

Black Tie and Hot Tails

Elizabeth Jewell

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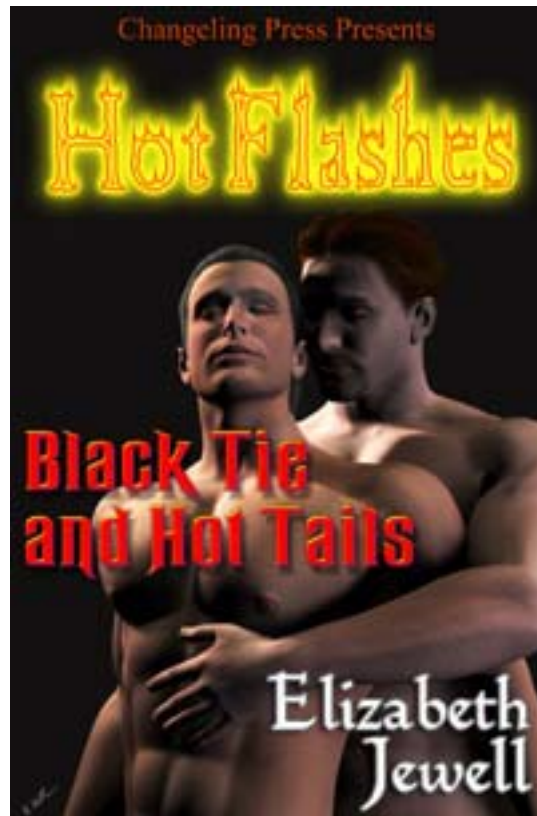
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Black Tie and Hot Tails

The last time Riordan had been in a tux, he'd nearly died in it. So his trepidation as he stood in front of the mirror in the Armani dressing room was perhaps understandable.

It didn't help, though, that he was acquiring the tuxedo to attend his ex-girlfriend's wedding. Nor did the fact that she was marrying the guy who had tried to kill them. And yet, in spite of their decidedly checkered history, Melinda had invited him and Roarke to her wedding.

Standing behind him, Roarke brushed Riordan's lapels into place. "It'll be fine," he said, for the eighth or ninth time. "Just sit in your chair, don't talk too much, and eat cake after. Nothing to it."

Riordan frowned at his reflection. "It's just... I don't even know."

Roarke met his eyes in the mirror. Although he was a vampire, he did reflect, though his features tended to be blurry. Riordan found the effect disconcerting, but having no reflection at all of the man currently stroking his body would be even stranger.

"It's a lot of history," Roarke said gently. "I understand that." His hand trailed down Riordan's stomach, fingers sliding under the waistband of the tux he was trying on. "But quit moping. It's pissing me off."

Riordan leaned back against his lover with a sigh. "It's just... Have you thought about the irony?"

"That she left you because she couldn't handle what you are, and now she's marrying Evan because he can handle what she's become?"

"Something like that."

Roarke's hand dove a little deeper, fingers tracing the length of Riordan's stiffening cock. "Well, if you're into irony, there's always Mr. I-Am-Not-Gay who's about to get fucked in the dressing room of the Armani store."

Riordan shivered. The vampire's long fingers reached the head of his cock, brushed against it. "Am I?"

"Yes, I think you are."

Riordan closed his eyes a moment, then looked up at the mirror. His body was filling with the deep, insistent heat that was its usual response to Roarke's touch. Roarke tucked him a little closer, until Riordan could feel the vampire's erection prodding against his ass.

"Weddings make me hot," Roarke said. "You in a tux makes me hot, too."

"You're kind of doomed then, aren't you?"

"I think so."

"Why do you reflect?" Riordan asked, mostly to distract himself from his own arousal. They were in a dressing room, for God's sake. Anybody could walk in.

Which, honestly, made him that much hotter. Roarke had been a bad influence on him.

Roarke shrugged, his eyes focused on the mirror. His reflection wavered, as if he were reflecting in water instead of glass. An almost predatory smile flickered across his mouth, the white flash of his teeth a blurred smear in the mirror.

Riordan shivered again, unable to control his body's reaction. He couldn't tell if Roarke's fangs were out or not, but that thought served to make him harder, as well. The entire bowl of his pelvis ached, cock and ass throbbing, balls drawing up already, and Roarke had barely touched him.

