

Single Shots



Seashores of Old Mexico
by BA Tortuga

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Okay. Okay. Okay.

He was cool.

See him?

See him be cool.

Oh, fuck him raw, he was screwed and tattooed.

Except, not, because that dude at the tattoo parlor had great big gold shark teeth and shit and, hell.

Hell.

Not even when he'd had a dime to his name, damn it.

Which he didn't now, but Clint'd swept the parking lot of the little beach bar and gathered up enough pesos to get him a cerveza, maybe. Or some guacamole. Maybe he'd ask for a shift washing dishes for a little dinero.

He spent a second thinking of Momma's cobbler and brisket on the grill. Potato salad in that big old yellow bowl and a glass plate of pickles. Damn, being in trouble with the law was hell.

The bar was pretty deserted inside, just a few old barflies scattered about, some gringo, some not. The place looked crazy as all get out, all palm tree lights and alligator heads, one of the booths made out of the front end of an old Chevy truck. The guy behind the bar, though, he looked like home, with a deep tanned face and a straw Stetson, grinning and chatting with some old-timer.

He walked up slow and easy, trying not to look like a drifter living too close to the bone. He settled on a barstool, the seat tilting a little. Maybe he could afford two beers.

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"Well, hey there, son. What can I get you?" The bartender came on down, smiling at him just the same as he had at the other guy, not a bit of the fake he'd get at the touristy places that he couldn't afford anyway.

"Just a cold one, thanks. I ain't picky." He smiled back, nodded, keeping his hat pulled down just a little, more out of habit than need.

He got a look, not so much curious as knowing. "You look thirsty. It's happy hour, son. The cheap draft is two for one."

Oh, praise Jesus. "Looks like my luck's holding today, then. What do I owe you?"

"Well, it's a buck fifty, which I think is about sixteen pesos, give or take." Bright brown eyes shone under that hat, not real dark, more gold. Those smile lines deepened. "But I'll take what you can give and be happy."

Sixteen. He dug out what he'd picked up and counted. Twenty. Okay. There was even a tip. "Here goes."

Jesus. He was gonna have to drink slow.

"That'll keep you for a bit, son. Here, have some pretzels." Grinning, the guy slid a whole basket of goodies down to him.

"Thanks." He tried to eat slow, knowing he'd end up tossing if he dumped a bunch of food in him. Still, the beer was gonna hit him like a ton of bricks if he didn't get something in him.

Lord have mercy, he was tired. It'd been three weeks that he'd been running. Three weeks after a fight had gone from one thing to another and one man'd ended up dead and another one saying it was him that did the doing, whether or not it was true.

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The bruises were all faded now, though, and the truck had been dumped in McAllen for \$230 and he was...

Somewhere.

Lord.

"Here's your beer, son. You want some water, too? I ain't gonna charge you for bottled, bad as the local stuff is."

It was almost too much, that friendly voice.

"Yeah? That'd be a kindness. Thank you kindly." He drank most of that first one in a few gulps, the beer hitting his stomach with a splash.

A bottle of water landed next to his mostly empty glass. "I'll get you the next when you've had some water."

The guy moved off, giving him a minute to sit and blink. He finished the pretzels and the water and the beer, eyes on his hands there on the bar. They looked like his daddy's, sorta. Couple of scars, couple of rope marks, veins on the back sticking up a little. Working man's hands. A good man's hands. Shit, he sure hoped he could call himself a good man when all this happy crap was said and done. Clint rolled his eyes at himself. Quit all that shit, man. You get your other beer and move on and find a place to nap where you won't get eat up.

"Here you go." His second beer joined the other glass on the bar. "You look like you got the weight of the world on your shoulders."

"Thank you, sir. Just been a long day or three." He'd get it figured. He didn't just fall off the turnip truck. Although that last hombre that give him a ride was hauling grapefruits.

"I've had a few of those myself." That wink was pure D wicked, the guy laughing a little. "Well, if you need anything else, holler, all right?"

"You've been real nice. I..." He rubbed the back of his neck once. "I don't reckon you know any place that needs an evening of work? I can do near anything."

"Sure. I could use someone to haul boxes tonight when my beer delivery comes. If you don't mind hauling I can pay you some."

"I can do that." Shit, yeah. He tried not to sound too eager, but damn. Hauling boxes was better than anything and the guy seemed decent enough. He held one hand out, keeping his arms close to his chest in case he stank. "I'm Clint. Pleased."

"Jack. Pleased right back. You just down from the States, son?" They shook, good and firm, Jack looking him straight in the eye. Approving of him.

"Yeah. I was..." He bit his bottom lip. Hush now. "I'm traveling some. Seeing stuff."

"Sure." The easy way Jack nodded made him think maybe the man knew something about seeing stuff, like it or no.

"Well, if you want to hang around, that's fine. Or I got a cot in the back room..."

"I—" He drank most of his second beer before he finished answering. "I wouldn't mind a nap before you put me to work."

Then he could keep walking through the night, not have to worry on finding somewhere else until tomorrow night.

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"Well, there you go. Come on, son." The drop counter between the wall and the bar rose under Jack's hand, and the guy led him back to a little office and storage room. "I got a wee bath if you want to wash up, and the cot's just there. You go to it, because I'll work your heinie off come dark."

"I appreciate it, man. I ain't scared of working." Go away now, because he was so fucking tired he could just fucking lose it and he didn't want to. He'd been holding his shit together real good.

"You need me, you holler." And Jack was gone, just like the man had heard him. Or, you know, had a bar to run.

Clint managed to wash his hands and his underarms and his face and all and say a quick prayer for his folks before his body gave out, hands holding his hat safe, boots resting there on the ground, in case he needed to wake up running.

* * * *

Jack worked and talked and smiled, but half his mind was on the kid in the back room. Oh, he wasn't worried that the boy would steal from him. No, sir. He figured if that was the intent the kid wouldn't have offered to work for some money. Nope, his thoughts turned more toward how the kid reminded of himself all those years ago, worn to the ground and needing a place to hole up. A place to light, just for a little while.

This wasn't the first stray he'd taken in. Probably wouldn't be the last. Jack figured he owed it to the universe at large to help people out, just the way someone had helped him back

then. Besides, the kid was cute, if you took away that hungry look.

When Ramon showed up to work the night shift, Jack went to wake the kid up, figuring he'd best feed both of them before the delivery showed. Redheaded as the devil and freckled to boot, Jack'd bet the skin of the kid's belly was white as a sheet, but hands and face and neck were tanned deep. Those hands were holding onto that beat-up straw hat like it was the only thing the kid had left in the world. Lord, lord.

Eyes that were green as a Heineken bottle flew open, the kid sitting straight on up. "I. Hey. Sorry. I. Uh. Shit."

"Hey there. How do you feel about seafood burritos?" That had taken him some getting used to. The whole shrimp in his tortilla thing.

The kid's stomach growled loud enough for him to hear and he bit back his laugh. "I ain't picky, but I ... I ain't got. I mean. I'm good. Thanks."

"Oh, bullshit, son. Your belly's gonna eat your spine. I hate to go to Rosarita's alone. That widow lady always hits on me. Now, get your ass up and come on." There. See the kid not follow orders given in that tone of voice.

"Yessir." The hat went on and the kid popped up like a jackrabbit out of a warren, still looking more than half asleep.

Jack led the way out the back door and on down to the little whitewashed restaurant with the brightly painted flowers and parrots on it. The smells coming out had him drooling. Rosa must be eighty, but she made the best grub around.

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The kid was quiet, but right there, looking about as hungry as a man could. Lord, lord. There was a story there.

They got sat, and Jack grinned over the top of the menu. "You need any help, you holler. Rosa don't cater to English much."

"I ... Okay." The kid looked at the menu, then pointed to the cheapest thing he could find. Oh, lord. Clint was about green, but wasn't that just dear? "What's this here?"

"You don't want that. I tell you what. I'll order." Poor kid. When sweet Elena came up he rattled off an order that would feed a working man. Burritos and some of them puffy things filled with cheese and pork and lots of chips and shit. And he had to have some of them sopapillas, too.

The kid tipped his hat to Elena, gave her a smile. "You sound like you been here a good while."

"Lord, yes." He'd been there just on twenty-odd years. Long enough, for sure. "And I've been eating here all the while."

"It's good, to have it so close."

"It is. Hell, I chose the bar mostly because I can get Rosa's kids and grandkids to deliver when it's slow." The chips and guacamole and that pico de gallo salsa arrived, and Jack took a chip right away so the kid didn't think he had to wait.

"There you go." The kid took a chip and scooped up some guac, moaning over it a little. "Oh, man. This is good."

He just grinned. Everything seemed better when you'd done without, that much he remembered. "So where are you from, son?"

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"Little pissant town in Texas. Nowhere special." No, but somebody was missing it, he'd bet.

"I'm from Arizona, myself. Sometimes wish I could go back, but it's a good life down here." Margaritas on the beach, all the sweet tourist ass a man could handle. Yeah. It was good.

"I been to the Gila River. Right pretty out there, with the saguaros and the mountains." The kid had hands like an old man's, all scarred and rough and callused.

"You from a ranching bunch?" he asked, nodding at those hands. He remembered that, too. Damn, the kid took him back a long, long way.

"Yessir. My daddy runs cattle and working horses. Does okay with it, too, him and my brothers."

The urge to ask came and went. Kid wouldn't be willing to tell him now, and if he didn't know wasn't nobody who could ask him questions.

The food came, and Jack dug right in again, knowing it would put the kid at ease.

The kid ate like he had a hollow leg, just putting it away. When the fork hit the table, Jack got a crookedy grin. "I haven't eat that good in a while. Thank you."

