



LYNN LORENZ

MY **HEROES**
HAVE ALWAYS BEEN
COWBOYS

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by

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My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys
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*The Avalon Patrol: The Road To Avea
David's Dilemma*

Dedication

*To all the little boys who wished they were
cowboys and to all the men who are.*

Chapter 1

Simon Tai stared at the rack of shimmering sequin-covered gowns and shuddered. There was no way in hell he was going to wear one of those to the costume party, invitation be damned.

This might be New Orleans, and he might be gay, but he wasn't *that* gay.

For a minute, he thought about not attending his boss Francis's fifth anniversary party, but that would be suicidal. At least, career-wise. Although, if Simon had to wear one of those dresses, he might just slit his own wrists.

Besides, in this failing economy, the prospects of finding another job in his field that paid as well, much less anywhere in New Orleans, were slim to none.

Simon was no fool. It'd taken him a month to land his position as manager of Francis's small but highly rated French Quarter hotel, and Simon wasn't going to piss it away, not even if it meant putting on high heels and a tiara.

He glanced again at the invitation clutched in his sweating hands.

Stag or Drag. Seriously? As Francis had explained to him, stag meant dressing straight, and didn't mean going alone to the party. Then Francis had just winked and said, "You can figure out what drag means, can't you?"

Simon sighed. He hadn't even had a choice. Francis had seen to that by designating *Drag* on the inside of the gold leafed invitation. Simon was so not a "drag"; he was much more of a "stag." He saw himself as a young buck, assuredly male, and definitely horny. Sure, it had been ages since he'd last rutted, but still.

Well, that was Francis, God bless his little queenly soul.

Francis was the gayest man Simon knew, and in the French Quarter that was saying a lot. But he was also the sweetest guy, a shrewd businessman, and over the last year, had become not just an employer but a good friend.

Facing the fact there was no way he would slight Francis, Simon shoved the invite into the back pocket of his slacks and forced himself to look through the dresses.

How the hell was he supposed to know what size to get?

Of course, he'd flatter himself thinking his size surely had to be in the single digits. He took a dress down, size eight, and looked it over. No way would his shoulders fit.

Maybe something sleeveless? Off the shoulder?

Oh, my God. He couldn't believe he was even having those thoughts. This surely had to be some lower level of gay hell.

"What are you looking for?" A deep rumbling voice came from behind him, right next to his ear. Simon's knees wobbled and he shoved the black velvet empire gown he'd held up against him back on the rack, but he missed the rod with the hook of the hanger and the dress fell to the floor.

"Shit." Simon bent to pick it up.

"Let me get that for you." The voice purred.

"No. It's okay. I've got it."

Simon's hand and the voice's hand touched as they reached for the hanger, and Simon jumped back, bumping his ass into the man's crotch, then flew forward, nearly losing his balance.

"Sorry." Warmth spread across his cheeks.

Jesus, could he be anymore klutzy?

"It's okay." The voice chuckled.

Simon turned and stared up into the eyes of the voice. Deep blue eyes. Brown eyelashes. Prominent nose. Thin lips. Short cropped brown hair. Simon knew he should get to the man's body, stop staring at his face, but it was such a nice face. And he was half a head taller than Simon, the perfect height.

Perfect.

"Yes?" The man tilted his head, one eyebrow cocked upward.

"I'm looking for a dress." Jesus, did he just utter those words? He may have been gay, but he'd never had the least interest or desire to dress in women's clothing and pretend he was a woman.

"For yourself?" As the guy hung up the gown, his steady gaze bored into Simon.

He lost brain function, then, as if someone had pull-started his mind like a lawn mower, Simon began his explanation, a speech he'd barely planned, much less practiced.

"It's for a party. For my boss. No, not *for* him. For me. Wait, the party's not for me. I mean, I have to *wear* it to a party. A costume party," Simon stammered as he reached for the invitation and then shoved it into the man's hands, offering proof it wasn't really his fault, and that he *never* shopped here, much less had *ever* shopped for women's clothing.

"I see." The fellow took the invite, opened it, then smiled.

Oh, my God, he's gorgeous.

Simon tapped the card stock. "It's my boss's idea. He's British and thought it would be a lark, as he says." Simon giggled. "He called it a fancy dress party."

Oh, shit. Did he just giggle?

If the guy had wondered if Simon was gay, that just answered his question.

"Fancy dress, huh?" No giggle from Mr. Gorgeous.

Simon looked at the floor, willing the ground to open.

Where the hell was a hole when you needed one to fall into? Like cops, there was never one around.

Simon looked up as the man handed back the invitation.

* * * *

Charles struggled to keep his face straight. This was too easy. The poor man was practically dying of embarrassment, and Charles knew he should stop yanking the guy's chain, but he couldn't help himself.

The guy was just so fucking cute.

"So what's the problem?" Charles leaned against the counter, dead serious.

"Well. I've never..." He waved his hand at the rack of gowns.

"Never?"

"Dressed up. In an evening gown. In any dress, actually," the poor man stuttered. "I'm not a queen," he declared.

Charles didn't doubt him for a minute. To the unpracticed eye, he looked straight, but Charles had unfailing gaydar and all his blips, beeps and sweeps had gone off when he'd spotted the handsome Asian.

"But you are gay, right?"

The man licked his lips, and Charles watched the soft, wet pink tip of tongue make its way around before slipping back inside, mesmerizing Charles.

"Is it that obvious?" He looked down and then up at Charles from under thick black lashes, and Charles's dick responded with a hard jerk against his corduroys.

"No. A wild guess, that's all," Charles assured. Thank God because he didn't want to be wrong about this one.

With a sigh of relief, the man smiled at Charles, and Charles upgraded his "cute" to "adorable." Charles had a thing for adorable men and it'd been a long time since he'd met anyone who embodied that word. He'd always been attracted to Asian men, but had never dated any. No way was he going to let this two-for-one opportunity go by.

A plan formed in Charles's mind. A wicked, devious, delicious plan.

"What's your size?" *Impersonating a salesperson must be a crime somewhere, right?* But only if he got caught.

"I have no idea." The guy shook his head, panic showing in his dark brown eyes.

"Don't worry. These gowns aren't right for you." Charles couldn't help but lean closer. The light fresh scent of the man's aftershave reminded Charles of the ocean.

"They aren't?" He looked relieved.

"No. You need something else." Charles turned and scanned the racks of costumes around the shop. "Something more...earthy."

As soon as he'd seen the invitation clutched in the guy's hand, Charles had approached, hoping to start a conversation. It was the same invitation Charles had left sitting on his table at home.

This was too perfect. His invitation declared him *Stag*. And he'd already set his mind on the costume he wanted.

A cowboy.

He'd always wanted to be a cowboy, had loved everything about them, from their silent, steady ways, to their rugged good looks, to their sexy swagger. If Charles could go back in time, be anything in the world, he'd choose to be a cowboy of the Old West.

Since he couldn't really be one, he might as well dress up as one.

And what fun would playing cowboy be without an Indian?

He headed over to a rack on the far wall. "This is just right for you." Taking down the tan leather and beaded costume, he held it out to show the guy.

With an authority that he pulled right out of his ass, he declared, "You'd be the perfect Pocahontas."

* * * *

Simon walked over, maneuvering around the racks, to take a closer look at the costume. It was a long dress, nearly to his ankles, with fringe and beadwork down the sides, long sleeves and a wide bead-covered collar at the neck. It came with a black braided wig and a feathered band.

"I don't know." Squinting, he tried to picture himself in it.

It would certainly cover him, leaving only the bottom part of his legs exposed. And he could wear boots or maybe he'd find a pair of moccasins.

But the wig? He'd never thought about wearing a wig.

"I tell you, this is what you want. A man like you wouldn't be comfortable in one of those formal gowns, would you?" He gave Simon a killer smile, melting any doubts Simon had left.

"No, I wouldn't." Simon reached out and took the costume. "Will this fit me?"

"What's not to fit? It's basically a straight sheath. If it's wide enough for your shoulders, it'll be wide enough for your hips."

That sounded reasonable. And besides, it was getting late. The store would close soon and he needed to make a decision. The party was tomorrow night and he'd already wasted too much time this week trying to avoid the entire mess.

"Okay, I'll take it." Simon nodded and gave the guy a smile.

"Perfect." There went that purr again. He could purr in Simon's ear all day long, all night long, for that matter.

"Just take it up to the register and they'll ring you up." He jerked his head to the front of the store.

"Thanks." Simon nodded and made his way through the racks to the counter.

"I'd like to get this." He handed the costume to the cashier.

"Of course. Was anyone helping you?" she asked, not batting an eye that a man was buying a woman's dress. You have to love the Quarter, especially if you're gay.

"Yes. A young man." Simon strained to see to the back of the shop to point out the guy. "Huh. I don't see him." He shrugged, bummed not to get another opportunity with the guy. Wrap *him* up. I'll take him to go, Simon thought.

Why was it that all the gorgeous guys were straight?

She looked to the rear, too. "Must've gone in the back."

She rang Simon up, bagged up the costume, and handed it to him. "If you need anything else, come back and see us for all your costume needs."

Simon thanked her, waved, and left the shop.

This outfit was so much better than one of those spangled, revealing evening gowns he'd look ridiculous wearing, not to mention how in the world he'd create breasts to fill it out. He would have had to buy high heels, fancy jewelry, maybe even a feather boa or stole and this was already setting him back enough money.

And since it was really a costume, he could wear it for Mardi Gras next year.

If he had to dress as a woman, why not a Native American princess?

Chapter 2

Charles watched his Pocahontas leave, then picked out tan leather chaps and a matching vest and took them to the counter. He already had a hat and a pair of boots.

"This is all." He placed them down.

"Cowboy, huh?" She smiled up at him. "You'll make a killer cowboy. Good guy or bad guy?" She winked, flirting with him like mad.

Playing along, he leaned closer. "I'm always good." He winked.

She practically squealed as she licked her lips. Then she rang him up and bagged the clothes. Pulling a business card from the stack, she wrote down a phone number.

"Call me if you need anything at all." She put it in the bag.

"Will do." He gave her a nod and sauntered out of the shop. As he strolled down Royal Street, he opened the bag, took out the card, and tossed it in the first wrought iron trash can he came to.

He could have asked for the guy's number, but he wanted his plan to play out. It would be so much more fun that way.

And now that he thought about it, he'd definitely be going as an outlaw. He could just picture his face on a Wanted poster.

Charles Mabry

Wanted

Dead or Alive

Now, he just had to find a pair of six-shooters and holster to complete the ensemble.

And maybe a mask.

* * * *

"You *have* to help me, Sara," Simon begged his sister. "I have no idea what I'm doing and I've never put on makeup before in my life." He paced the length of his small apartment on Burgundy Street in the Foubert Marigny, just outside the French Quarter.

"Simon, really. You're gay." She sighed. He could just see her rolling her eyes.

"Gay doesn't mean I'm a wannabe woman. It just means I'm a guy who likes other guys."

"I know. You never were into that stuff, even when we were teens." She gave a long-suffering sigh. "What's the point of having a gay brother if he doesn't want to put on make-up or swap clothes?"

"So, not only am I a disappointment to our *parents* because I'm gay, I've failed as a gay *brother* because I'm not gay enough?"

"You've never been a disappointment to me, Simon," she reassured him. "You know I've just always wanted a big sister." She laughed.

"Sara." He growled at her teasing. "Are you going to help me or not?"

"Of course. I can tell this means a lot to you. Just meet me at the drug store on Canal and Carrollton. We can pick out the stuff you need there."

"Great. See you there in thirty."

"Thirty." She hung up.

Simon snatched up his car keys and headed out the door. He locked it, then clomped down the dark stairs to the bottom and opened the door to the street. Stepping out, he checked in both directions, then locked the door and went to his car.

Even though the Marigny was relatively safe, it was best to be cautious. Muggings and purse snatchings still happened. Hurricane Katrina hadn't washed away the crime.

He pulled away from the precious parking space in front of his house and drove to meet his little sister.

* * * *

"Honestly, you need overall foundation." Sara held up a bottle of makeup.

"Does that go all over my face?" Simon whispered. The last thing he wanted was to be overhead discussing makeup at the same place he bought his condoms and lube.

"Yes, then you apply the powder and blush." She pointed to the other packages on the wall.

"No. That's too much crap on my face. I fought off zits in high school; I'm not doing it again." He shook his head. "Look, I'm going as a Native American, not as the female lead in the *Mikado*."

"Too bad because you'd be perfect. Why didn't you just go as a geisha?"

"Hell, no! For one thing, we're Korean, not Japanese. Being gay is bad enough, but if Dad found out I went Japanese, he'd stroke out. For another, wear all that white makeup and that god-awful wig? I'd rather die. No, this is the lesser of two evils. Besides, isn't that just what everyone will expect?"

