



# Five-7ime Loser

*A Torquere Press Arcana*  
by Naomi Brooks & Angelia Sparrow

## Part 1: Dealing Out

“Breaker one nine,” came the hail, sweet and boyish in the Illinois night. Tom listened, tempted for one absurd moment to pick up the squawker and holler back, “Is that you, Teddy Bear?”

Great, just what he didn't need, Red Sovine's sentimental malarkey stuck as an earworm. He turned up the rock and roll a little louder to drown out his memory of the mawkish treacle and tapped the steering wheel in time to "Hot Blooded."

"How are things out on the road tonight?" The voice cut through the silence as song faded out to be replaced by Black Sabbath's "Paranoid." Tom considered turning the CB off, but the next words changed his mind. "Sure wish I could be out there."

Tom turned down Ozzy and the boys and picked up the mike at that. "Hello, Teddy Bear. Need a ride? What exit do I take to get to Jackson Street, 229?" he asked, quoting the song.

The voice laughed at the reference, impossibly sexy. "This is the Midnight Flyer. I'm just stuck at home sick and hoped somebody would want to talk at this obscene hour."

"You got the Rainbow Rider. If you want to be obscene, come on back."

The Flyer laughed. "Hi, Rainbow. What's the weather?"

"All clear all night. Lotsa stars, a big fat moon and not a bear in sight."

"Uh, Rainbow?" came another voice, sounding distant and crackly, "And all you westbounders on 70. You got a picture-taker 'bout two miles this side of the Missouri Line. Comb your hair and smile pretty now."

"Thank you, driver," Rainbow said. "Now, Midnight, does your daddy know you're up this late and playing with his CB?"

The sexy voice laughed again and Tom wondered what he looked like. "I'm older than I sound. Which way you bound, Rainbow?"

"Heading in to get my picture took in a couple hours. I'm not far from Effingham. Why? You an f'ing lot lizard? Wanna meet me at the TA?"

"The name's Midnight Flyer, not CB Savage, and when I'm well, I'll meet you for a cup of coffee."

A chorus of "whoo" and "faggot" erupted from the other drivers on the channel. Tom hit squelch for a moment and then broke in. "Takes a real man to fuck a man." That brought a deafening round of offers to meet him at the Effingham TA and kick his ass.

He laughed over the air, the powerful antenna on his truck drowning out every CB for a fourteen-mile radius. "You only want to kick it because you're not man enough to lick it. Night, Midnight Flyer." He clicked the CB off until he hit St. Louis.

He made his usual delivery of glass to a warehouse in East St. Louis, and thought about the Flyer as he parked at the Pilot. Sexy voice and he sounded so young. Tom smiled and stroked himself.

He liked them young, just barely legal. He hoped the kid was well when he made his return trip. It wasn't the coffee he was interested in.

He ran his hand over his cock, tugging just a little, wondering what Midnight Flyer looked like. Just his luck, the kid would be a fox-jaws, really sexy sounding, but spotty and scrawny and greasy. Despite the image, he kept rubbing. He didn't care if the kid was ugly. He could make the truck really dark if he had to. As long as the Flyer talked to him, begging him for more, he'd come off like a fountain.

As he imagined sinking into the Flyer's tight ass, he came all over his hands.

\*\*\*

He walked into the chapel in the innermost part of his home and knelt before the altar. As he played the tape he'd made of the conversation, the flames in the eternally burning brazier formed the face of a handsome man with a sharp nose and dimpled chin.

Perfect.

He placed a block of wood on the altar and ran his hands over it. "Rainbow Rider," he whispered. "My Rainbow Rider." The wood shaped itself into a semi, and the model turned red where he touched it.

The brazier flared blue.

## Part 2: Checking the Hand

Tom usually made the run between Toledo and St. Louis five times in two weeks. Now, every time he got within hailing distance of Effingham, he'd start listening for the Midnight Flyer. But the Flyer was only on at night, and after a few weeks, Tom had reworked all of his trip planning so that he, too, was only in Effingham by night. Once the Flyer hailed him, and he'd come on, they'd take it down to channel seven where they could talk without the general cross-chatter of nineteen.

"So, you got a little woman at home?" Tom had been considering that possibility since he'd started talking to the Flyer. It never hurt to ask, although he suspected parents were far more likely, despite the Midnight Flyer's claims that he was older than he sounded.

"No, no woman." The Flyer's chuckle held an undercurrent of darkness that Tom wasn't sure he liked. "Not really old enough to get married. And women never appealed too much. The night-time type like me are all pale and gothy. I can do without that."

When his sultry little voice, hot and heavy as a summer's night, said things like that, Tom's cock sat right up and took notice. He grinned like a fool, secure in the knowledge the Flyer couldn't see him, and half-wishing he could. He'd love to see the kid's reaction to his hard-on just from sexy words.

"How about you? Is there a woman behind the man behind the wheel?" The Flyer asked, quoting another old Red Sovine song. Tom winced. He wasn't enough of a fogey to really like the old truck driving music. If he had to have something truck oriented, it would be AC/DC's "Highway to Hell" or Sammy Hagar's "I Can't Drive 55."

"Of course there is. But she's probably not too happy with me most of the time." Tom didn't like to think about Marybeth, living in Jerusalem Township in an apartment he paid for, when he was talking to the Flyer. He stopped in every time he was in Toledo for a couple of days. Lately, she'd been getting pushy about getting married. He couldn't blame her. After fourteen years, most people got married. He liked things like they were. There was no sense getting married if they weren't going to have kids.

"Oh? You on the road a lot? Or do you fool around too much with pretty boys... like me?" The Flyer's voice teased through the Illinois darkness and the CB static, making Tom groan as his cock protested, reminding him of the fact they'd left Marybeth two days ago and hadn't jacked off since.

"I fool around with pretty boys and girls. And staying on the road works better than setting her up in a house for two. I can't be tied down."

"Not married then," the Flyer said, and the voice sounded like pure invitation. Tom's cock was wide awake now and nosing at the zipper of his jeans rather insistently. He was coming up on the rest area. He checked it, but at this hour, every slot was full, as well as the shoulder and both ramps all the way to the interstate.

“Not technically.” He flew past the rest area and promised his cock a nice long session later on.

“Oh, you sexy thing. Don't be technical. Do you love her? No, never mind that. Who do you drive for?”