"Not a problem. I'll take it out of your hide when I put you to work." Oh, sopapillas. Man, he did love him some fried bread. "We used to go to the Four Corners when I was a kid," he said, pouring honey on his dessert. "And that Navajo fry bread tasted a lot like this."

"Yeah? I ain't been there, but the funnel cakes at the state fair? Them and my momma's cobbler is the only thing better."

"Cobbler. Now that I haven't had in an age." Jack wondered if Rosa could be convinced to make cobbler. Leaning back, he patted his belly. "Damn."

"Yessir." Clint wiped his mouth, the hint of stubble on upper lip and chin catching the sunlight. "I might live."

"Good on you. Well, come on, son. We're wasting time." Winking, he left a couple of US twenties on the table, because Rosa always needed the money, as many folks as lived with her. "Shipment ought to be in and Ramon is worthless as tits on a boar hog for anything but pouring tequila."

"Yessir." Clint stood and followed close, boots clacking on the wood floor. "Just tell me what to do and I'll do it."

"Don't you worry. I'm good at giving orders."

Clint was good at following them, too. Damned if they didn't get the truck unloaded in less than half the time it usually took, and Jack was downright grateful.

"You need a job, you just say the word," he said, taking off his hat to wipe sweat off his brow. "I could use a good worker like you."

"Yeah? I ... I wouldn't mind a bit of work, sir. I surely wouldn't." There was some honest fear living right under that thin layer of coping, the look of someone lost at sea and not sure where the fuck to go next.

"Well, good." He knew he was pushing it, but Jack went ahead and asked. "You got a place to stay, son?"

"No. No, I'll just ... Would you let me sleep around back of the bar for a night or two on the deck where you load? I swear I won't cause no trouble." Clint chewed on his bottom

lip a second. "You can even hold my pay for a bit, so I can prove it."

"Shit, son. I don't want you to feel like you gotta do that." Clapping the kid on the shoulder, he grinned his best buddy o' mine grin. "I got me a little place right on the beach. Plenty of space."

"You sure? I wouldn't want to put you out none and you don't know me from Job."

He laughed, right out loud. "Oh, believe me, son. You remind me a lot of me when I was young."

A lot.

"You ain't that old, mister, and I swear, I'm not feeling too terrible young."

No, but give the kid a shower and a clean pair of shorts and he might lose a decade of sorry.

"Let me just tell Ramon I'm heading out. I sure could use a shower." Wait until the kid got a load of his outdoor shower. Lord, lord. "Be right back."

Ramon was shaking his ass at some pretty filly, the crowd busy, but friendly, all regular folks not looking for trouble.

"You got yourself another gringo, Boss?"

"Shut up. I'm going home; you slam drinks, not women. At least on my time. And you cash out your tips, not mine. You got it?" He grinned, though, knowing Ramon would do his job. If he didn't, he wouldn't be there.

"Aye-aye, Bossman." Ramon's eyes twinkled. "You want you some Spanish fly?"

"Don't make me hurt you." He waved at Jess and Hector when he went out, joining Clint out back again. "Come on, kid."

"Right behind you." The kid was starting to drag a little, boots scuffling on the sand just enough to hear.

It wasn't far to his place, and he let Clint in, turning on the light. "Guest room there, bath in there. Go ahead and shower if you want. I got some paperwork to do."

"Oh..." The kid nodded, looking like he'd just been offered a gold ticket to heaven.

"Go on. I'll get some towels and all." And some undies. He had a new pack Rosa had given him for Christmas.

"Thanks." The door shut and the water was started before he even got down the hall. Oh, yeah. Somebody was needing a bath.

Whistling a certain Willie and Waylon cowboy song, he wandered on down the hall to get stuff for the kid to wear, feeling like he'd done his good deed for the week.

And the fact that he'd given himself some fine scenery for a while didn't make no never mind. No sir. None at all.

* * * *

Clint nodded to Ramon as he carried another keg from the back to the front. Saturday and everybody was in the bar, dancing and singing and shit, and hell, after two weeks? He didn't feel like he was gonna get beat to death with his own tongue. He still stayed out of the way and quiet, because damn, Jack was good to him and God knew he didn't want it to stop, but he was sort of...

Settling in.

"Here's this one, man. What next?" He'd got the storeroom all cleaned up and the loose boards nailed down in the back so he didn't fall carrying boxes anymore. It was working.

Ramon gave him a grin, one that had the ladies falling all over. Did nothing for him, though. Ramon was a good guy, but damn.

"Just get the glasses washed, man. Then it's time for some salt and lime." Ramon liked to have a shot at the end of his shift.

"Sure." He nodded and headed to the sink. It was mind-numbing work, sort of, so he didn't have to worry or nothing. He could just wash and relax and think on things.

Things like guys that did, uh, do it for him.

"Hey, Ramon. How much have you skimmed off my till tonight?" Well, there was Jack, smiling and glad-handing the customers. The man did love his job, you could tell.

Yeah. That was. God. Clint. No. No, he's your boss and he's nice and no. Lord.

He focused harder on the scrubbing, making sure those glasses shone.

Thing was, it was hard not to look. Dark curls came out from under that hat, tanned skin on the face and throat framing a white smile and brown eyes, and that was a cowboy body, no matter what the man did now. Rangy, with low-slung hips and a tight, tight ass...

Soap. Glasses. Rag. Damn.

He needed to go to bed early tonight, get up close and personal with this hand and a nice, long fantasy.

He missed Ramon's reply, but it made Jack laugh out loud, the sound raucous and growly. Lord. He was gonna break something.

"How's it going, kid?"

"Just fine, sir. Thank you." He found a smile and pressed his hard cock against the sink, the zipper hurting enough to make it deflate. "You having a good day, mister?"

"Yeah. Been working on books and now I'm wanting a beer. Get me a Dos Equis?" Plopping down right at his end of the bar, Jack hummed along with the music, head bobbing.

"Sure." He played fetch and carry, remembering to get the slice of lime.

See him. See him not fuck up. Go him.

"Thanks, son." He should be grateful that Jack thought of him as a kid. He really should.

"No problem. I'm gonna go on, if there's nothing else you need." 'Cause, damn. There was something he needed.

Maybe he could go for a swim.

Did coming in the water draw sharks?

"Oh." Was that disappointment? Disapproval? Dis something else with two p's? Jack nodded. "Sure, kid. It's your time."

"There something else you want me to do?" He would. He wasn't a fucking loser.

"Nope. I was just thinking you might have a sit with me. Have a beer."

Well. That was new.

"Yeah? I could handle that. Thanks." He grabbed himself a brew, moved around the bar to sit. It almost felt normal.

"So how's it going?" Elbow nudging his ribs, Jack grinned over, cheeks creasing.

His fucking face lit up in a blush—he knew it did—but he just nodded, grinned back. "Ramon ain't killed me yet and I haven't broke a glass. I reckon I'm good."

"You are. There's a reason Ramon wants you washing glasses. He can't do it without cracking at least one." That smile went wider, the nightly round of Ribbing Ramon starting up.

"I gotta make sure I stay useful, huh?" He hadn't saved any money, needing things like shirts and soap and all. He would, though, given a few more weeks.

"Oh, you're useful enough. And I like having you around." That face went all non-committal. "You ain't thinking of moving on, are you?"

"No. No, not unless. I mean, if you need the guest room, I can find another place." He'd offered the man rent money already.

"Shit, no. I got nobody else to give it to." Jack winked. "Just making sure. I don't want you thinking you gotta stay if you're itchy."

"No. No, I ... I've not got myself gypsy feet, as a rule." Unless the federales came, anyway.

"Well, there you go. So what all did I miss today?" That was a regular question, too, even though everyone knew damned well nothing exciting ever happened.

"Nothing much. People drank beer. Girls flirted."

"You flirt back?" It was always awkward when Jack asked that one, but he seemed to like to josh about it.

"No, sir." Them little chicas just wasn't what he was looking for.

"Well, then you're gonna lose them all to Ramon." That tanned throat worked while Jack sucked at the mouth of the bottle.

"I ain't worried 'bout that. He can have 'em." He could just lick a line right up...

Jesus! Clint! Drink your fucking beer.

"Yeah? You don't like the local girls, there's always the college ones." One hand landed in the middle of his back, Jack clapping him right between the shoulder blades.

He choked a little, the beer bubbling up on his lips. "You oughta ... oughta chase them yourself."

He could watch Jack's ass as the man hunted.

"Huh? Aw, hell son. I'm too old to be chasing miniskirts." Jack's cheeks heated to a dark red, and Ramon laughed, the sound belly deep.

"You ain't that much older'n me." He was fixin' to be twenty-five, damnit.

"I was probably fixing to graduate high school when you were born." Waving to Ramon, Jack got another beer. "You can't be what? Eighteen? Nineteen?"

"Twenty-five in a couple weeks." He rolled his eyes. It was the red hair. It put people in the mind of a baby.

"No shit." He got him another kind of look, then, one that made something tight and hot spring up in his belly. Lord, if Jack looked like that when he was just being friendly, what would he look like in bed?

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"Honest to God." He shifted his longneck down, hiding the sudden bulge in his jeans. Damn, he wanted him some of that.

"Well, that's a sight older than I thought." Jack's thigh brushed his, making it even harder to hide his reaction.

"Yeah. It's the freckles." He damn near shifted, slid on the bar stool before he caught himself.

"It is. Though they're almost running together now." Jack got up abruptly, hitting his arm. "Come on back to the house with me. We can drink beer on the couch instead of here in the loud."

"Surely." God, he was gonna have to walk with his Johnson trying to beat a hole through his jeans. He stood up, trying to camouflage his hard-on until he could thump it good and hard.

Wasn't easy, either, watching Jack's ass swinging in front of him. Damn. Just. Wrangler butt.

