face. "Okay, cowboy."

"So," Max began, changing the subject. "What do you want for supper? Poe is going into town to whoop it up. I'm cooking."

"I want..." Morgan stopped, took a deep breath and sort of settled. "Let's make meatballs. I love meatballs."

"You okay?" He stroked Morgan's belly, soothing, humming at the feel of it.

"Not all the way, but..." Morgan sighed and looked at him. "You know that he'll cut me off, yeah? I mean, I'm not worth anything without that trust fund."

Max frowned. "Honey, you've got to stop thinking of your worth in money. We didn't have nothin' I'd still want you. And I told you about Morrie. I can't imagine using all that, so we'll be just fine."

Morgan nodded. "I just wanted to make sure you knew. You deserve to know, yeah?"

"Okay. Okay, I can see that." Max forced himself to relax. He just hated it when Morgan ran himself down. "Now I know. So what all do we need for meatballs?"

He got a grin, quick, mischievous. "Meat, cowboy. Hence the name."

"Very funny, sugar." That earned Morgan a quick pop to the butt, and earned Max a wriggle and a hot look. Damn.

"I can be funny more." Morgan scooted closer, pushing right against him.

"Funny ha-ha or funny some other way?" Yeah. He could handle some funny business. Max pulled Morgan even closer, lips against that long throat.

"Funny however it'll get me more of you." Morgan's fingers brushed against his scalp, teasing his nerves.

"We still need to shave me." He was getting downright fuzzy. Max nipped Morgan's shoulder, right through his shirt.

"Mmmhmm. Make you all smooth and slick." Morgan purred, pushing closer, rubbing, the actions a little frantic.

"Come on, sugar. Let's go inside." Lord knew he wanted Morgan too, and he understood. But just in case someone did show up...

"Inside is good." Morgan stood, tugged his hand. "Your bed's waiting."

"It is." Max linked his fingers with Morgan's. "I'm thinking it's more ours though."

"Oh." Morgan's steps stuttered a little, then his hand got squeezed good and tight. Yeah, someone was hearing him.

"Good." Laughing, he twirled, picking Morgan up for a football style rush to the bedroom and the bed, flopping down so hard they bounced.

Morgan gasped, eyes dancing for him. No contacts, not since they'd been home. He was loving it.

Max bent and kissed each cheek, just beneath those pretty eyes. "I love that, you know? Your eyes like that."

"I know. It's one of the reasons I love you."

"Oh, sugar. I'll never get tired of hearing that." He just wanted to bust. Instead he kissed Morgan again and again, lips and tongue moving, tingling, pushing.

Morgan arched up, undulating against him, sweet and slow, almost like the man was swimming.

Yeah. He could do slow. He could. Max licked at Morgan's mouth, stroking his chest, his arms, just loving on him. They needed this.

Those hands slid up along his spine, around his neck, just holding on. Sweet moans pushed into his lips, Morgan right there, focused on him.

He put one hand under Morgan's back, lifting him even more into the kiss, rubbing down. The friction made him groan.

Mmm. Morgan liked that. He could hear it in the happy little cries and murmurs pushed into his lips, feel it in the heat of the lean body.

They rocked, both of them touching, kissing, starting slow and going faster, both of them humming and moaning.

It felt fucking good, both of them in his bed, Morgan's dark hair on his sheets, those eyes shining at him.

Max luxuriated in it. His skin slid against Morgan's, sweat starting to make them hot and easy, his face and throat getting so flushed. He needed suddenly, harder than he had before.

"Oh. Max. Look at you." Morgan groaned, arching under him, fingernails scraping down his chest.

"Me?" Chuckling, he looked down at Morgan, that pale skin stained with pleasure, those lips swollen with his kisses. "Nah. I've got a good view."

His nipples were caught, twisted sharp enough to make them ache. "Do you now?"

"I do." Gasping, Max arched, sensation zinging right down to his crotch, humping good and hard.

"Want you to put your rings in me. After we send him away."

"Yes. Here." He bent and licked at Morgan's nipples, rubbing his stubbly chin on them. "And down there."

"Yes." Morgan gasped, or laughed, or some mixture of the two. "Your rings."

"Can't wait to lick them, bite them, just go to town." He'd get Morgan a new chain, maybe one that would have a little extra piece to go down to the little stud they'd put in Morgan's skin, right behind Morgan's balls.

"God, yes. I want to feel you pulling at them, tugging..." Morgan's head tossed, chest heaving. "Cowboy."

"Uh-huh." All he could do was thrust, his hips just going and going as he kissed each nipple one more time before heading back to Morgan's mouth. So pretty that mouth. So hot.

Oh, and there needed to be a stud there, hot, little bit of metal sliding into his slit, fucking him. Oh.

His hips snapped forward at the thought, a harsh cry bursting from his chest, hot spunk spurting out. They really needed to get those piercings back. Like really.

Morgan hummed low, sucking on his tongue, fingers tracing along his spine, sliding over his skin.

"God, sugar. The things you do to me." He nibbled, licking a little, nuzzling up.

