



Games People Play: Adrenaline

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Chapter One

"T." Someone nudged him from his corner on the sofa. "T, there's a party in Tahoe, man."

Oh. Travis liked Tahoe. Liked it a lot. "We could all go to Mt. Rose, huh? Snowboard?"

It was early enough, there should still be snow.

Snow rocked.

Snowboarding. Skiing. Rolling around. Hot buttered rum. Hot tubs.

Dude.

There was nothing sexier than a naked guy with a Stetson in a hot tub.

"You know it, man. Me and Harry, we got a Blazer. Harry's following. We'll just jump in at the next pit stop." Man, not only did Jeff play a mean guitar, he had a cousin who would do anything for a laugh and a case of beer, not to mention a blowjob. Harry made a good looking groupie, too. Too bad the little bastard was getting grumpy in his old age.

"I'm in. Don't tell Saul or Donnie. They'll get all tense about making that show in LA."

He'd make the show. Maybe not the rehearsal, but the show? He'd make.

"Cool. You want a guitar? You got four days. You'll want to write."

Man, Jeff knew all about him, huh? Too bad the man was seriously addicted to boobies. "You know it."

The bus finally pulled in at the diesel stop -- a Loves or something -- and he and Jeff were just about ready to jump ship when the damned door hissed open, and not to let them out to buy souvenirs and go potty.

Nope, this was to let someone on. The guy was tall, broad, and dressed in jeans so old they were almost transparent, worn long over plain brown cowboy boots. A brown leather jacket and a winter Stetson completed the look.

Well, well.

Huh. Jeff's greasy head came in close. "Who's that?"

"Dunno. Doesn't matter, really, 'less he's a reporter." That would suck. Travis didn't like when the reporters got on the fucking bus. He had enough trouble with groupies.

Travis rolled up, headed right over. "Hey, there. I'm Travis. You are?"

Friend? Foe? Psychopathic killer? Lost cowboy? Reporter?

One big, square hand poked out to grab his, shaking firmly. "Wyatt Chastain. I'm your new personal security."

"Huh?" Wyatt? Like in Earp? "You probably need to talk to the management types. We're just flunkies back here. Guitar bunnies."

Nobody important. Just guys fixin' to hop into a truck and head to the slopes. La la la.

"Oh, I talked to the management. That's why I'm here." The guy tilted his head, eyes the color of black coffee narrowing. "I thought you'd be taller, man."

Oh. Oh, no he didn't.

The whole bus went quiet, the guys backing right off. God fucking save him from tall bastards with too long legs and an attitude. He might be little but...

His fist connected good and hard against the man's chin, knocking the black hat right off. "Get him off my bus."

It might have been a little more dramatic if that guy didn't have a fucking jaw of steel and a smile like a shark on the hunt for a seal. "Not bad. But I ain't going anywhere."

"Paul, call Rick and tell him we've got a problem. Jeff, come with me, we'll find Vicki." He nodded toward the door, slipping around big, bad and toothy. They'd hop in the Blazer and deal with this in LA next week.

"Whatever you say, T." Jeff knew how to play.

"The Blazer's gone, by the way," Wyatt said, just leaning on the little bucket chair, arms crossed.

Goddamn it. Jeff's cell started ringing. "'lo? Harry! Dude! Where'd you bug out to?"

Travis didn't say a word, just headed to the door. Who the fuck was this big guy and how the *hell* did the asshole know about Harry and...

Dude.

The Harley.

He made it out, but damned if big and bristly didn't come along. "You know, you have a head on the bus."

"You sure?" Go away, man. He slipped between two gas pumps, dodging this old dude that looked like a wooden Indian.

"I am. Look, would you stop hopping along like a jackrabbit on speed? I'm sticking with you, no matter what."

"I don't need sticking with. I'm off 'til next week." He was getting the Harley out, going. Oh, dude. Green apple Jolly Ranchers. He headed into the Loves, grabbing the gimme cap out of his pocket and pulling it on.

"You think? What about the goat? Or that thing where you tried to climb the volcano at the Mirage?"

Oh, dude, this guy was way too well informed.

"The volcano needed climbing. What? Did you fuck Vicki or something?" Everybody knew his manager babbled during sex.

"No. I got a report on you from your management team. I don't go in blind." Wyatt followed him into the store. "Hey, they've got peach rings."

"Go in where?" He grabbed a case of energy drinks and... where the fuck was the beef jerky?

"To a job. Do you have hearing loss? I know some musicians do. I did say I was your new security." The big ape took the energy drinks away from him, setting them back on the shelf.

"You. I. What are you doing?" He was going to explode in a burning ball of flame. Was that a song? No, that was a burning ring of fire.

Jeff came in, touched his arm. "Harry's gone, man. Vicki and this big asshole were waiting."

"Those things cause kidney stones." Big guy stared at Jeff. "You shouldn't encourage him."

"Fuck that." He and Jeff managed it together, then he grabbed the case back and headed to the counter, Jeff starting enough shit to distract Big and Not Terribly Rich. "Hey there, ma'am. I need this, two bags of beef jerky, and a carton of Camels."

"Oh! My! God! You're Travis Reed! Oh God! Will you sign my shirt?"

Fuck him raw.

"Honey, he'll be happy to if you ring him up and keep it down." Wyatt moved in, all smiles, but all steel, and before he knew it he'd signed the chickie's boob, gotten his smokes and drinks, and was back on the bus.

Without anyone else even seeing him.

The bus was almost empty, but for Rick, the tour manager, looking nervous as hell, shifting from foot to foot on the weird-assed purple carpet they'd bought from a Navajo lady last tour. "Boss? You... Everything cool?"

"You got something to tell me?" He popped the top of one can, started chugging.

"Vicki sent him. Said he's security. He shouldn't be a problem. You're just so recognizable now, you know, Boss? What if someone was stalking you or something?"

Rick was a hell of an organizer and a kick-ass manager, but a really shitty liar.

Damn, that drink hit the spot. He grabbed number two. "Stalking me? Have you noticed any stalkers?"