She put it back on the shelf. "You're right. Indian it is. Okay, I've got it." She snatched several items off the rack—eyeliner, lipstick, mascara.

"Seriously?" He plucked the mascara out of her hand.

"You'll need it. Besides, you have gorgeous lashes, thick and full. They'll need emphasis."

"Oh, God, I don't want emphasis. I just want to make it through this party alive and with my dignity intact."

She pried the mascara from his fingers. "It's waterproof. Even if things go bad, it won't run."

Simon groaned. *Tears?* She expected that before the night was over, he'd be in tears? Come to think of it, so did he.

"Okay. Keep the mascara."

She nodded and dropped it into the small basket slung over her arm. "Now, for the Indian part of this get up." She led him through the store to the aisle with kid's toys.

"What are we doing here?"

"You're going to be an Indian. You'll need a bow and arrow." She shrugged as she cruised down the aisle. "*Voila!*" She held up a miniature bow and arrow set.

"You're not serious, are you?" He looked at it. It had rubber suction cups on the tips of the arrows and brightly colored feathers at the end. The bow looked as if were wood, but by the weight of it, he could tell it was plastic.

"You just have to carry it, not actually shoot anyone."

"Only myself," he muttered as she put the package in her basket.

"Now, war paint." She moved farther down the aisle.

"War paint? You thinking I'm going to get into a fight? I may be Asian, but I don't know the first thing about martial arts. You're the one who can kill a man six different ways with your pinky." He smirked at her.

"You could've discovered ancient Asian fighting secrets, too, if you'd gotten off your ass and stopped playing those video games when we were kids." She elbowed him in the ribs and he grunted.

"Please, Sara, focus. What else do I need?"

"Well, I think that if you're not going to wear foundation or blush, this will give the impression you're an Indian." She picked up a package of Halloween makeup. It had black, white, red, blue, green, and yellow pots of cream, an applicator brush, and a sponge.

"The long dress and feather headband won't give me away?"

She glared at him. "Look. Do you want my help or not?"

"I want your help." He sighed.

"Good. Then quit whining. Let's check out." She spun around and stormed off to the front of the store with her basket.

Thank God she hadn't made him carry it.

At the counter, she checked out, and he forked over his credit card to pay.

The cashier gave him a puzzled look when she took the bow and arrow out to ring it up.

"It's for my nephew," Sara lied.

The teenager nodded, popped her gum, and bagged it up.

Once outside the store, Sara handed the plastic bag of goodies to him. "You're on your own now, Big Chief." With a flutter of her fingers goodbye, she skipped to her car and got in.

Simon sighed and went to his car, got in and tossed the bag on the passenger seat.

He should go home, try on the costume and see how it looked. Plan his makeup. How he'd wear the bow and arrow. If he'd wear the bow and arrow.

Instead, he drove to the nearest snowball stand, stood in line, and ordered a large vanilla orchid snowball with condensed cream on top. Then he drove to Bayou St. John and parked.

Simon strolled over to his favorite bench across from City Park and sat. As he ate his snowball, he thought of anything else but putting on that outfit and becoming an Indian princess.

Chapter 3

Charles stood in front of his full-length mirror and struck a pose. His eyes narrowed as he glared at his opponents. He was John Wayne facing off a pack of desperados.

"Do you feel lucky?" he drawled, raising one eyebrow.

No, wait. That was Clint Eastwood.

He shrugged, slapped his hand to the holster, and pulled the toy pistol. It tumbled out of his hand, did a few summersaults, and fell to the floor. He sighed, bent, and retrieved it. He put it back in the holster and tried it again, this time a bit slower.

He slapped leather and the gun slid out, still in his hand.

Bang!

Bang! Bang!

Got 'em right between the eyes.

He raised the gun barrel to his lips and blew away imagined smoke, then shoved it back into the holster.

"No one accuses me of cheatin' at poker. No one." He pushed the cowboy hat back on his head and gave a sharp nod.

Charles laughed. He made a pretty good cowboy, if he did say so himself.

He studied his look in the mirror. He hadn't shaved in two days, giving the stubble on his chin a rough, yet sexy look.

Damn, he loved the leather chaps. They wrapped his legs like a pair of gloves, leaving just the crotch of his jeans exposed. His gaze focused on the impression of his semi-hard cock.

Okay, he got off on dressing up as a cowboy. It had been his fantasy forever.

"Guilty as charged, Sheriff."

Now he just had to decide whether to wear a shirt under the vest, or go without one. He peeled off the vest and his shirt, then slipped back into the vest.

Definitely without.

The vest gave a sexy glimpse of his smooth chest, hard pecs, and with the low rider jeans and the chaps, a few hairless inches of skin showed below his navel. Thank God he had an innie and not an outie and thank God he'd been faithful about going to the gym and working out.

Of course, if he'd been a real cowboy, his muscles would have been honed by hard work, chasing cattle, bustin' broncs, and riding the range, not lifting free weights and running on a treadmill.

Forget the range; he wanted to ride his Pocahontas.

He rubbed his hand over his jeans and the touch merely made him harder.

God, he'd been sporting a boner ever since meeting the guy in the costume shop yesterday. And in a few hours, if Charles's plan went well, he'd get the chance to do that very thing.

He made a note to thank Francis for inviting him. Charles had only met the hotel owner a few months ago when he'd gone there to talk him into ordering wine from his small distributing company, but Francis had been so open and friendly, Charles had taken to dropping by whenever he'd been in the Quarter.

Now he wondered how Pocahontas knew Francis. An employee maybe? Another casual acquaintance?

Oh, hell. What if he were Francis's lover?

Now there was a faux pas, if ever he'd seen one.

He'd have to play it safe until he found out what their relationship was, or he'd risk putting his business with Francis in jeopardy.

But outlaws were risk takers. They loved action and danger and living on the edge. If he wanted to be a cowboy, he'd have to break out of his safe zone and take up residence in the wild, wild west.

He picked up the black mask and slipped it on. Only his eyes, mouth and chin showed. Pocahontas would never recognize him. Not until he removed the mask and revealed himself.

Perfect.

* * * *

Simon stared at his clean, just shaved face in the mirror above the sink in his bathroom. On the countertop he'd spread out all the makeup he'd bought the day before.

After staring at the costume all afternoon as it hung on his door, he'd sucked it up and put it on. Amazingly, it fit his shoulders perfectly, falling to a soft drape over his narrow hips, with plenty of room to spare.

Damn. No excuses left. He'd have to go to the party now.

All he had to do was to fix his face and put on the wig.

Simon picked up the eyeliner and tore open the package. He removed the cap and stared at it. It looked just like a marker.

He ran it over the back of his hand, marking his skin with a black line. He smudged it with his fingertip. The line softened, but the color remained dark and intense.

Taking a deep breath and holding it, Simon brought the pen to his left eye and slowly drew it along the rim just above his lashes. When he got to the end, he stopped and sat back. Frowned.

Something didn't look right. It was crooked in the middle.

He drew the line again, making it thicker.

Not quite right.

This time, he ran the liner over the last mark, creating a wide band of black around his upper lid, and then extended it out beyond the corner of his eye.

Wow. That was it.

He inhaled and worked on the right eye, then underneath each eye, to form a thick bar of black encasing his eyes, spreading out to the side in a bold slash.

It was dramatic, intense and his eyes popped out at him.

Shit. He looked *good*.

Simon closed up the liner and took out the mascara, to make his lashes even fuller and more lush than normal.

Waterproof, huh? Bring it on, Tammy Faye.

He leaned forward, mouth open, tongue out, and stroked the brush over his already dark eyelashes, coating them in Midnight Black, doubting whether it would make any difference at all.

Wow. Quelle difference! No wonder women wore this crap.

He applied a second coat.

Damn.

He sat back and stared at his face.

It was good, but he hadn't gone far enough, all the way to the edge and over.

He ripped into the package of Halloween makeup and, ignoring the applicator, dipped his fingertip into the red pot, and ran it over his cheekbone, making a bold stripe of war paint. Then he repeated it on the other side.

Now, he glanced at the beadwork on the collar of his dress. Which color would go with his dark eyes? Red. Blue. Green. White.

He wiped off his finger, dipped it into the green and slashed it across his cheek beneath the red streak.

A stranger looked back at him.

But the effect still wasn't complete.

He held up the tube of lipstick Sara had picked out and pulled off the top, then rotated the stick up until a bright red tongue peeked out. Then, taking another deep breath, he opened his mouth and ran the lipstick over his full bottom lip.

The silky crème glided over his lip. Simon felt sensual. Naughty.

Aroused.

Imitating what he'd seen women do thousands of times in his life, he followed the outline of his upper lip, then smacked his lips together to spread the color.

Goddamn, he looked...hot.

A blend between Goth and Native American.

After wiping off his fingertips, he sat back and stared at his image.

This was unreal.

He was Simon, but not Simon.

Simon enhanced.

Simon different.

Simon released.

He stared at his face. He looked like those younger men he'd seen at some of the gay clubs downtown. Twinks. They weren't afraid to wear makeup to enhance their looks. To declare who they are and what they want.

And he'd be the first to admit he'd found those daring young men exciting. Would he excite other men, men like himself? Placid men, content with who they thought they were? Would they long for a touch from him, to steal a kiss, a have a chance to capture such beauty for a night?

A chance at *him*?

Simon picked up the wig and brushed back his bangs with one hand. He slipped the wig on and adjusted it. A thick fringe of black bangs brushed his eyebrows, and two long braids tied off with tan leather strips ending in multicolored beads hung down his chest. A jaunty imitation eagle feather stuck up out of the headband.

He straightened and took in the image in front of him.

Goth Native American.

Simon complete.

Chapter

Charles pulled on his boots and tugged his jeans down over them. Standing up, he gave his reflection a last look as he rethought his decision to go without a shirt.

If anyone had doubted whether he was straight, this outfit would clear up any confusion. Tonight, he'd be among friends, gays and straights, who'd accept him anyway he chose to present himself.

Maybe that's what gave him the courage to play dress up.

He'd never flaunted his body, never been so open about his sexuality. He'd hidden behind a facade of respectability and looking straight most of his life. Even when he hit the clubs, he dressed conservatively.

Sure, he'd noticed the other men there, men without a care in the world, half-naked, their firm, young, sweat-covered bodies, hair stylishly mussed, eyes dark with liner and promises, lips full and red, as they danced to the beat of driving bass rhythms.

Charles closed his eyes and groaned.

He adjusted his stiff cock in his jeans. He had to stop thinking shit like that or else everyone at the party would know what he was thinking the minute he stepped through the door.

The leather chaps and his tightest jeans left nothing to the imagination.

Maybe he should shoot one off before he went. Just to take the edge away and the bulge out of his jeans.

He stared at the evidence of arousal outlined like a steel rod.

What the hell? So what if everyone knew he was primed and ready. He was supposed to be an outlaw, right? And they lived on the edge.

Charles put on the hat, snugging it low on his forehead, and pulled his mask down around his neck. He'd put it on when he got to the hotel, when he'd truly become the cowboy. He picked up the holster and stuffed it into a small gym bag.

He was ready. More than ready.

He left his uptown camelback house, locking the front door behind him, then trotted down the steps, through the small front yard, and out the gate. It swung shut, just missing him as he hit the remote and slid into the driver's seat of his black Mustang.

The sun was setting and it'd be night soon. Time for the bad boys to make an appearance, to come out and play.

He was an outlaw cowboy going into town on his trusty steed and looking for trouble. There were broncs to bust, cattle to rustle, and lawmen to elude.

And a certain Native American princess to capture.

* * * *

Simon sat on the edge of his bed and stepped into the soft slippers he'd bought on Canal Street. They were the closest he could come to moccasins. And they were definitely comfortable.

He stood and looked down at them.

There was a noticeable bulge right at his crotch that blocked the view of his feet. It totally ruined the line of the dress.

Damn, he'd have to do something about that. *Maybe wear a cup?*

Digging in the drawer of his dresser, way in the back behind the socks that didn't have mates but he'd never thrown out, his hand touched something soft.

He pulled it out and held it up.

A black leather jockstrap?

Simon laughed. He hadn't seen that thing in years. A lover had bought it for him and had insisted he wear it before they had sex. The lover was long gone, but his gift had kept on giving.

He hoisted up the dress, slipped off his briefs and stepped into what was basically a leather man-thong. Too tight, the thin string rode up the crack of his ass, the full cup just barely cradling his package, pressing it against his body, reminding him that he wore it.

He glanced up at the mirror over his dresser, swiveled to the side and checked the profile. Not completely flat, but at least his cock was under control. Twisting, he checked out his ass. The black leather strips ran around his waist, met in the middle, and then disappeared like a river running below ground.

Damn, it looked hot.

He dropped the dress and smiled at his secret.

No one would know he was wearing it. It felt naughty and wicked. The black leather went with the whole outfit and definitely with his new look.

What would he look like in just the thong, black wig, and makeup?