"Just trying to keep up." Morgan chuckled, dark eyes fastened on him.

"You do that real well, sugar. Real well." Max kept touching, stroking Morgan, petting, fascinated by texture and taste.

"Good." Morgan moved under his touch, responding to everything, loving him. Damn.

Max took a kiss that curled his toes, his whole body waking up again, which he didn't know could happen. And Max was

breathing into his mouth, hands on his shoulders, moans coming hard ... yeah.

"I want you." Morgan's legs wrapped around his waist, squeezed.

"Got me. Anything you want." Rocking, he smiled into those pretty eyes, moving slow and easy again, loving the slide and push.

"Mmm. I want forever, but I'll take right now." Morgan arched a little, belly hot as fire against him.

"You got both." He'd promise this man anything. Fucking anything. He really would. His cock perked right up again, pushing against Morgan, just needing so bad.

Morgan pushed right back, the man eager as fuck, wanton and it was all for him.

"Love you, sugar. So much." He couldn't wait this time any more than he had before, couldn't wait to get inside Morgan, so he just reached between them and started stroking Morgan, loving on him, pulling him right along.

That sweet prick damn near caught his palm afire, sizzling on his skin. He could feel Morgan's toes curl against the backs of his knees.

"Come on. Come on, Morgan." Somehow Max needed it, needed to feel Morgan come for him. Needed to know they were together in all this.

"Uh-huh." Those eyes went wide and hot, that blue streak bright and clear as heat poured from Morgan into his hand.

Max moaned, his own body jerking almost gently as his cock throbbed again, his balls pushing out what they could.

Morgan hummed, quiet and melty, fingers petting his face.

"Yeah." Carefully lowering himself down, Max curled up with Morgan, hands sliding and slipping.

He liked how they fit together, how Morgan felt in the bed.

He was so keeping Morgan. Let the man's daddy come. They'd settle it once and for all. Morgan was his, pure and simple.

And Max fought for what was his.

* * * *

It was all Morgan could do not to pack his bags and run. He knew what Max said, that Max believed that they could stand up against his father, but no one did.

Hell, Morgan wasn't completely sure anyone could.

Not physically. Father was an old man, still strong, but old. Still, no one could resist the threat of losing his livelihood, his reputation, losing a check for half a million dollars to turn around and walk away.

He sorta flitted from here to there, going from room to room, returning to touch Max, stroke the slick, shaved scalp over and over.

"Hey, sugar," Max said as he wandered in for the fourth time. "C'mere."

He got a kiss, light and sweet, nothing that might send them back to the bedroom.

"Hey, cowboy." Max's cheeks were rough again already, so fucking sexy and male and just...

Fuck, he didn't want to lose this.

"Mmm. You taste fine, sugar." Max's hands moved over him, the restless touches the only indication that Max was worked up, too.

"Yeah? As good as in Rio?" His palms flattened against Max's belly.

"Better." Max gave him a look, serious as a heart attack. "You'd never been taken from me there."

Oh.

He nodded, hands sliding around Max, holding on tight. "I don't want it to happen again."

"Not gonna." Max winked, then frowned, cocking his head. "Someone's coming."

"Okay. Okay." He hugged one more time, then moved away, catching sight of himself in the mirror. God, no contacts, no jewelry, nothing to hide behind. He hated this. Hated it.

Max whistled up the dogs, who came immediately, wagging and panting and just licking his hands. They made him chuckle, romping around like big, hairy idiots.

They distracted him long enough that his father's voice made him jump. "Morgan! Get away from those beasts and get into the car. I have had quite enough of your shenanigans."

He stood, lips tight, staring over into hard, angry eyes that didn't look anything like his own.

"Well, hey there, Mr. Bowen. How're you doing today?" Max asked, easy as anything, just stepping right up and making a big, solid presence.

"I would be doing better if you hadn't kidnapped my son. His doctor's been extremely worried. The boy needs help, you know."

"I wasn't kidnapped. I was rescued."

"Morgan doesn't need to be in the hospital, sir."

He could see the effort Max was making to be civil. You had to admire the guy for his politeness. Really. Even if he was gonna stroke out doing it.

"You don't have any reason to concern yourself with my son. Honestly. You don't understand what you're dealing with."

How could his father just stand there and say that?

Max advanced, not looking threatening. Just sort of ... well, prowly. "I think you're the one who doesn't get him at all."

"I have known him his entire life." His father puffed up a little and it sort of looked ... sad.

Weird.

Not really terrifying at all.

"I'm not leaving, Father."

Max looked from him to his dad, eyes all dark and unhappy and maybe a little sympathetic. To him and his dad maybe.

"Look. Why don't we all stop pissing like a bunch of big dogs. You could stay for supper, sir. See how good Morgan's getting on here."

Supper? Had Max lost his mind?

"Come on, what will it cost you but a delay in bluster?"

Oh that? That was pure, big dog challenge, the kind his father had always had trouble resisting.

His father rumbled, brows lowering in a frown. "I'm a busy man, Mr. Underwood, I don't have time for games."