"Well, you sure get recognized a lot more. And you know, when you snarl at people for telling you they thought you would be taller..."

Wyatt laughed right out loud at that.

"Rick. I will fire you." He was fucking tired of that joke.

"Sorry, Boss. He shouldn't get in your way. At all. Really. We can just get on the road and head toward LA."

Yeah, and miss the whole ski thing. He didn't think so.

"We're going to Tahoe. All of us. I want to see the snow."

"So we go to Tahoe. All of us. That works." The man just had this thing. Arrogance. Yeah, that was it.

"Whatever. Jeff, I'll see you tomorrow. Rick, find the new guy a bunk. I got stuff to do." Songs to write. Movies to watch. Stuff.

"Night, T." Rick and Jeff disappeared like smoke, leaving him with the new guy... With no bunk.

"You better hurry. The busses are fixin' to roll." Jesus, he had a headache. "Brenda? Honey?"

The biggest, baddest bull dyke on Earth grinned over from the cab, gold tooth shining. "Yeah, T?"

"We're going to Tahoe."

"No shit? Cool. I got you, T. No worries. We'll drive on."

"You're a doll." Maybe Brenda could help him kick the big guy's ass.

Nah.

He'd manage.

"Do you have a spare tire iron in here?"

"Nope. Sorry, honey. There might be a mic stand in back." The bus started rolling, Brenda getting them going. With the dude on the bus.

Fuck a duck backward.

Chapter Two

The kink in his neck liked to kill him, but Wyatt figured the first day had gone all right.

Hell, the little guy hadn't gotten anyone pregnant, hadn't wrecked a car or stolen anyone's cow. It was a good day. Even if he did have a terrible headache.

They'd made it to Tahoe and were holed up in a private lodge. Wyatt had checked the place out, and it was sound. And Travis, well, he was sacked out in the hot tub. So maybe Wyatt could take an aspirin.

The little guy was bobbing away, just dead to the world, wearing nothing but a cowboy hat. Christ. Little, but packed with muscle, there wasn't a spare inch of fat on the little guy. Not a spare inch of fat. Not a hair from the eyebrows down. Not a tan line.

Travis Reed was a stud -- from the wicked glint in those eyes to the string of number one hits and the sold-out arena tour schedule. Shit, in a universe where boy bands and vapid blondes were all the rage, Travis was a stand-out.

And more than a little bit of a disaster.

The door opened and the band tumbled in, drunk and loud, waking Travis up with a splash.

Wyatt had learned one thing -- his new primary could wake on a goddamn dime.

Sighing, Wyatt went to work, putting himself between the band and Travis. "Sounds like a good night."

"Get outta the way, Gigantor." The lead guitarist -- Jeff, aka Most Likely to Lead Travis into Danger -- whistled. "T! Midnight snowboarding!"

"Dude." Travis hauled himself up, grabbed a towel. "I'm in. Give me ten minutes."

"Jesus, do you do every hare-brained thing they want to do?"

Bright blue eyes met his, looking tired as fuck, really. "Are they paying you to think, man?"

"Yeah, actually, they are. You need some rest, man. You can do something really stupid tomorrow, I promise. But tonight you need to sleep." Hell, even he didn't have dark circles that black.

"Don't harsh our mellow, man." The fiddle player had her hand in the percussionist's jeans, and then there were the random people he'd never seen before.

He rolled his eyes. "Mellow somewhere else. The star needs a break." He made himself really damned big; he was good at that. And he was damned tired, too.

"T?" Jeff looked around him.

"Y'all go on. I'll be there in a minute. I need clothes."

Jesus. Fuck. The band filed out, and Wyatt turned on his new primary, trying not to growl. "You should get some rest, man."

"Thanks for the input. Rest is for the dead." Travis didn't get out of the hot tub, though, head falling back on the edge as the little guy slid back into the water with a sigh.

"Uh-huh." Grinning, Wyatt went to the door and poked his head out. "Y'all go on. Travis's gonna soak a while longer." Then he closed the doors and locked the fuckers. Goddamn, the man had more camp followers than the Russian army.

"God, this thing is amazing. I should get one for the band." The blue eyes opened, closed, opened again.

"Sure. You could drown them all in it." Shit. He was sounding snarly as Hell. He usually prided himself on being calm.

The bark of laughter surprised him. Low and husky and just honest as fuck -- Travis didn't hold back a bit. "Tell me how you really feel, man."

"Sorry. I mean, I'm not, just sorry I was snappish. What I really think is that you need a night off, just to sleep. Maybe even alone..."

One eyebrow rose a little. "Oh. Shit, look. If you want to go party, man. Go. I don't mind. You don't have to sneak off."

"No. No, what I want is to sleep without worrying about you going out there and getting frostbite on your nuts snowboarding naked." Or something. The man had the worst impulse control issues Wyatt had ever seen. And the hottest little body.

"Can you get frostbite on your nuts? Is that a song?"

"Uh. Yes, and you're the musician." Christ, he needed to not give the guy ideas. "Look, you mind if I take my boots off?"

"Nope. Not at all. Hell, if you want, you can share the hot tub. It's big."

Well, now. Wyatt pondered the wisdom of that for a minute, then decided he could keep an eye on Travis from in there just as easy as from out and started stripping down.

Travis reached out, turned the bubbles back up, giving him a brief look at the long, muscled back, a long line of music inked from right shoulder to left thigh.

"So does that mean anything, or is it just pretty?" He'd failed to learn to read music when he was four, and his piano teacher had whacked him hard with the little music stand thingee, right on the knuckles. He was still a Neanderthal, just like she'd called him then.

"Hmm? The score? It's the bridge of the first number one hit I wrote -- *Running toward a Breakdown*."

"Cool." Sinking into the water, Wyatt sighed. "Oh. Good. Thanks."

"Mmmhmm. I'm not real big on formality, man. Take what you need."

Jesus. No wonder the management had hired him. Take what he needed? His whole body sorta went, hello! Wyatt sank a little deeper in the water. "Uh. Thanks."