Would he look wanton and decadent or cheap and whorish?

Either way, it would be a win-win scenario.

Who knows? Maybe he'd find someone who got turned on by black eyeliner, braids, and leather thongs?

Now that would really be one strange, wild man.

A man he'd love to meet.

Well, at least for tonight. Just for the party, of course.

Simon had no intention of *ever* doing this again. *Ever*.

No matter how hot he looked.

He just wasn't *that* kind of gay.

* * * *

Simon hurried the three blocks from the parking garage on Iberville to Burgundy, then three blocks down Burgundy to the Chateau Francois. He shouldn't have been worried about being seen. No one batted an eye at a Native American man/woman dressed in full costume, war paint streaked across her/his face. And it wasn't even Mardi Gras.

Only in New Orleans.

Simon smiled as he came through the door and strode to the front desk.

"Hello, Carrie. Is everything going well?"

Carrie, the night manager, looked up and blinked. Then her head cocked to one side and she narrowed her eyes at him.

"I'm hearing my boss Simon's voice, but I'm seeing an Indian princess."

"Not Indian. We prefer to be called Native American."

"Oh, my God, Simon, you're gorgeous," she crooned as her eyes widened.

"Thanks." He gave her a twisted smile. "I did it for Francis."

"Right. All for Francis." Okay, she didn't believe him at all. "You have no intention of picking anyone up in there, do you?"

Simon rolled his eyes. "Carrie, is everything under control?" He didn't plan letting Carrie in on any intentions he might or might not have, especially when he didn't have a clue himself.

"Everything's fine, Simon." She nodded to the grand ballroom. "The party's started, Francis is in his glory, and all's right with the world." She leaned over the desk and whispered, "Make sure you act as if you can't tell it's him behind that Diana Ross wig."

"Diana Ross? Of The Supremes?" he asked.

She nodded. "Right. He's the fourth Supreme, the tall, skinny white one."

He gave her a wave and turned to check out the lobby.

The decorations for the anniversary party gave the hotel a festive air. Exquisite flower arrangements covered every tabletop and tasteful signage announcing the event sat beneath each one. All had been designed by Francis. He'd been working on the party for months and seen to every detail personally.

It really did look beautiful.

Simon took a deep breath and crossed the lobby's parquet wood floor to the ballroom's massive carved doors. He did a quick check in the large, gold leafed French mirror on the wall. Makeup still in place and still looking good. But his scalp itched under the cheap wig. He scratched, then straightened the braids so they hung even on both sides.

He put his hand on the knob and turned it, took a deep breath, and then pushed through the door.

Inside, the ballroom glittered. Francis had outdone himself this time.

Long buffet tables, draped with black linens and pushed against the maroon fleur-de-lis flocked golden walls, held piles of cheese, seafood, canapés, and sandwiches. On the other side, two bartenders in tuxedos held court at a miniature bar, preparing drinks as fast as their clients could order.

Strewn all around the large room, groupings of furniture--tables, chairs, settees, couches, and ottomans--were set out for the comfort of Francis's guests. Most of them, those who weren't at the buffet tables loading up on boiled shrimp or mini-muffelettas, were lounging on said furniture.

In the corner near the door, a jazz quartet played Dixieland, giving the party a festive atmosphere, yet not so loud you couldn't hold a conversation.

And there, in the middle of it all, Francis held court, dressed in a silver evening gown, Diana Ross wig, diamond chandelier earrings to die for, and three-inch heels.

Simon would have been more shocked to see him in a tuxedo or dressed as a pirate.

After closing the door behind him, he made his way through the crowd to greet his host for the evening.

"Hello, Francis. For a minute, I barely recognized you," Simon said, getting his obligatory kissing up out of the way. He wondered if Francis's expensive wig itched as much as his did.

"And who is this gorgeous thing?" Francis stared at him. "Simon, is that you?" He seemed to be genuinely surprised.

"Yes."

Francis opened his mouth, then shut it. He swallowed and gave Simon a smoldering look. "Good God, if I knew you looked that hot in drag, I'd have made you come to work every day dressed as a woman." He fanned himself with an evening gloved hand as Simon gave him a quick kiss on the cheek.

"Thanks, I think." Simon frowned and looked around. "But no thanks for sending me the drag invite. I hope you've gotten your laughs."

"Laughs? No, dearest, I just wanted to push a few people out the door, so to speak."

"I'm already out of the closet, Francis. I'm not sure what door you mean."

"Why, the door of respectability, the door of ordinary, the door of mundane!" Francis winked at him and then turned his attention to a younger man, dressed as a caveman, who'd sidled up with a glass of champagne. "Thanks, darling." Francis took it and sipped.

Simon waited for the introduction as the caveman checked him out. And then leered at him, appreciation showing in his eyes. Simon couldn't help but feel flattered.

"Simon, this is Dan. Dan, this is Simon, the hotel's premiere manager." Francis made the intros between sips.

"Simon, pleased to meet you." Dan stepped forward, but instead of a handshake, he kissed Simon on the cheek. "You're gorgeous," he whispered on a breath in Simon's ear.

"So I've been told." Simon smiled back, unsure if Dan was a friend of Francis's or a *friend* of Francis's. Either way, Simon wasn't interested in the strong grunting types and he didn't plan on being hit over the head and dragged to Dan's cave by his braids.

Dan smiled, then turned his attention back to Francis, slipping his arm around Francis's trim waist, laying claim. Francis kissed his cheek and grinned at Simon.

"Mingle, dearest. Mingle." He waved his hands at Simon to shoo him away.

Simon turned away and headed to the buffet tables.

Might as well get something to eat.

* * * *

Charles spotted him the moment he stepped through the door. His breath froze. It couldn't be anyone else but his Pocahontas. And he was more beautiful, more exotic, than Charles even imagined.

Any cowboy with a lick of sense would have fallen for him in a heartbeat. His princess was regal, taller than most women, but not as tall as Charles. Broad shoulders, but not too broad, straight backed, narrow hipped, and high cheekbones painted in streaks of color to emphasize them.

He couldn't take his gaze off his maiden's dark lined eyes. The look shot past striking and blasted its way straight to his dick. All he could think about when he looked at the man was taking him. Raising up that dress and burying his cock deep inside that sweet little ass. Kissing those deep red lips.

He moved farther behind a sofa in the corner and rubbed his erection, trying to shift it in his jeans. *What the fuck.* He'd already decided not to care about who saw what.

Tracking his princess, Charles watched as the man said hello to Francis, and then was devoured by Francis's latest boy toy, the caveman.

Charles growled. The Indian princess was his.

Chapter 5

Simon loaded his plate with shrimp, mini oyster quiche and a few olives. After scanning the room for a vacant seat with a nearby table, he moved toward one. Concentrating so hard on reaching the open spot before anyone else, he never saw the cowboy until he stood, hands on his hips, blocking Simon's way.

"Howdy." The cowboy stared at him. He wore a black mask.

Simon stared back. Tall, lean, and well built, the vest the man wore covered a broad hairless chest. Tight jeans and leather chaps. *Very* tight jeans. With a very predominate bulge. Very thick. Very long.

Oh, my.

Simon gulped and dragged his gaze from the cowboy's crotch.

The man's blue eyes devoured him from behind the mask, and his square, rugged jaw and thin lips were all Simon could make out.

"Hello." Simon couldn't think what else to say except, "Take me, I'm yours."

"My name is Charles." The man didn't make a move, just stood there. Behind him, a woman, a real woman, dressed as a Greek goddess, took Simon's chair. Oh, well.

"Charles? Not Billy the Kid? Jesse James? Black Bart?" Simon teased, as he rattled off the names of all the cowboys he could think of.

"No. Just Charles." He smiled and showed perfect white teeth.

"I'm Simon."

"Not Running Flower? Dances With Wolves? Desert Blossom?" the cowboy countered.

"No. Just Simon." If the guy would tell him who he wanted Simon to be, he'd be it. Good God, he'd never seen such a sexy man since...well, since yesterday when he bought his costume.

"Hello, Simon."

"Hello, Charles."

They stood there, staring at each other, unable to do more than bask in each other's gazes. It was the oddest, yet most exciting moment for Simon in a long time.

His cock twitched in the thong, reminding him that it existed and needed tending.

What would it be like to have a masked man suck him off?

"Well, do I have to pull my pistol and take you at gunpoint or are you coming along quietly?" The cowboy's lips twisted in a sexy smile, one side rising higher than the other, his hungry blue eyes searching Simon's brown ones.

Simon couldn't help but glance down at Charles's crotch again. "By pistol, do you mean the one in the holster, or the one in your pants?" Then he shot his gaze up and nailed the cowboy with it.

"I'll use the one in the holster if I need to, but I'd rather use the other one."

"I think I'd rather you use it, too." Simon swallowed. Okay, he'd never been so bold before. He liked being bold. Just say what you were thinking. Or do what you wanted.

"Me, too." The cowboy glanced around, then motioned with a jerk of his head to two empty seats on a couch in a dark corner. "Seat?"

"Don't mind if I do." Simon headed toward it, Charles following. Simon hoped Charles was checking out his ass.

When Charles put his hand on Simon's waist to help guide him around some people, a thrill raced through him, landing in his dick. Then Charles let him go. Simon wanted more touching.

They reached the small couch, and Simon sat, placing his plate of goodies on the Moroccan mother of pearl inlaid table. Charles sat next to him and threw his arm across the back of the dark green velvet couch.

Simon settled back and turned toward the cowboy, almost nestling under Charles's shoulder.

"This is nice." Simon looked up into Charles's face, giving him a closer inspection. "Do I know you?"

"Yes. We've met before."

"Have we?" Simon searched his memory. If he'd met someone this gorgeous, he'd remember it, wouldn't he?

Charles leaned in. "We have. But I don't know anything about you."

"Me?" Simon giggled. Damn, why did he keep doing that? "I'm just Simon."

"You're so much more than just Simon." Charles gaze swept over him. "You're incredible. You're the most irresistible man I've met in ages."

"Irresistible?" Simon squeaked out.

"Adorable." That sideways smile appeared again, and this time, Charles ran his finger along Simon's jaw.

Simon shivered and closed his eyes, letting the building arousal fill him. Oh, this man was dangerous. Simon decided he liked dangerous.

"Adorable?" Simon whispered. He opened his eyes.

Charles leaned in for a kiss.

He waited, watching as Charles's eyes closed, his lips parted slightly, and the warm weight of Charles's hand rested on his thigh.

Simon's eyes crossed as Charles's mouth drew closer, closer, then Simon gave in, closed his eyes, and their lips touched. Charles's mouth was hard, yet pliant, his lips smooth, and Simon let the way they pressed against his lips be all he knew, all he could feel.

Charles ran his tongue over the crease of Simon's mouth, asking for entry.

Simon allowed him inside. Charles's tongue swept in, gently probing, tasting, then withdrew, and Charles broke their kiss.

Simon shuddered.

The world shrank down to the two of them, sitting on the sofa in a dark corner, holding each other, blue eyes staring into brown.

"God, you turn me on," Charles whispered.

"Really?" Simon giggled.

Charles took Simon's hand and placed it on his crotch.

Undeniable evidence.

"You were like that before, when we first met tonight." Simon didn't remove his hand and didn't apologize for noticing.

"I've been watching you since you came in." Charles covered Simon's hand with his and pressed. "In fact, I've been hard just knowing I'd see you here tonight."

Simon gasped. "How did you know I'd be here? Did Francis tell you?" His gaze darted to the center of the room, but Francis and his caveman had vacated the center spotlight.

"No, he didn't tell me. I told you, we've met before."

"But I don't remember telling anyone about the party."

"You showed me your invitation." Charles grinned.

"I showed you--" Simon cut himself off as realization dawned. "The guy from the costume shop." He reached up to remove the mask, but Charles caught his wrist in a firm hold.

"Not yet."

Simon took his hand down. "Not yet?"

"No, not yet. For now, tonight, I want to be the cowboy, the outlaw."

"And what do you want me to be?"

"A beautiful Indian princess whom I've captured." He bit his bottom lip.

Simon leaned back and exhaled. "And do your plans for this princess include ravishing her?"

"Not against her will. I may be an outlaw, but I have some honor." He placed a hand over his heart, under the leather vest.

Simon slid his hand on top of Charles's and his fingertips brushed a hard nipple. Charles shuddered, arching into his palm.

"I'd go willingly to your bedroll, cowboy." Simon smiled. "In fact, I think I can arrange a suitable place to bunk for the night."

"Your teepee?"

"No, somewhere close, though."

Simon stood, tugging Charles's hand. Charles got to his feet, and Simon pulled him toward the doors of the ballroom, away from the crowd and out of the party.

To find a place where a cowboy could capture an Indian princess.

Chapter 6

Charles couldn't believe it...his plan had worked. It was destiny. Fate. Kismet.