"No, I don't suppose you do. It'd take time to see your kin happy instead of locked away and drugged to the gills. Just no time for that at all. You know, Morrie Carmichael always said you were a decent man, even when I called you a stone bastard. Shame to see he was wrong." Max went to the door. "If you don't want to stay for supper then you'd best leave my house."

"Morrie understood about business. Something I'll never hope to have my son comprehend."

Oh. Okay, that was a little low. More than a little, maybe.

Max shrugged, face going harder by the minute. "Not everyone is set for that. Some folks understand other things. Ones you don't."

"Yes. Well. I have it on good authority that he's an exceedingly talented little whore. However, I have serious doubts I will ever understand his perversions."

Morgan winced, stepped forward and took his father's arm. "Stop it. You just stop, now."

The minute his father shook him off, growling, Max went from hard to stony, coming to pull him away. "You go on now. You can see for yourself that Morgan is just fine."

"He's insane and dangerous and returning to the hospital."

"I'm not insane. I'm not you. I'm not a businessman. I'm not straight, but I'm not insane." He was getting a little loud, though, perhaps a little strident.

Max's fingers skated down his arm, calming him a little just by being there. "As far as I'm concerned," Max said,

"Morgan is an adult who makes his own decisions. He ain't gonna do anything to bother you. You don't need to worry on it."

His father's eyes stared through him, burning with fury. "Get in the car, Morgan. You aren't a teenager anymore and you don't know how to live without money. Do you honestly think anyone will want a wrinkled, broke queer with no talent for any length of time?"

A low growl came from Max, who stepped forward, hands balled into fists.

Morgan just sort of stood there, blinking, thinking. Trying to figure out what the fuck he'd done. Why this was all happening again.

"Get. Out." Max said it hard, voice sounding like the man'd been chewing gravel.

"Happy to, but I'm taking my son."

"No. I'm not leaving." He wouldn't.

"Quit being a child, Morgan. You're wasting my time."

"He's not going anywhere." Max moved even as Morgan's father did, sort of lunging in between them as his father reached, popping his father right on the chin.

Oh. Oh, goodness. "That was louder than I thought it would be..."

Max just hit his father.

Honest to goodness.

Max didn't look surprised or even concerned. Just ... righteous.

"I'll ... you piece of shit. I'll call the police."

Morgan tilted his head, looked at his father. "You'll lose a lot of face, getting beaten up by your crazy son's partner..."

"Not to mention the police around here are related to me," Max agreed, looking a little smug now. It was cute.

Better than cute. "I'm not going with you. I belong here."
With Max.

"This is Morgan's home now, mister. And you're not welcome." Solid as a rock, his Max.

"You're a fool. If you'd kept your temper, I would've written you a check for your trouble."

Max scoffed. "I had enough to get by. But Morrie chose me as his heir, in case you didn't know. I don't need your money, old man, and Morgan doesn't need you at all."

Morgan nodded, going to the front door and opening it wide. "Go on, Father. I'm staying."

His father opened his mouth to argue and Max growled. "You heard him. Get."

Morgan nodded, holding his father's gaze. "Leave me alone, Father. I don't need you. Leave me alone."

"This isn't over," his father said, but about that time Poe and Alan appeared just beyond the door, looming a little, and his father shook his head, back ramrod straight as he walked out.

He was good. He didn't start shaking until Father got into the long black car, didn't head for a bathroom until the engine started up. He did it. He stood up.

Max had helped, but in the end Max had only been support. He'd stood up to his father. When he was done puking Max was right there, stroking his hair back.

"Hey, sugar. You okay?"

"Yeah. Sorry. I ... I'm sorry." Macho and tough, he wasn't. Hell, he was still going for sane.

"Why? You did real well, sugar. Real well." Max was macho. Max had hit his father. *Hit* him.

"Yeah." God, he needed to go to town, clean out his bank accounts—the hidden ones and the public ones—before anyone else did. "Can I borrow your truck?"

"What for?" Max didn't sound worried. Well not like 'you're going to leave me' worried.

"I need to go to the bank. I need to clean out my accounts." He wouldn't just live off Max. It wasn't fair. He owned four houses, too, that Father didn't know about.

"Okay. We'll put the money someplace safe. Come on, sugar."

So good to him. Solid as a rock, his Max.

He nodded, hand sliding around Max's wrist. "Okay. Okay, cowboy. Let's go."

"Yeah. We'll get it done. We will." Max grinned, kissing his forehead. "That was the worst of it."

"Promise?" He reached up, traced Max's lips, Max's smile.

"I do. The rest is just the lawyers, and they won't have a leg to stand on. Now brush your teeth and I'll get the truck."

"Lawyers? Why do I need a lawyer? The insanity stuff?"

"No, honey. Your daddy will send lawyers." Max looked almost like he was looking forward to it. "But my lawyers? Man, they're British. They're scary as all fuck."

That tickled him, way down deep, and he started laughing, tension easing in his shoulders, in his belly.

"There you go, sugar," Max said, hugging him tight. "There you go."

Morgan nodded, took a deep, deep breath. Yeah. Yeah.