The waves were crashing against the sand, masking the sound of his moan when he thumped his cock. Thank God. He just—

Damn.

They got to the little beach cottage, the homey serape-covered sofa calling to him. "Have a sit. I'll get us a beer."

"Thanks." He plopped down, took his hat off and set it aside. Lord have mercy, who'd've thunk he'd be sitting on a beach, running from the law, drinking beer with the finest man north of Mexico City?

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"No problem. You know, we ought to have a cook out." The beer was cold against his fingers when Jack handed it over, just starting to sweat a little.

"Sure." Like he could cook anything more than microwave pizzas and oatmeal. "There ain't nothing like meat over a fire, 'cept maybe the burritos next door."

"Yeah, they're addictive, huh?" They'd shared more than one supper at Rosarita's since he'd been there, and man, those things got better every time. Like she put crack in them.

"Mmhhh." He drank deep, relaxing a bit. "This is a fine place. I'm glad I stumbled in."

"Me too. Been a bit lonely." Jack grinned and sprawled next to him. "Not that the locals ain't great, and it seems weird to be lonesome when there's all the tourists. But you came up like I did."

Clint nodded, licked the mouth of the bottle to keep the beer from spilling. "There's nothing like hearing someone that sounds like home."

"Yeah." They just sat for a bit, the silence as comfortable as could be. Jack's leg bounced up and down, making the couch jiggle.

"My momma always said that meant you had something you needed but hadn't asked for yet." Clint chuckled, remembering her telling him, "If you don't stay *still*, son."

"Huh? Oh." Chuckling, Jack nodded. "Guess so. Now, if I'm prying, son, just tell me, but you're not leaving the girls by the wayside just so Ramon has more, are you?"

"I." Jesus, he didn't want to get into an ass-kicking situation. "No. No, I ain't, I guess."

Shit, marthy.

"Well, that's not a bad thing. Just make sure you do smile nice every so often, or some of the boys around here will try to kick your ass."

"Okay. I thought I hid it pretty good." Better than some, anyway.

"Oh, you do. Let's just say I know from experience, huh?" He got a grin, then, one that had him blinking.

"Oh." Okay, now. That was not fair. Hot. Fine. Dear as all get out AND queer? God was teasing him.

"S'that gonna make you nervous? Staying here with me?" One hand came over to pat his leg. Pat. Pat.

"No. Not at all." Goddamnit. His prick went *sproing*, announcing nice and loud that no, not nervous. Not at all.

He really needed a swim.

"Good. Because I like having you around." Pat. Pat. He thought he was gonna lose it. Until Jack got up and stretched, that untucked denim shirt showing off a little patch of belly hair. Then he knew he was. "Wanna go have a dip?"

"Uh-huh." He wanted to lean forward and just lick like a cat with cream.

"Well, come on, then." The boots hit the floor, followed by the shirt, and damned if Jack didn't shimmy out of his jeans on the way out the door and leave them on the little deck.

Oh, man. He took his time getting down to his skivvies because Jack's ass was finer outside of those jeans and there were these two little dimples up there at the waist and Jesus,

he hoped that water was cold. It wasn't, though, it was warm and right, sorta feeling like little licks where it met his skin.

"Aw, yeah," Jack said, swimming out just enough to turn on his back and float. "Ain't nothing like being able to go swimming in the evening."

"You..." Damn, his voice was all husky. "You know it."

He kept low enough that he wouldn't embarrass himself, then focused on swimming.

And watching.

And possibly wanting.

Jack stroked lazily around, swimming and humming and just sounding happy as a pig in shit. And the man was hard as a brick. That was obvious when he floated up to the surface again.

His moan sorta ... escaped him, coming out loud as all fuck.

"Mmhmm. Feels good, huh? I tell you what, it makes me horny as hell." Yeah. Yeah, he could see that.

"Yeah. It's ... it's something." He caught himself floating closer, drawn like his prick was a dowsing rod and Jack was an underground spring.

Jack turned and dog-paddled right up to him. "You okay?"

"Yeah. Just." He blushed and thanked God that it was dark enough that Jack couldn't see it. "I'm a little riled up is all. Blood's too hot."

"Uh-huh. I hear that." One of Jack's hands landed on his shoulder, fingers rubbing a little. "I surely do."

"Yeah? It don't. I mean, I don't want to offend you or nothing." No, he wanted to push close and hump like a naughty puppy.

"Not gonna. Even if you turn me down." Thank goodness they were shallow enough for his feet to hit the ocean floor, because Jack kissed him, and there was no way he could take that and keep afloat. Clint groaned and opened right up, the kiss enough to make his head swim even before he pushed right back into it. Oh. Oh, he.

Yeah.

Uhn.

That man could kiss. Hell, Jack might not be that much older than him, but he obviously had years of experience in this. Soft lips, a hot tongue, and Jack's hand on the back of his neck were all conspiring to drive him crazy. His body floated close, belly rubbing against Jack's and he groaned, thighs going tight. Hello.

"Mmm." Looked like Jack liked that, too, because one hand went down to cup Clint's butt, holding him close. So his cock ... lord.

He shifted just a little and oh. Oh, hell yes. That was. Uh-huh.

Clint stopped worrying about that whole thinking thing and went with feeling it. The water rocked them together, then apart, and it was weird and good and not enough friction. Jack kissed him like he was starving, deeper and harder, holding him tight. He wrapped his hands around Jack's shoulders, panting a little into Jack's lips. He could feel those hands, rolling and rubbing his ass.

The waves tried to drag them out, so Jack pulled them in a little, pushing him down in the shallows and straddling him, bending to kiss him again. That rubbed them all along each other, Jack's cock against his belly, his sliding along Jack's heavy balls.

Fuck him, that was hot. He arched, hand curling around Jack's hip to give himself a brace, something to push against, even as the sand slid and slipped under his ass. Sand was gonna get in bad places, but he didn't even care. He just moaned as Jack stroked his chest and belly, fingers playing over his nipples and his navel. His own fingers were working over Jack's shoulders, down the muscles in the strong back. That was. Uhn. Slick. Fine. Yeah.

"Feels good. Real good." Oh, Jack could form sentences. That was impressive. So was the cock rubbing him, over and over.

"Yeah. Don't stop." He groaned, balls going tight. So fucking close, man. He just needed a little.

"Not gonna." No, sir. Jack didn't stop. He squeezed down with his thighs, instead, giving Clint some amazing friction to work with.

Man, Clint shot so hard he thought the top of his head was gonna pop off, throat working as he groaned and grunted like a newborn fool. Jack gave him a hot moan, then a kiss, and that cock against his belly jerked and danced, Jack coming for him good and hard. The look in those brown eyes was kinda surprised.

He reckoned it was better to kiss again than worry about shit like talking or anything, so he took Jack's mouth, tasting the man and salt and ... Yeah. Yum.

When they broke for air, Jack was smiling again. "Well, honey, I don't know about you, but I'm getting sand and stuff up my crack. Wanna take this inside?"

"Hell, yeah." The sand was getting less slick and more gritty.

Besides, he still wasn't real sure on that whole spunk-attracting-sea-critters thing.

* * * *

Jack led Clint back to the house, just buzzing from his orgasm. Man, it had been longer than he thought, but it felt damned fine. Damned fine. And Clint was looking good, all naked and wet and sandy. He sure did like the sight of that.

"Want a shower, Clint?" he asked, needing to get the grit out.

"Surely." He kept getting these long, hungry looks from the kid. It made a man feel his oats, to be all eat up like that.

He took the kid's hand, feeling good all the way to his toes. "Man, that water was nice, but I'm starting to itch."

"Well, that ain't good for you." The orgasm made the kid a little looser in his skin, made that grin a little easier.

"Nope. Or you, either." His bathroom was small, but they'd both fit, and under the bright lights he'd get to look his fill. "You get the water going and I'll get us some towels."

He got himself a nice look at that fine little bubble butt as Clint bent over, the skin as milky white as he'd've guessed.

"Sweet." Hell, he didn't have to leave the kid gloves on no more. The kid was way older than he'd thought. He reached right out and grabbed a double handful. Clint groaned and jerked a little, then pushed right back into his hands, eager as all get out.

"Mmm. You've got a sweet ass, honey." He felt up a little more, just jonesing on it.

"I. Thanks." Those muscles went tight and then loosened up, hips shaking a little in his hands. "You feel real good."

"Yeah? I'd best get those towels." He bent and put a kiss on each cheek before going and digging out a couple of hefty towels.

That little groany gaspy thing?

Pretty fucking cool.

Clint stepped into the spray, sluicing the sand from him, hands sliding over that fine skin. Jack stepped right in with him, reaching out to help Clint get clean. Yeah, that skin was something. Smooth as a baby's butt, but not a baby at all. Perfect. His hands slid down that flat belly, over hips that were sharp as spades, framing a sweet, thick cock that was framed by bright red curls.

Sweet. Hot. Curling his hand around that cock, Jack pulled a little, seeing how much it would harden. Oh, look at that. It perked right up, going heavy and firm against his palm. Grinning to beat the band, Jack stroked and pulled, loving the heft of the kid, the heat. The water helped give him a little slick, and he went to town, torn between looking at that sweet prick and watching the kid's face.

"Damn." Clint leaned back a little, pushing up toward his hand. "You ... you got amazing hands."

"I used to rope, back in the day. Had to have some skill." His other hand turned Clint into his touch more, slid them together. "And you're the hottest thing I've seen in a month of Sundays."

"Header or heeler?" That tanned throat worked and he leaned in to lick the water right off it. Hot little shit.

"Heeler." Damn, the kid still tasted like sea salt and sunshine. Fucking A. Wanting more, he licked down one collarbone, lips moving to suck a little.