He'd never felt like this before, that everything was right. The stars-in-alignment sort of right. The once-in-a-lifetime right.

He'd lost his mind...that was it. He was not a romantic, not the kind of man who fell head over heels in love, who got all giddy and goofy over anyone. At least, he hadn't until now.

Now, he was all those things.

And it was all Simon's fault.

Simon. He liked the name. *Simon and Charles. Charles and Simon.*

Good God, if he didn't get a grip, he'd be carving their names in trees, doodling their names all over the placemats in restaurants, writing home to his mother in Baton Rouge to tell her he'd finally met the one.

He followed Simon, still no last name, through the crowd. Near the door, Francis had taken up guard, presumably to stop anyone from leaving. From what Charles could see, there was no need because everyone was having a great time. People talked, danced, drank and ate, and in New Orleans, those were the hallmarks of a successful party.

"Simon!" Francis put out a gloved hand just like a Supreme doing "Stop In The Name of Love." Where do you think you're going?"

Simon pulled Charles behind him, hiding their linked hands.

Charles leaned past Simon and grinned. "Hi, Francis. Great party. Happy anniversary."

"Hello, Charles!" Francis beamed at him, then his gaze slid from Charles to Simon, then back, then down to Simon's hand behind his back. Realization, then joy, bloomed in Francis's eyes. "Oh, my."

"What?" Simon tensed, and Charles gave his hand a gentle squeeze.

"It's perfect, just perfect! My wine distributor and my head manager. It's too delicious, my dears."

"Oh." Simon seemed embarrassed, and Charles lost a bit of his grin. Then, Simon shrugged. "He had a gun."

"I can see that, dear." Francis stared pointedly at Charles's crotch. "A big one, too. Lucky thing." Then he turned his attention to Charles. "Now, I don't want him hurt. You must return him unharmed, or I'll have to send a posse after you." Francis laughed.

"Don't worry your pretty little head, ma'am." He touched his hat respectfully. "I'm thinking there won't be any complaints come the morning." Charles put his hand on Simon's waist, bringing him back against his body, where he nestled his cock between the cheeks of Simon's ass.

Simon groaned just loud enough for Charles to hear.

"Just see that he's kept warm, happy, and satisfied." Francis wiggled his fingers at them and moved away, opening their escape path to the doors.

Simon looked back over his shoulder at Charles. "So? Will you?"

"Keep you warm, happy, and satisfied? It's my solemn intention," he drawled. Oh, yeah, he couldn't wait to see *that* particular look on his Indian's face.

"Good. I haven't felt that way in forever." Simon faced him, looked into his eyes, and Charles felt the pull straight down his body to his cock.

"Me either." He ran his hand down Simon's side, cupped his ass, and gave it a hard squeeze.

Simon gasped, then his eyelids fluttered. "Let's go. If you don't stop that, I may have to be carried the rest of the way."

"If I need to carry you, so be it." He gave Simon a small nod and touched his fingers to his hat. "I'm a gentleman cowboy."

"Nice. But I think I'd like a desperado tonight." Simon's dark eyes glittered, and he spun around and lead Charles through the large door and into the lobby.

The door shut behind them, muffling the sounds of the party.

He didn't know what Simon had planned, but this was a hotel, he was the manager, and Charles was sure Simon would think of something.

* * * *

Simon stalked up to the front desk and leaned on it.

"What's available?" He tapped the marble countertop with his fingers. It was a Saturday night in the French Quarter, but he knew they'd have rooms open for the party. Francis would have thought of everything, including retaining a few rooms for those party guests unable or unwilling to make the trip home.

Carrie's gaze danced from his face to the taller man standing behind him, then back to his. She grinned and punched in a few numbers into the computer.

"One-oh-one and one-fifteen might be best." She gave him a knowing nod.

Francis had insisted on using the European way of calling the first floor the ground floor and the second floor the first. The second floor held their best suites, those with balconies facing the street, but Simon knew one-fifteen faced the private courtyard and had a whirlpool bath.

"One-fifteen." He held out his hand for the card key. Behind him, Charles leaned into his back, pressing what could only be that long, thick dick of his into Simon's ass. He shuddered at the burning lust and hard need that coursed through his body. The cowboy bit his ear, and Simon rolled his eyes and drummed his fingers on the counter.

She punched out the card, swiped it, then handed it to him. "Anything else, sir?" She grinned at him now.

"I'll call if I need anything."

She snapped to attention, practically saluting. "I'll be here. Enjoy your stay at Chateau Francois, *monsieur*."

Simon turned away and dragged Charles by the hand to the elevator. He pressed the brass call button, and the old-fashioned wrought iron machinery creaked its way to the lobby from the second floor. It reminded him of the one in the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* and, although Francis had denied it, Simon always believed that had been Francis's inspiration.

Now, as Charles stepped up behind him, pulling Simon tight to his body, all thoughts and questions evaporated like water drops on asphalt in August. All he knew was the pounding of his blood, the thud of his heartbeat and the ache of his dick as Charles's touch swamped his brain.

He cursed silently as the elevator took its sweet time getting to the bottom floor. He wanted to groan as it reached their level, halted, then the doors slid open to invite them inside.

Charles shoved him from behind, and he stumbled into the cage. Charles continued in, pinning him against the iron bars.

"Fuck, I want you," Charles whispered in his ear.

Simon wrapped his hands around the cool metal bars as Charles hit the button, the doors closed and the elevator jerked, ascending to the next floor.

Before Simon could catch his breath, Charles had returned, his hot body smashed against Simon's as he ground his erection into Simon's ass, teasing him with the riding he promised.

And God knew, Simon wanted the cowboy to ride him. Hard and fast and all night long.

It'd been ages since he'd had more than a just quick jerk off or blow job, so he was more than ready to be fucked. Then he wanted to fuck his cowboy. They could take turns doing each other until Francis banged on the door and threw them out of the hotel.

How long would his cowboy stay?

The elevator stopped and the doors opened.

Charles grabbed him and spun him around. Simon looked up into the masked man's eyes and his knees weakened.

Hunger.

Lust.

Thank God, Charles wanted him as badly as he wanted Charles.

Simon pushed Charles aside. "This way." He jogged down the hall, Charles like a spaniel at his heels, until he reached the room. With a quick swipe of the card in the lock, the light turned green and Simon pushed down on the handle and opened the door.

Charles followed him in, and as it closed, Charles pinned him to the wall with his body. Simon pushed back, rubbing their erections together.

"I want you." Charles smashed his mouth down on Simon's and demanded entrance.

Moaning, Simon opened for him. Charles's tongue thrust in, plundering the cave of Simon's mouth, tasting, touching, stroking, driving Simon's arousal higher. His cock was a hard, straining rod in that stupid man-thong, and moist drops of pre-cum dotted his belly.

Charles broke the kiss. "You will be mine, princess."

Simon gulped down air and stared into lust-filled eyes. "But the princess has a secret, cowboy."

"A secret?" Something flared in Charles's eyes.

Simon reached up and jerked off his wig, tossing it across the room.

"Your Indian princess is a prince." He scrubbed his hand over his short hair, leaving it standing up in thick spikes. He'd wanted out of the false braids all night, and now he wasn't sure if this would ruin it for Charles or not, but he took the chance.

Charles groaned. Then he leaned forward, buried his hands in Simon's short, black hair, fisted it, and forced his head back to expose his throat.

"A prince. Even better. I've always wanted to fuck a prince." He growled as he nipped along the muscles of Simon's neck, then licked over the same path.

Simon's legs nearly gave out.

"I want to taste you." Charles slid down Simon's body to kneel at his feet. He palmed Simon's erection.

Simon slowly pulled up his dress, exposing his shins, his knees, his thighs, then at last, his groin.

"Holy fuck!" Charles sat back on his heels. "Oh, my God," he whispered.

Simon stared down at the top of the cowboy's hat, unable to see what was happening with his lover. Was that reaction good or bad? Simon tensed.

Then Charles reached up, grabbed the brim of his hat, and tossed it away to join Simon's wig on the floor. He looked up, his eyes dancing with arousal, and licked his lips.

"You are my prince."

Simon melted.

Chapter 7

Charles had never seen anything so hot as Simon's hard dick thrusting up and out of the black leather pouch that failed to contain it. This was like his own personal porn, with his now-prince in the starring role.

Leaning forward, he licked the underneath of Simon's exposed shaft using the flat of his tongue until he reached the plump, dark head, tasting the pre-cum dripping from it. Lightly salty, a paler version of what he knew Simon's cum would be like, Charles lapped it up and swirled his tongue around the cap.

Simon's head hit the door with a thud, his hands buried themselves in Charles's hair, and he moaned. "Oh, fuck."

"That'll be later, prince." Charles reached up, hooked his fingers in the thin straps holding the leather thong up and pulled it down to puddle on the floor around Simon's feet.

Simon's cock sprang free, slapping against his belly.

Charles sighed. He pushed Simon's legs apart, then cupped the firm sac and rolled the two sweet nuts in the palm of his hand. His prince groaned, his fingers flexed, and his knees bent as he braced himself against the wall.

Charles looked up at his prize, his own cock pressing painfully against the zipper of his jeans. He undid his holster and the twin guns fell to the floor, unbuckled the chaps, and, at last, he unzipped and freed himself from the denim. Wrapping his hand around his shaft, he stroked once, twice, then let it go. Any more and he'd come on the floor.

He wanted to come in Simon's ass.

But first, he wanted to taste Simon. Take him in his mouth and make his prince cry out and beg to be fucked.

Holding onto the shaft of the perfectly placed prick in front of him, he opened his mouth and greedily swallowed it down.

Simon crowed and jerked.

The thick cock hit the back of Charles's throat and he swallowed, massaging the stiff shaft he'd captured.

"Please."

Charles sucked hard as he pulled off, then surged back down, repeating the act until Simon's hands in his hair tightened painfully.

"Now, cowboy. Now!" Simon pulled him off with a pop.

He surged to his feet and took Simon's mouth in a claiming kiss that declared, "This mouth is mine." Reaching around, he grabbed Simon's ass and pulled it tighter to him, rubbing their erections together.

They broke apart, gasping for breath, staring into each other's eyes.

"Charles," Simon whispered. "Bed."

Charles stepped back, took Simon by the hand and led him to the king-size bed in the center of the small room. He didn't bother to look at his surroundings, but somewhere in the back of his brain, it registered that the bed had to be an antique. The iron head and footboards had a patina of age that he doubted had been faked.

Simon stood at the side of the bed, waiting.

"Let me undress you." Charles pulled the long dress off his prince, exposing every inch of skin to his gaze. "Get on the bed."

He climbed up, and Charles watched as the most perfect ass he'd ever seen presented itself to him. Shuddering, he stroked himself, needing the touch of a hand, even his own.

"Fuck, you're beautiful, my prince."

His lover turned, lay back on the mass of pillows, his legs splayed open and inviting, his cock flat against his belly, his thickly black lined eyelids half lowered, barely hiding the longing, lust and heat of his gaze.

His prize, waiting for a plundering.

* * * *

His cowboy stared at him, his lust-filled gaze sweeping over Simon's body, heating it with every slowly passing moment. He'd never felt so wanton, so sexy and so desired.

"Drop 'em, cowboy," Simon ordered.

His cowboy toed off his boots, shucked out of his jeans and vest, and stood next to the bed naked except for his mask. The man had the body of an athlete, tall, slender yet built, with a light tan to his skin. His cock stood proud above a nest of neatly trimmed brown curls.

Simon took a deep breath, held it, and then let it go in a slow exhale filled with longing through parted lips. The cowboy's gaze focused like a tight beam tracking his every move, first on his face, then as Simon slid his hand over his belly, touched his nipple, then down again to cup his own balls. He didn't think the man took a single breath.

"God, I wish you could see yourself. See how fucking hot you look, spread out for me." Charles's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed.

"Not half as hot as you in that mask, outlaw."

"Am I going to need my six-shooter?"

A thrill raced through Simon. "Yes."

Charles grinned, then stepped away from the bed, scooped up one of his pistols and returned. "I want to warn you. I'm armed and I know how to use it."

"Show me."

Charles spun the gun around his finger, the silver blurring with the motion, then stopped, pointing the hot orange plastic tip at Simon.

"Pretty good, outlaw."

"Been practicing."

"I'll just bet you have. What do you intend to do with me now?"

"I won't hurt you, unless you ask." Charles's eyebrow rose, the gun never wavering.

Simon reached up and grabbed the bars of the headboard. The cold of the old metal chilled his heated palms, sending a shiver through him. Then he stretched his legs out toward the sides of the bed.

"I'm afraid you have me at a disadvantage, outlaw."

"Indeed." Charles nodded and took a step closer.

Simon looked up from under his thick lashes and ran his tongue over his painted lips. As Charles let out a soft groan, Simon's dick ached for more of the cowboy's touch.

"I'm at your mercy."

"You are." Charles nodded again.