There he was.

Right here.

Just fine.

* * * *

They'd taken care of the bank shit over a period of about a week. The lawyers had done real well. Max was pleased.

Morgan seemed to relax a little too, after his money was safe. He'd twitched for a couple of days after his daddy had left, starting at every sound, looking around with haunted eyes. Max couldn't blame him. What kind of man treated his kid that way?

One way or the other, Max figured they were good to go. Hell, Poe had left the night before, giving Max a kiss that curled his toes and patting Morgan's bottom, saying he had other fish to fry, and a tremendous need to get laid after being around them for near on a month.

If Poe left, they must be safe.

Max figured it was about time, so he went looking for Morgan, calling Alan up on his little radio to tell him they were driving into the city.

Morgan was with the dogs on the back porch, sitting and reading the newspaper, throwing one ball after another.

Damn, but Morgan looked good in his house. Max was already thinking of it as theirs. He'd even cleaned out the

second guest room and given it to Morgan to do whatever with. The look on Morgan's face had been priceless.

"Hey, sugar."

He got a grin, the tip of Morgan's nose smeared with newsprint. "Hey, cowboy. I was looking for houses."

"Houses?"

His heart stuttered a little. "Why?"

"Investments. You know, I have enough to buy ten little, wee houses, rent them." Those eyes blinked up at him. "I'm not quite as helpless as father liked to think. I hadn't touched my trust fund in ten years."

"I. You. Wow." He didn't think Morgan was helpless, but damn. "Cool. Can you put off your mogul-ing for the weekend?"

Morgan laughed, folded the paper up and pushed up into his arms. "Oh, yeah. Morgan the Mogul. It's got a ring."

"It does." Mmm. Rings. That was the whole point. "I want to go to the city, sugar. Wanna come with?"

"Always. Let's go explore. I need to buy contacts, you know? I never go out in public with my eyeballs naked."

"Naked eyeballs. That sounds gross, sugar." Max kissed Morgan's neck, rubbing his scratchy chin against one shoulder. "As long as you don't wear them at home."

"No. No, I..." Morgan grinned. "That was when I knew I needed to keep you. When you liked my eyes."

"Never seen such pretty eyes." He hadn't either. They'd hit him in the gut like a sucker punch. "Anyway, I got us a fancy hotel, one of those with the suite on top? We can have room service and all."

"Oh, very fun. I'll have to order finger foods and let you use me as a platter." Look at those eyes twinkle, alive and awake and interested.

"Oh. Man, I saw this thing once in Japan. Human sushi plate." It had been odd, but cool. He'd like that. Maybe not just for sushi, because he could think of all sorts of things he'd like better spread on a Morgan.

"Oh, yes. Olives and little nibbles, your mouth on me. What's not to love?"

"Uh-huh. So, wash your face and pack a bag, okay? I have plans for you." And they had an appointment late tonight that they couldn't miss."

"Okay." Morgan winked. "I'll bring jeans, jeans, and those charming, little, tight jeans you picked up for me."

Well ... the man's ass looked good in tight denim.

"Guilty. I do love your butt, sugar." Max proved it by squeezing said ass, which was firm and resilient.

"Mmm. Good to know." Morgan stretched up, took a kiss. "I won't be but a minute. Packing to go play is a superpower of mine."

"Good. I'll start getting the house closed up. We'll drop the dogs with Alan." Yeah. Yeah, they'd hit the road, have an adventure.

He could hear Morgan's voice, warm and happy, echoing in the house. God, yes.

The house took only a minute or two to close up. Alan would use up any food that would go bad in three days, which wasn't much. The dogs nosed his hands, licking and whining, knowing he was going again.

Morgan came down the stairs, managing to look classy in jeans and a skin-tight black turtleneck.

"Pretty pretty." Damn. Max adjusted the front of his own jeans. "You ready?"

"I am." Morgan stopped suddenly, grinned. "You know, this is the first time we've really gone somewhere in your truck."

"It is. Aside from grocerying." They'd made out in the driveway once, too, much to Poe's amusement. Lord lord. "Do we have drinks and shit to take?"

"You're thinking about the blowjob you got in the driveway, aren't you? With your old lover watching through the window..." Morgan chuckled, the wicked, little smile making promises. "Naughty, naughty. I'll grab some water from the kitchen."

Morgan knew him so well. Poe had clapped him on the back when they came in and said, "You old dog, that looked fun," and he and Morgan had gone into the bedroom and fucked like jackrabbits. He still blushed when he thought about it.

Of course, tonight he was going to have Morgan spread, decorated with his rings. That was more than a little blush-worthy itself.

He couldn't wait. He hoped to God it would be all right to play with them tonight. It should be, as Morgan had been pierced already, but Max was no expert.

Morgan came back with a sack full of munchies and drinks, a banana half-eaten in his hand. "Okay, cowboy. Let's go play."

"Tease." He slid an arm around Morgan's waist, hauling him out, looking forward to the drive. He knew Morgan would bounce and point and make him see things he never had.