"No problem." Those little legs floated up, making him grin. Jesus. "So where you from, man?" Travis asked.

"Huh? Oh. West Texas. Little place called Alpine. My people are in northeast Texas now, though. You?" He knew Travis was from Arkansas somewhere.

"Waldo, Arkansas. Near Texarkana. Lots of toothless people and trees."

"Shit. I got lots of guys with no fingers, and no trees." West Texas was far superior to Arkansas, though. Far.

"Dude, missing fingers makes it hard to play guitar. How long are you contracted for and shit?" One leg lifted from the water, ankle getting a scratch.

Wyatt had to look away, because he could see every bit of Travis' business, and he liked what he saw. "Depends, I guess. I'm on for the tour, at least."

"The summer tour? That's a good while. You'll figure it. We've got LA, then we go for a four week break, three weeks of rehearsal in Nashville. Twenty eight weeks on the road."

"Yeah." Shit, yes, that was a long time if he was going to have to do the whole kick the band out nightly.

"Don't look so worried. I keep telling you, what Vicki don't know won't hurt her. Just like the Harley. It don't hurt her. Or the bungee jumping. Man, I bet there are some kick ass places to do that here."

"Bungee jumping." Well, what could he say? He'd done that once. "It ain't all that."

"I did it once in Australia, broke a wrist hitting the water. It was fucking weird."

"Yeah. Broken wrists make it hard to play guitar, too." Damn. Wyatt did the only thing he could do when faced with all that bobbing and bouncing. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

"No shit." Travis managed to float quietly for, oh, six more minutes before Wyatt heard a splash and wet feet padding around, the sound of a can opening.

Fuck. Not that he had to get up. Not unless the primary left the room.

But Travis didn't. He heard the sounds of drinking, then the guitar playing started. Goddamn, talk about bouncing from one thing to another. Someone had an attention problem. Good thing Wyatt knew how to focus. Oh, that was some good strumming.

The songs went on, one after another -- some things sounded familiar, some didn't. It just kept coming, muted and steady. Hell, it was the longest little bit had settled on one thing that he'd seen.

Wyatt finally stood, water sluicing off him, and grabbed a towel. "You're pretty good at that." He snorted. "Guess you know that, though."

"I don't suck at it. I'm nowhere near the picker some of the guys are. I don't have to be."

"I guess not." Way to make conversation and stop the music. Wrapping the towel around his waist, Wyatt went to grab a Coke. "I'm sorry if I'm bothering you, man."

"Nope. I'm used to having people around. Hand me another of those Red Bulls, would ya?"

"You know, there's this thing called sleep. It recharges the batteries way better than caffeine." He glanced over, shaking his head at the sight of naked but for guitar man.

"You're all about that sleeping thing. It's weird."

"Normal folks sleep, honey." Sleep, weird. And people said he had issues.

"You've been with us three days. Have you seen anything normal yet?"

"No. But that doesn't mean you can't sleep. You want a pill?" He had those. For when he needed to crash.

He got a casual shrug. "Sure, if they work. Although snowboarding would probably wear my ass out, too."

"Yeah, but a pill won't freeze your ass off." Lord. The man was just an accident waiting to happen.

"True." The guitar was put away and Travis wandered over, found a pair of tiny shorts. "How'd you get this job, anyway?"

"I do security. They were hiring." He was known in the business for being able to deal with the difficult ones. It worked.

"Huh. I really don't need protection, you know? Most of the groupies are sweethearts."

"I'm not here to protect you from them." Since Travis wasn't watching him, he watched Travis, admiring that ripped belly.

"I swear to God, if you tell me you're here to protect me from myself, I'm going to go do something stupid." That was the tightest little six-pack... Really.

"Okay, then, I won't tell you." Idly scratching his own belly, Wyatt shook his head. "It's not just that, though."

"So? What else is it?" One eyebrow arched, bright blue eyes staring at him.

"A bit of all sorts of shit, honey." The label was worried about a lot of stuff. "You leave that to me."

That eyebrow went higher. "Leave it to you? Leave what to you?"

Wyatt stared over, just cussing himself for going beyond the 'you need a keeper' speech. "Nothin' you need to worry on."

"Huh." Travis stood up, headed across the hotel room toward the door to his room. "Night."

Oh, now. That was a sure sign of someone fixing to do something stupid. He really didn't want to have to camp outside the man's bedroom window. "Night."

Travis nodded, waved as he disappeared, door clicking shut and locking.

Goddamn. Wyatt grabbed up his clothes and pulled them on. He'd get his coat, make sure Travis went to bed, not out in the snow.

Damn it all.

It was gonna be a long night.

Okay. So. He had a fucking keeper?

That had secrets and shit?

Fuck that.

Travis got dressed, quick as he could, texting the crew to have them pick him up at the little convenience store about two miles off. Okay. Now, was wonder-guard waiting inside or outside?

He listened, waiting for something to give him a clue. One way or the other, he couldn't hear shit. Damn it. The guy wasn't natural.

He dialed Jeff, whispering. "Dude. Can you like set the hotel on fire or something?"

Jeff laughed. "Shit, you should have come with us. We're snowboarding naked."

"You're not coming to get me?" Oh, they were all fired.

"In an hour, maybe? This is really cool."

"Fuckhead. I'm heading out. You send somebody, naked or not, to pick me up."

"Hey, you get past big and ugly and we'll send someone. But it has to be far enough away that he can't shoot us."

"He wouldn't shoot you." He didn't think the guy even carried. Wyatt sure hadn't in the hot tub. Well, there'd been a nice-sized weapon there, but...

Yeah.

"He might. Jesus, T. Have you looked at that man?"

They were cowards. All of them. "Uh-huh." He was pissed off, not dead. "You're all fired."

"Uh-huh."

"I mean it."

"We're fired again, guys!" A whopping and hollering started up.

Fuckers.

Okay, the window was the logical choice, but the front door allowed for running and God knew he could run like the wind.

He headed out, moving quiet and quick. La la la. There he went.