"Mmm. Takes. Uh. Takes damn good timing." Clint's fingers tangled up in his hair.

His tongue slid over one tight, brown nipple. "I have excellent timing."

That little sound might have been agreement, might not. Didn't matter because damn, someone liked that. So he did it again, licking and biting, humming at how that cock in his hand danced. A man could get used to this. Dangerous thoughts.

"Jack. Damn. I. Lord have mercy." Clint tugged him up, eyes a little wild. "I never. That felt. Jesus."

"Good, huh?" He took up one of Clint's hands and put it on his own chest. "You can touch me, too. S'okay."

Clint nodded, pinked up. That hand started moving, started exploring his chest, his belly. "Sorry. You just. It was big."

"Hell, honey. I'm not picky. I just like the touching. We'll do whatever you want." His own prick was finally perking up

again, reminding him that he was older than he wanted to be, but still good for more than one.

"I want." One of those hands wrapped around his prick, scars feeling fine on his skin.

Jack went up on his toes, slipping a little on the wet shower floor. "Lord, that feels just right. Run your thumb under ... oh, there."

Hoo yeah.

"Here?" Kid was a quick fucking study in this, too. Shit, yeah.

"Uh-huh. And see what happens when I touch you here?" He let his fingers slide back over Clint's balls, right to that tiny strip of skin...

"Oh, goddamn." Clint's belly went washboard-tight, fingers gripping his cock tight.

"Uh-huh. Man, that just makes you wanna blow, don't it?" The first time someone did that to him he'd come buckets. Jack pressed harder on that spot, waiting for the fireworks. He got them, too, Clint jerking as that pretty cock shot everywhere, spunk spraying his wrist, his belly.

"Oh, that's it, honey. That's it." Jack watched the kid, just loving that he'd done that, that his touch had made Clint crazy.

Those big eyes rolled a little, then landed on him, the dazed look fading into a melted little smile. "Your turn."

"Uh-huh. What do you want to do to me, honey?" He wanted to see what Clint would come up with.

That hand was already moving, calluses rubbing him, but Jack's eyes damn near bugged out of his head when the kid

slid down to his knees, took the tip of Jack's cock into those kiss-swollen lips.

"Oh, Jesus fuck." He tried hard not to thrust too much, tried to be good, but God almighty that soft, wet mouth was setting him on fire.

One of those hands stayed around the base of his cock, the other cupped his balls as that mouth went to town over the tip, just making his toes curl up. Jack took it and took it, wanting to see and feel more. Just in case. Lord knew the kid might have second thoughts and not ever do it again. So he just stroked that wet hair and rocked his hips and let it all go. Those eyes flashed up at him, the look admiring and horny and enough to make him feel something like ten feet tall.

That look, and the little thing the kid did with his tongue, had him groaning, had him tensing up. He shot hard, harder than he could remember doing in a good while, really feeling it in his balls.

The kid managed okay, leaning back against the tile to let the water clean his face, clean that smile.

"Mmm. I tell you what, that's a good shower." Jack grinned, petting the kid's cheeks. "You have a good time?"

"You know it." That smile got wider, brightening Clint's whole face up.

"Good. Let's dry off and have a beer and think about doing it again, huh?" Maybe not tonight, but tomorrow would suit him just fine.

"I could handle that." He helped Clint up and they headed out, both of them loose-limbed and lazy now, grinning like fools.

He hoped the kid would hang about for a bit. He surely did.
It was a good situation all around.

Yes, sir, it was.

* * * *

Man, the water felt damn fine, sliding over his skin as the sun beat down. The Drunken Pelican was closed on Mondays and he was loving having a day off to just be a bum.

A wet, horny, tanned, happy bum.

Go him.

A huge splash almost had him drowning, going under and spluttering when he came back up. Jack grinned over at him when he finally righted himself.

"Good day for a swim, huh?"

"Yup." He shot a handful of water over, enjoying the way the droplets looked on Jack's skin. He was still all mismatched and farmer tanned, but Jack was pretty all over. Hooting, Jack swept an armful of water at him, just bouncing in the waves. Smiling was a damned good look for that man. He snorted and then leapt, tackling Jack and knocking the man back into the water.

A wet gurgle sounded as Jack went under, but the man popped back up strong, shaking water off like a dog. "Now, honey, don't start, 'cause I'll finish."

"Promises, promises. Bring it on." He did love wrestling.

Jack came at him, muscles shifting under the skin of Jack's chest and arms. Yeah. Those long arms wrapped around him, holding him while Jack took him down. Jesus, the man was strong. He twisted, using his lower center of gravity to turn

them both over, stumbling along the surf. Woofing, Jack struggled, wrestling him back and forth. And Jack was grinning like nothing going, laughing when he got the upper hand.

He was breathing hard in no time, the water making his muscles work damn hard. "Lord. I'm gonna be buff before long."

"You're not shabby now." Jack copped a quick feel, almost unbalancing him, then laughing up a storm. That sound. It was belly deep and so full of mischief.

Clint found himself grinning like a newborn fool, shaking his head. "Well, I guess I can handle not shabby."

He flexed a little, laughing as a wave splashed up, nearly knocking him over.

"There you go." The sun glinted off that smile, just like some ridiculous tourist poster, and suddenly he was fiercely glad he'd landed right where he had.

They settled in the water, butts in the sand, legs floating up. Man, all they needed now was a cold beer.

"We shoulda brought the cooler," Jack said, just like he'd heard. "Don't wanna move, though."

"I'll play fetch and carry in a bit, if you want." Right now he was settled.

"Sure. No rush, though." Jack's hand covered his, real casual like, not squeezing or nothing. Just holding on.

Now, that was.

Well.

Yeah.

It was what it was and Clint thought he approved.

"Man, that sun feels good." His own fingers traced Jack's, just a little.

"Yup. We'll get you unpasty any day." That grin told him that he wasn't a bit pasty. Just not as dark as Jack.

He blushed and shook his head. He'd taken no end of shit about his farmer tan and the way his belly'd burned and the rest just got darker.

"You're looking good, actually." He got a long once-over, all over. "Real good."

His cock sorta went *sproing*, body stretching out like that touch was a real touch. Goddamn.

Jack stretched, looking long and lean and brown, and damned good himself. That man had a belly to die for. Not quite a six-pack, but flat and long, and that little glory trail just went down and down.

Clint caught himself staring.

Looking.

Drooling.

"So what do you think, Clint?"

Uh-oh. He had a feeling he'd missed something.

"What?" His cheeks were gonna set afire. Jesus.

"I was thinking about running down to town and going to the market. Maybe going to supper. Wanna go?"

"Surely." He hadn't gone much exploring. Hell, he wasn't even exactly sure where the fuck he was.

"Hot damn. We ought to get on and get dressed, then, or we'll miss the good shit at the market." Water sluiced off that fine skin when Jack got up, holding a hand down to him.

"Right behind you." He let Jack help him up, one hand covering his way-too-interested cock.

"We could take a quick shower before we go." One of Jack's hands wandered right across his crotch when they turned back toward the house.

"Goddamn!" He stopped, stared a second. He wasn't used to being touched like that, like it was ... easy. "Grabby bastard."

"Uh-huh. You're gonna wave it around at me, I'm gonna grab it. Just wait until I get your ass inside."

Lord.

"I didn't wave it..." Fuck, he loved what walking in the sand did to Jack's ass.

"Okay, so maybe I was looking." That ass disappeared into the house about two steps ahead of him.

"Yeah. I'm all about looking. Fine son of a bitch," he muttered, grinning as he hurried to catch that ass.

The shower was already going and damned if Jack didn't reach out and snag him to pull him in when he got there. His body smacked right up against Jack's.

"I. Hey." Oh, hell, yes. That man felt. Yeah. So hot. So hard.

"Hey. You rubbing all up on me on the beach has got me het up, honey."

He could tell. Not just because of the hard cock against his hip, but the way Jack kissed him told him all about hunger. Yeah. Yeah, he could handle het up. Clint tugged Jack closer, meeting that heat, that hunger head on. He hadn't been the only one rubbing. A deep, rough sound was fed right into his

mouth, Jack pushing against him, loving on him. Those lean hands were everywhere, stroking through the rushing water to get to his skin. He got himself a double handful of ass, squeezing good and hard, grinning into Jack's mouth as the man moaned for him.

"Yeah." Man, that was a happy sound. Jack rocked, bracing on widespread legs, hips really starting to push. "Damn, Clint."

"Yeah. So fine." Fuck, that felt good, made him proud that he was doing his part. Jack made him feel fucking amazing.

"Yeah. Come on, honey." Jack grabbed his swinging cock and stroked, the water easing the way, making him slick.

"Mmhmm." He stepped closer, his hand joining Jack's, drawing them both together.

"Oh, yeah." Someone liked that. Jack's cheeks went hot, his eyes rolling a little, and boom. They got a lot faster all of a sudden.

Oh, hell, yes. He was. Yeah. Good. Damn.

Jack kissed him again, so hard their teeth clacked together. Then that fine cock jerked against his, in his hand, coating his fingers and wrist with come. Jack. Hell, yes. He went up on his toes, humping quick, electricity sliding down his spine. Jack's thumb pressed against his slit, nice and hard, before letting go, that hand squeezing right down on him. He bit out Jack's name, spunk just shooting from him, leaving him gasping and tingling all over.

"There we go. Yeah." Grinning, Jack leaned on him a little, letting the water wash them clean. "That took the edge right off."

"Yeah." He chuckled, stealing another kiss. "Now we can go play." He was looking forward to that, to going and doing.

"You bet. They have this one stall that does this hot pepper shrimp." Patting Clint's butt, Jack reached for some towels while he shut the water off.

"Oh, damn. That sounds fine." He got himself a double handful of ass. "I might get me another shirt, too."