His mind drifted, passing over images of Melinda, remembering how she'd felt under him, back before he'd become what he was now -- some sort of creature teetering on the line between vampire and human, not quite one or the other, rocked from time to time by the unquenchable need for blood but still able to walk in the daylight for a

while. His whole life since then had been built around figuring out who and what he was, dealing with changes and loss. The loss of Melinda had stood at the top of that list.

But now, after two years of soul-searching, he knew what he was.

He was in love with Roarke.

The vampire's big, square hand slid down Riordan's chest, over his flank. His other hand was still inside Riordan's pants, but now he withdrew it. Long fingers plucked the button open, slid the zipper down.

"Don't think about her," he admonished.

Riordan flinched. "Sorry."

Roarke's hands pushed Riordan's pants down over his hips. His cock bobbed free, fully erect and weeping. Roarke's big hand cupped his balls, thumb sliding over the head of his cock.

"Careful," Riordan said, voice tremulous with need. "We don't own these tuxes, you know."

"Best just take it off then."

Riordan shifted his weight, letting the tux trousers slide down to his ankles. He stepped to the side, leaving them in a pile next to his feet. "It's going to get wrinkled."

"I don't care." Roarke turned him to the side and went to his knees in front of him. Riordan gasped. The vampire clasped his ass and sucked his cock down.

"God," Riordan breathed, because there really wasn't any other proper response to Roarke's cool mouth drawing him in balls-deep, his tongue curling along the length of his thick shaft. He steadied himself with his hands on the other man's shoulders.

Roarke had positioned them deliberately so they could both watch in the mirror while Riordan fucked his mouth. Riordan watched. His reflection was a bit blurry as well, and had been since he'd given so much of his own blood to save Roarke's life last year. Still, it was clearer than the vampire's, and he could see his cock sliding, spit-shiny, out of Roarke's mouth and back again, Roarke's lips stretching and moving to accommodate and stimulate him. He'd seen this before, of course, many times, but the mirror changed the perspective, made it more voyeuristic. His balls lurched suddenly,

and he had to take a long, slow breath, hands tightening on Roarke's shoulders, steadying himself, to stave off the orgasm trying to tear through him before he was ready to let it.

And his mind turned again to Melinda.

There had been times, early in his relationship with Roarke, before he'd been willing to call it a relationship, when he'd cried out her name at night in his dreams. Perhaps he'd spoken it in the throes of passion, but he hoped not. He couldn't bear the thought of hurting Roarke that way. The vampire would have understood, let it go, as he had so many other unintended slights and hurts as Riordan had gradually come to terms with what he was and the new shape of his life. But Melinda had been his first true love, and now she was marrying Evan...

His first true love. He looked down at Roarke, directly into his eyes, not at the reflection. Roarke's teeth scraped his cock, not too hard, but not lightly either, more than enough to capture his attention. There was a glassy hardness in the vampire's eyes, as if he again had sensed the drift of Riordan's thoughts -- and Riordan wasn't prepared to discount that theory. But as Roarke's eyes met his, the hardness melted, and Riordan felt Roarke's throat compress on the head of his cock as the vampire swallowed.

Riordan threaded fingers through Roarke's dark hair, staring down into the wide, familiar face, grounding himself in the gray eyes.

His first love. Yes, that had been Melinda. But now...

"I love you," he said, the words soft but not at all strained or forced as they had been at times in the past. He loved this man every bit as much as he'd loved Melinda; perhaps more, truth be told. He deserved so much more than Riordan had ever been able to give him.

"I love you," he said again, and Roarke took him down deep, mouth, tongue and teeth tight on his cock.

Riordan couldn't hold back anymore, and his hips jerked as his orgasm flooded Roarke's mouth. At the same time, Roarke's hands tightened on Riordan's ass, fingers digging into the cleft, one deliberately breaching the tight ring of his anus, and Riordan

bit back a howl. Already intense, his climax ratcheted up a notch, waves of ecstasy clenching and unclenching through him. He emptied into Roarke's mouth, felt him swallow everything Riordan had to give, tightened on the tip of Roarke's finger even as Roarke moved it deeper inside him.

His vision went black for a moment. When it returned, he was looking again at the mirror. Roarke drew back, letting Riordan's cock pop free of his lips, then, holding it steady with one hand, he licked it neatly and thoroughly, leaving Riordan to shudder in the aftermath of orgasm and the additional stimulation that nearly sent his body into overload.