He'd made it maybe fifty yards when someone tackled him, taking him down like a professional football player. Boom. Uh. Ow.

Dude.

He rolled, cussing like a sailor, doing his dead-level best to get loose.

"I swear to God. I'm gonna tie you up and feed you Valium. Are you just stupid, or are you really that reckless?" Wyatt. The man straddled him, holding him down, all that weight pressing him into the snow.

"I'm not a prisoner, asshole. I can go and do." Fuck, he was cold. And tired.

"Yeah. You can. But tonight, you're gonna stay in and rest." How the guy managed to get up and haul him up over one shoulder all in one move, he didn't know. But goddamn.

Fuck, he was getting a woody. Fuckhead. "Put me down!"

"Nope. Look, I'll tell you what you want to know, okay? Don't get all fucking defensive and run on me." Hustling him inside, Wyatt set him down, holding his arms to his sides. "Don't make me tie you up."

"This has got to be illegal, man." He tensed up, muscles damn near creaking under those hands.

"Oh, come on." Those eyes just bored into his, like the man was a damned king cobra or something. "Would you just hold on? I'm not just blowing smoke out my ass."

"What are you doing, then? Huh? What is your fucking deal? I'm a goddamn singer! Who the fuck cares if I snowboard naked?" Dude, screaming like that would blow his pipes.

Still, it was incredibly fucking cathartic.

"Man, you got a set of lungs on you." That smile was completely unexpected, pretty as could be, with a ton of smile lines.

"Yeah. It's my job." Jackass. Still, he felt better.

"And this is mine. Like it or not. I'm cold as a witch's tit in a brass bra. Can we sit?" Well, well. Big and brawny could do reasonable.

"Yeah?" This was very down the rabbit hole, really. Oh, man. That would be a kick ass hook for a song.

"Yeah. Come on. We'll have some coffee with a shot of whiskey." Slowly, cautiously, Wyatt let him go.

He stood there a second, then headed for the sofa. Coffee sounded good. "I like coffee."

"Good. I make amazing Joe." Those long legs ate up the space between the door and the kitchenette, the man moving with a sweet economy of motion.

Fuckhead.

He shrugged off his jeans jacket, tugged his legs under him. "So. Talk. What's your deal?"

"My deal is to keep you from putting yourself in danger." Wyatt turned and held up a hand. "Not from yourself, though you sure have that rep. You've been getting threats, honey."

"From who?" Threats? Hell, why would anyone threaten him? Why wouldn't Vicki just tell him?

"We don't know yet, but this isn't your average fan hate mail. Someone knows too much." Okay, okay, he could tell Wyatt was serious. Not just fobbing him off.

"Well, shit. We just need to look at changing the set up on the stage. Make sure that the fans can't rush us."

"No. This is someone who knows you like to snowboard naked, man. Do you get me?" Wyatt stared right at him, dead serious.

"I." No.

No.

No way.

No fucking way.

"It has to be a joke." They'd been touring together since the beginning. He knew all these people. Knew them.

"Well, if it is, it's a nasty one." The coffee started to perk, smelling fine, but turning his stomach anyway.

"I." Okay. Okay. Breathing. Breathing was good. He liked breathing. "The guys have sick senses of humor."

That was it. Just the guys fucking with Vicki and Rick.

"Well, until we figure it, I'm keeping you close." His stomach settled right down when Wyatt gave him a cup of coffee with a shot of Jack, warming up his fingers.

He sat there, talking at himself, good and hard. One, if the guy was telling the truth, his crew was playing jokes. If the guy was just trying to make him sit still and be good? Then fuck the bastard.

"You okay?" Squatting down, Wyatt put one hand on his knee, the big fucking thing covering half his upper leg.

"Yeah. Sure. I'm good." He was feeling way too much like he'd fucking lost his center here. "I think I'm going to head to the bus. Sleep there."

"Sure. I'll come with you." The guy stood up. And up and up. Jesus.

"You don't have to." Travis stood up, swaying a little from the mixture of tired and booze and hot tub and...

Dude, that was some strong whiskey.

"Yeah." Wyatt put an arm around him, leading him on out, right to the bus. "Yeah, I do."

"Jesus, I should have gone to play." Travis let himself be led up the stairs, the smells of the bus familiar, home.

"You need to sleep, man. What do you have against sleep?" Oh, his bunk felt soft, somehow softer than any fancy lodge bed.

"Nothing. Can do it when I'm..." Oh. Oh, sweet Jesus. So good. His bed felt so good.

"Uh-huh." Those hands pulled off all the clothes he'd put on, then covered him right up with his blankets. "Night, honey."

"You. You got a place for..." He hated for his people to not have what they needed. "For you to sleep?"

"Yep. I'm good. You just get some rest." There was something there... Something that sounded almost fond. Helped him relax.

"kay..." He got a pat on the butt and that was it, he was sound asleep.

Chapter Three

Wyatt sighed, trying to roll over. Shit, that couch thing? Not at all comfy.

Stretching, he got up to go check on Travis, who was dead to the world. Go him. Like water over stone, he'd worn the man down.

Probably scared him half to death, too.

Damn it, he hadn't meant to go into it, but he figured the only way to get Travis not to go snowboard naked was to tell him the truth. The management was probably gonna have his ass. That bunk looked way comfier than the bitty couch... Wyatt eyed the space next to Travis, pondering what kind of trouble he'd get into if he slept next to the primary.

Then he said a mental fuck it and slid in gently, careful not to wake Travis when he dozed off...

He woke up with a hard little body wrapped around him, little crew cut tickling his jaw, callused fingers resting on his belly.

Shit. That was gonna. Okay, too late. It had got him springing wood. Damn it. Travis felt damned good, warm and muscled and sleepy. Travis stretched, morning wood sliding on his thigh, hot through tighty-whities and his pants. Okay. Okay, time to go. Wyatt didn't want to take advantage of anyone, and he felt kinda sleazy for letting Travis think he was whoever Travis was thinking he was in the man's dreams.

Wyatt started to slide away, his ass hanging off the bunk.