Going up on tiptoe, Jack hooted. "Woo! Got a fine touch, honey. Come on and let's get dressed."

It didn't take them long to put on jeans and a shirt, and they were headed out in Jack's creaky old truck in no time, windows rolled down. They sang along with the old tape in the player. He knew all the old George songs by heart, which sorta made Jack grin.

"Good to know I'm not too out of date, huh?" Those lean fingers tapped on the steering wheel, with a staccato beat.

"No, man. King George is ... *George*." What was good was just good.

"You know it." The little road along the coast went by, pretty as the day was sunny. It was a fine day to be alive.

"Man, I haven't felt so good in a long time." At least it felt that way. Felt like forever.

"Yeah? It's amazing what some nookie and a day off will do." They finally pulled into a bright, whitewashed little town that looked like a picture postcard.

"Shit. After the last few months, I figure I'm in high cotton." He'd been hurting bad and more than scared. Hell, he still was scared, if he let himself think on it.

"Yeah. I was that way once." Those bright brown eyes cut to him after Jack put the truck in park. "Things blow over down here."

"Yeah? I hope so." He surely did.

"Yup. It's the way down here. Mañana land and all that. Live for now." Jack always seemed to be patting his leg or hand or something.

"You know it. I ... I can't never go back, and it's fine here." He'd stay so long as he was welcome.

"Then that's that." Jack hopped out of the truck, tucking his hands in his pockets and wandering down the little hill into the center of town. Whistling.

He followed along, admiring Jack's fine little ass. "Wait up, now. I'm coming."

* * * *

They did the market, they did some stupid tourist stuff, and then they ended up at this little cantina that served amazing margaritas and damned fine mariscos. Jack couldn't remember having such a good time. Not in years. And he'd had his share of good times. Shit, he lived in Mexico.

It was the kid. He was just relaxing, whatever troubles he'd had fading, and it was a good look for him. So good that Jack found himself staring. Over and over. Tanned and muscled, just a little flushed from the booze and the attention, Clint looked fine. Then that straw hat brim lifted and those bright eyes smiled over at him. "'M I growing a second head?"

"Nope. You're just too hot, kid. Make me want." There. How was that for honest?

The flush went dark-dark, Clint just staring at him. "You're something else, Jack. I swear. You'd make a dead man hard."

"You think?" Tickled, he just laughed. "I like how you look at me."

"I'd like to watch you once, you know?" That mouth snapped shut, Clint's eyes going wide.

"Yeah?" Well, now. "Watch me do what, honey?"

"You know." One hand waved, making that familiar motion.

"Oh, yeah. I've done a lot of that." That thought made him hot as Phoenix in July. "I could do it."

"Yeah? I think it would be..." Clint shifted, scooting in the chair some. "Damn."

"Uh-huh." Damn. The kid really liked the idea of that, and it made Jack want it, too. Made him want it bad.

"What..." The kid's voice went rumbly and harsh. "What all do you like?"

Jack grinned. "I like it slow and easy and I like it rough and fast. Depends on my mood." Lord, he was wanting now. Hard as a rock. Clint groaned, licked his lips, one hand dropping to his lap to hide the bulge there.

"We could go on. Get dessert at home." That would be damned fine. Jack figured he could make it through the drive. Maybe.

"I could get behind that. If I can walk, that is."

"You'll make it, honey. I promise." If he could do it, so could Clint. They'd get off. Just not yet.

"Yeah. Yeah." Clint stood, thumping himself a little as he did. Now that was just a cruel thing to do to a pretty cock.

"That's just sad, honey." He grinned, pushing money on the table and hitching his own jeans to get his cock arranged.

"It worked." Clint handed him a few bills to cover half and then headed out, giving him a look at that butt in old Wranglers.

Maybe he ought to thump himself. Damn. They made the truck, though, the parking lot all but empty besides his truck. So he chanced a kiss. Clint gasped, lips parting, meeting him in a short, deep, hungry taste. They kissed so hard their teeth clacked together. So hard their lips bruised right up. This was no slow, easy exploration. This was pure fire. One hand cupped his cock, just squeezing enough to let him know that Clint needed. Now. Jack spread his legs a little, giving himself more room. His hand traced a line down Clint's cheek before he slipped it behind the kid's head to hold him closer. More.

"We're gonna get killed." Clint's hand started rubbing, fingertips brushing his balls.

"It's dark." They weren't moving yet. No one would see. "Don't stop."

"Kay." The words were breathed right into his lips, Clint just going to town, jacking his cock.

Jesus. Oh, God Almighty. Jack groped for Clint's crotch, digging at the kid's jeans. He needed to touch, too. Clint groaned, tongue pushing between his lips as they both bucked. Rubbed. Fuck, the guy made him feel like a kid again.

Seashores of Old Mexico
by BA Tortuga

The last time he'd done any making out in the car, he *had* been a teenager. It was rougher on the body at nearly forty, that was for sure. Clint's fingers worked his jeans open, got hold of his cock and started rubbing. Shit, yes. His own hand finally found flesh and, boom. The heat ratcheted up a thousand times. Just like that. Jack moaned, licking at Clint's neck, tasting salt and sun.

"Soon. Soon, Jack." Clint's throat was working, their skin slapping together.

"Now." He had to. His balls were gonna explode. Jack squeezed Clint's cock when he came, demanding everything the kid had to give.

They both swayed together, Clint's cock pulsing in his hand, giving it up for him. Clint moaned, lips brushing against his temple. "God. Goddamn."

"Yeah. I tell you what, honey. That about knocked my socks right off." He glanced about, making sure no one was watching them.

"Uh-huh. In the truck?" Yeah, yeah, it was time to head home.

"You know it, honey. Let's go." Sounded so damned good, thinking of the kid being at home with him. He was getting used to it.

"Yeah. I'm ready to go home." Sounded like he wasn't the only one. Not at all.

* * * *

The nightmares started in late October.

He was sitting there in the bar in Dallas, listening to the music blare and kinda watching this pretty little cowboy with a mouth made for sin when the big guy knocked into him, spilling his beer over him, over the bar, all over the son of a bitch beside him.

The first little spat had been in the bar—nothing serious, just a few nasty words and a couple of blows. Then the guy had asked him to step outside and goddamn, a man couldn't turn that down, even when the big guy that had knocked him so hard to begin with had followed them out.

Had pulled that little Saturday night special.

Had laughed at him as he stared, the streetlight glinting off the diamond in the guy's front tooth.

Clint saw the guy falling, heard the sirens and then a deep, throaty laugh that was echoed by the big guy's homeboys. "I bet them cops are gonna love your ass in the jail. Murderers go to Huntsville, you know?"

"What? What are you talking about?"

The gun slapped across his cheekbone, hard enough that it sent him spinning, knocked him right into that guy. The bleeding guy. The dying guy.

Jesus.

"You shouldn't oughta have done it, kid. Killing a man in cold blood? That's a bad rap."

A bad rap.

He dreamed about cages, about judges and handcuffs and that man. That gigantic motherfucker with the glinting tooth grinning at him. Ready to kill him without even fucking thinking about it.

Seashores of Old Mexico
by BA Tortuga

It got to where he stopped trying to sleep solid, just caught naps on his breaks, between runs, whenever he could, waking himself up whenever the fucking dreams started.

Eventually he'd wear himself out or make himself crazy. Either way, it would stop.

Damn it.

Clint rolled another keg out to Ramon, whistling along with Jimmy Buffet on the jukebox.

"You looking worn down, kid," Ramon said, giving him a grin and a clap on the back. "You keeping busy, eh?"

"Yeah. Working, working." He found a smile for Ramon, a nod. "You need anything else, man?"

"Nah. I'm good. Go sit. You want a beer or something?"

"No, man. I'm good." He was going to go nap on the dock.

"Kay. Oh, and tell Jack we need to make an order, okay, man?" Ramon seemed to know. Like *know*. But he'd never made a thing about it.

"Sure, man. I'll tell him." He nodded, wandered out the back to the little dock, blinking out at the ocean. Fuck, it was pretty. Like really pretty.

"Hey." Oh, he'd know that voice anywhere now. Jack grinned, coming up beside him, shirt hanging open. "How's it hanging?"

"Mmm. Hey, mister. Ramon says you need to make an order." He smiled, nudged Jack's shoulder with his own.

"How's you?"

"Not bad. Been thinking on a nap. I'll do the order tonight." One of Jack's square hands brushed his ass.

Seashores of Old Mexico
by BA Tortuga

"I'm a fan." He leaned toward the touch, wanting nothing more than to do a little more feeling and a lot less thinking.

"Then let's find us a place in the sun." Grinning some more, Jack grabbed his arm and tugged.

Clint found himself following along, heading for the sun and the sand.

"You got a place in mind, man?" He really needed to take his boots off.

"Yup. Got us a tree and some chairs and an umbrella drink." Oh, that sounded just fine.

"Yeah? You are a miracle worker." And the best-smelling man on Earth.

And edible.

And amazing in the sack.

And.

And.

And.

"Am I? I just like my creature comforts, is all." That ass was something else, too. Perfectly framed by a pair of cutoffs.

"Uh-huh." His eyes were sorta stuck. Caught. Something. Damn.

"Here we go." Man, there were lounge chairs, a little table with snacks. Someone had been planning this.

Clint looked around, just making sure they were alone, and then leaned to steal a quick grope. "It looks good, Jack. Real good."

Now, whether he was talking about the spread or the ass, he wasn't sure.

"Cool. Have a sit, honey. You look worn to the bone."
Yeah, not to mention the whole waking Jack up at night thing.

"Oh, I'm good." He sat, though, bones feeling heavy as hell.