“I own my own rig. I'm leased to Freightways.” Tom patted the armrest of the Rainbow Rider fondly. He'd named the truck after a day when he'd seen three rainbows touching the ground and then glanced in the mirror to see two more in the spray from his tires. Three Dog Night had been singing “Joy to the World,” and he'd realized he was a rainbow rider like in the song, his truck running on the multi-colored streams of light. It was a whimsical thought and Tom was not a whimsical man, so he considered it fate and ran with it.

“Your own truck.” Midnight Flyer sounded awed. “Wow.”

“It's an old Freightliner. Not much to look at except that it's red and I had a rainbow painted on the sleeper.” He was kind of embarrassed by that. It wasn't just a rainbow, it was a semi rolling down a rainbow highway, and it all looked very 1970s and cartoon-trippy. He'd thought about painting it over more than once, but he knew he'd miss it if it were gone.

“Ooo, longnose? Like you? Long and red and hard-topped?”

Tom laughed over the mike. Midnight Flyer was in a mood tonight. “You'll have to come meet me and find out.”

The Flyer returned the laugh. “Maybe someday. For all I know you could be sixty and ugly as homemade sin.”

“I don't believe in sin,” Tom said.

“Ah, good, neither do I.”

They teased and flirted for another twenty miles. Then the Flyer sighed. “Rainbow, sugar, you're breaking up. Get a bigger... antenna. And I'll do the same.”

Tom laughed to himself and clicked the mike. “Until next tomorrow, then.”

“Think sexy thoughts and drive safe.” A very static-y addition of “Check your e-mail,” made Tom smile.

He'd given the Flyer his e-mail last week, and ever since, he'd been getting sweetly sexy and rather cute e-mail from his late-night chat buddy. The Flyer's real name was Pelton, which was nice, in an old-fashioned sort of way. After the delivery, he parked and checked, only to find a picture of a smiling youth with wild brown hair, gorgeous cheekbones and a very pouty little mouth, titled “me.” Tom nibbled the end of his mustache as he contemplated this sight, trying busily to ignore his cock, which was getting all demanding again.

He found a recent picture of himself on his laptop. He examined it critically. Having a full head of wavy brown hair and a still-flat stomach put him ahead of most other men his age. No, he wasn't sixty and ugly, but he still looked thirty-six, and therefore much older than Pelton. He hoped it didn't matter. Tom attached the file and replied to the e-mail with the subject line "Rainbow Rider."

The next night, he fired up the CB early to catch every second of Pelton's voice. Just as he got in range of Effingham, he caught it.

"Breaker one-nine for the Rainbow Rider. You out there? Come back."

"Just the voice I wanted to hear," Tom came back.

"Let's walk it down to our private hideaway. We don't need these white-line jockeys eavesdropping."

"Let's." Tom shifted down to seven.

"Hello, handsome," Pelton purred. "You like the picture?"

"I have it out so I can look at it all day and all night."

Pelton giggled. "The picture or your cock?"

"The pic. But that other's not a bad idea, either." Tom shushed his cock, since it had snapped to attention when Pelton addressed it.

"Mmm, do you have a really nice one? Mine's not bad, kinda ordinary."

"Oh yeah. Nice and long," Tom said. He wasn't exaggerating. "Could be a little thicker, though."

"I like long."

"Do you? So that means you're going to come meet me now? I can surely pull off at the rest area or at the TA."

"Not tonight," Pelton demurred. "But yes, we'll have to meet. Soon, I think." Tom felt his slowly decreasing arousal flare to new life at Pelton's promise. "You've got a really sexy voice. Give me your phone number and I'll say all the things I can't say on an open channel."

Another voice, not sweet like Pelton's, cut in. "Yeah, take it private, faggots."

Tom laughed over the air. "Jealous."

"Fuck you," snarled the other driver. "I can beat you. You westbound?"

“Yes.” Tom had just passed through Effingham headed east. “Good luck with that.”

“I’m stationary,” Pelton offered. “You can’t beat my ass, but you can fuck it if you want...” He made his voice go all girly and lilting and stretched “want” over three different notes.

“Fags.” The other driver clicked off.

Tom laughed again. “Does that offer extend to me?”

“Oh, no. I have a better one for you. I was going to offer to make love.”

“Even better. Been waiting a long time for you now. Three months and all I got is a picture.”

“I know. Soon, darling. Some evening, you’ll come out of the truck stop and find me leaning against the side of your Freightliner.”

“I’ll be waiting for that evening, pretty thing. Send more pictures. I can send more back. I have a new camera phone.”

“I’d love one. You have my e-mail.” Pelton hesitated and then asked, sounding very shy, “Can I call you on that camera phone?”

“You can, indeed. I’ll email you my number when I get parked.” He went quiet for a few minutes as he pulled off on the shoulder of an exit ramp and then sent his number to Pelton. “You should have it. I’ve got a couple pictures. Hope they’re good.”

“Got it.” Pelton sounded faint and almost out of range. “How’s your signal bars?”

“Full. Just like me. Pictures are coming your way, too.”

“Please, get one of the pot of gold at the end of the Rainbow Rider, too,” Pelton teased. “I’ll send some good ones along.”

“Call me, Flyer,” Tom said as he got back on the interstate and adjusted the headset of his phone. He didn’t masturbate behind the wheel, but he preferred the headset even when he didn’t have to shift or turn.

### Part 3: Losing Once

Call him, Pelton did. And Tom returned it often enough that he had to change his cell phone plan in order to not run out of minutes. That sweet, sexy voice kept him rolling across Indiana and Illinois, accompanied him into the berth and brought him off almost every night.

“Afraid every time I call you, I'm gonna get your daddy on the line,” Tom said one night when Pelton picked up. He was parked in East St. Louis, and lying naked in the berth, the privacy curtains drawn and the bunk-heater running full blast.

Pelton laughed. “There is no daddy. Like I said, I'm much older than I sound.”

“That's what they all say. And you look about sixteen.”

“You won't believe me if I tell you how old.” Tom could hear that dark amusement in Pelton's voice again. “I'm twenty-three.”

Tom knew he was lying. “Perfect. You look and sound younger.”

“I think you like that,” Pelton teased. “You're naughty. Very naughty.”

“I am. So very bad,” Tom agreed cheerfully as he stroked his cock.

“I bet you're playing with yourself right now. I don't hear the truck running. That means you're in the bunk.” Pelton's voice went very silky. “And if I were in your bunk I'd have your cock in hand, so it's safe to assume you do, too.”