Morgan nodded, offered him a bite, before sliding up into the cab of his truck, tugging one of his old, heavy, flannel shirts on for a jacket.

They headed out, the day clear and a little cold, but pretty enough to make things sparkle. He was bouncing a little himself, just grinning from ear to ear.

It was close enough to Christmas that there were decorations out in yards and they spent most of the drive comparing them, discussing which they needed for their yard and what the dogs would be scared enough of not to eat.

The mutts had a great fondness for yard art. They chewed it to bitty bits.

The hotel was one of those places that had valet parking, and Max handed over the keys to his truck with a growled, "Not even a scratch, you hear?"

"Oh, that was very impressive." Morgan grinned over at the valet. "He's exceedingly fond of this vehicle, understand. It stands to inherit a great deal of money if it can avoid potholes and not throw a rod."

"Bitch." Popping Morgan on the ass, Max grabbed their bags out of the back. "Come on, you."

Morgan's laughter followed him in, the sound a little breathless, a little husky. "I'm right behind you, cowboy."

Yeah. And they'd made it in time to get busy *and* have supper before they went to Morgan's little appointment. Hoo,

yeah. Max hurried through check-in, bouncing on the toes of his boots.

Morgan wasn't being helpful at all, whispering little perversions, stealing touches, teasing him.

The key card took three tries, but the minute they got inside the suite, Max was on Morgan like white on rice, kissing so hard.

Morgan opened up for him, tongue pushing and sliding against his like to drive him crazy, all hungry and hot and eager.

He pressed Morgan against the door, half lifting him so they could rub, his aching cock pressing against Morgan's thigh. This man got to him, sent him like no one else.

Morgan's fingers wrapped around his head, sliding on his scalp, the skin smooth where Morgan'd shaved him last night.

Max shivered a little, his nipples going tight, his legs trembling. He moaned, rubbed harder, not sure he could even get his pants open.

Morgan whispered against his lips—husky love words that didn't mean anything and meant everything all at once.

They moved, turning in slow circles, Max supporting Morgan's weight. He carried Morgan to the settee, pushing them down.

"Want." Sharp teeth caught his bottom lip, tugging it and teasing him.

"I know, sugar. I want you too." He flicked Morgan's nipples with his thumbs, knowing the ribbed fabric of the turtleneck would heighten the sensation.

"Mmm. Miss the rings. Miss how you would tug and pull, make me ache."

"Uh-huh." It teetered on the tip of his tongue, but he wanted it to be a surprise, so Max settled for pulling up Morgan's shirt and repeating the motion without the cloth. Over and over.

"Cowboy..." Morgan arched up toward his mouth, fingers working his fly open, hunting his cock. "More. Don't stop."

"Not gonna ... uhn." His cock pushed right into Morgan's hands as his jeans gave way, and Max rolled his hips, pinching Morgan's nipples hard.

"Yes." Morgan knew just how to touch him, how to squeeze and roll him in those long fingers to make him beg for it.

Bucking, his muscles just shaking, Max growled, bending to mark Morgan's throat, sucking up a bruise. "So good, sugar."

"Mmmhmm." Morgan's fingers tightened, the little gasp that escaped as he sucked sweet as fuck.

They were gonna explode right into flames. Max just knew it. They'd burn up that pretty hotel and then where would they be? He chuckled at his own thoughts.

"What do you want, Morgan?"

"Hmm?" Those dark eyes were dazed and needy, blinking up at him as Morgan's fingers traced his lips.

"How do you want me? Want me to suck you? Want to fuck me? Ride me?" Max thought they all sounded good, but he wanted Morgan to choose.

Morgan laughed a little wildly, eyes just huge. "God yes. Everything, but I'll ride you first."

"Come on then." Yeah. God yeah. Max rolled off that silly, little couch and onto the floor, pulling Morgan down on top of him, just a wiggling and rubbing.

Morgan started tugging his shirt open, moaning and bending to lick his skin as it was exposed. Those teeth found his nipples, fingers tugging his jeans off his ass.

Clever Morgan, doing that naked thing. Max approved heartily. "Come on, sugar. Hurry."

Morgan chuckled, leaned down to swipe that hot tongue over the head of his prick, the heat making his thighs knot up.

His hips rolled, his ass clenching tight as he rose up off the floor. His chest and belly were like rock. Just the thought of watching Morgan get pierced, that and the feel of Morgan on him and around him all uninhibited and not worried or scared ... damn.

"Hungry. Need you." Morgan crawled up his belly, fingers in that wicked mouth for just a second, before he got to watch Morgan push them in that hot, little hole.

Max couldn't look away. Morgan mesmerized him, always had, but this was like when they'd first met. This was like before Morgan got taken away.

Not scared, not worried, not **thinking**—just wanting him, feeling and living and fuck, it was something else. Morgan's head was thrown back, throat working, his name moaned over and over.

Max touched, ran his hands over Morgan's belly and chest, all the while watching those arm muscles move, watching as Morgan got himself ready. He pinched Morgan's nipples again, hard.

"Cowboy!" Morgan jerked, lifted up, hand reaching for his prick. "Want. Now, Max. Now."