"Will you show me mercy?" Simon licked his lips again, just to hear Charles moan.

"No mercy." The outlaw shook his head.

"I won't be taken easily. An Indian prince knows how to fight."

"You don't have a bow and arrow or a knife."

"I have other weapons." Simon flexed his arms, making the muscles in his biceps bulge and arched his back off the bed, thighs tightening and belly taut.

Charles gaped at him, and Simon thought he'd come at just the look on the man's face.

"I can see you're not a man to underestimate, prince." He moved forward, kneeling on the bed, the gun still pointed at Simon, and ran his hand over the top of Simon's foot. Simon shivered.

"But I still have the advantage and a few weapons of my own." He continued to glide his fingertips along Simon's skin, up to his knee, where he swirled around the kneecap, then up his thigh.

"I wouldn't have expected any less from a desperado like you."

"I'm wanted, you know?" Charles gave a rakish smile.

"Indeed?"

"In several states."

"What crime did you commit?"

"Crimes." Charles's fingers dipped down to skim the tender flesh of Simon's inner thigh.

Simon gasped. "Crimes?"

"Let's just say, I'm not above taking liberties, or for that matter, taking what I want when I see it."

"Do you see anything you want here in this room?"

"Why, yes, I do." His fingers ran along the seam of hip and thigh, avoiding Simon's balls and cock.

"I don't have any money."

"Not money."

"I don't have any jewelry."

"Not jewels, either." Charles's finger ran around the outside of Simon's nest of black curls, the sensation sending electric sparks to Simon's balls.

He arched his back, dug his heels into the bed, and raised his ass off the mattress as he hissed, but he refused to ask for anything. He wanted his cowboy to take what he wanted. At gunpoint, if necessary, and if Simon had anything to do with it, he'd make sure it would be necessary.

"I don't own any land or livestock."

"Got land. Got my mustang and that's all I need." Charles continued on, his fingertips raking upward to Simon's navel, circling it, dipping inside, then moving higher.

"Is that *all* you need?"

When he circled Simon's nipple, Simon cried out. "Damn you, masked man!"

Both men burst into laughter. Simon caught his breath, caught Charles's gaze and caught the giggles. He'd never had so much fun or been so turned on. Who knew all it would take was a toy gun, a mask and some eyeliner?

Charles hung his head, hands on knees, snorted, then straightened and sobered up. He raised the gun again. "Not *all* I need, my captive."

Simon pulled harder on the headboard, trying to think of his next line. "I have nothing but...my body."

Charles leered at him. "And a fine body it is, I must say. But after tonight, prince, it will belong to me."

"Yours?"

"For the taking. To do with as I wish." Charles reached out and flicked Simon's nipple with his finger.

The sting rocketed through Simon and once again he rode the crest of arousal. A new spate of pre-cum oozed from his slit. Any lessening of his hard-on had been reversed by the touch of his cowboy.

"And if I refuse?" Simon wanted to refuse, wanted to be taken, forced to give up his body to the masked stranger.

"When I'm through with you, you'll refuse me nothing." Charles tweaked his other nipple, and Simon moaned through his clenched teeth.

Chapter 8

Charles leaned down, unable to resist tasting the naked man stretched out in front of him. With a slow swipe of his tongue, he licked the hard point of Simon's nipple. Simon sucked in a hard breath and arched into his mouth.

Salt from the man's body flavored the tip of Charles's tongue. He savored the taste, longing to learn all the flavors of Simon's body.

True, Charles wanted to bring his captive prince to the heights of pleasure, but he wanted to do it in his own time. He licked the other nipple, earning another sharp hiss. Simon's cock leaked like a faucet, its swollen cap now nearly purple with blood, and the thick vein decorating the underside of his shaft stood out in high relief like a sculpture. The tight, wrinkled ball sac, two shades darker than his skin, had snuggled up to Simon's body, full of juice and ready to unload.

Trailing his tongue over his lover's body, Charles mapped the changing landscape, the small hills and valleys, the taut peaks and the smooth expanses of Simon's nearly hairless chest. Only a small sparse patch of black hairs sprouted in the center of the man's chest, then nothing until the small ebony nest around his shaft.

Each and every inch of skin Charles tasted was delicious. He'd never had such a sexy lover, someone who turned him on effortlessly, without guile or practiced methods. What he experienced here with this man was unlike anything he'd ever done.

This ought to be against the law.

In some states, it was.

He didn't care. He was an outlaw, a desperado, used to taking what he wanted, the consequences and laws be damned. Charles grinned, looked up and locked gazes with his prince, who watched him with his plump bottom lip caught between his teeth.

Sexy as hell.

Charles's own prick, heavy and engorged, dragged across the covers of the bed, leaving a trail of his arousal. He leaned across Simon, letting his oozing cock mark his captive as it dragged over hot, flushed skin.

The sensation of the tip of his dick sliding over Simon's heated flesh almost set him off, but losing his load now wouldn't be right. A cowboy should show some restraint, shouldn't he?

Only until he was ready to let go, ride his lover full tilt, and empty both barrels into his target.

Simon arched up to press against his cock, moaning. "Are you going to fuck me?"

"Not yet, my pretty prince."

Charles lowered his mouth to nuzzle those balls, inhaling the scent of his Indian. Musky, warm, the smell of pre-cum, sex and longing filled his nostrils and he couldn't resist taking a lick over that plump cock head.

"Cowboy," Simon warned with a growl. His heels dug into the bed as he raised his ass off the covers in an unspoken demand for more.

Charles obliged him. After all, he'd asked so prettily.

* * * *

Simon thought the top of his head would blow off if Charles didn't suck him, and it took everything he had to keep his hands clamped tight around the headboard's bars. He'd had to lock them down, forget about them, or else the urge to run his hands over his lover's body would overpower him.

And he wanted to be tortured a little more before he exploded.

"More?" Charles raised one eyebrow. "My prince begs for me?"

Simon huffed out a breath. "No." An Indian prince would never give in so easily, no matter how hot the fire burned or how tightly Charles restrained him.

"Shall I stop or take what I want?"

There it was, the ultimate question. Simon only had to think for a moment about his answer, what little thinking he could do with all the blood in his body circling his groin. "Take it, if you dare."

Charles leaned forward, tossed the pistol to the floor, wrapped his hand around Simon's shaft and licked it like a lollipop. "Oh, I dare."

Then he swallowed it down.

"Oh, God!" Simon shouted as warm wetness surrounded his flesh. He'd never had such an erotic encounter. Blowjobs, sure. Some guy from a bar on his knees, or one of his friends with benefits jerking each other off, but nothing as powerful as this.

As he tried to thrust into his cowboy's mouth, trying to get as much as possible down that fantastic throat, Simon bucked up and down.

Charles clamped his hand on Simon's hip and leaned down, pressing him into the mattress. "Don't move."

The force of it took Simon's breath away. Charles was strong. Bigger than he was, taller and oh, my God, he loved that feeling.

For the first time he could remember, he wanted someone to manhandle him.

Wanted it rough and hard and desperate.

He bucked again, testing his limits.

Again, Charles leaned into him, pinning him to the bed with his body and arms, all the time sucking him off, each downward plunge deeper than the last. In a quick move, he shifted and threw one leg over Simon's leg to stop it from moving.

A mixture of fear and excitement pulsed through Simon as he became even more immobile and as Charles wreaked more havoc on his body. He was helpless to stop the assault.

Not that he wanted to. *Fuck, no.*

The man could give head like no one he'd ever been with, and Simon knew this act could become an addiction. For the first time since they'd met, he wondered if there would be more than just this night. Would his masked man want another night or even more than fantastic sex?

No, he needed to put that stupid thought out of his head, relax and enjoy what was happening here and now.

This kind of adventure didn't happen every day.

At least not to him.

* * * *

Charles loved overpowering his prince. He'd never been so dominant, or so rough with a lover, or had so much fun. Normally he topped, but what he was doing now went beyond his usual fare. There hadn't been much passion in his previous couplings; they were either brief, rushed, nameless encounters, or slow and languid afternoons spent with a few longtime but casual lovers. He'd found something new with Simon--passion, fervor, and a burning need sending every nerve ending in his body into maximum overload.

Playing out his fantasies seemed to be just the thing to set him on fire and illuminate what had been missing in his life. It was a good life, filled with some good friends, fine wine, and no deep emotional attachments, but next to what he now experienced with Simon, it paled and laid bare the truth.

He hadn't really been living until now.

Charles rolled farther onto his lover and pushed his legs apart, spreading the Indian's thighs wide enough to accommodate him.

"It's time, prince." He growled, wrapping his hand around the base of Simon's prick.

"Time?" Simon swallowed, his eyes wide, sweat beading on his brow.

"To come for me."

"I won't." Simon's eyelids shuttered and his face flushed.

"I control you."

"No, you don't." He shook his head.

"I say when you come." Charles pumped up and down, dragging his fist over the skin of Simon's dick, making his lover shudder in pleasure.

"No."

"Yes." He increased his speed, leaned down and lapped at the drops that dribbled from the angry red slit.

"Oh, God..." Simon moaned. He tried to move, but Charles held him down with one hand and the weight of his body as he worked the stiff, turgid flesh.

"You're going to come now."

Moving lower, Charles licked the ball sac, drawn close to Simon's body, then sucked one into his mouth, pulling it away hard, then let it go.

Simon cried out, "Charles!" He came, shooting fountains of white over Charles's hand, splattering his belly and tangling in the hair around the base of his dick.

Chapter 9

Simon let go of the headboard and fell back onto the bed, limp, unable to move a muscle, his body still tingling as he came down from one of the hardest orgasms of his life. He shuddered. It was all he could do for the moment.

He opened his eyes and looked down at Charles, kneeling between his legs.

His outlaw.

"Damn you, masked man." He sighed, unable even to laugh.

Charles chuckled. "Have I pleased my prince?"

Simon nodded and waved a weak hand. Oh, hell, yeah, he was pleased.

"I'll take that for a yes."

Simon smiled and rolled his eyes. "Cowboys. Think you run the West, don't you?"

Charles looked him over, lust still burning in his eyes. "We do."

Simon snorted. "We Native Americans were here long before you were, you know?" Simon wondered if his war paint was still intact or if he'd smudged it. Thank God, the mascara was waterproof or his sweat might have made it run.

Looking like Tammy Faye after a twenty-four hour telethon would not be sexy.

But asking if his make-up was running wasn't sexy either. How did women manage it?

He decided if Charles didn't mention it, he should forget about it.

"Now you've had your way with me, am I free?"

"Free?" Charles shook his head. "Fraid not. I've only just begun. When I get through with you, you're going to be broke to the saddle."

"Do you expect me to buck like a bronco? I hope you don't plan on using spurs." Simon raised an eyebrow. Just what did Charles want from him? The answer to that question sent a ripple of excitement rolling through him like a pebble dropped in a pond.

"No. I expect to ride you until..." He trailed off, as if he'd changed his mind.

Simon tensed. "Until?"

Charles stared into his eyes and, for a long moment, they searched his. Then, he leaned forward, his hands on either side of Simon's head and looked down, it seemed, into the depths of Simon's soul.

"Until you say you're mine."

Simon's lips parted in a soundless gasp, only for Charles to take them in a demanding kiss. He nipped, sucked, and teased Simon's bottom lip, drawing a whimper from him as he wrapped his hands in Simon's hair and tried to keep them together.

Simon pushed the cowboy away with a Herculean effort, but wanted nothing more than to linger in the man's kisses.

"I belong to no man," he declared and looked up at Charles from half lowered eyelids, hoping like hell he looked sexy and not like some crying clown who'd escaped from the circus.

"You *will* belong to me. I *will* have you." The cowboy licked the seam of his lips.

Simon turned his head to avoid the next kiss. "You can take my body, but you'll never take my soul." God, could Scarlett have delivered that line with any more drama?

"I don't want your soul." He nuzzled into Simon's throat, his warm breath puffing on heated skin, sending more shivers down Simon's body. He licked a line from the dent beneath Simon's Adam's apple up to the tender spot below his ear.

He closed his eyes, enjoying the sensations the cowboy aroused in him.

"What *do* you want?" Simon held his breath.

Charles rested his forehead against Simon's. He took Simon's hands in his, entwining their fingers in a tight clasp and lowered his body to completely cover Simon's. "I want your heart."

Oh, my God. How could he stand up to those words? They blew everything Simon believed away. That there was no such thing as love at first sight. No destined lovers. No soul mates. All the things he'd once thought had been created by romantics through the ages to make people like him--the ones who'd never experienced it--feel somehow *less*.

From the moment he'd laid eyes on Charles at the costume shop, he'd felt a pull toward him. Not just sexual. Yeah, there'd been plenty of that, but he'd thought he'd really like to get to know Charles, that he'd like this person.