“I do,” Tom admitted, getting a little firmer grip.

“And I'm sitting here, just teasing mine,” Pelton offered. “Running one finger around the head. Catching the bit that leaks out.” He slurped the finger noisily and Tom gave a soft moan and breathed faster. Pelton giggled. “What would you do if I got a butt-plug and let you listen to that? Let it go squelch-squelch in and out of my ass?”

Tom moaned again and worked his hand faster. “I'd be already gone. But the only thing I want in your ass is me.”

“Awww, you're no fun. You don't want to make me sit on one that's way too big while I suck you, see how far down I can go?”

Tom let go of his cock and tucked his hand under his head. He was going to come if Pelton didn't stop. “After I have you first, maybe.”

“What if I want to have you? Prove I'm man enough to lick it and fuck it both.”

“Oh, you can have it. I love a good fuck.”



Pelton sounded shy again, an odd thing on him. Tom liked it. He liked everything about Pelton. "I'm not sure if I'm good. It's been a long time."

"Long time for me taking it, too. But it's like riding a bike."

"Tom? How long has it been?" Pelton sounded concerned.

"With a boy? Not sure. A little under a year, maybe?"

"Oh, my. And here, I was expecting a story about how you picked up a pretty runaway at the last truck-stop, fed him dinner, fucked him silly and called him Pelton all evening."

"No, sweet. I'm waiting for you. I want you too much to waste it."

"Got a hot load, huh?" Pelton teased.

"Hot for you, yeah. And I don't even know you yet. I'd be hotter still if I did."

Pelton's soft laugh only made him harder. He fought to keep his hand under the big head and not wrapped around the little one. "We'll see how hot soon enough. Going to burn my tongue with it?"

Tom smiled. It sounded like Pelton was really into cocksucking. He loved a good blow-job. "Yeah, burn that wicked tongue of yours. Where'd you learn to use it like that?"

"Boy scouts," Pelton said, his voice all innocence. He promptly ruined it by laughing like a loon.

Tom laughed, too. "Bad boy." His hand escaped his control and wrapped around his cock again, doing the slow stroke that would keep him hard, but not bring him off too quickly.

"I am," Pelton confessed. "And you love it."

"I do. Want you so much." He gave his cock a stroke before getting his hand back under his head.

"We have got to get together. Any way you can spend a weekend in Effingham?" Pelton asked.

"I'm working on some time off. Not guaranteeing I'll get it on a weekend, though."

"That's all right. I don't work."

"I'll call you as soon as I get word. They've been running me hard lately."

Pelton's smile carried over the line. "Ah, that way you have lots of money." Tom knew he was teasing again. "You can take me out... Daddy." He'd taken to tormenting Tom with that one since

the evening Tom had greeted him with a cheerful “Who's your daddy?”

“Oh, yeah, I'll treat you to whatever you like.”

“Including a nice deep fuck?”

“Now that comes free.”

“I'd do it even without an outing, you know. Because you have the best looking cock I've seen.”

Tom groaned at this. Since he'd sent the pictures of his hard-on, Pelton never failed to mention how gorgeous it was. That always turned him on like a radio. “It's better in person. Fuck first, then outing.” He had his cock in hand again and wasn't sure when he'd laid hold. Pelton's voice was like a drug, making his head spin and his balls tight.

“I can't wait. You still rubbing? Going to come for me, or after I leave?”

“Almost there right now. Keep talking, pretty.”

“Wish I was there to do the rubbing and to catch it when you did shoot.” Pelton made a soft slurp and Tom cried out, coming just from the thought of his spunk all over that pretty face and pouty mouth. Pelton purred. “Oh, yeah, bet you taste good. I love the taste. I'd lick you all clean.” Tom lay quietly and listed to Pelton's soft gasp. “I'd let you return the fa--favor--ah!”

Tom moaned quietly, imagining what Pelton must look like coming. “Damn...” he breathed.

There was silence on the line for a few moments. “Wow.” Pelton sounded far too perky. “I feel so much better.”

“Yeah. You and me both.” Tom yawned, the day's work and evening's pleasures having exhausted him.

“All right then. I'll talk to you tomorrow.”

“Night, sweet.” Tom closed the phone, hanging up. He wanted to roll over and go straight to sleep. But he really needed to check in. He did the time conversion and figured Marybeth would still be awake.

She sounded half-asleep herself when she picked up. “Hi, Tom.”

“Hello, Sunshine.” He knew he sounded no better.

“You driving safe, sweetie? Hope you're shut down as wiped out as you sound.”

“Always. You know me. Just about ready to kip and thought I should call my girl.”

“I know. My two-million mile man. How's the weather where you are? Icy? I saw the warnings.”

“Nah, it's warming up. No ice around here, just miles of wet pavement.” That was the truth. His outside temperature gauge read forty, well above freezing.

“When you gonna be home? I miss you.”

“That's why I called, babe. It's gonna be a couple days. They're keeping me busy.” He heard what sounded like a snore in the background and the sound of the bedsprings creaking. Marybeth was petite and still thin. She didn't snore and springs never creaked under her weight. She wasn't missing him as much as she claimed, he suspected.

“All right. I'll see you when you get here. I'll make you something nice.”

The urge to call her on her overnight visitor faded fast. Tom acted as if he hadn't heard the man in the background at all. “Looking forward to that. Haven't had a piece of my baby's pie yet this month. Night, sweet.”

“Love you. Bye-bye,” she chirped.

He hung up, feeling strangely relieved over the presence of another in her bed. It hit him that he really didn't mind. Ten years ago, he'd have turned the rig around and screamed for Toledo to beat the crap out of the interloper. Now he was just pleased she wasn't sleeping alone in cold weather.

\*\*\*

Pelton closed the phone and walked into his chapel. He made shocking obeisance before the altar and then chanted, stroking himself. Five times he orgasmed into the fire, the last wrenched from him with a groan of agony.

“Father Asmodeus, Lord of Lust, hear my prayer and deliver me my desire,” he prayed.

Slowly, deliberately, with no extraneous movements, he reached out his left hand and knocked the semi-trailer off of the model rig.

\*\*\*

Tom never saw the patch of black ice in Indiana that sent his trailer into a skid. Nor was anyone ever quite sure afterward as to exactly why a securely closed kingpin had sprung open so that only the trailer rolled down the embankment, leaving his tractor to screech to a stop.

The emergency lights flashed and flared off the shards of a million dollars in high-end glass products, now reduced to sand, as Tom filled out the accident report and took the berating from his dispatcher.