Roarke looked up at him, held his eyes for a long moment. Riordan's throat thickened at the emotion he saw there. The vampire, as always, held back nothing, letting Riordan see exactly how he felt. Riordan cupped Roarke's face, gently stroking his cheek and jawline, tracing his lips. Roarke's tongue came from between his lips, softly touched the tip of Riordan's finger. He said nothing. There was no need.

Finally, Roarke came to his feet. He cupped the back of Riordan's head and kissed him. The firm, familiar mouth pressed against Riordan's, his tongue parting the other man's lips. Riordan surrendered to the kiss, tasting himself in his lover's mouth.

He heard something outside the dressing room. A stirring, someone walking outside maybe. He froze, then realized he couldn't; his mouth continued to move against Roarke's, his hand sliding under the vampire's shirt, pressing against his side.

Roarke, who had tensed slightly when Riordan registered the sound, chuckled softly. He grabbed Riordan, turned him around, and slapped his ass.

"You don't care who's out there," Roarke murmured. "You don't care who might see us. Hell, you fucked me for the first time in front of a room full of people."

Riordan couldn't argue that. However... "That was a gay bar, not a dressing room at the mall."

"Doesn't matter." He clasped Riordan's bare ass. "What do you want, boy?"

There was more noise outside, someone opening the door to another dressing room, a low-pitched, male chuckle followed by a female voice, whispering, her voice hurried, excited. "Nobody's gonna know," she said. "These rooms are really private."

Riordan let out a breathy, aroused laugh. "Shit, it's a sex-fest in here today."

Roarke's fingers dug into his ass, hard enough to leave bruises. "Who knew?" His words were light, his tone anything but. He turned Riordan roughly, making him face the mirror. "I'm gonna fuck you," he growled, eyes locked to Riordan's via the reflection in the glass. His eyes were a dark blur, but even in the wobbly reflection Riordan could see the ferocity in them. "I'm gonna fuck you so hard they'll hear us in the next room and wish they were having as much fun as we are."

Riordan couldn't even muster a coherent reply. Roarke's belt buckle clattered, the cold metal brushing Riordan's ass, making him flinch and gasp at the same time. Then the zipper slid down, the metallic sound harsh and crisp in the quiet dressing room. A soft giggle rose from the other room, the feminine sound making him think briefly of Melinda. Then her soft, café au lait face disappeared from his mind, and everything was Roarke. His face in the mirror, the gray eyes clearly reflected for a split second. His mouth was set in a hard line as his cock pushed against Riordan, the tip barely breaching him. Unlubricated, the minor penetration hurt, and Riordan clenched fingers into the wall to steady himself.

"Wait," Roarke murmured. A few more rustling noises, the clatter of Roarke's belt. In the mirror, Riordan could see the vampire's pants had fallen to his ankles, bare legs and groin pressed against Riordan's legs and ass. Then Roarke's fingers, now cool and slick with lube -- Riordan had known he'd have some; he always did -- pressed against him, gently breaching him, opening him. Riordan closed his eyes, concentrating on the familiar, gliding burn as the vampire's fingers invaded him...

"Don't." Roarke's voice interrupted his focus, and he opened his eyes. "There. Watch." He shoved his fingers deeper, making Riordan grunt with the flash of pain. "I want you to watch."

Riordan's eyes met Roarke's in the mirror. The vampire's face was close enough to the glass now that it was almost perfectly reflected. He looked feral, ferocious. Hungry.

Riordan pushed back against him, taking his fingers deep. Roarke grinned, showing teeth in a ravenous smile. A slight shift in pressure brought him into firm contact with Riordan's prostate. Riordan saw stars.

"God," he muttered, forgetful of where he was, who might be listening. Roarke chuckled, caressed him inside with a few long strokes that rode the knife edge between pleasure and pain. Riordan stared at himself in the mirror, his slack features and lust-glazed eyes. It wasn't the most flattering perspective, but it made his need flare.

Roarke's fingers slid free, and Riordan's ass spasmed in response to the stimulation and its sudden end. Then the head of the vampire's cock butted up against him, and he automatically pressed back, drawing the thick shaft inside him.

Even with the lube, the penetration hurt at first, but Riordan didn't care. His body tightened and clenched, pulsing again, in what felt like a delayed aftershock of his orgasm. He arched his back and took Roarke fully inside him. His reflection moved like a wanton. His cock, struggling toward another erection, touched the cold, slick glass.

Reaching around him, Roarke spread his hand across Riordan's flat stomach, fingers tickling against the dark hair of his groin.

"You want it?" he muttered.