And tonight, even though he had no idea who was truly behind that mask, Simon had been drawn to the man, let him take over, kiss him in a crowded room, and even shamelessly arranged for a room at the hotel where he worked.

Shit. Even his boss Francis knew. And had approved.

But giving his heart to a stranger?

Why should that be so hard? He'd already given Charles his body. If Simon ran true to form, his heart wouldn't be far behind. And he'd learned from those few times heartbreak always followed, hadn't he?

"You can't *take* my heart. You'll have to earn that, cowboy." He stared up into Charles's eyes.

A slow, sexy grin broke over the desperado's face.

"I think I'm up to the challenge." He kissed Simon again, taking his time, each soft touch filled with tenderness, filled with...

No, Simon wasn't going to let his imagination and longing get the best of him.

Instead, he just melted into the kiss. It was utterly, completely, totally wonderful. If this was what happened when he wore eyeliner, he promised to wear it more often.

Simon pulled away and studied Charles. "What do you plan on doing?"

"Well, first thing, my prince, is to make love to you." Charles kissed the tip of his nose.

"Make love?" Simon whispered. Even though he didn't have much experience in the true love department, he'd had enough to know the difference between fucking and making love.

Charles nuzzled his throat and sighed. "Yeah. Make love. Just like you deserve."

God, that sounded so good. If it were only true.

"Do desperados ever fall in love?" Simon held his breath, thinking he'd gone too far. This whole game had gone too far, but he didn't want to turn back now.

"I reckon they do." Charles nodded. "What about Native American princes?"

"It's been known to happen." Simon swallowed. "Once in a blue moon."

"Well, prince, I don't know what color the moon is tonight, but I do know that what's happening right now is special and rare." He kissed Simon, lingering over his lips, tongue and mouth.

"I think a desperado might say just about anything to get what he wanted, wouldn't he?" Simon spoke against those tempting, teasing lips.

"He might." Charles nodded, that sexy grin slipping over his face again.

Simon wove his fingers in Charles's hair and pulled him down for a deeper kiss. When they came up for air, both gasping, lips swollen and wet from their efforts, he laughed. "For now, I think I'll wait and see just how convincing you can be, outlaw."

"That's all I'm asking."

"All?"

"Well, no, not all." Charles grinned, then fell on Simon, pinning him to the mattress and plundering his mouth like a starving man.

Oh, hell, yeah, this was the stuff of wet dreams. Fantasy come to life.

Right now, he didn't care if he ever woke up. Waking would be in the morning, when daylight ushered in reality.

For now, he was all about playing the game.

Chapter 10

Charles kissed his prince again. God, the man had no idea how sexy he looked with that thick bar of black across his eyes, his short ebony hair spiked up in a just-been-fucked look, and the little shy smile that danced on his lips.

He'd promised to make love to Simon and he fully intended to give it all he had. Sure, he'd been with other men, even been in love once or twice when he was younger, but it had never been like this.

Charles wanted to unwrap Simon, unfold all the layers inside the man, and learn what made Simon, Simon.

His Indian prince.

He supported his body on his hands and lifted off Simon, then rolled to the side. From here, he could touch, suck and kiss every precious inch of skin. He licked Simon's nipple, bringing it to a peak, and then latched onto it and sucked hard.

Simon moaned and arched upward.

The way he responded to Charles was just so fucking hot. He could barely keep from coming. With a quick stroke or two on his dick, he satisfied his need to be touched. If he let Simon touch him or suck him, he'd lose the last of his meager control.

Dragging his tongue over slightly sweaty skin, he tasted Simon. *Delicious*. He kept going, his goal the thick thatch of black hair that surrounded Simon's choice cock.

Once there, he'd suck it, then use his fingers to prep Simon, make him writhe and beg and call out Charles's name. That's what he wanted to hear, that soft pant and the throaty way Simon gasped when he came.

Just the memory of it sent shivers down his spine, straight to his balls.

He reached the nest of ebony curls and paused. Simon's cock stretched as he watched. It grew, thickening, rising up to present itself to Charles's lips.

No sense in refusing a perfectly good offer.

Charles held out his hand to lick it, get something slick between his skin and Simon's flesh.

"Check the bathroom."

"What?" Charles looked up at his lover.

"In the drawers. The room comes fully stocked for all our customers'...uh...needs." Simon blushed.

"Don't move," Charles ordered as he got off the bed.

"What? And risk being shot?" Simon chuckled.

Charles gave him a quick frown, then darted into the bathroom.

It was gorgeous. Old World decadence. Gold leaf and flocking in the same fleur-de-lis pattern covered the ballroom's walls. In the center of the room sat a gleaming white claw foot tub fashioned to look antique. He peered inside.

Whirlpool jets.

He groaned and filed it away for later. They'd need to clean up and he was positive they could both use a soak by then.

"What's taking so long?" Simon called from the bedroom, just a touch of petulance in his voice.

"This place is gorgeous."

"I know. Francis did a great job with the hotel. Really turned it around."

"Where's the stuff?" He twisted around, looking for what he needed.

"Try the drawers under the sink."

Charles went to the sink. It had been a carved mahogany buffet in another life, but now hosted twin under-mounted sinks with marble tops and gold-plated faucets. A basket sitting between the sinks held toiletries and towels. He pulled open the top drawer of the cabinet.

Good God. He'd hit the mother lode. Two boxes of condoms and two bottles of lube nestled inside. He plucked out the condom box, opened it, and took several out. After putting it back, he inspected the lube.

One bottle of *His* and one bottle of *Hers*.

"Charles," Simon called, "did you find it?"

He took the *His* and the condoms and hurried back to his impatient lover.

"Damn, you weren't kidding when you said the place was prepared." He held up his treasures.

"How many condoms did you take?" Simon's eyes gleamed; Charles hoped, with excitement, not disbelief.

"As many as I think I might need." He tossed them on the bed with a touch of arrogance.

Simon picked up a few. "Six?" He raised an eyebrow at his cowboy. "I think you're writing a check your body can't cash, outlaw."

"Oh, I can cash it, so don't you worry your purty little head about it." As hard as his dick was, Charles figured that by morning he'd just about use these up. He might even need one or two more.

He climbed on the bed and moved to kneel between Simon's legs.

"I also got some lube. It says, 'Guaranteed to make your man tingle.'" He flipped open the bottle and poured some on his fingers and rubbed them together. "Are you ready to tingle?"

* * * *

Simon nodded as he pushed up on his elbows to watch Charles take Simon's shaft in hand and stroke it, spreading the slick over his heated flesh. His dick throbbed, but before he could take more than a few breathes, he felt something different. A hint of warmth. It grew warmer and the skin on his shaft fucking *tingled*.

He moaned.

"Guess that means it's working." Charles chuckled.

Slipping back down on his back, Simon closed his eyes and focused on Charles's hands. Damn, the man knew how he liked to be touched. How did he do that?

"So good, cowboy." Simon sighed and stretched, working himself into the bed and spreading his legs even wider. God, he was a slut.

The tingling continued, intensified. The more Charles worked his dick, the more he pushed and pulled, rubbed and scraped, the better it felt. Simon's balls grew unbearably heavy.

"You need to try this, too," Simon panted out.

"All in good time, my prince," Charles said.

Still pumping, Charles slipped his fingers over Simon's balls and massaged them with the lube. Warmth spread over his sac, and it tightened in response. His dick hardened, a sweet ache settling in his groin.

"No fair. That stuff would give a limp fish wood."

"All's fair in love and war." Charles worked it into the tender skin between his balls and his back door. "I wonder what it would feel like..."

Charles quickly added more to his fingers without missing a beat of jerking Simon off and dabbed it onto Simon's opening.

This time, the warmth was immediate, the tingling intense. Simon wasn't sure if they were supposed to use it internally.

"Are you sure about this stuff? Is it safe?" He raised his head to look into Charles's eyes.

Charles picked up the bottle again and scanned it. "Yep. Perfectly safe."

Simon sighed and let his head fall back as his lover worked the lube around his tight entry. Teasing, Charles let his finger brush over it, only to withdraw. It drove Simon crazy. He wanted Charles's finger to penetrate him. Wanted him to work his prostate.

God, he needed fucking.

* * * *

"Oh, God, I need to be inside you," Charles whispered. He pushed his finger past the ring of muscles guarding Simon's sweet ass, surrounding the digit with heat and pressure. His lover was tight and Charles knew he wouldn't be able to last long once his cock was inside his prince.

Simon growled and pushed back. Charles worked his finger in and out, pressing on his gland, making Simon cry out. As he finger fucked Simon, Charles experimented with the man's reactions to what he was doing to him.

The faster he went, the harder Simon pushed back.

If he nailed his gland, Simon arched his back and hissed.

When he combined sucking Simon's prick with finger fucking him, he reduced Simon to a writhing ball of helpless man, on the verge of orgasm.

"Not yet," he ordered. "Wait until I'm inside. I want you to come on my cock."

Simon nodded, his bottom lip caught between his teeth with the effort. "Hurry."

Charles nodded and pulled out his finger, snatched up a condom and ripped into it. Faster than he'd ever done it, he rolled it on, then slicked it with more of the lube.

"Do I need to go slow? How long has it been?" He gazed into Simon's eyes.

"Not long enough." Simon shook his head, then his eyes narrowed. "If you go slow, I swear I'll get off this bed and go home."

Charles saw the truth burning in his eyes. Simon wanted to be taken and taken hard. Charles's prick swelled with that knowledge and pride, and he fully intended on giving his prince what he wanted.

"You want it fast, Simon?" He brushed the tip of his cock along the crease of Simon's ass.

"Yes." Simon hooked his arms under his knees and pulled them up, displaying his pink pucker to Charles.

"You want it hard?" Charles positioned himself at the opening.

"Yes!" Simon whimpered.

Charles took Simon's hips in his hands and pushed inside, stretching the ring, diving deep into that scorching hot tunnel.

Simon cried out, "Charles!"

He froze. "You okay?"

Simon nodded. "Fine."

"Put your legs around my waist." He guided them into position, then he leaned forward on his hands. He looked down into Simon's face, his eyes wide and dark with arousal, his lips still red and those heavily lined and lidded eyes staring up at him.

Charles couldn't help himself. He shifted his weight and ran his fingertips over Simon's face. "God, you're gorgeous. Did I tell you that?"

"No. Maybe. Am I?" Simon gave him a soft smile.

"You are." He lowered his head and planted a soft kiss on Simon's lips.

"Can I take off your mask now?"

"Yeah. I reckon there's no need for it now." He'd gotten what he'd lusted for so why not lose it? He slipped it off and tossed it aside.

Simon reached up and traced his face with his fingertips, over his brow, cheeks and down his nose. The touch sent shivers through Charles.

"I like this. You have beautiful eyes." Simon smiled.

"Aw, shucks, prince." He winked. "I ain't nothing special."

"You are to me." His lover sighed. "Fuck me, cowboy." And slapped Charles on the ass.

"Shit!" Charles cried out. The cheek of his ass stung, but it was such a good pain, so erotic that instead of hurting it made him harder. "As my prince commands."

Charles pulled out slowly, and Simon shuddered. Then he slammed home, nearly taking Simon's hips off the bed with the force of it.

"Oh, God, yes!" Simon's hands twisted in the covers.

Charles shafted his ass hard, setting a steady rhythm and speed, each thrust hitting against the gland. Beads of sweat popped out on Charles's forehead and back, matched by similar drops on Simon's chest.

He gave himself over to the act, their bodies interlocked in the most primal way, rocking back and forth, in and out, doing the age old dance of lovers.

Simon reached up and wrapped his hands around Charles's neck and his heels dug into the backs of Charles's thighs, as if Simon wanted to crawl inside, lose himself in Charles's body.

And Charles wanted to be buried inside Simon. Deep, deep inside. So deep he'd never find his way out. Not that he wanted out. He'd be perfectly content to repeat this performance anytime Simon wanted.

For the first time in a very long time, he wanted more than just sexual relief.

More than getting off or killing time.

He wanted a man.

One man.

Simon.

Chapter 11

All Simon knew was right now in this moment. He rocked in the hold of Charles's strong arms, his body receiving his lover, opening his very being to this man.

Charles angled his hips and thrust, brushing hard against Simon's prostate.

"Oh, God!" His balls slammed against his body, the strength of his orgasm gathering there, building. Charles struck again. And again.

Simon exploded, pleasure ripping through him, spilling over his belly, splashing across one nipple, trails of white on the landscape of his body.

As his channel convulsed around the thick cock trapped there, Simon felt it swell. Charles cried out his name, froze, and then shuddered, his head tossed back.

God, Charles was gorgeous when he came. Simon thought he'd never get tired of seeing the look of agonized pleasure on Charles's face. No other expression could be mistaken for it, and he was the one privy to it. Had been the cause of it.

And before the night was out, he'd see it several more times if he had anything to do with it.

Charles eased out of him, pulled off the condom, and got out of bed to dispose of it in the bathroom. He returned with a cocky walk.