Under company orders, he bobtailed to the Terre Haute terminal and braced himself for disciplinary action. Needing the comfort, he called Pelton. He knew he should have rung Marybeth, but she'd just worry about him.

"Are you all right?" Pelton sounded frantic.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Trailer isn't, though." Tom wasn't sure he wanted to talk about the wreck. He wanted Pelton to whisper naughty, sexy things until he felt better.

"Oh shit," Pelton moaned. "But you're okay? Is your truck okay?"

"Not a scratch on either of us, I don't think. But I am so fucked."

"Oh, Tom. You stay safe."

"I'll be back around after I get all this straightened out. Might even take some of that vacation and come see you."

"All right. Call me, or I'll worry myself to death."

"Only if you promise I won't get your daddy."

Pelton laughed a little. "Tell me how it all goes."

"See you soon, sexy," Tom promised. He hung up as he parked the truck. His laptop alerted him to an incoming e-mail. He opened it and smiled. Pelton had sent him a very sexy picture and a spicy email to help him feel better. Now better braced, he went in to face his dispatcher.

#### Part 4: Losing Twice

He came out feeling as if he'd been beaten with a load brace and maybe a tire-iron thrown in for good measure. He crumpled the pink slip and left it in the frozen mud of the Freightways terminal and swung aboard his truck.

He jammed the Rainbow Rider into fifth gear and peeled out, heedless of the way the overpowered drive tandems spun in the icy slush. He made it to a truck stop, parked and flipped on the bunk-heater.

"No room for carelessness," he repeated as he shed his boots, jerking the laces out of the hooks. "Obviously high-hooked the load. Bastard." He'd never high-hooked a load in his life, and he'd tug-tested that damn trailer at every stop.

He crawled down into his sleeping bag, fully dressed, and unzipped his fly. He dowsed the light and dialed Pelton.

"Hi, honey. I'm so glad you're okay. How can I make it better?"

"I don't want to talk about it. Get your cock out and play with it. Just like I am."

Pelton's smile was audible. "Oh, I'm already naked. I was hoping you'd call."

"Perfect. So did I prove I'm not sixty and ugly?"

"Oh yes. You're very handsome. I can just see your nice, long cock. Bet it tastes good, too." Pelton's breath quickened a little. "I would love to meet you and do all the sexy things you want."

"Soon?" Tom asked. "I need you."

"Soon." The seduction in Pelton's voice went straight to Tom's cock. "I'm hungry for the taste of you. I'll bet you're a five star meal."

"I get to taste first," Tom insisted.

"Mmm," came Pelton's throaty purr. "I'd love it. Do you rim?"

"Yes. And you'll get it. Right before I fuck your cute, little ass."

Pelton made sloppy noises with the lube and his hand and Tom felt his own cock leak a little in anticipation. "Oh yes, long and deep," Pelton agreed. "I want all of that long monster you've been showing me." He hesitated a moment. "Do I get to fuck you?"

The thought made Tom's balls draw in tight and his own ass tingle. "If you want. I'd like that."

He stroked himself a little more, not wanting to overdo.

“I'll go nice and slow. It's been a long time since I was on top. You have a nice, big sleeper?”

“Big enough for us.”

Pelton took a deep breath. “All right, love, I will meet you at the TA in Effingham tomorrow night. I'll wait by the hot chocolate machine. You know what I look like.”

Tom finally smiled. Somehow the thought of meeting Pelton and fucking him through the mattress made the night seem a little better. He could always find another job. A Class A CDL with doubles, tanker and hazmat was a meal ticket anywhere in the country, what with the ongoing driver shortage. “Yes, I do. I can't wait.”

“You'll have to. I'll see you tomorrow.” Pelton gave a soft gasp, and Tom listened to the little hitching noises he knew were Pelton's orgasm.

“Tomorrow I'll lick that off of you, baby. See you.” Tom hung up and brought up the sexy picture of Pelton, stretched out on a futon mattress, naked, his mouth just slightly open. He closed his hand tighter and jacked fast and hard, finishing himself off.

He turned off the phone's ringer, set the alarm and crashed hard.

\*\*\*

Pelton returned to his chapel, knowing the time was short before dawn. He hadn't come on the phone, he'd only faked it. Now he shot into the brazier and did the ritual.

“Lord of Lust, father of us all, two obstacles are removed. Three remain. I ask your aid and that of Urobach and Flereous, Lords of Fire and rulers of Muspell, the Plane of Fire.”

He tossed a cheap fashion doll into the brazier and brought himself off again to seal the bargain.

Dawn was lighting the sky when Pelton collapsed into bed.

## Part 5: Third Loss

Tom woke in the middle of the afternoon and found a couple of calls from an unknown Ohio number on his cell phone. He dialed back, hoping it wasn't a creditor.

"Lucas County Sheriff's Department," said the voice on the other end. Oh, crap. Tom considered hanging up, but he decided he really needed to know if there was a warrant out on him or something.

"This is Thomas Tyler. I'm returning the calls you left. I work nights and turn my ringer off while I'm asleep."

"Oh, yes. Please hold, Mr., Tyler." The girl sounded upset. Tom considered whether he wanted to crawl out of his sleeping bag yet, or just stay put for a while. He wondered if Pelton was up yet. He wondered how he was going to break the news of his firing to Marybeth.

"Mr. Tyler?" The man's voice held a practiced calm, a warm reassurance. Tom knew he was in for bad news. "I'm Deputy Marsh. Are you the lease holder of this apartment?" He read the address and Tom confirmed it. "The whole building burned early this morning. There was only one fatality."

"Marybeth Walker," Tom said softly.

"She was living in your apartment, sir. How well did you know her?"

"We, uh, we'd been together about fifteen years or so."

"Not your wife, then?"

"We never got to it," Tom admitted. "Uh...We both have prepaid funeral plans with Freck Funeral Chapel. There is no life insurance or anything."

"Is there a chance you can come identify the body, sir?"

"I'm in Indiana. I can't make it before tomorrow."

"Come by the Sheriff's department and we can take you to the morgue. Cause of death is right now listed as smoke inhalation. Is there anything we can do for you? Will you be all right driving back?"

"Yes, yes, I'll be fine. Thank you, Deputy." He closed the phone and fumbled as he set it aside, his stinging eyes unseeing.