"Yeah? Well, have a drink. I think it's got enough to make it good." The drinks were fruity, but not too sweet, and they had a kick.

"Mmm. That hit the spot." Lord, his head was already swimming a little, eyes kinda unfocused and blinky.

"Good. I'm thinking naps are in order. Wish we could curl up together, but I figure we can settle for a little looking."

"I ... I like looking." He blinked over, nodding a little. Lord, he was tired.

"I do, too. Sleep some, honey. I'll watch." Sounded like Jack almost meant he'd protect Clint from nightmares.

"Yeah?" He pulled his hat brim down, settling in. "I didn't do it, you know. No matter what they said. I ain't no killer."

No, sir.

He was a good man. Raised right and everything.

* * * *

Poor kid was tucked out.

Hell, Jack couldn't blame him. He hadn't been sleeping. So, neither had Jack, really. A little drink, a little sun, and the kid had sacked out like a puppy after a game of catch.

Now he was tossing and turning on the little lounge chair like to breaking it, so Jack figured it was time to move the dog and pony show to the house. 'Sides, there he could

maybe make a few calls and see why the kid thought he was a killer. Or wasn't, as the case may be.

Jack got up and drained his drink before wandering over and tapping Clint's shoulder.

Clint's eyes flew open, the kid sitting straight up with a soft little cry. "Oh. Man. I was dreaming. Hey."

He got a grin, a nod, the kid reaching for that wide-brimmed hat.

"Hey. Thought we'd go get a shower and maybe nap on the bed..."

"Yeah? Sounds good. I was baking a little." He grinned and nodded. That farmer tan was almost gone.

"Good for your bones. But we could eat some, too." His belly was empty as Ramon's wallet.

"I can make burgers, if you want." The kid was learning and hadn't killed them yet.

"You bet. I'll fry some potatoes." They'd have food and he'd put the kid out again with a little lovin'.

"Mmm. I love fried potatoes with a little salsa and some salt." Clint stretched up, boots sliding a little on the sand.

"Yeah. And some onion." They would bump hips in the kitchen and chuckle a little and have some fun. And the lines around the kid's eyes were already fading a little.

It was easy to work with Clint; the kid was just dear as fuck. Jack sorta wondered if the kid had a temper, really. God knew he hadn't seen hide nor hair of it. Which meant whatever had happened to the kid hadn't even been his fault, not that Jack thought so anyway.

They got to his little house and hit the kitchen. Clint started on the eggs while he peeled potatoes. Clint began whistling, wandering away to take those boots off and putting on a pair of loose shorts before coming back in.

"Looking good, honey." Damn, but he liked him some easy access.

"Looking comfy, for sure. Those jeans weren't meant for lounging on the beach."

"Nope. That's why I cut mine off." Jack pulled off his shirt. Might as well be just as comfy as the kid. Hell, he wasn't so old that he'd lost all his tone.

The way Clint's eyes landed on his belly like a touch, he reckoned maybe he was doing better than that, even.

Whistling a little himself, Jack chopped potatoes and set them to frying in oil. Good smells were really pouring off the stove, and he sniffed, happy with life in general.

Clint's hands brushed his butt, then he got a sweet look as Clint bent in front of the fridge. "Do we still have sausage?"

"Sure. It's on the top shelf in back." They'd have a breakfast fest for supper. That kinda felt decadent.

"Cool." Before he knew it, they had eggs and tortillas, potatoes and sausage and salsa. Damn, it looked good.

They dug in, just happy and quiet, and he was glad to see the kid enjoying it so. Enjoying him and his company. Damn. He was really getting attached to this one. One foot reached out, brushed his ankle, just barely teasing him.

"Oh, playing footsie, huh?" He tickled Clint's arch with his own toes.

Clint jerked and laughed, eyes lighting up. "Uh-huh."

"I can play." His toes walked up Clint's bare leg, and he even got them closed around some leg hair.

That laugh got louder, Clint sticking his tongue out. "No hair pulling, now. That's cheating!"

"All's fair, honey." Patting his belly, Jack leaned back and groaned. "Yeah, I needed that."

Clint's eyes were fastened to his stomach, tongue wetting those pretty lips. "Uh-huh."

"You like what you see, honey?" He stretched, hoping his belly was rippling a little.

"Fuck, yes." Clint leaned right over, then sorta toppled, kneeling between his thighs, tongue on his belly.

"Oh, damn. Yeah." That felt really good. Made him shiver, made his cock go sproing.

"Uh-huh." Clint's mouth was hotter than the hinges of hell, tugging the hair on his belly as it went by.

"Honey. Please." He wiggled, loving the feel of a hot mouth on his hotter skin. Jack needed more and he popped the button on his cutoffs, opening his zipper.

Clint nodded, mouth slip-sliding down toward his cock, lips soft as hell on his skin.

"Oh, God." Arching up, he pushed his cock up, the wetness of Clint's tongue making him groan.

That pointed chin dipped, lips wrapping around the tip of his cock and sucking, just slow and steady enough to drive him out of his mind.

"Lord." That was. Yeah. He got his hands in Clint's hair, not pushing, just massaging that sweet scalp, letting himself feel. He figured the kid was the most patient, most focused

person on Earth and was dead set on making him crazy. Every inch of his cock was explored, licked, nuzzled, the pressure and heat just something.

"Clint, honey. I'm. Yeah. I need." More. He needed more. Right now, right now. That callused hand slid into his shorts, cupping and rolling his balls.

"Oh, Jesus Lord." That touch had him grunting, panting, trying to get more. So sensitive there. Clint moaned around his cock, fingers squeezing a little harder, reaching to stroke that tender skin behind.

"Shit!" That did it. He came hard, his whole body shaking, his hands clenching and unclenching. He got sucked right down, Clint swallowing him down, throat working.

"Oh, honey. Damn. Good." He was melted. Just gone. Clint nodded, cheek on his belly, tongue just brushing the tip of his prick. He shivered. "I think ... what were we doing?" He'd completely lost track. Had they eaten? Was it time for a shower? It was hell getting old.

Those pretty, tired eyes blinked up at him. "Shower and a nap, yeah? I'm tuckered."

"You good?" He stroked Clint's hair, just aching for the kid. He knew the fear that had been driving him, knew how it came back to haunt you at the weirdest times.

"Yeah. Yeah, Jack. You wanna lay down with me?"

"You know it. I'm pooped." All that alcohol and food and sun ... yeah, he could sleep some more. "Come on."

Clint stood up, swaying and nodding. "I'm right behind you."

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by BA Tortuga

He put an arm around the kid and helped him into the bedroom, getting him comfy before curling up on the bed, too. "We'll shower when we get up. 'Kay? Sleep now."

"Yeah." One hand landed on his belly, solid and warm and steady. The kid was breathing slow and easy before his muscles stopped quivering from the touch. Jack figured Clint might sleep a while now. And that was good enough for him to drop off with a smile on his face.

* * * *

"Gringo, you need to run up and get Dos Equis, si? I'm needing." Clint nodded to Ramon and ran out to fetch some. Man, he and Jack'd got to fooling around last night and he was feeling it today, feeling stretched and pulled in places he'd never been touched before.

Just the memory of it was enough to make him ache a little, make his used-up Johnson throb and jerk in his jeans. It'd been sweet as anything, Jack touching him, fingers slick and sliding while that mustache tickled his throat.

When he'd finally asked for it, begged for what he needed Jack to give him, Clint'd known he was lost and happy for it. Damn.

Just, damn.

He shook his head at himself, rolling the keg toward the door when he heard Ramon's voice, real loud, the jukebox fallen silent. "...kid? No, man, we ain't got go kid here."

"Sir, he's wanted for questioning in regards to a murder in Dallas."

"What them crazy Tejanos do, don't surprise me none. Does it you boys?" He could hear the answers; he knew those voices. Those were his friends.

"Look, we're not trying to start trouble. We have the full cooperation of the Mexican authorities and we know for a fact he's been seen here."

Oh. Oh, shit. Oh, God. Please. He put the keg down against the back of the door, quiet as he could.

"My boss, he's up in the office, man, but I tell you, we got people that comes and goes all the damn time. We ain't got no murderers here."

"Well, I'd hate to cause trouble with your boss, man. Maybe we ought to talk with him?"

Shit. Shit, he knew well enough that Jack wasn't a stranger to the whole police thing. Wasn't in a position to get in trouble for the likes of him, whether or not Jack was a little fond of his ass.

Okay. Okay. Time to hustle. Time to take your trouble away from folks that you care for.

He said a little prayer of thanks to Ramon—both for warning him and delaying them—and sprinted for the house, boots slip-sliding on the sand. He didn't take anything but his shirts and the little bit he'd saved up. He wasn't a thief and he didn't want Jack to believe he was.

Clint popped his hat on his head and looked around, trying to figure out where a safe place to leave a note was. He finally settled on sticking one on the inside of Jack's hat brim. Jack never went long without it.

"J.

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You know by know why I have to go. I swear to God, I didn't do nothing wrong. I wouldn't've stayed and stuff if I was a bad man.

Wish it coulda been longer. Gonna miss you bad.

Love. C."

Then he was out of there, running along the coast where the waves would wash his tracks out. When he got a good ways away, he stopped and looked back over the sand, over the water to where that ugly pink neon sign was shining. He'd thought leaving Texas had been hard.

It weren't nothing to leaving his home.

He didn't cry, because goddamn it, he wasn't a boy no more. Not any bit of him. But he wanted to and the hurt of it lingered.

* * * *

Jesus, he was dead tired.

Clint stumbled along the side of the road, whistling to himself, trying to seem like he was supposed to be wherever the fuck he was.

He'd found himself work doing tire retreads, and shit, it was fucking hard on the hands.

The back.

The calves.

Hell, it was just hard.