"Uh-huh. Come on, sugar. Come on. Want you so bad." His cock was jerking, his breath hitching in his chest. They didn't go now he'd lose it.

Morgan nodded, just sank down on him like a fucking dream, body squeezing and holding him tight.

A cry left him, tearing out of his throat. Then Max started babbling. "Morgan, sugar, oh. God. Yeah. Tight."

"Uh-huh." Morgan's hands landed on his chest, pretty body riding him like he was a prize pony.

Max grabbed Morgan's hips, pulling them into a faster rhythm, loving the feeling, the heat. Loving how Morgan's skin bruised under his hands.

"Oh. Oh, just like." Morgan gasped, jerking and moving a little faster, a little harder. "Just there. Cowboy."

"Okay. Okay, sugar. There." That little spot was easy to hit over and over now he'd found it.

Oh, wasn't that pretty? Those eyes were focused on him, skin flushed a sweet rose.

Max lost it, his hips punching, his hands restless and grabby. His muscles bunched and pulled, his legs just shaking. He tried to hold back, but it was tough.

"Don't close your eyes, love. Need to see it. You. Need to. Oh..." Morgan rippled, lips parting as that sweet ass clenched.

"Oh." Eyes wide open, Max grabbed Morgan's cock, pulling, needing. "Come on."

"Yes..." Heat sprayed over his wrist, the heady, male scent and Morgan's cries enough to make him dizzy.

So was the pressure of Morgan's body around him. Max just shot like crazy, his cock throbbing, his head about to fly off.

"Love. Damn. I. Wow." Morgan slumped down against him, panting, tongue sliding over his chest.

"Uh-huh. You blow me away, sugar. You surely do." His very own Morgan. A man could die happy.

"Good. You're stuck with me."

Morgan sounded sure about that, determined.

"I'm counting on it," he said, thinking about later tonight and how that would kinda make it official. "I'm counting on it."

* * * *

They had bathed and walked, wandered and ate and looked in random windows. It wasn't Rio, but it was fascinating. Max knew this city, nodded and tipped a hat to people, seemed completely at ease.

It suited the man better than being a tourist did.

Every so often Max's hand would brush his ass, his waist, just tiny, barely there touches, but they sensitized his skin, made him vibrate.

"Where next, cowboy?" He could still taste the whiskey on Max's tongue after the quick, hard kiss in a dark alleyway, the smoke and burn of it on those lips.

"Mmm. We got an appointment, sugar," Max said, starting to steer him down a street, a little darker than the rest.

"An appointment? With who?" He followed, looking at the neon and the chintzy tinsel decorating down here.

"You'll see." He got this smile that made him go poing, Max almost bouncing with what looked like anticipation.

"You tease! Keeping secrets!" They moved faster and he couldn't stop laughing, Max's excitement contagious.

"You know it."

Pretty much everything was closed down here, only a few bars and such open, so Max must have felt safe to grab his hand, swinging it. They went another block before Max stopped in front of a violently turquoise door, knocking sharply.

"I'm not starring in Behind the Turquoise Door, am I?" Although, somehow he didn't think Max was the type to want him in a porno...

"Well, maybe. But only for me," Max said, kissing just below his ear.

The door opened, a girl with dreadlocks and a pierced nose standing there in yoga pants and a tank top. "Hey," she said. "You Owen's nine-thirty?"

"Yes, ma'am," Max said, tipping his hat.

Owen? Okay. There was no way he was making a porno with someone named Owen. The thought made him chuckle, even as they were ushered in.

"Hey!" Owen looked nothing like his name. He had blue hair. And tats. "Y'all all ready?"

Morgan grinned, tilted his head. Blue hair. Very cool. High maintenance, but cool. "I don't know. Are we ready, cowboy?"

"We are." That grin had to be a registered weapon.

"Cool. Come on then," Owen said, leading the way to a back room. Spotless, clean and sterile, with a chair. "Strip down, then," Owen said, grinning at him.

He gave Max a look, a grin. "My rings?"

Oh. Oh, he ... Yeah. Max's rings.

"Uh huh. Time to get them back." Those dark eyes were smokin' hot, burning right into his, the grin replaced by something way more hungry.

"Same ones? Same places?" He stripped his shirt off, nipples hard as little rocks.

"For right now? Yes. I wanna be able to play, sugar."

He nodded, moaned a little. Owen grinned over, shook his head. "What gauge jewelry did you have, man?"

"Ten gauge barbell in my tongue and nipples, eight gauge in my guiche."

"Cool. How long have they been out?"

"A couple weeks, but I'd had them all forever."

Hell, he'd had different jewelry to match his outfits. Christ, his father was an asshole.

"Well, I'll put a twelve in the tongue and nipples and in a few weeks, I'd recommend moving up to a ten. We'll look at the guiche—if the eight goes in? Cool. If not, we'll start smaller and stretch."

Max shifted from foot to foot at the word stretch. Oh, someone was enjoying this.

"Works for me." He slowed a little, letting Max watch as he got naked. His heart was just pounding, prick starting to fill.