Marybeth gone. He didn't love her anymore, but it still hurt, especially coming on top of being fired. She was a habit he'd hung onto long past her time, hoping to get back what they'd once had. He hoped it'd been quick. That she was asleep so deeply she never even smelled the smoke

that killed her.

He nestled back into the bag and smudged away a couple of tears. It turned to more than a few as he buried his face in the pillow, smelling the remnants of the fabric softener she'd always used. He turned the soaked pillow over and fell back to sleep.

Tom awoke at full dark, from disturbing dreams of Pelton and Marybeth and truck accidents. As he dressed, he warred with himself. Pelton was an hour away, less if he pushed it. Tom could nip over, meet him, persuade him to ride along and then head for Ohio. His better judgment said he should head straight for Toledo, that he didn't have enough fuel to make a hundred and twenty mile side-trip. There wouldn't be any more on the company card either. He wasn't sure he could afford twenty gallons of diesel fuel.

He made to shut his laptop and nudged the mouse-pad, canceling the screen-saver. Pelton still pouted sexily at him from the screen. He shut it, decided.

After a quick walk-around, he turned the Rainbow Rider to the west and Effingham.

\*\*\*

Pelton smiled when he checked the computer and read about the apartment fire in Jerusalem Township, a Toledo suburb.

He knelt before his altar and this time, sliced his palms, pouring out thick, dark blood into the brazier.

“Father Asmodeus, the least of your servants thanks you for the gifts you have given. One last boon and a new convert will kneel with me in time.”

He sprinkled more blood into the fire and draped a black cloth over the cab of the model truck.



## Part 6: Fourth Loss

As Tom pulled out of the rest area, he flipped open the phone and called Pelton. He'd tell the boy about the job and Marybeth in person. For now, he affected a cheerful, seductive tone. "Who's your daddy?"

Pelton laughed. "Hello, you. I hope you know I have no intention of calling you that."

"Only teasing, sweet. I like to tease. And you're adorable when you're laughing."

"We'll see what you think tonight. Let me know when you're about an hour out of Effingham. I have some stuff I want to do to get ready. It won't take ten minutes to get there."

"That's where I am, Flyer. Just passed the weigh station and I'm coming up on mile marker 152."

"All right. See you tonight."

Tom parked the bobtail in the TA lot and ducked into the bathroom to tidy up a little. He cashed in a shower credit and took his time under the hot water. Nothing worse than a musty smelling lover. A quick combing and face wash finished the routine. Brushing his teeth made him feel presentable and very kissable. He had serious kissing plans for the Flyer's sexy mouth. He needed some serious kisses.

The boy was lingering by the hot chocolate machine, wearing tight black jeans and a scarlet and black jacket over a red shirt. The golden highlights in his rumpled hair caught the golden flecks in his green eyes. He smiled when he saw Tom coming around the register kiosk.

"Hello, Tom."

"Hello, pretty thing." Tom reached over to stroke his cheek, but Pelton slipped away from his fingers.

"Not in public. Do you want anything from the food stalls or coffee machine?"

Tom was too busy devouring the luscious tidbit before him to care about cheap Italian or heat-lamp chicken. "Nah," he managed, his mouth a desert. The ethereally beautiful boy smiled and Tom was hard in his jeans with wanting. Pictures did not do Pelton justice.

"Then let's go see your rig."

They walked out the drivers' entrance, chattered as they crossed the fuel island and rounded the garage. Tom pulled up short at the IdleAire gantry. He'd put the Rainbow Rider into the bobtail slot right next to the office. The slot was empty.

"Tom?"

“It's gone. Shit!” He dug in his pocket and produced the key, only to stare between the empty space and the bit of metal. He paced a little then held his head. Everything. He'd lost everything. All his earthly possessions were in the shower-bag he held.

“Oh no. And after your load, too.” Pelton wrapped one arm around his waist, apparently more comfortable with displays of affection in the dark parking lot. He stretched up and kissed Tom's ear. “Tom, honey, come home with me. We can sort it out in the morning. Report it to security here and come home?”

Tom shook his head. “No, the cops.” He reached into his shirt pocket for his cell phone before remembering he'd left it in the truck.

Pelton offered his own cell, and Tom dialed. “Thanks.”

“Anything to get us home before dawn.”

## Part 7: Final Loss

The paperwork took until two. The cops finally left them in the little back booth of the restaurant. Tom sat, head in hands. Empty coffee cups and sugar packets littered the table, and Pelton sucked up the end of his third coke.

“Oh Tom.” Pelton checked the place, and seeing only the waitress polishing the coffee pot, leaned in and kissed him. “Will you let me take you home? My bed is small, but we can make a nest on the floor.”

“Worse than you know, baby. I got nothing now, except what's in the bag here. Absolutely nothing. I got fired. My apartment burned.” He sagged backward against the booth, feeling very tired and wrung out.

Pelton stood up. “Come. It's been a long bad day for you.”

Tom let the boy lead him to a little, black Mustang. He didn't resist when Pelton threw his shower bag in the trunk. He sank into the front seat, numb and lost.

Pelton didn't talk; he just drove. Tom watched him, watching his concentration in the dim glow of the dashboard lights. All Tom wanted was to bury his face in that long, wild hair and breathe against Pelton's skin. He needed to feel a live person. He needed to feel alive himself.

“You look even better in person,” Tom said softly. “So much better.”

Pelton blew him a kiss and kept driving. He pulled up to an abandoned warehouse.

Tom stared at the filthy street, the crumbling brick and boarded windows. “This is home? It's not what I pictured.”

Pelton raised the loading dock door with a garage door opener and drove right into the building. He shut the door and pressed several other clickers. Tom saw numerous red laser eyes wink out in the darkness. “All right, you can get out of the car. Security's off.”

Pelton led him through a bare, cavernous work floor to a sealed-off cluster of rooms in the middle of the building. His office was cozy, with a good desk, a top-end computer and lots of books. Tom looked around, wondering if he could just stay a while, until the cops found his rig, until thinking of Marybeth actually hurt instead just throbbed numbly.

“Well, not a bad set-up.”

“If I look like there's nothing to steal, I don't get hassled. I'm older than I look, but a lot of people figure I'm a runaway, which makes me an easy target.”

Tom said nothing more, he just reached out for the boy. Pelton came to him at once, and kissed him, taking plenty of time, lips moving softly over Tom's. Try as Tom might, he couldn't coax

Pelton into opening his mouth for a real kiss.