Travis' eyes popped open, staring at him. "Dude. Hey. You get some sleep?"

"Huh? I. Yeah." He had, hadn't he? "I did. You feel better?" Standing was a lot easier than it had been a few hours back, after the couch. Of course, he kinda had to hold his hands in front of him to hide the stiffy.

"I guess?" Little bit just didn't have a touch of self-consciousness in him, did he? Nope. He just hopped up, briefs all tented, heading for the john.

Staring, Wyatt shook his head at himself. Maybe someone who lived in the limelight didn't have room for modesty. Was a nice show, at least. Nice, hell, that hard ass made some promises, tight and high and sorta like a bubble. He approved.

His hands were rubbing up and down against his thighs when Wyatt glanced down, and he sighed at himself. Coffee. He should make coffee. And find out where the rest of the band was.

"You okay, man?" Travis' head appeared around the doorframe, looking him up and down.

"Uh. Well, no. I have a hard-on that won't quit. Otherwise I'm good, though." Shee-it. He was losing it.

"It's a good look for you." Okay. That was... unexpected. "Real good."

"Yeah? Well, the whole shorts thing is good on you. You feel good in bed, too." Diarrhea of the mouth. That was the only excuse for it.

"Yeah? I was having the greatest fucking dream, man. You were having a good time." Look at that body move...

"Was I?" Slinky. Just... Fucking hot. His hand sorta started rubbing somewhere else, right against the seam of his jeans.

"Yeah, buddy. I wasn't hurting any myself. Prob'ly still smell like you." He could see every fucking muscle move, shift and play under that smooth skin.

Wyatt spread his stance a little, humping his own hand pretty good. "Yeah. I. You were clinging like a limpet when I woke up."

"You don't look like you minded." Travis leaned against the wall, hand pushing those shorts down and off, letting him see bare cock, hard and proud as anything.

"No." Was that his voice, all strangled and hard? His fingers found the tab on his zipper, pulling it right down. "No, I guess I got impulse control issues of my own, honey."

Travis' nostrils flared, those blue eyes going heavy-lidded. "That's a bad thing?"

"Can be. Right now I can't see why." Moaning a little, Wyatt fished out his cock, stroking it for Travis, right out in the open.

"Look at you." Those muscled legs went wide, Travis using both hands. One worked the thick, curved cock, the other rolled and tugged those sweet, bare-skinned balls.

Jesus fuck. He could smell the man. And why wasn't he over there touching? Wyatt moved, his legs fucking shaking. Travis met him halfway, their skin slapping together, the heat going supernova.

Christ. He reached for Travis' cock, needing to feel what he'd been watching. Oh. So much better than touching his own cock. That was nothing compared to the callused fingers wrapped around his cock, the rough thumb working the tip like he was one of those goddamn guitars.

His back arched, his head falling back on his neck. "Jesus Christ, man. That's. Fuck, that feels just right."

"Uh-huh." Travis' free hand pushed under his T-shirt, sliding right up his belly to pull and pinch at his nipples.

His own hand kept working Travis, up and down, up and down, while he grabbed one bare shoulder with his other hand, pulling the man closer. "More."

"Yeah. Yeah, man. I got you." That was no fucking lie. He'd heard of being played like a guitar; he'd never fucking felt it before. Now he knew. Wyatt bent a little, lips trailing along next to Travis' ear, tongue coming out to taste a little. Oh, somebody liked that, hand tightening on his cock, belly rippling a little.

That had him biting, not enough to leave a mark, just enough to make Travis feel it. He pushed harder with his hips, ready to go off like a rocket. Travis' thumb slid around the ridge of his cock head, pushing just right, hard enough to make his toes curl.

"Fuck, yeah. There." Oh, he could ride that touch right to heaven.

"Hell, yeah. Come on." Travis licked the curve of his throat, thumb working him again and again.

"Uhn." He lost it, standing right there in the middle of the bus, hips jerking hard while he shot. Goddamn. Now he just needed Travis to be there with him.

"Smell... smell really good." Travis groaned, hand still moving, just a little.

"Uh-huh. Want to smell you, too." Hand. His. Right. Wyatt stroked harder, moving faster, wanting Travis to come.

"Oh. Oh, fuck. That..." Travis almost crawled up him, humping away, riding his hand like a rollercoaster.

"Come on. Come on, honey." He bit down a little more, right on the tendon running up Travis' neck, pulling with all his might at that hard cock. Bang. That did it. Travis arched so hard that Wyatt thought he heard muscles screaming.

Then heat poured over his fingers, Travis shaking with it.

"Oh, Jesus fuck." The scent of them together was fucking addictive. Lord. Wyatt rubbed the come into Travis' smooth, smooth skin.

"Mmm." Those eyes got all heavy-lidded, Travis stretching, moving under his hand. "Nice."

"You know it... We got nowhere to be. I could stand some more sleep." His arm wrapped right around Travis, steering the man back toward the bunk.

"Mmm." The little bunk smelled like them and they both tumbled in, Travis curling right back into him, tongue in groove.

Wiggling out of his shirt and shoving off his pants, Wyatt grabbed Travis up and rolled to his back, putting all that smooth skin on top of him. "Oh, yeah. Perfect."

"Uh-huh." Travis' hand rested on his upper arm, fingers stroking.

"Mmm." All he wanted to do was slip right into sleep, holding on and loving on Travis Reed.

Weird.

Dude.

Wyatt was like a big, fuzzy mattress.

Travis rested as long as he could, dozing on and off, ignoring his cell phone, just chilling. The band wouldn't start hunting him for fun until at least four. Until then, he could hide and explore Wyatt and.

Dude.

He was hungry.

Travis slid from the bed, padding down to the little kitchen. There had to be beef jerky here somewhere.

"Mmm." Oh, that man should be in show business. He had this great, deep, growly voice.

It was very hot. He'd have to see if Wyatt could talk dirty. Oh, that was a good song. He flipped on the stereo, finding a can of frosting, some string cheese and a jar of pickles.