Still, it kept him in tortillas. And it kept him in his little roach-infested room, too, with the peeling walls. He missed Jack's bungalow like a lost tooth, missed the hammock and the big bed and the bright beachside view.

Who was he kidding? He missed Jack. He was neck-deep in trouble, wanted for murder and hiding out in Mexico, but, damn. When he dreamed these days, he dreamed about those laughing eyes.

Clint headed up the rickety stairs, not touching the wall or the railing.

A shadowy figure stepped right out on the landing when he got up there, making his heart jump in his chest. But he soon figured out he knew that Stetson and that lean body.

Jack.

"Hey." His hands reached out before he even thought. Please be real. Please.

"Hey." Jack took his hand, warm, callused skin enveloping his. "Hey, honey."

Clint's eyes actually closed a little. Oh, Christ, that was good. "How ... how you been?"

I missed you.

"Been looking. Led me on quite a chase, kid." Jack squeezed his hand. "I got a room at the Hotel Blue Sands or some shit. Wanna come?"

"You know it." Even if it was just tonight, he wanted.

"Well, come on, then." Jack tugged him back down those nasty stairs, right out to where a very familiar old truck sat in the lot.

Clint didn't know what to say, so he didn't say anything. He just followed along, let Jack get him in the truck and start driving. The little tape player had Willie Nelson in it, which told him a lot about Jack had been feeling on the way down.

Jack hummed along, taking it nice and slow, and it seemed like a hundred years to the hotel.

The whole time, he held onto Jack's hand like it was a fucking lifeline.

Shit, maybe it was.

They got into Jack's room and the man still didn't say nothin'. Jack just grabbed him and kissed him, lips pressing against his like to bruise him for days. Hell, yes.

He pushed right into Jack's arms, hands flattened against Jack's spine to hold him close. Yes. Yes, please. Jack tasted so goddamn good.

Jack cupped his ass, pulling him up closer and closer, trying to crawl into him was what it felt like. The man just ate him right up, tongue pushing into his mouth. Giving as good as he got, Clint opened up, sucking Jack's tongue just like he'd suck that heavy cock. He rocked closer, hips jerking and rolling, trying to find a rhythm and the perfect spot, the right friction.

"Fuck, honey." Jack was panting when they broke the kiss, moving against him desperately. "Need you so bad."

"God, yes. Missed you fierce." He nodded, hands sliding around to work Jack's jeans open.

"Uh-huh." Jack's hands slid into his jeans from the back, the waistband all loose now so Jack could get right to skin. He sucked in and spread, ass pushing right back into the touch and making offers. "Mmm." The man just purred, sliding his jeans right down without undoing them and pressing those hands flat on his skinny butt.

It was a little more work on his part, then they were both naked from waist to knees, jeans caught on their boots, and it didn't matter, because, oh.

Damn.

Hell, yes.

They fit so good. He'd almost made himself forget how good. Jack's cock brushed his, the heat making him shudder.

"Want." His hand wrapped around both of them, holding them together and that was it. That was what he needed. Now. They went with it, just rocking like an old porch swing, loving on each other. Jack kissed him like a starving man. Clint was going to go off like a short-fuse bottle rocket. He'd needed this worse than damn near anything.

"It's okay, honey. It's okay." Jack's hand closed around his, pulling at them, giving him that much more friction.

"I. Jack." He had all sorts of shit to say and not one fucking word as his balls went tight.

"Hush and come for me, honey. I been needing you." He could feel Jack rock up, that cock throbbing against his like there was no tomorrow, like Jack had to come or die.

That was all he needed—his head snapped back and he shot, the edges of the room graying out a little.

"Oh, Clint." Jack was right there, coming in his hand, hot come coating him like nothing going. His cock throbbed, trying to respond even though there wasn't anything left in him. Jack sort of sighed when he was done, leaning on him. "Good to see you, kid. Damned good."

"Yeah. Yeah. Been thinking on you." He rested his forehead on Jack's shoulder, heart pounding. Christ, he hadn't even washed up. He had to stink.

"We could take a shower. This place has decent pipes." Had he said something out loud? Jack's deep, dimpled smile told him he just might have.

"I could so use one of those." He leaned in, tongue just touching the corner of Jack's smile.

"Mmm. Me, too. Been driving hard in that old bitch." Stroking his cheek, Jack looked him in the eye. "Promise me you'll be here when I wake up and I'll even feed you."

The cops couldn't find him that fast, could they? Surely not. "You got my word, man."

He'd just stay forever, if he could.

"Then let's get a shower and some grub. We got stuff to talk about." Another kiss and Jack was dragging him to the little bathroom with the cobalt tiles and old fixtures.

"Yeah? The ... they didn't give you problems, did they?" He worked his boots off, then his jeans. Damn, they could almost stand up and walk on their own.

"Huh? Nope. No, sir." That grin flashed, this time looking wry. "I 'bout shit a brick when they showed. Thought they was there for me."

"No. No, they were..." He looked over, met Jack's eyes. "I didn't kill him, Jack. I was there. I was fighting, but I didn't shoot anybody."

"I know that, honey. So do they. Come on, now. Let's get all cleaned up."

"Huh?" He stripped his shirt off, groaning as he stretched. God, hot water. Hot water and Jack.

"I said we'd talk. It's all right, though. Trust me?" Those rough fingers stroked across his ribs, counting them.

"Yeah." He did. More than anybody. More than anything. He stepped into the water, and Christ, a lesser man would cry. That felt fine. It felt even better when Jack stepped in behind him, grabbing the soap and scrubbing his back. That man had fine hands, no doubt about it. And the touches were so gentle and good. He couldn't help his moan and he leaned forward, braced himself on the tile.

"Mmm. Man, you need to fatten up, honey. Real bad." Jack was chuckling though, laughing against the back of his neck.

"I've been working hard." He grinned, that laugh just filling him up, growing inside him.

"Been eating spare." Each little bump of his spine got a touch, a scrub, before Jack moved down to his hips and butt.

"Yeah." He'd lost all the padding he'd gained living the good life with Jack. "I missed being home, huh?"

He pushed his ass right toward Jack's hands.

"Good." Goosing him, Jack kissed his shoulder. "Then you won't mind coming back."

"Oh, man. I don't want anything more." Nothing.

"Then come home, honey." Turning him, Jack soaped his front while the water washed the tension right out of his back.

"I don't want to bring trouble to you..." He was nodding, though, wasn't he? He needed to come home.

"Not going to. Hell, honey, I'm more likely to be arrested or some shit than you are. I *did* what I ran away to Mexico for."

He leaned in, lips clinging to Jack's. "It was all so fucked-up, Jack. All so screwed."

"Well, it's all good, now." Jack kissed him, licked at his lower lip, all of it good and easy and love.

He wasn't sure how that could be, but he'd take it for right now. He'd go for it just because he needed to be safe for a little while longer.

* * * *

Jack woke up in the hotel bed with a kink in his back that wouldn't quit. The bed had proved a little too narrow for both of them, but he didn't care. Clint was still there when he woke up. He smiled, turning over and sliding his hand along Clint's back. Soft, warm skin just made him happy as a bug in a rug. Man, the kid was skinny as all get out, and tired? Shit. But there was a smile, wasn't there? Just as big as Texas.

"Hey, you," Jack said, leaning in for a kiss, just a light press of lips. "How's it going?"

"Thought I was dreaming." Oh, man. That was a great goddamn grin.

"Love that look on you, honey. I ain't no dream." Kissing along the kid's neck got him a wiggle and a chuckle.

"No. No, you ain't a dream. You're warm." Clint pushed closer, hands sliding right on down his back.

"Uh-huh. Among other things." Jack was rising right up, his cock swelling so good and hot that he moaned.

"Uh-huh." Clint started wiggling down, lips on his chest, fingers trailing on his thighs and spreading him a little.

"Mmhmm. Oh, that's working for me, honey." He did like that touch, that sweet, skinny body.

"Need to taste you, huh?" His belly got a kiss, his hip.

"I'm all for it." Yeah, he'd even help, guiding Clint down toward his cock.

Man, that happy little sound? That groan and purr? That did it for him, especially when it vibrated around the tip of his cock.

"That's it, honey. Now just suck a little." That first touch had his toes curling, his balls drawing up. Oh, good lord, his cowboy had himself a fine mouth. Those lips wrapped right around the head, tugging and pulling and just making his eyes roll like dice. His hips rolled and rocked, pushing so his cock slid in and out, faster and faster. God, he'd missed this kid.

Felt like Clint'd missed him, too, so bad. Clint was humping the sheets, thighs tight, lips clinging to his prick.

"Come on, honey. I want more." He didn't know what the hell he was asking for, but he knew he needed to do more than pet Clint's hair.

Clint moaned, face lifting up toward him. "What do you need?"

"You. Can you last long enough to get in?" Clint in him. He couldn't think of anything better.

"I ... Do we have slick stuff?" Clint's hips were bucking, rolling.

"I think so. I know we've got those hotel lotions." They had to have something. Had to.

"That'll work." Clint stood up, staring down at him. "You're so fine, man. Honest."

"You're amazing, honey. Now get the stuff." He stroked his cock, tempting Clint with spread legs and a hot look.

That little groan? Did wonders for him. Clint sprinted away, coming back with a little bottle, cock bobbing in front of him like a lure.

"Oh, yeah. Bring me some of that." Jack reached for the kid's cock, grabbing ahold and pumping, wanting it so bad he hurt.

Clint's eyes rolled, those thighs hard as rocks, fingers squeezing the lotion so hard the top popped off. "Jack!"

"Uh-huh. Look at that. Pre-opened for our convenience. Come on, honey." He tugged, just a tiny bit, not enough to hurt.