Pelton smiled and kissed Tom's jaw and neck, lingering in the hot spot just under his ear; a place that made Tom want to shake like a dog thumping its leg when scratched just right. He worked his hands under Pelton's shirt, feeling the cool, smooth skin and the nipples that woke right up to his fingers.

He tweaked them gently, making Pelton shiver and then slid down under the waistband of the tight jeans. Pelton wore no underwear and looked up saucily when Tom discovered this. Tom shoved one broad hand deep into Pelton's jeans and took a firm grip on the sweet cock he found hard and waiting for him.

“Yeah. First taste... just like I promised.”

Pelton licked his neck. “Do I get it, or you?”

“I do.” Tom unfastened Pelton's jeans with his free hand, and then pushed them down and gripped Pelton's tight, little ass. Pelton shrugged out of his shirt and kicked off his shoes, removing his lips from Tom's throat and neck only as necessary. He kicked off the jeans and stepped back, letting Tom look at him for a minute. He was smooth, except for the blond curls at his groin and some fine blond hair on his legs.

“We'll be more comfortable in the bedroom.” Pelton worked Tom's shirt off and got his jeans open. He stroked the cock that popped out of Tom's fly. “Looks perfect and just thick enough.” Tom shed the rest of his clothes, and followed Pelton to the innermost room, a small affair with a few futon mattresses on the floor and a nest of blankets. Wall sconces gave a faint orange light that left the whole room dim and romantic.

Pelton turned up the lights and shut the door. He stretched out on the floor, stroking himself. Tom wasted no time joining him. He licked away the first drop that beaded up on Pelton's cock, before taking about half the length and sucking a little. He was only teasing for now.

“Oh, yes.” Pelton gasped, and Tom glanced up to see his head thrown back. Tom looked back to his work and caught a thrust that would have shoved Pelton's cock clear into his mouth if he hadn't grabbed it. “That's--” Pelton gasped again.

Tom spread Pelton's thighs to lick at his lightly-furred sac. He ran his tongue along the seam in the middle, and then sucked the whole thing into his mouth. Pelton's balls drew up sharply toward his body at this treatment. Tom let them go with a last nip at Pelton's frenum, and pushed his legs back to rim him.

Pelton just moaned. Tom took his time, despite the clutching need in his own nuts, despite wanting to do no more than give the boy three licks and shove right in. He kissed the tight pucker, rubbing his tongue over it, letting his mouth trail between the smooth and the wrinkled skin.

He looked up when Pelton shouted, and saw him come over his belly, his hands flat against the futon, pounding it in ecstasy. Tom licked at his belly, tasting Pelton for the first time, enjoying the smell and feel of him.

“Perfect. Knew you'd be.” He tasted the skin of Pelton's belly and trailed up to lick his nipples and kiss his neck.

Pelton looked up at Tom, and hazarded a stroke of his cock. “Would you like to fuck me, now that you've had your taste?”

“You don't have to ask me twice,” Tom smiled. When Pelton rolled over, he spanked the perfect curve of the boy's ass.

“Hey!” Pelton grinned back at him, not upset at all, but seeming to enjoy himself.

“You're so fair. You just need a little more color and you'll be truly perfect.” Tom swatted the other side to Pelton's playful squeal.

“Tease.” Pelton pouted. “Big ol' Mr. Trucker man is all talk and no action.”

“Say that again in about a minute,” Tom warned. He laid on another swat when Pelton wiggled his ass enticingly. “I bought lube and condoms especially for this.” He scowled. “They're in my truck.”

“Don't need them,” Pelton said. “Let me suck you a little.”

“Trusting boy. But what does it matter now?”

Pelton slurped at his cock, wet and messy, making sure it was well ready. “I can't catch anything,” he said very softly, “And you have nothing to lose.”

Tom ignored this in favor of rimming Pelton a little more before working his cock against Pelton's opening. So tight and hot, he wasn't sure he was going to fit easily. He'd just have to take it slow.

Pelton smiled back at him, and asked more loudly, “Have you ever done it bare?”

“Not like this, pretty thing.”

“Then feel me,” Pelton said.

Tom pushed in gently, drawing a soft hiss from Pelton.

“Your cock feels great.”

Tom eased in, taking his time. “And you are beyond tight. We'll take it slow, little virgin.”

Pelton laughed. "It has been long enough that perhaps I could be considered such. Any way you like it, my darling Tom."

Tom saw Pelton had gotten hard again from the entry and reached around to stroke him. "My thoughts exactly."

"Is something salvaged from your day?" Pelton asked. "I know I can't make it all better, but am I helping?"

Tom kissed his neck and shoulder. "I'd give that damn truck away for this."

"Would you really? Could you stay in one place and not hate me?"

"For this every night? And you doing the same to me? Yes." Tired of talk, Tom pushed in harder, moving faster, the tight grip of Pelton's body loosening just a little.

"Or could we roll? I can do bookkeeping."

"Depends on when I find my truck, doesn't it?" Tom thrust harder and Pelton came back to meet him. "Shut up, sweet thing."

Pelton purred at him, the sound making him think of those long nights of phone sex. "Yes. Yes to both."

After a couple minutes, Tom quit rubbing Pelton and used both hands to grip his hips. "Almost there, pretty? I am."

Pelton gave a little cry. "Past now."

Tom slammed in twice more, and came with a sigh of "Ah, good." He kissed Pelton's back and felt his cool skin as the boy lay quietly beneath him. After he went soft, Tom rolled off and Pelton turned to face him.

Finally, the kiss he'd been waiting for came, slow and open, Pelton's mouth as accommodating as his ass had been. Tom moaned under it, sucking at Pelton's tongue, tasting him even more. He played in Pelton's hair, trying to prolong the kiss.

"What more do you want?" Pelton asked, lying in his arms and touching him.

"Such an open question. Are you sure you want the answer to that? It could take a while."

"I have all night, and you don't have anywhere else to be." Pelton got up and returned with a wash-cloth. He used it on them both, taking his time, almost teasing, until Tom shivered under him and started getting hard again. Tom opened for another of those incredible kisses. "I know what I want. I want to taste you, all over."

Tom grinned. "Then I'm your willing snack."

Pelton licked his cock. "I had hoped you'd say that. But, for now, it is nearly dawn and we have had an eventful night. All will be better tomorrow."

"Tease."

"I excel at it." Pelton curled into Tom's arms and drew a large blanket over them both. "Tonight, love."