Max cleared his throat and moved, looking intently at him as he shed his clothes. Max liked that part, he knew. Max liked all the parts.

"Did you pick out the jewelry?" He stepped out of his shoes and moved toward the table, making sure Max got to see everything.

"I did, yeah. Is that okay?" Max followed like they were attached by a string, staring at him, hungry.

"More than okay." He met Max's eyes, enjoying feeling his blood rush through his body. "I want them to be yours, cowboy."

"Ours." Rough fingers skated over his hipbone. "Is it okay if I sit here, Owen?"

The dude nodded, just beaming at them like some weird, punk fairy godfather.

"Mmm. Should we start with the tongue?" He waggled his tongue at Max, loving the way those brown eyes went almost black.

"Okay..." Max sat, the thump of his ass hitting the stool loud, the evidence of his hard-on easy to see at the fly of his jeans.

"Sure," Owen said, bustling a little, gloves and shit appearing like magic.

"Let me see the stud?"

"Sure."

Easy as anything, Owen held out a plain, brushed-metal barbell, nothing fancy or sparkly, nothing that would rub anyone the wrong way. Perfect for Max's slit.

"Mmm. I like it." Man, the forceps were still uncomfortable, but besides a little sting and a bad taste of the antiseptic, the metal pushed right in.

God. He'd forgotten how different it felt.

Max caught his breath next to him, and that big hand stroked his throat as Owen finished up. Really, the guy was good. Non-intrusive.

He moaned a little, tongue sliding in his mouth. "Damn. It feels..."

He chuckled as he lisped, just a little. "Gonna have to practice talking again."

"It's cute, sugar," Max said, voice gravelly as anything. Damn, that growl did things to him. Hot things.

"Cute. You won't think it's cute when I use it."

"I meant the lisp..." The words trailed off on a little moan as Owen came back with a little tray with some rings.

"Mmm. What next, cowboy?" His balls felt heavy, his belly hot and tight. Loved playing with Max.

"Nipples. We're working up to the hard one."

Oh, that happy bastard just winked at him and rubbed the crotch of his own jeans, giving Morgan a show, too.

"Mmm ... Just wait 'til I get done..." He grinned, then jumped as Owen sprayed icy cold water over his nipples, the poor things drawing up tight-tight.

"Gonna tear me up, sugar?" Those eyes watched his every move, Max stroking his arm, his hand, his fingers.

"Gonna..." He stopped as Owen ran the needle through his left nipple, using it to guide the ring through. "Oh..."

"Oh," Max echoed, the sound almost raw. "Oh, sugar. I. God."

"Uh-huh. I remember the look on your face when you saw them the first time..." The captive bead was clicked on and his nipple just throbbed, stretched around the metal.

"Uh-huh. You remember what I did when you told me we should get me some?"

Hell yes, he remembered. Max had gone crazy.

"Mmmhmm. You melted for me." Or had that been the truth or dare game ... Or the flamenco. Mmm ... Dancing.

"Oh, God, the flamenco. We did it standing up in an alley, sugar." Damned if Max wasn't starting to pant as Owen started on his other nipple.

"Then we found the hotel and you made me ... Oh..." The other ring slid in, his cock jerking, slapping his belly.

"Uh-huh. Oh, Morgan. Look at that. Look how pretty."

Owen moved away, humming under his breath, and Max took a kiss from Morgan, leaning to press his lips open, tongue pushing in.

He groaned, one hand sliding around Max's neck as he rubbed Max's tongue with the stud, the tug delicious, familiar, hot.

Max growled, happy noises coming from him, hand rubbing over Morgan's chest, just brushing the nipple rings.

Oh. Oh, yes. More. He heard Owen clear his throat and, if he didn't know what was coming, he'd have growled.

Max nodded, nose against his for a second, and pulled back, just shaking for him. Because of him.

"Cowboy..." He reached out, fingers twining with Max's. Owen got his legs spread and propped wide, the spray of antiseptic making him shake.

"I got you. I'm right here. Oh, Morgan." Max squeezed his hand, eyes on his, not on what Owen was doing. Holding his.

"Yeah. After he's done, I want." He wanted to let Max see, touch. He wanted *Max*.

"I know. I know. Me too. Soon, sugar. Soon. As soon as he does this one and then..." Max smiled, hot and so very male. "Well. Soon."

"Yeah..." There was a familiar tug, pulling deep in him, then a sting and stretch that was almost a burn. His balls drew up tight-tight, the ache deep in the pit of his belly.

"Jesus. Is that what it was like ... I can smell you, Morgan." Max was petting him now, his belly, his ribs, slow, steady touches.

The entire world buzzed, Morgan's heart just pounding along as Owen put the bead in, the heavy ring falling to bump against his skin. God.

"That's it. That's perfect." He thought Max might just come. That voice sounded just like it did right before Max came.

"Yours. Cowboy. I." He sat up, moaning as his nerves just lit up. Hotel. Bed. Hard, deep fucking. "We're done?"