"That your gunslinger strut?" Simon asked as he pushed a pillow under his head. He took his time checking out Charles's body, not at all shy about not hiding his interest.

"No. It's my I-just-fucked-a-prince strut." Charles did a little dance, hopping up and down on one foot like he was doing a war dance.

"That's not how it goes." Simon laughed.

"Sure it is. I just made it up." Charles halted his dance, and hands on his hips, stared at Simon.

"Looks like you're trying to make it rain."

"Well, only if it's raining men!" Charles held up his hands and waved them. "Hallelujah!" He winked at Simon.

Simon giggled. "I never knew cowboys could be so funny."

Charles sobered. "Cowboys are *never* funny. They're clever. They're sarcastic. They're even relevant. But they're *never* funny."

"No?"

"No. Funny is what you call one of them there tenderfoots. Not a hardened, dyed-in-the-wool, raised-in-the-saddle outlaw like me." He climbed onto the bed and flopped down next to Simon, then rose up on his elbow to glare down at him.

"Okay. Okay." Simon warded him off with his hands. "You're just a wise-ass, bad-ass outlaw."

"Damn straight." Charles nodded once. "And don't you forget it."

"I won't." Simon bit back another giggle. "It's just that...well, I was thinking."

"Yes?" Charles cocked one eyebrow.

Simon held up his hands. "Now that I'm free, I'd capture myself a cowboy." He twisted, turned, and faster than he thought he could move, he straddled Charles's waist.

He took Charles's hands in his and pushed them down on either side of his head.

"Like this." He bent over and nibbled along the edge of Charles's jaw.

Charles groaned. "Damn. Ambushed." He lifted his chin to give Simon more access to his throat.

Simon laved his way down, his lover's pulse throbbing under his tongue. He'd just come, but damn if he wasn't getting hard again. He traced a line along Charles's collarbone, to his chest, then down to his dark brown nipple.

With the very tip of his tongue, Simon circled it, then blew a soft puff of breath across the wide flat disc. It wrinkled and drew to a tight point.

Charles groaned.

"Now, you're *my* prisoner," Simon whispered against Charles's skin.

"I'm terrified." Charles chuckled.

"You should be." Simon narrowed his eyes. "What I have planned for you no man has survived."

"Scalpin?"

Simon took Charles's hair in his fist, tugged on it as if testing it, then shook his head. "No."

"Skinnin'?"

Simon ran his tongue across Charles's chest to the other nipple and licked it. "No." Charles caught his breath and held it even as he arched into Simon's mouth.

"What could be worse than that?" Charles gasped.

Simon let him go and stared into his eyes. "Torture by a thousand bites."

Charles shuddered. "Bites?"

"Indian love bites." Simon nipped his chest, and Charles hissed. "No man can stand up against them."

"I'm not just any man, prince."

"I can see that, but I don't think you will."

"And if I don't?"

"If you survive?" Simon sat back, letting his fingers take his tongue's place on Charles's body, moving over the skin in a constant glide.

"What will I win?"

"Me." Simon flicked his finger against Charles's nipple, earning a flinch and hiss from his captive. "My body. For as long as you'd care to have it."

Charles's brows shot upward and he licked his lips like a hungry man watching dinner come out of the oven. "A worthy prize. One a man, especially this man, would do anything to win."

"So." Simon sat back and gave Charles what he hoped was a smoldering look. He wanted his cowboy quaking with anticipation. "Are you ready to begin?"

"Do your worst." Charles jerked his chin up, looking so sure of himself.

Simon wasn't sure at all. He'd talked big, but he wasn't positive if what he'd planned to do to his lover would be enough to drive him over the edge. Or that he couldn't take it.

He'd never tried to torture anyone, with or without sex. Well, not torture maybe, but make them cry Uncle.

"If it's too much, if you need me to stop, if you want to give in, just say the word." Simon leaned down and bit him on the shoulder.

Charles hissed. "What word?"

"Two words really." Simon put his lips next to Charles's. "I surrender."

Charles laughed. "Surrender? Desperados *never* surrender. They go out with their guns blazing."

"Guns?" Simon looked around the bed and shrugged. In his best Mexican accent, he said, "I don' see no steenkin' guns."

* * * *

Charles groaned. At the awful joke and his own carelessness.

Talk about getting caught with your pants down.

He'd abandoned his guns when they'd stripped to bare skin. He shivered as he stared into Simon's determined eyes. He reckoned losing might be as good as winning.

Might. If it weren't for the prize.

Simon's body. For as long as he wanted it.

Hell, that might just be a very long time.

How much time did they have in the room? Checkout was usually at eleven in hotels. Eleven a.m or eleven p.m. It didn't matter which because it wouldn't be enough time.

"I'm tough as nails, prince. Bring it on," he dared.

Simon smiled, leaned down, and nipped Charles's ear. A gentle bite, nothing he couldn't deal with. Another bite. Still soft. It tickled really. If this was the best he could do, Simon would be his in no time. Another tiny nibble as

Simon worked his way up Charles's ear, each soft bite raising bumps on Charles's skin as he fought from shivering.

Okay, maybe not so easy. His dick stirred.

A quick lick to soothe, then Simon switched to his other ear. Grabbing onto Charles's earlobe, he bit, then suckled it. Charles's eyes rolled as Simon's warm, sweet breath panted in his ear.

He grabbed the sheets and held on.

Simon nipped his throat in controlled small bites. He hadn't been joking about the thousand bites. If his lover kept this up, dozens of bruises would cover Charles's body by the end.

His cock stiffened, renewed, at the thought of his body marked by his lover.

He groaned as Simon paused where neck met shoulder and clamped on as he sucked up another hickey. His cock jerked to painful fullness, begging to be touched.

He humped air.

Simon ignored him. He released Charles and resumed the tiny bites as he made his way over Charles's shoulder. To his upper arm. He stretched it out and nipped down the tender skin on the underside of his arm. Charles gasped with pleasure, more turned on than he ever thought he'd be.

Maybe this would be harder than he thought.

Maybe he'd underestimated the prince.

Maybe he'd break, surrender, and give himself to the Indian instead.

Would Simon want to keep him longer? Or when the time came to leave the room, would they just get dressed and go their separate ways?

Simon bit his chest, bringing Charles's attention back to the near torture Simon inflicted on his body.

"God," he gasped as Simon latched onto one of his nipples, raking his teeth over it, bringing its already hard point to unbearable arousal. God, his dick throbbed, screaming, "What about me? Someone suck me!"

Charles thrust his hips into the air, trying to draw attention to his cock, but Simon ignored him. And it.

How could he ignore it? Didn't he ache, too?

Simon moved deliberately over his belly, taking nips and bites as he traveled, ever so slowly, down Charles's aroused and aching body.

He ground his teeth together, ensuring no sound, not even a growl, could escape.

Simon attacked his ribs and the side of his belly with light, tickling teeth.

Charles burst out laughing. Damn it, he'd always been ticklish there.

A smug grin spread over his lover's beautiful face.

"Bastard. No fair," he got out.

"All's fair in love and war." Simon licked along his side, and Charles howled.

"Lowdown..." He laughed. Bite. "No good..." Lick. Giggle. "Cheatin'..."

Simon nibbled his way right to Charles's navel, caught a thin piece of skin between his teeth and pulled.

"Ow!" That didn't tickle.

The pain, unbelievably erotic, flew to his cock like a bee to the hive.

His lover let it go and soothed it with a soft swipe of hot tongue. Charles shuddered. His dick thickened and stood straight up as if begging for attention. If it could have, it would have waved at Simon and called out, "Me! Me! Bite me!"

Simon raised his head from Charles's body, gazed into his eyes, and licked his lips. "Surrender?"

"Never!" Charles shouted.

"Never is a hard word." Simon shrugged. "Have it your way, cowboy."

He lowered his head and bit into Charles's hip. Sharp. Unexpected. Intensely erotic. He sucked up another mark, each pull of his mouth dragging Charles's balls tighter to his body.

Simon let go, swirled his tongue over the mark, then lunged and took possession of his other hip, his hands still pressing Charles into the bed.

Charles cried out as he shot his load in a hard rush of pleasure. Fists clenched, back arched, he marked his own body with hot cum.

Chapter 12

Fountains of white ejaculate pulsed out of Charles's beautiful prick and splattered across his belly. It was so fucking hot Simon could barely stand it.

He'd been hard as steel ever since he'd started the biting and now he fucking throbbed. His own cock demanded to be stroked and to unload.

Simon knelt between Charles's legs, sat back on his calves, grabbed his shaft, and pumped. Once, twice, and on the third quick slide over the sensitive head he came, shooting jism directly on Charles's spent dick.

The streaks of his cum on his lover's body shook him to the core. He'd marked his man in more than one way, and it'd been glorious.

He wasn't finished, though.

Not until the cowboy surrendered to the Indian prince.

Using his arms to brace his body, he held himself suspended over Charles, refusing to abandon his position of dominance, knowing if he gave his cowboy a chance, he'd turn the tables on him.

"Damn, that was good," Simon whispered. He took Charles's bottom lip in his teeth and worried it. Charles moaned.

"Surrender?" he asked.

"Never."

"Good."

Simon shifted, grabbed the edge of the sheet, and wiped Charles clean. "I'll get a wet cloth later," he promised. For now, he wanted to continue his game.

"Oh, no, you don't!" Charles tensed, then surged forward, grabbed Simon by the shoulders and threw him over, landing on top of his back.

"Now, who's captive?" he growled in Simon's ear. Charles mashed Simon's face into the mattress.

"Shit."

"Say it. Say I'm the captive."

"Bite me," Simon muttered.

"Don't mind if I do."

Charles bit him on the shoulder and sucked hard. Simon squirmed beneath him, his cock filling.

Again? What was he, sixteen? What was it about Charles that got him so excited, so aroused, so damn hard?

He pushed into the mattress, the sensitive head of his dick rubbing against the soft six-hundred-count Egyptian cotton sheets, but he found no relief.

"Hold still, my prince."

"So you can bite me again?" He struggled, but Charles had him pinned and, God forgive him, he loved it.

"Yeah. You like it, don't you?" He bit Simon's other shoulder, near the back of his neck, and shivers shot through Simon.

Hell, yeah, he liked this. Too much. The weight of Charles on his back, the strength of Charles's hands as they gripped his wrists, the heat from his breath on the back of his neck. His cock hardened, pressing into the mattress. He had to bite his lip to keep from crying out, "Yes!"

"No answer?" Charles chuckled. "Perhaps I'll let you up when I hear those two words from *you*."

Simon shook his head, afraid even to speak, afraid if he did, he'd just beg the outlaw to fuck him again. Take what he wanted. God, he was shameless and a slut.

"I think I know what you want." Charles moved. A sharp sting from a bite on Simon's ass sent his breath exploding out of him in a whoosh.

"Hey!" He hadn't expected that, but he should have. He should expect anything from a desperado.

"Hmm. I like the way you taste, prince." Charles took another bite of his ass; this time sucking up what Simon knew would be a big, beautiful lover's mark.

Simon writhed on the bed, Charles clinging to one cheek of his butt like a terrier on a rat.

Then Charles released him, and Simon groaned.

The sound of a condom packet ripping open and then the squirt of lube told him the outlaw wasn't done with him. *Thank God.*

"Spread 'em!" Charles ordered with a hard slap to Simon's thigh. It stung and his flesh quivered. His dick ached. His hole convulsed in anticipation of its imminent breaching.

Charles knelt between Simon's legs now.

He had no choice. His body wouldn't refuse, no matter what his mind tried to tell it. Control and determination gave way to raw, primal hunger and the need surrender.

Simon obeyed without a sound.

Charles pushed his lube-covered fingers between the cheeks of Simon's ass and slicked him up, lingering on his opening, teasing it. Simon pushed into the touch, eager to be penetrated.

"Just relax, my prince."

A finger entered him, and he sighed with the pleasure. Charles held still while Simon fucked the digit, until he whimpered his need for something bigger and longer.

Something thicker than just one finger.

Charles's cock.

Simon shuddered. "Please." He couldn't help himself. His lover had him so worked up, so aroused, he thought he'd blow his load, wasting it on the bed.

Charles grabbed him by the hips and lifted him to his hands and knees. He placed the flared head of his cock against Simon and pushed in.

Charles echoed Simon's groan and they both held still.

"Damn, I love how you feel. You're so damn tight," Charles whispered. "Like a vise. Don't let go."

"Never." Simon squeezed his muscles around the thick rod buried in his ass.

Charles inhaled and blew his breath out in a slow exhale. Preparing. Simon waited. Time stretched.

The first withdrawal slid from his body like silk against velvet. When it slammed back inside it had become velvet over steel.

Simon cried out; the pleasure was so intense, so heady, bordering on pain. Delicious, delirious, delightful pain.