\*\*\*

Tom woke alone to darkness, tangled in the nest of Pelton's blankets. He took a moment to remember where he was and to think he should call the Lucas County Sheriff, before he remembered the number was lost with his cell phone. Maybe Pelton would let him borrow some internet time and make a long distance call. They needed to know he had been detained. Marybeth didn't deserve to wait around in some morgue drawer if he was stranded. He shuddered a little at that image.

The only light seeped in from the mostly closed door. He stretched, making sure everything was still in working order. He got to his feet and went in search of the bathroom, the kitchen and Pelton.

He wasn't sure which of the three he needed most.

He found the bathroom, and, in his search for the kitchen, found Pelton. He heard low chanting in that sweet, sexy voice coming from behind a door. It stood ajar, so he pushed it open, not wanting to disturb anything. Chanting. He wasn't sure what that meant, whether it was religious or an exercise or what.

Tom staggered backward a step at the sight before him. Pelton knelt naked before a black stone altar, blood drying in eldritch patterns on his skin. A large inverted cross dangled above the altar and in an etched copper brazier, a fire burned blue, flaring scarlet as Pelton held dripping hands over it.

The door scratched the floor, a sound no louder than a mouse's breath. Pelton whirled and Tom staggered. His beautiful boy's eyes flared scarlet and long fangs filled his mouth as he hissed.

"Do not enter!" Pelton snarled.

Tom gripped the doorframe, gasping. "What... the..."

"Do not step across that threshold! This room is not for you." Pelton had calmed a little. "Go to bed, Tom. This is a bad dream."

Tom backed away, blinking. He shook his head, trying to clear it. Pelton returned his attention to the altar. Tom made his way back to the bedroom and stretched out. He knew it wasn't a dream. He wasn't asleep.

Pelton came back to bed after a few minutes, and Tom watched him suspiciously. There was no trace of the markings and his hands were no longer cut open and bleeding. Pelton came straight into his arms.

“Are you all right? I heard you yell, darling.”

“I did?”

“Yes. It must have been a particularly nasty dream.” Pelton kissed him and the image of the chapel seemed to fade. With a second kiss, all he could think about was the boy in his arms.

He stroked Pelton's face. “I don't remember.”

Pelton kissed him again, a long one that thrust deep and invaded him in a way that woke his cock right up. “Let's do something you will remember.”

“Oh, let's. What do you have in mind?”

“You had a taste of me.” Pelton kissed his neck and ran a finger down the middle of his chest. “I want to taste you. Please?” Tom nudged him downward and Pelton licked along his collarbone and down his sternum. “Please let me suck you.”

Tom smiled down at him. “Okay.” There was some reason why he knew this was a bad idea, but right now, with Pelton's tongue tracing an arcane calligraphy on his belly, he didn't care.

“Four losses in a week's time.” Pelton's breath cooled the tracery of his tongue and Tom shivered. “Your load, your job, your home and your truck. My poor darling.”

“This almost makes up for it.” He stroked Pelton's hair and caught his breath when Pelton licked along his hard and waiting cock.

“One more loss and you are complete,” Pelton finished. He swirled his tongue around the head of Tom's cock.

“What do I have left to give? I have nothing.”

Pelton looked up. Tom shuddered, frozen for a moment by the sight of the crimson eyes and the long fangs.

“Your life,” Pelton whispered, his breath cool on Tom's skin.

Tom scrambled to get away, but Pelton held him down with a strength belied by his slim,



youthful frame. He recoiled when Pelton kissed him, the vampire's mouth open and wet.

Tom turned his face away. “No.”

“Tom,” Pelton's seductive whisper kept him hard even in the midst of his terror. “What if I were to promise you forever?”

“As a monster?”

Pelton sat up and released his hold. Tom scrambled to the far corner of the room. “Until two minutes ago I was your lover, the most beautiful boy you'd ever seen. Why should an odd diet make me a monster?”

“Because you're not...” Tom paused and thought it over. “No. You're still a beautiful boy.” He forced himself to lie back down within Pelton's reach.

“Exactly, as I have been for a hundred years and more.” Pelton reached out and stroked Tom's face. “I'm lonesome.” He followed his gentle fingers with softer lips. “Stay with me?”

Tom took a deep breath and wrapped his arms around Pelton. It really didn't matter any more. He had nothing left to lose. Why shouldn't he stay with a lovely boy who shared his taste in movies and music, whose sense of humor had kept him company through many long nights?

“Besides,” Pelton gave him a teasing look, “we can eat the people who took your truck.” His smile was full of sharp points. “But you must stay out of my chapel. It's sacred. If you go in without the proper clothes or rituals, you can desecrate the whole room. And I worked very hard to get it to where it is, spiritually speaking.”

Tom nodded, vaguely remembering the room now. “I get it. I won't go in.”

Pelton kissed his neck and then whispered, “Lord Asmodeus is fussy about the niceties. I serve the Lord of Lust.”

Tom smiled, amused. “Perfect. Just don't sacrifice me on that altar.”

“No. The only blood I sacrifice is my own. But my lord prefers other libations more.” Pelton made a small jerking-off motion.

“You're a wicked boy. Where's your coffin?”

Pelton gestured to the bedroom. “I'm claustrophobic. This is light-proof and I run no risk of being buried and having to claw my way out like an animal.”

Tom stroked Pelton's face and touched the tip of one fang. “I still want you.”

“Are you quite sure? You'll never see another rainbow or sunrise.”

Tom nodded.

Pelton flicked his tongue over Tom's lips. "Let me kiss you. There will be a little pain and you will grow cold, but afterward you will be mine."

"Just don't kill me?" Tom asked.

"It's only mortal death. Then all the nights are ours. And you can be my daddy or my lover or my willing, devoted slave. I can be a lazy catamite or an insolent youth or your own sweet darling boy. We will have eternity to experiment with what we like."

Slowly, Tom nodded. "Yes, love."

"Then join me and live forever." Pelton licked his way back down and swallowed Tom's cock.

Tom shuddered at the feel of the teeth against the skin of his groin. He screamed when Pelton sank the fangs into the lowest point of his body and then moaned as the pleasure of the tongue on his cock outweighed the two small wounds.

Pelton's mouth flowed wetly around his cock, and he knew some of the moisture was his blood, but he didn't care. He felt his feet and fingers getting cold. It didn't matter. The whole of creation was concentrated in a ball at the base of his cock, waiting to spurt forth and begin a new life in the darkness, and all that really counted was coming. Coming until his eyes crossed and his toes curled and his body wracked with the force of it.