Max looked at him, bit his lip. "'S up to you, sugar. I told Owen. Well. I wasn't sure." Oh, that was adorable. His cowboy was blushing like fire.

He slid over, settled in Max's lap, humming low. "Wasn't sure what, cowboy?"

"If you would want to pick something out for me."
Capturing his hand, Max lifted it to cover Max's left nipple.

"Oh..." Morgan melted, balls to bones, as he nodded.
"Yeah. Yeah, cowboy. You'll love it."

"Okay. Okay, let's do it, then." He got a smile, a kiss that curled his toes and god knew what else as Max put one hand behind his head to draw him close.

His fingers played with that little bit of flesh, tugging and pulling, making it hard and ready. His sexy cowboy. His Max. God.

Max rocked a little under him, biting his lower lip. "Need to do this now or I won't. I can't. Morgan."

"Okay. I want a barbell, something that won't catch. He works with his hands." A sweet, little barbell that he could tug would be perfect, would drive Max insane.

"You got it. Something like this?" Owen asked, bringing a little tray over. Yeah, there were silvery-brushed-metal, a couple of other colors, some gold. The perfect sizes.

"Gold for him." It would glow on his skin.

"Nice." He got a wink from Owen, who gestured for Max to get up and kinda trade places with him.

Max nodded, lifting them both before setting Morgan on his feet and raising his arms so Morgan could pull his shirt off.

Beautiful cowboy. He stroked Max's smooth scalp just briefly as the shirt came off. "You ready, cowboy?"

"Uh-huh. For you. Only for you, Morgan." He could see it on Max's face. Everything from when they met in London to

when Max had clocked his daddy defending him. All of it. Pure love.

He nodded. He knew. He **knew**. "My cowboy. You're going to fly."

"Kay." Max lay back, staring at him the whole time, gasping as Owen got him ready, shivering.

He stayed right there, holding Max's eyes. "I want to see it all. All of you."

He'd never seen it from this side of the needle, had never seen someone else quiver and shake and it was Max. Max, who was grabbing his hand as Owen capped off the barbell and cleaned up, slipping out of the room with a little chuckle floating behind him.

"Oh. Oh, Max. I. You." He shook his head, fingers right beneath that tight, little nipple. He knew how that felt, stinging and burning and so fucking erotic.

Max's whole body arched, the table chair thing creaking under his weight. "Morgan."

"Yes." He leaned close, blew a soft stream of air over that dark, abused flesh.

"Oh. Oh, God." Max reached for him, hauling him right up, kissing him like crazy. Lips and tongue on his mouth, Max bit at him, licked him, went crazy for him.

He tore at Max's fly, needing. Needing now. Owen could wait a few minutes. Just long enough to take the edge off.

"Yeah. Yeah." Max agreed, obviously. They got hands and bodies situated, jacking each other hard and fast, kissing like crazy. Max's skin felt like it could burst into flames.

"Yours. Cowboy." He sucked Max's tongue, fingers working the tip of Max's prick hard enough to burn.

"Mine. Like I'm yours." Yeah. No doubt about that anymore. Not with Max getting himself pierced for Morgan. No doubt at all.

Just as it was supposed to be. "Yeah. Yeah." He held Max's gaze, hips starting to jerk and buck gracelessly.

"I. Morgan!" Max arched under him, almost threw him off with the violence of it, hot come spilling into his hand as Max shot, groaning.

It was the mixture of heat and the way Max squeezed and the brush of one thigh against the ring between his legs that sent him over the edge.

They just lay there and panted for a few minutes before Max started laughing, leaning to kiss him hard. "So do we clean up and go pay and go back to the hotel?"

"I think that is a perfect plan." He grinned, nose brushing against Max's. "Tell me we can stay in the room and explore for at least two days."

"God, yes. We can stay as long as we want as long as we call the dogs on the phone every so often."

He thought about that for a minute, then nodded. He'd seen them work together to open the pantry and get to the treats on the top shelf. Max kept the phones down low.

"Perfect. I need some time to play with you."

"I need you too, sugar. More than anything." Max kissed him again, got them up and moving, looking rueful as he saw their come on Owen's chair. "That can't be sanitary."

He started chuckling as he found some paper towels and the spray bottle of soapy water. "I'm sure it's bad luck to offend blue-haired piercers, cowboy."

"No shit." Their clothes were all over, and Max scooped them up, handing Morgan's to him. "But I tried to prepare him, so he should be cool."

"Oh, I bet we're on the tame side. If you'd spanked me to the tune of the national anthem and smoked banana leaves while he pierced me?" He stopped and grinned. "We'd still be on the tame side."

Hooting, Max popped his ass just as he got it covered up. "Now you know I'd never sully the Star Spangled Banner that way, sugar."

"My own personal patriot." He got all put together. "Take me to the hotel, cowboy."

"You got it, sugar. Gonna tear you up."

Max put an arm around his waist and led him out, paying Owen on the way. They hit the street, both of them hurrying, both of them needing. Kind of like every time they went anywhere.

Morgan laughed, alive and awake and ready. Ready for this whole new thing.

He just hoped the world was ready for them.

End

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