His lover shafted him, hard and fast, rocking his body with each thrust. Simon lowered his head to the bed, canted his ass just right, and Charles's hard dick swiped across his gland.

As Charles claimed his channel, a shudder raced through Simon, followed by the next, and the next, each building in his balls, pushing him with each stroke toward his release. He closed his eyes, bit his bottom lip, and tried to hold it off, to extend the ecstasy of this fucking for as long as he could manage it, but his outlaw was relentless and brutal in his taking.

Simon's body, strung so tight he thought he'd break, raced toward the edge of the chasm, hung there, battered by the steel shaft incessantly fucking him, until Charles removed his hand from Simon's hip and took possession of Simon's cock.

Stretched over Simon's back, Charles stroked him. It was the straw that broke the camel's back, the last hurtful word in an argument, the final angel dancing on the head of a pin.

It was more than Simon could take.

"I surrender!" Simon cried out as he spilled, each pulse painting the sheets, until there was nothing left to give and everything left to take.

Charles groaned, thrust once, twice, then emptied into the condom. He collapsed on Simon and they slid to the mattress, tangled in each other's arms and legs, semen and sweat.

"I surrender, too," Charles whispered in Simon's ear before giving it a gentle nip, then a tender kiss.

His lover's warm breath on the back of his neck was the last thing Simon remembered before falling asleep.

* * * *

The phone was ringing.

Simon sighed and rolled toward the noise, but something halted his body halfway there. He opened one eye and peered through the dim light of the room.

Morning.

A heavy arm draped over his chest.

His ass tingled and his dick was hard.

A soft snort sounded from behind him on the bed.

Simon smiled.

Charles.

He'd captured an outlaw last night. Brought him here to this room and he'd had the best sex of his life. And the most fun. An unexpected meeting, a chance encounter, a heated look from cool blue eyes behind a black mask.

The ringing stopped. A moment later, the red message blinked.

Simon slipped from under his lover's arm and sat on the edge of the bed. He ran his hand over his face, then stood and went to the bathroom.

After taking a piss, he checked his face in the mirror.

Smudged black bars still masked his eyes. No tracks down his cheeks from his mascara. Damn, that stuff really did work. His lips were no longer deep red, though.

He turned on the water, opened a bar of soap and worked it into a lather, then washed his face. What was left of his makeup came off, and when he patted his face dry and looked up, the Indian prince had disappeared and Simon Tai stood there.

Plain, ordinary Simon.

He sighed.

Time to face the morning. And Charles.

He turned and left, padding across the room back to the bed and stared down at his lover. Well, his lover last night. Maybe even this morning, if he played his cards right and if Charles was still interested.

He picked up Charles's mask draped over the clock. Damn, was it really ten a.m.?

The red light blinked.

He picked up the phone, put down the mask, and hit the message button.

"Simon? It's Francis. I hate to disturb you, sweetheart, but the room is booked for today. Check out is at eleven and if you and Charles are up to it, lunch is on me in the dining room at eleven-thirty. TTFN!"

Simon groaned. So much for a round of morning sex.

He sat on the bed and stared around the room. His buckskin dress sat in a pile on the floor and his wig lay in one corner. A pair of pistols and their holster were next to the bed and Charles's boots peeked out from under the vest and chaps.

A strong hand reached for him, wrapped around his arm and pulled him back down.

"Good morning." Charles smiled at him before landing a perfect kiss on his lips.

"Morning." Simon sighed. "They need the room by eleven."

"What time is it?" Charles scrubbed his face with the palms of his hands.

"Just after ten."

"Shit. That late?" He flopped back on the bed, taking Simon with him, seeming not to want to let Simon go.

Why did that make him so happy? It was stupid, really.

Simon rolled onto his side. "You can have the first shower, if you want."

"I want. Especially if you're in there with me." He gave Simon a wicked grin.

"We don't have much time."

"I don't need much time." Charles threw back the covers, revealing his stiff prick.

"Morning wood." Simon sniffed.

"Simon wood." He swatted the thick rod and it bounced back as if eager to get to work.

Simon laughed and rolled his eyes. "Whatever."

Charles swung his legs over the edge of the bed as he sat up. "Last one there is a rotten egg!" He slapped Simon on the ass and bolted.

Simon followed in hot pursuit, but Charles beat him there.

"No fair!" Simon panted as he clung to the doorway of the bathroom.

Charles leaned over the claw foot tub and turned on the faucets. "All's fair, baby."

He put his hands on his hips and cocked his head. "Baby? What happened to prince?"

"I like baby. Suits you."

"I am not a baby." Simon shook his head as he tested the water. *Perfect.*

"Sure you are." No sense arguing about it, so Simon let it go. Besides, he kind of liked the endearment.

They got in and pulled the shower curtain around the oblong shower rod, blocking out the world. Simon took the soap, lathered up and began to wash.

Charles took the soap from him. "Let me. I know just what I want cleaned."

He ran the bar over Simon's chest, down to his belly, then with one hand, covered Simon's hard cock with foamy soap.

Simon groaned and thrust his hips into the tight grip. "God, Charles, I love when you touch me."

"I love it, too." Charles took down the showerhead and used it to rinse the lather off. "Perfect. Clean as a whistle."

Simon smiled down at him. "You know how to whistle, don't you?"

"Sure. You just put your lips together and blow." Charles delivered the line like a pro. Then he went to his knees, took Simon's shaft in his hand and, like a pro, sucked Simon's cock to the back of his throat.

Simon cried out and buried his hands in Charles's wet hair to hold himself upright and steady.

Charles worked his dick, tongue licking, cheeks hollowed, deep-throating Simon until his balls slammed against his body, his spine tingled and he emptied down that incredible throat. "Charles!"

As his lover worked him through his aftershocks, Simon sighed, sated and happy.

Charles released him, licked his chin to catch a stray drop, then gave him a kiss as he slid to his butt in the tub and leaned back, trying to catch his breath.

"Come here, let me finish you off," Simon offered.

"That's okay. I came when you did." Charles laughed. "Come on. Let's get clean and dressed." He got to his feet and offered Simon a hand up.

They showered, Charles took a leak, and they headed back to the bedroom.

"Damn!" Simon picked up his dress. "I don't have anything to wear but the dress from last night."

Charles burst into laughter. "You're going to be a sight walking to your car."

"Me?" Simon pointed as Charles slipped into his vest and picked up his jeans. "What about you? Together we look like we've just tried out for the Village People." He giggled.

"YMCA!" Charles sang out, doing the dance moves.

Simon lost it and flopped back on the bed in gales of laughter. "Stop! Seriously. We have to get dressed and out of here."

"Okay. Sheesh, you're the manager. Can't you do something?"

"No. Francis called. They need the room." He shrugged. "But he did invite us to lunch."

"Great! I'm starved!" Charles pulled on his jeans and buttoned them up.

"Worked up an appetite, did you?"

"Sure. I'm always hungry after I've had a little Chinese." Charles grinned and winked.

Simon groaned. "I'm Korean."

"Really?" Charles stared at him, eyes narrowed. "Yeah, right. Korean."

"Is that a problem?" Simon tensed.

"No. Is it for you?" Charles pushed his foot into one boot and looked up.

"What do you mean?"

"Well. You're Korean. I'm not. I just thought..." He trailed off.

"What?" Simon slipped on the dress and pulled it down over his hips.

"Your family? Are they okay with you seeing a white guy?"

Simon shrugged. "They're dealing pretty well with my being gay. Having a boyfriend who isn't Korean won't kill them."

Charles strapped the holster around his lean hips and put on his hat. "A boyfriend, huh?"

Simon picked up the wig and turned to face Charles. He searched deep into those beautiful blue eyes for a hint of the right answer.

"Well..." He shrugged. "Who else are you going to play cowboys and Indians with?"

Charles laughed. "Only my Indian princess."

"That's prince. I was in disguise, remember?"

"Right. My prince." Charles sauntered to the door. "Ready?"

Simon took a last look around the room. Other than the disaster of the bed, it looked clean and neat. "Ready."

Charles opened the door. "After you, baby."

Simon moved forward, but Charles stopped him with an arm across the doorway. "Wait."

Simon looked up just as Charles claimed his mouth in a hard kiss. Simon moaned and melted into it, threading his hand up the back of Charles's neck and into his hair.

A cough from the hallway broke them apart.

The maid stood in the corridor next to her cart piled high with clean white towels, small wrapped bars of soap and tiny bottles of shampoo.

Simon blushed and headed for the elevator, with Charles right behind him.

He pushed the button, the elevator clanged, and the lift started.

"I still think the eyeliner is sexy as hell, my prince," Charles whispered in Simon's ear.

The elevator arrived, the door opened, and Simon, shoved from behind, flew inside, landing against the bars at the back. Charles covered his body, pinning him to it and bit Simon's ear. What had to be Charles's erection pushed into his ass, making the muscles protecting his channel pucker and pulse with need.

Simon groaned. "Damn you, masked man."

Epilogue

One month later...

"Are you sure about this?"

"Positive."

Simon leaned forward, the eyeliner steady in his hand, and painted a perfect line across his eyelid. "See? I've been practicing."

"I wasn't asking about your abilities, just your decision to wear it to dinner with Francis." Charles kissed his lover on the temple.

Simon's thick black hair stood up in one-inch spikes all over his head. The black liner circling his eyes added to the sexy look. God, the man made him so fucking hard.

"We're going out after. I don't want to put it on in the car." Simon frowned.

"Okay, forget I asked." Charles held up his hands.

Simon closed the liner and laid it on the bathroom counter. "I'm ready."

Charles slipped behind his lover and wrapped his arms around Simon. "So am I." He bumped Simon's ass with the erection he sported under the black jeans.

"No, you're not." Simon shook his head and caught Charles's gaze in the mirror. "Did you forget?"

Charles groaned. "Really? Do I have to?"

"You lost last night, didn't you?" Simon glared at him. 87

Yeah, he'd lost the damn bet. Again. He should know better than to let Simon ambush him, tie him up like a wayward calf and go all outlaw on him.

"I lost." Charles sighed.

"Say it." Simon's eyebrow cocked upward.

"I surrender," Charles growled out.

"Now, just hold still. It won't hurt at all." Simon picked up the liner, unscrewed the cap and then turned to face Charles. "You're going to look so hot in this I'll have to beat the boys off you."

Charles held still as Simon applied the eyeliner. Simon finished, leaned back, and then gave a low, "Hot damn!"

He glanced in the mirror, bracing himself.

Shit. He looked *good*.

Simon closed the liner and tossed it down. "Let's go, baby." He swatted him on the ass.

Charles opened his mouth to say something, but words failed him. He wanted to protest, wanted to claim he was too butch to wear this stuff, wanted to... He took another look in the mirror.

Hot. Sexy. Dangerous.

He grabbed Simon's hand and pulled him against the door. Burying his hands in Simon's hair, he tilted Simon's head and claimed his mouth. Charles put all his desire, his lust and, most important, his love into that hard kiss and when he broke away, they were both gasping for air.

Simon sighed and pulled Charles to him again, their foreheads pressed together, noses touching, lips brushing.

Simon whispered, "Damn you, masked man. I surrender, too."

Lynn Lorenz

Ms. Lorenz lives in Katy, Texas, just west of Houston, with her husband, two teens and a neurotic dog. Originally from New Orleans, she's had gay men in her life since high school, so writing gay romance came naturally for her.

She started writing as a young teen, angsty poetry and short stories, attended the University of New Orleans as an English major, but switched to Fine Art, graduating with a B.A. She put down her paintbrush and picked up a pen just three years ago, and hasn't stopped writing yet.

Although previously published, *David's Dilemma* is the first of her books with Amber Quill's Amber Allure line, and she plans on releasing more with them.

Find out more about Lynn at www.lynnlorenz.com.

* * * *

***Don't miss David's Dilemma, by Lynn Lorenz,
available at AmberAllure.com!***

When David's father moves in, David loses more than his study. He loses his life. His father has Alzheimer's and each day is a struggle for both of them. His father's blunt, bigoted attitudes about David's lifestyle, friends and neighbors pushes David out of his circle of support and into a world of loneliness, repeated conversations, and the fear that his father will wander off or burn down the house while David's at work.

With David's life in turmoil, now is not the right time to meet a man. And definitely not the time to try to have a romantic relationship. But when his father does wander off, David turns to the local police for help, and he meets Detective Travis Hart.

Travis's life is not much better. Just coming off a nasty break up with his much younger lover, Travis struggles with his attraction to David. A rebound romance is not what Travis is looking for; he wants commitment and forever. Both men realize what they really need at this point in their lives is not a lover, but a best friend.

Through phone calls, they begin a friendship and share the moments in their days, David's coping with his father and Travis's struggle with his job as a cop. But as their friendship and attraction turns into the love, David's father spirals deeper into a disease that robs him of memory and replaces it with fear and delusions, until the situation becomes something that neither David or Travis ever expected...

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