His eyes were too heavy to open. Pelton kept sucking him, and he still couldn't come. He heard his heart slowing, the steady beat going thready and irregular and slow. The orgasm did not come before the ultimate cold.

\*\*\*

Tom woke up to Pelton smiling down at him. He raised his eyebrows and flexed his muscles experimentally. They felt pretty much the same.

"Hello, darling. Hungry?"

"Famished." Tom smiled at Pelton, feeling the new additions to his mouth poking against his lower lip. He brought a hand up to gently touch his fangs. He jumped a little when they easily drew blood from his fingertip. "Famished and not just for food?"

Pelton gave him a knowing look and curled into his arms. Tom pulled him closer. Pelton responded in kind and Tom gasped when Pelton sank his fangs into the soft flesh of his neck. He hadn't been expecting another bite.

He shuddered with arousal, his cock going hard when Pelton broke the skin. The rasp of Pelton's

tongue on his neck, licking away the blood, followed by the soft sucking at the wounds made his cock jerk.

“Take from me, too, darling.” Pelton thrust against him, his own cock hard and hot.

Tom licked at Pelton's throat, surprised to find he had a pulse. When he found where it beat strongest, he wrapped one hand around their aligned cocks and bit down sharply.

Pelton gave a soft moan and came just from the bite. Tom drank greedily, letting Pelton take as much as he wanted in turn. It didn't take long for him to come from the rubbing and the feel of Pelton drinking from him and the hot, sweet wash of Pelton's blood in his mouth. It tasted like his voice sounded.

“Easy, enough.” Pelton pulled away.

Tom didn't follow him. He licked the remnants of the blood from his lips and then licked his hand clean of their mingled seed.

“Ah, good. Now you're strong enough to hunt.”

“Teach me?” Tom asked. He was still hungry and wanted more. More blood or sex, he wasn't sure. He suspected both.

“Certainly.”

Pelton took Tom out to a nearby truck stop. He watched for a few moments, and then pointed out a driving team. “I think they wouldn't mind some company.”

Tom was overeager, the hunger gripping at him as soon as he got a close-up view of the drivers. Pelton went ahead to talk to them while Tom crouched in the shadows, his muscles seeming to vibrate like a cat about to spring.

Tom remembered little from the moment Pelton motioned to him to climb up into the cab with the drivers. He was single minded in his attack, not even sparing time to kiss and seduce his prey as the more experienced vampire did. The driver's cry was quickly muffled by a hand over his mouth, and Tom had what he needed at last.

“Only until the heart slows. You do not kill.” Pelton pulled away from his own meal to command Tom. He had to enforce his words with a yank of Tom's hair to actually pull him away from the weakened driver.

“Want more.” Tom gave a pained look at his driver. He could smell more just under the driver's skin, just waiting to be taken. The man had tasted so good. Not the thick richness of Pelton, but a solid, satisfying sort of flavor that made him think of chicken-fried steak and mashed potatoes. Pelton made him think of filet and chocolate.

“Of course, but disposing of bodies is tedious.” Pelton easily moved the men into the sleeper, tucking them in under the blanket. “They’ll wake up with headaches and no memory of us.”

Pelton tried to soothe Tom with soft kisses, but Tom could only taste blood in his boy’s mouth. His hunger returned with a vengeance. “Will I always be this hungry?”

“No, this is the first hunger. It takes all of us in the earliest days. For a while, you will devour mindlessly. This is where the legends come from. And where most of our kind are killed.” Pelton smiled at him. “But you will eventually be satisfied with one per night.” He leaned in for one more sweet kiss. “And me.”

“Oh, good, I like the part that includes you.” Tom scanned the entrance to the truck stop. “Another?”

Pelton was patient, working the entire night to entice victims into Tom’s embrace. Men and women alike, drivers, and night shift workers heading home from work all came willingly, enthralled by the elder vampire’s power and beauty. Tom ate very well. Pelton deigned to sample a few of the especially delicious ones. Many residents of Effingham woke at dawn behind the wheels of their cars, with raging headaches and no memory of getting in.

“Come, we are finished. The sky grows light,” Pelton urged as Tom still drank. “I love winter. The nights are so long.”

Tom was quiet on the way home. His thirst still gripped at him, but it was tolerable now. He felt he could sleep, maybe. If Pelton brought him off a couple times, he was sure he could. “So you’re just a vampire with a conscience, or is there a reason we don’t kill them?”

“It’s hard to get rid of bodies. ‘Vampire serial killer at large!’ Can’t you just see the headlines?” Pelton chuckled. “It’s my protective cover, like the warehouse and the security systems. We can’t get too cocky; I know that’ll be difficult for you.”

Tom laughed. “Very difficult. But why the heart, though? Surely they can take a little more before they’re dead.”

“I want them to think it’s all a dream, that they were seduced by two lovely men. As you grow older, my darling daddy, you will not need so much blood either. The temptation won’t even be there to kill them.”

Tom sighed. “Hard to believe now.” He wanted it. He wanted to feel the heart stop under his lips, the last threads of pulse dripping over his tongue. Pelton glanced at him so sharply he wondered if Pelton could read his mind.

Pelton took him back to the warehouse, sealing the door behind them against the light. Tom was starting to feel a bit slow and heavy by the time they reached the nest of blankets Pelton called a bed. He felt his fangs again, their sharpness cutting his fingertips. He tasted his own blood,

different from the humans he'd eaten.

“My greedy darling.” Pelton drew him down onto the blankets. “The sun will send us comatose, our hearts stop, and we lie as the dead.”

“Dead, but together.” Tom pulled Pelton close, nuzzling his neck. “Delicious boy.” He licked Pelton's skin, feeling his slowing pulse just under the surface.

He felt Pelton's fangs against his neck. “Bite, darling. Taste your boy.”

Tom bit, feeling Pelton's fangs pierce his neck as the same time. The sweet rush against his tongue made him moan.

Outside, the sun rose.

Five Time Loser

Copyright © 2008 by Naomi Brooks and Angelia Sparrow

All rights reserved. No part of this eBook may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews. For information address Torquere Press, Inc., PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78680

Printed in the United States of America.

ISBN: 978-1-60370-404-5, 1-60370-404-3

Torquere Press, Inc.: Single Shot electronic edition / June 2008

Torquere Press eBooks are published by Torquere Press, Inc., PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78680