Wyatt rolled out of the bunk, wandering over to sniff his offerings. "That's... quite a feast."

"Yep. I think there's some peanut butter and some Pop-Tarts, too." They weren't big on cooking on the bus.

"No shit." That grin kicked up sideways, crooked as all get out. Wow. Look at that.

His cock went sproing, just fascinated. "No shit. Chocolate frosting?"

He offered up a fingerful.

"Oh. Now that I can get behind." Cradling his hand in both big, tanned paws, Wyatt licked the frosting off his finger. Slowly.

Oh.

Oh, fuck him raw.

That was like a kick ass wet dream but live action.

"Now, that's breakfast." He got a wink, intimate as anything.

"Uh-huh." If he was a cartoon, he'd have twinkly eyes. He got another fingerful, slid it on Wyatt's belly, the base of that heavy cock. "My turn."

"Okay." He wasn't getting the least bit of argument, Wyatt leaning back to give him better access. Those heavy muscles rippled for him, showing him that his management had damned good taste.

He leaned in, tracing the line of chocolate with the tip of his tongue, wiggling it and teasing the skin. A low moan was his reward, Wyatt shifting from foot to foot, trying to get closer to him. The scent of them together was still there, still hot as fuck. He circled Wyatt's balls with his fingers, stroking the last of the chocolate on that soft skin as he lapped at the tip of Wyatt's cock.

"Shit. That... Damn, honey. More." Demanding man. Hell, he could understand that. He'd been called that on occasion.

"Uh-huh." Travis took the head in, exploring with his lips and tongue, pushing in, sucking a little.

Stroking his hair, Wyatt hummed for him again, the sound so fucking musical it had him writing songs in his head. Hot. Wyatt was hot. He licked and nuzzled, cleaned Wyatt's cock before settling in for a good long blow job. He was loving Tahoe.

Muscles rippling in his thighs and belly, Wyatt started thrusting, setting up a good rhythm. Not too deep, though. The man had some restraint. Travis got his fingers around Wyatt's balls, rolling and rubbing, thumb sliding back to rub the little wrinkle strip of flesh behind. The man went right up on tiptoes for him, straining, jonesing on him like crazy. Fucking A. He rubbed harder, nose buried in Wyatt's pubes. Oh. Oh, he. Damn.

"Gonna." Tapping his shoulder, Wyatt gave him warning, as if the drops of pre-come sliding down his throat hadn't told him.

Oh. Oh, right. Damn. He backed off, groaning low. "No fair."

He wrapped his hand around that heavy cock, started working it hard. Rubbers. Needed rubbers.

Nodding, Wyatt stared down at him, eyes dark as pitch. "Not fair at all. Fuck!"

But this way he got to see it all when Wyatt came. Fucking hot. He licked Wyatt's skin, fingers loosening up, pressure easing.

"Damn, honey. C'mere. I got something for you, too." The man pulled him right up, pushing down to grab his cock. He groaned, forehead on Wyatt's shoulder, hips rocking like he was channeling Elvis. "Sweet man. I swear, I could eat you up."

Sure. Yes. Please. "I'm a fan. Don't stop, 'kay? Don't stop." He was right fucking there.

"Not gonna." Nope. No stopping. Wyatt just kept pulling at him, thumb scraping up the underside of his cock before pushing right at his slit.

"Fuck!" His head snapped back, throat working as he shot hard, toes curling tight.

"That's it. Shit, yes. So fucking pretty." He got a ghost of a kiss, Wyatt's lips just brushing his.

"You. You're something." He just melted, balls to bones.

"Satisfaction guaranteed." Oh, that grin was pure wicked. "And starving."

"You want Pop-Tarts or you want to go for pancakes?" He bet Wyatt would *love* the Harley.

"Oh, I'm much more a pancake guy. Bus might be a bit of a problem, though."

"No worries. Let me find some jeans. I'll drive you." Oh, hell yes. Time to go play.

Chapter Four

The Harley rocked.

No, really.

Wyatt hooted, feeling the wind tear at him, making him laugh right out loud. This man, this country fried big star, he was gonna be bad for business. Wyatt could tell. They pulled up next to the pancake place where the waitress was too old to recognize Travis, both of them grinning like fools.

"You drive like my baby brother, man," Wyatt said. "And he's a stock car racer."

"Ooh. Cool. Will he let you drive?" Look at those eyes light up.

"Maybe. If I kiss ass." Oh, that would be something. It would be strictly controlled, so he'd bet the management and Wyn would be up for it.

"Oh man, that would be worth many, many blowjobs." Travis laughed at the look on his face. "You want sausage or bacon?"

"Bacon. Salty and crispy." The way Travis could suck, he'd take all the blowjobs he could get.

"Yum." Travis ordered enough food for an army -- pancakes and bacon and coffee and eggs and orange juice.

Wyatt was empty as a damned worm himself, so he got the deluxe breakfast. How could you not love something that came with a waffle and toast?

"Do you ski?" Travis poured at least a quarter cup of sugar in his coffee, foot tapping.

"Sure. I'm willing." Where Travis went he went, but he didn't want to upset the man's good mood by reminding him that it was a job. Besides, Wyatt was enjoying the company, too.

"I'll look into it. I heard that there's a place where you can grab hold of a snowmobile and just go."

"Cool." And Hell, if Travis was recreating with him, he wasn't with someone else, someone who might hurt him.

"Yeah." Travis poured himself another cup of coffee, starting to bounce a little, whistle. "Where are you headed after LA?"

"Huh?" Was that a trick question? Wyatt sipped his coffee, watching the man jitter.

"Well, we go to LA, yeah? Then we get vacation time. All of us. That's in the whole contract deal."

"Oh! Oh, right." Uh-huh. Vacation. "I hadn't thought on it, Little Bit."

"Not little. I'm thinking the Bahamas. Surf, sea and sand for a few weeks before rehearsals start."

"That sounds nice. Warm." Which, considering how he'd almost frozen his balls off the night before was a good thing.