Clint reached down, wet fingers sliding over his balls, back toward his hole, slicking.

"Yeah. That's it." Shaking, he lifted his hips, giving better access.

"I won't hurt you, yeah?" Clint's fingers pressed deep, spreading him wide.

"No. Won't. I promise." Clint just made him crazy. Made him want forever. How had that happened? Clint's lips landed on the base of his cock, tongue brushing his balls as those fingers moved in and out, loving on him. Fuck, that was ... Jesus God, he might just die happy. "Now, honey. 'Fore I explode."

"Uh-huh." Clint slicked himself up, settling right between his thighs. "This good?"

"Better than." Rolling up, he grabbed Clint's hips. He wanted that pretty prick in him. Now. "Hurry, honey."

Oh, hell, yes. Clint rocked, his hips rolling as Jack was filled right up to the top. Clint's hands held his hips, those pretty eyes staring down at him like he was Christmas and birthday wrapped all up together. Jack worked it, letting Clint push in all the way and rock out, holding on. He wanted a kiss, so he pulled Clint on down to him, lips moving against Clint's like crazy.

They found a rhythm together, moving good and hard, Clint's hands almost bruising him, holding on. His tongue traced Clint's lips, dipping in over and over to mimic Clint's hips below. Goddamn. How could a man stand that? How? He felt it rising in his balls, felt that he was gonna come without another touch to his cock.

Clint grunted for him, hips punching him deep before they lost the rhythm, just pounding together. Jack lost it, coming so hard he couldn't see, which was amazing and a damned shame, because he wanted to see Clint come. What he didn't see, he felt, though, that heat flooding him, warming him right up from the inside.

"Sweet, honey." His voice sounded blown, rough as a cob. He'd been making some wild sounds.

"Uh-huh." Clint blinked, slumped down against him.

Patting that sweaty back, he just held on, keeping Clint right there against him. Right where he belonged.

* * * *

He woke up warm, happy, safe. Clint figured he'd keep his eyes closed for, oh, ever, in case he was just dreaming. Jack shifted, hand slipping down his back, patting his ass. Oh. Wow. Not dreaming.

He opened his eyes, looking right into those eyes.
"Goddamn, I missed you."

"Mmhmm. I waited until I couldn't. Then I came looking for you." Jack's breath brushed his cheek, lips moving on the side of his mouth.

"I didn't want to go to jail." Oh. Hot. Damn.

"Not going to. You didn't do it." That hand on his ass curled under one cheek, pulling him closer.

"No. I didn't. I swear." He shifted, getting as close as he could. "You feel so fucking good."

"So do you, love." Oh, that man could kiss. Like crazy. Really.

Jail. Police. Hunger. It all just went poof. Clint held the back of Jack's head, tilting them so the kiss could go deeper. Jack started moving against him in that slow, easy morning way. Just good and hot and the kisses made him feel drugged and lazy. Oh, man. He. Oh. Yeah. Clint spread a little, making an offer. He so wanted to feel good again, to feel Jack again.

"Mmm. Oh, honey. Wanted to wake up with you." Jack moved even closer and nuzzled up on him, loving on him good and hard.

Clint nodded, whispering into Jack's lips, the heavy mustache tickling him. "Wanted to come home to you."

"Got me now." Like Jack knew they were headed right toward maudlin, Jack kissed him breathless, taking all of the words away. A hand slipped between them to cup his cock, making him gasp.

He found a rhythm, humping up into Jack's touch like a naughty puppy. That was like the spark that started a wildfire. Jack moaned for him, low and deep, like nothing going. And started humping, too, like he just couldn't hold back.

The whole fucking world shifted and Clint groaned, fingers digging into Jack's shoulders. "Please."

"Yeah. Yeah, honey." Jack rolled them so he was on his back with Jack sliding between his legs, looking so fine on top of him that he liked to busted.

He spread wide, needing something fierce. "Need you, Jack."

He'd been needing to be loved on in the worst way.

"Where's the ... damn it. I know we had some..."

"Look on that little table deal." Clint chuckled and moaned, all at once. Grinning, Jack rummaged, and damned if he didn't come up with something that didn't sting when the man put two fingers to Clint's hole, pushing gently. Yeah. Hell, yeah. He bore down, lips parting as he let Jack in. Oh. Oh, man. He. Uhn.

Jack pushed in and out with those fingers, filling him but not deep enough. Not hard enough. It was a hell of a relief when Jack took those fingers away and replaced them with the head of that sweet, hot cock.

"Oh, hell, yes." He arched and took Jack in, the feel of that hot, bare skin so good on him.

"Oh, honey. Clint." Those dark eyes just watched his every move as Jack slid inside him, hot as a firecracker on the Fourth of July. It was easy as all get out to tug Jack down for a good, hard kiss, tongue fucking Jack's lips like Jack was taking his ass.

A low, rough sound was his reward, Jack grunting, hips moving hard against him. He could feel Jack's balls slapping him, could feel the sharpness of Jack's hipbones. It was just what he needed, hard and deep and yeah. Yeah. Just like that.

The kiss broke and Jack stared at him, moving in and out, a little smile tugging at the corner of Jack's mouth. "Love you, honey."

Oh, damn. "Yeah. Yeah. Let me come home, huh?" He'd keep his head down. He'd swear.

"Never wanted anything more." Bracing on one hand, Jack grabbed Clint's cock with the other, pulling at it, making him shiver and moan. Jesus, right there.

"Fuck!" His toes curled tight and his hips rolled, fucking Jack's hand 'til he came. Jack's eyes went wide, then shut as Jack's head whipped back. Those hips pumped at him maybe two or three more times and, boom, Jack was right there with him, filling him up.

Oh. Oh, God. Yeah. That. Yeah. "So good."

See? Coherence. Go him.

"Mmm." Jack was more doing the baby head thing, not so coherent. But that smile said it all.

He smiled back, reaching up for Jack's face. "I'll stay under the radar. I swear. I won't get you in trouble, man."

"Oh, honey. I would swear I told you. The police came around looking, sure. But only to tell you they figured it all out. They know you didn't shoot nobody."

Oh. Oh, thank Jesus.

"They know. For real? You fucking swear?"

"I wouldn't lie. Not about this." Jack sorta chuckled.

"They're more likely to come back and haul me up, instead of you."

"I wouldn't let them." The rush of possessiveness, need to protect, surprised him, but he went with it. Jack was his home, damn it.

"Well, if they knew who I was, they didn't let on. I figure my crime is old enough." Kissing him, Jack smiled, hands rubbing up and down his sides. "We can go home, I betcha. And not worry."

"Oh, man. Love. Yeah. Yeah, please. I so want to."

"Then let's do it." With a wink, Jack pulled away, patting his thigh and sitting up on the bed. "I want the beach and a beer and our own bed, honey."

"Okay. Let's go." Everything he needed was on him. Everything he had that meant a goddamn thing.

"Yeah. Let's go home."

* * * *

Jack sat in his favorite lounge chair, wearing his jeans and long-sleeved shirt against the cool evening breeze, but not bothering with shoes. He had him an umbrella drink, a beer,

and a plate of some new kind of shrimp thing that Rosa had brought them to try.

He grinned over at Clint, who still looked drowsy, having spent the afternoon soaking up the sun with him.

"So, tell me, honey? You ever think about going back to Abilene?"

Clint looked over at him, that skin tanned dark now, grin white in the moonlight. The straw hat got tipped back, the brim framing Clint's face. "I don't think so, Jack. I think I'm where I belong."

God, that was a good look on Clint. Damned fine. It still got to him, even two and some years after the whole mess with the police. "Oh. Well, you know, I been thinking of going back to Tucson..."

He grinned too, just waiting.

One eyebrow went up and up and up, then the corner of Clint's mouth quirked. "Uh-huh. I don't think so."

Jack laughed, right out loud. "You know better. I'm solid, right here. Man, you got me fat and happy." He patted his belly.

"Fat. Right." Clint hooted, one hand snaking out, petting his side, slipping down to stroke his cock once through his jeans.

Oh, hello. He arched up, spreading a little. "Gonna scare the birds, are we?"

"They're used to us by now. They hardly even squawk." He got another stroke, another pet.

His eyes tried to roll a little. "You think? Maybe they figure we got our own flock, the way we make a racket."

"Mmhmm. Either that or they've decided we're harmless." Clint's hand didn't feel all that harmless.

"Could be, but you got a hold of some sensitive parts." Jack reached down, his hand slipping just above Clint's, opening his button and zipper to let Clint get to skin.

"Mmm. You have some very nice sensitive parts..." Clint's fingers brushed the tip of his cock and his ass went tight. Goddamn.

"Th-thanks, honey." He raised his hips up, skinned his jeans down past his ass. Woo. Night air. "Want more of them?"

"There's not a bit of you I'm not willing to take." Hoo-boy.

"Well, then come on." He wanted to get closer than the chairs would let them. They'd tried a hammock and it had almost killed them, so they'd settled for building out the little back patio as a screened-in porch. There was a fancy little futon bed up there.

Clint gave him this grin that burned him down to his balls. Goddamn, it just got better and better.

He moved Clint's hand so he didn't hurt himself, and wandered on up to the house, still holding Clint's fingers in his. God, he loved touching that man. Loved kissing, too, which was what he did soon as they got inside.

It was easy as pie, Clint's lips moving against his, those hands squeezing his ass, pulling him closer. He opened up and let Clint in, kissing deep and hard, tasting salt and sun and happiness. A man couldn't ask for more than that.

Hell, he didn't have to ask for more than that. He had all he needed, right in his hip pocket.

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Jack never would have figured all those years ago that he'd get all of the good things he had now. He'd run away to Mexico to escape his past. Every bit of it was worth it, because he had Clint as his future. Right there in Mexico.

END

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