"Fuck, yes," Riordan answered.

And Roarke fucked him. Deep and hard, while his cool hands pressed against his lover's belly, cupped his ass. Long fingers twisted and tweaked his nipples, then Roarke licked the back of his shoulder.

Riordan's eyes widened -- he saw it in the mirror -- but not from surprise. From want, need. This had been a signal, letting Riordan know the vampire was going to bite him, there where his tongue had traced moisture across his skin. Just the thought of it sent his senses into overload.

He met Roarke's gaze again in the glass. Roarke held onto his hips now, holding him steady, fucking him so hard and fast Riordan didn't know how much longer he could bear it. He gasped, fists clenching against the mirror, trying to hold himself steady against the relentless assault. He closed his eyes again.

Some small moan or vocalization from behind him made him open them again. The vampire's face lay close to the mirror as he took Riordan. As Riordan's eyes met his, Roarke smiled. It was a predatory smile, with fangs in it.

Riordan's mouth opened, but he could say nothing. His body trembled. Roarke held his eyes a moment longer, then bit.

His teeth sank deep into the flesh at the back of Riordan's shoulder. Riordan let out a strangled gasp as the fangs broke his skin, as the suction began, as Roarke drank. Roarke shoved balls-deep inside him. Staring at the mirror, Riordan smelled the bitter tang of blood, saw Roarke's head buried against his neck, as a trickle of blood moved over the top of his shoulder, down onto his collarbone. He touched a finger to the ruby trail, brought the finger to his lips.

The moment Riordan's finger touched his own tongue, Roarke came. He felt the vampire's cock pulse inside him as the climax seized him. Roarke's hand tightened on Riordan's flank and he drew his teeth free, licking the blood up with soft strokes of his tongue.

Riordan shuddered, his eyes closing, then he forced them open again, made himself look at his flushed face, his hazy eyes. Roarke stroked his ass, hand cupping the muscle, just caressing him.

"Love you," the vampire mumbled.

In the dressing room across the hall, the woman keened, choked it back quickly, then laughed.

Riordan chuckled as well. "We got there first."

"Of course we did." He swatted Riordan's ass, making him flinch and laugh at the same time. "Did that tux fit? Get dressed and we'll get this wrapped up."

"It was fine." He gathered the pants and jacket, shook them out and hung them neatly back on their hangers. When he looked up, Roarke was regarding him soberly.

"What?" Riordan smiled, a warm feeling taking him off guard at Roarke's obvious concern.

"You'll be okay."

Riordan stepped back into his jeans. "I'm already okay." He stated it firmly, with a confident smile, and knew he meant it.

Roarke's look of concern slowly morphed to relieved affection. "Yeah," he said. "You are."

They finished dressing and headed out of the fitting room. As they stepped out, the couple from the other fitting room stepped out, as well, and Riordan stopped short.

It was Melinda, her fiancé Evan close behind her, their fingers tangled together.

Melinda blushed bright red. "Um... hi," she said.

"Hi," said Riordan. He hadn't even recognized her voice. He should have been gobsmacked, but somehow he wasn't. It just didn't matter. Without thinking about it, he reached over and took Roarke's hand.

Evan, too, acted self-conscious. He looked at the two men without really looking at them, avoiding eye contact at all costs. "I just... we changed our minds at the last minute. Decided to go with gray instead of black."

"Good choice," said Roarke, and smirked. "We won."

Riordan hadn't thought Melinda could get any redder, but she did. At the same time, though, she laughed, and the sound was genuine.

"I guess you did, at that." She turned to her fiancé, who was absently rubbing the vamp scars on his neck. "Let's go, Evan."

Riordan watched her leave, feeling nothing more than a friendly affection for her, while his body still pulsed vaguely in the aftermath of what Roarke had done to him.

Roarke released his hand, put an arm around his shoulders, and kissed his temple. "See? Told you you were all right."

Riordan looked at him, taking him in. He really didn't want to be anywhere else. "Yeah," he admitted. "I really am."

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Elizabeth Jewell is the author of a growing collection of paranormal and contemporary erotic novels and novellas. She's been writing since before she could read, and has given in to the fact that she's completely addicted to the process of composing fiction -- especially hot, steamy, paranormal fiction. Elizabeth lives in Colorado with her kids and an annoying ferret named Spike. You can visit her website at <http://elizabethjewell.kabeka.com> and read her blog at <http://elizabethjewell.blogspot.com>.