"Yeah. I'm a beach baby. The guys'll come and go as they want; there's room. Neat little bar across the street. Deck chairs to sleep on the beach." The food came and, fuck, it looked good.

"Sweet set up, then. Never been to the Bahamas." Not that he was fishing to go along, but it was starting to sound like an offer.

"You're welcome too, you know. We're a big family." Travis frowned, met his eyes all of the sudden. "Y'all really think one of my guys is doing something?"

"I don't know. Your management does. I think it could be the fan club, an old band member. You don't exactly hide a lot."

"What's to hide?" Those lips twisted and Travis shrugged. "You start hiding, they start thinking you're doing something wrong."

"Yeah. Suppose so." What could he say to that? Sometimes discretion was the better part of valor?

The conversation died out, both of them eating like they were starving. Wyatt sat back, patting his belly, feeling more mellow now that he'd eaten. "Damn, that was a good waffle."

"Uh-huh. You want to take a ride?"

"Sure. Do I get to drive?" He'd poke a little, just for the pure devil of it.

"You know how, man?"

"Hell, yes." He was licensed. It had been awhile, but it was like... riding a bike.

The keys were tossed over. "You'd best be good at it. I like to ride."

And wasn't that loaded with innuendo?

"I like to drive." There. Let the man think on that. He paid the bill, standing and stretching.
"Come on, then."

"Cool." One last slug of coffee and the little fuck was moving, bouncing down the aisle, winking at a group of preteens who had been going "Is that? Oh my God, is that--?"

Wyatt rolled his eyes, giving them a little growl as he went by, just to make sure they didn't follow. That would be all he'd need.

"Come on, man. Zoom-zoom and all that." That little fucker did live for the attention.

"I'm on it." The bike felt even better between his legs in the driving position, and he waited just long enough for Travis to settle before he took off.

"Uhn." Oh, man. Travis pushed close, hands on his hips. Brazen. Hot.

Jesus. It was gonna be tough to concentrate with a stiffy all sprung up in his jeans. Wyatt was tough, though. He could handle it. The wind was fucking cold, and Travis was a goddamn furnace behind him, hard and muscled and humming, leaning into every curve. Pushing the bike to new speeds, Wyatt turned off the main highway onto a twisty road that snaked up the hill, opening up and really letting it go.

"Woo!" Travis hooted, with him and completely fucking unafraid. Goddamn.

There was something fucking addictive about the man. No wonder he was a damned star. Wyatt gunned it, all but flying, the tires humming on the asphalt.

He could feel Travis, hard as nails against his ass, wanting him. Wanting something.

The man had serious impulse control issues. Lord help him, though, he couldn't care less. He needed, too.

Travis' hands started sliding, exploring. Trying to drive him fucking crazy. Sucking in his gut gave Travis too much access, but it felt damned fine. The man had calluses on his calluses, giving every touch an extra level of sensation.

Travis didn't seem worried about his abilities to drive at all, even with that hand rubbing and touching. Nice that the man had such confidence when he didn't. Wyatt was worried he was gonna wrap them around a boulder or drive off into the snow. Somehow he thought Travis might just go with that, just accept that with a shrug and a grin.

Fucking weird. Weirder still was that he wanted to just keep driving. Wyatt wanted to take Travis away for a little time off, and a lot of fucking and sucking.

They pulled off on a little turnaround, the snow falling harder, coating the trees. "Come to the Bahamas with me." The words were groaned against his shoulder as Travis' hand wrapped around his cock.

"Yeah. Yeah, I can do that. Was just thinking what I would do to you..." His hips pushed up, and Wyatt kicked the bike into park, afraid to keep it running if he was gonna come as hard as he thought he was.

"Good." Travis snuggled in, panting against him as those calluses dragged along his skin.

"Feel fucking amazing, honey. I... God." He was gonna shoot. He really was. Just from this.

"Uh-huh. You're fucking hot." The snow was falling on his skin, melting. He was surprised it didn't steam.

"Wait." Those hands were great, but he needed more. He pulled away, turning to straddle the bike backward, pulling Travis right up against him again.

"Mmm. Hey." Travis didn't hesitate, just pushed right up against him, the scent of leather and male and sex the finest fucking thing ever.

His hands did a little walking of their own, sliding across that pretty belly. Damn, the man was like a fucking playground. A smooth, heated, slick little playground. God damn. Travis got both hands on his prick, got a rhythm going that was enough to melt icebergs.

Wyatt started pulling at Travis' clothes. Not enough that anyone would get frostbite, but so he could reach what he wanted.

"Like your focus. Man, you smell good. Edible."

He got his fingers on one tight little nipple. "Yeah? God. Please." Hell, he wasn't even sure what he was babbling about, but damn. The words just kept on coming.

"Uh-huh. Got you. Man, can you imagine fucking on here? Rocking on the bike, good and hard?"

"Okay. Okay, yeah. Goddamn, we need some condoms." That was just... fuck it was an amazing image.

"Hell, yes." Those bright eyes glittered. "Leaning back on the handlebars, listening to the wind, your cock filling me up?"

"Jesus." His cock jumped, his whole body shaking so much the bike vibrated. "Yes, please."

"Yeah. Yeah. Come on, man. Come for me and we'll find us a fucking drug store and I'll ride you."

The top of his fucking head was going to pop off.

"Oh, Jesus." That was it. They weren't talking eventually. They were talking tonight. That was enough to send him right off the edge of the fucking mountain.

Travis leaned in, kissed him as that hand worked him through the aftershocks.

"Shit, Bit..." Gently, Wyatt pulled that hand away, his cock immediately cold. "What do you need, man?"

"Hmm?" Travis grabbed a bandana from one pocket, cleaned him off.

"Wanna do for you, too." He leaned down for a kiss, feeling a little awkward now, but needing to taste anyway.

"Mmm." Travis pushed up against him, driving the kiss, cock sliding on his belly.

Oh, now that he could handle. Wyatt hoped to Hell his hand wasn't too cold when he grabbed that cock and started stroking. Travis was hot enough for the both of them, though. Damn. That hot, slick cock slid against his palm, Travis riding it, not holding anything back and letting him see. Wyatt stroked harder, faster, needing a lot more of that. God, he loved the look on Travis' face, completely lost, utterly given to pleasure.

"Fuck, man. That's... Yeah." Travis' head slammed back, throat working. Fuck. Fuck, look at that.

"Uh-huh. It is. It so is. Come on, honey. It's cold out here." He wanted Travis to come. Now.

Right on cue, spunk sprayed over his fingers, the Harley rocking back on its springs.

"That's it, man. That's it. Look at you." Goddamn, that hot little body was fine. Fine.

"Mmm." It was too cold to let it all hang out, so they got all tucked in, all put together. "Good ride."

"Hell, yes. I told you I like to drive." He used his clean hand to stroke Travis' cheek, thumb rubbing up and down.

"Mmmhmm." Travis turned his head, lips wrapping around his thumb and sucking, just enough to warm him up, through and through.

Damn.

He just... Man. Sighing, Wyatt kissed the corner of Travis' mouth, licking those sweet lips. "Want to drive back down?"

"You know it, man." Travis grinned, eyes dancing. Weren't guys supposed to crash after sex? "I hope you can hold on."

Maybe it was all the coffee and hot chocolate and shit. "I think I've proved I can."

"Fucking A. Let's go." Travis slid around in front of him and got the engine started, the motor revving.

Wyatt wrapped his arms around Travis' waist and held tight, laughing at how much his head stuck up above the little bastard. Lord help him.

Chapter Five

Travis checked the wiring, drinking Red Bull number seven and going over the playlist in his head.

Over and Over.

Straight to Heaven.

She Ain't Mine.

Long Lost Love.

It Ain't Cool.

Man, what was after that?

He bounced on his toes, looking at the lighting set-up, nodding at Jeff who was tuning up. Just beyond the light wires he could see Wyatt lurking. Well, as much as a big guy like that could lurk. Lord. He couldn't decide if it rocked to have somebody to fuck or if it was a giant pain in the ass to have someone... well... lurking.

Sweet Southern Home. That was next. "Jeff, you're flat on the G-string!"

"Dude, I'm working on it."

Working on it for Jeff could take ten minutes. Maybe more. Which meant he had plenty of time to watch Wyatt flop into a chair and stretch those long legs out and out.

Of course, thirty people needed this and that and "Travis, can you sign this?" and "Man, we need you to talk to the press".

By the time it was over, he was on Red Bull number nine and considering blowing the arena to bits.

Or just bungee jumping off the balcony.

Oh.

Oh, that could so rock.

"All right, folks. The circus needs to quit for a bit so the boys can practice." Damn. Wyatt sort of appeared out of nowhere, doing that looming thing, and not over him. Man, people scattered like roaches.

"Dude. You're good at that. Jeff, you think we still got that springy rope in the bus..."

"Ooh. You gonna jump off the building again, Boss?"

"Maybe..." He kept looking, heading for his guitar. "Let's run a couple first."

"Sure, T." Jeff got the rest of their shit set up, and Wyatt just sort of... held everyone off.

They settled and started playing, working the fucking jitters away. It took four songs before they jelled -- he was hyped up and Jeff and Amy were still drunk from last night and George... Well, no one knew quite what was up with George from day to day. Travis just knew the man could make music on game day.

The music started to come, though, just like it was supposed to, and they jammed on it, the guys following his lead. Wyatt faded into the background, letting him go for the first time in weeks. They played until it was damn near dark, until the stage manager started rumbling about set up and insurance and shit, screwing with the groove.

"Goddamn it. Y'all go away!"

"Hey, hey, come on." Wyatt hopped up on the stage, handing him a bottle of water. "Y'all need food."

"Huh?" He drank the water down, just sort of blinking. Fuck, it was dark already. How did that happen?

"Food. You know, that thing that comes between Red Bull and the few winks of sleep you get."

He rolled his eyes. "We had waffles, man."

A huge thing of waffles. Just a... couple days ago?

"Not recently." That got him one of those amazing smiles, one side all kicked up. "Listen, I bet you'll hear your stomach growl."

They all stopped, listened.

Nope.

Nothing.

"Try aga..." Oh, dude. Grrrowl!

"There you go." One big, square hand extended right out to him. "Come on, man. Let the fussy little man tear down."

He let himself be hauled up, guitar and all.

"Does this mean no bungee jumping, Boss?"

"After supper."

Wyatt walked him offstage, hand on his arm, and waited for him to pack the guitar away before neatly two-stepping him past Jeff. "How do you feel about hamburgers?"

"I'm a fan." He wasn't opposed to food, just taking time to eat it when there was so much more to do that was fun.

"Cool. I'm starving. That was some good stuff, though. What you were doing." Wow. See them have a normal conversation. Kinda.

"Thanks. It's all the old tour stuff. We're rehearsing a whole new set after the break." New set. New stage. Pyrotechnics and shit.

It was going to be huge.

"Yeah? That ought to be something to see." One hand slid over his ass, just barely enough to feel.

"I hope so." His cock went sproing, ass cheeks tightening.

"That's what they pay you for, right? Be the big star?" There was no sarcasm there, just a little amusement and a lot of admiration, if he was reading that laugh right.

"That's what they tell me. Get up there, shake it, look good, and give the crowd a show."

"You do. Look good when you shake it." Oh, that was definitely a hand on his ass this time, sliding along to goose him, cupping his balls a minute.

"Yup. You know, I'm all freshly waxed. Gina was very thorough..." Possibly brutal, but his skin was smooth as glass.

"No shit?" Woo. Wyatt sounded all hoarse all of a sudden. Damn.

"No shit. Amazing what I can do when you go for lunch and coffee, huh?" He shook it a little.

"Yeah." Wait. No thinking. No working. The wheels were starting to turn again.

"You want to bungee jump off the building?"

"Nope. I'd rather feed you and then see what all you've got going on with the smooth." Winking, Wyatt guided him into the staging room where the food was laid out.

"You and the food. Those Red Bull dealies have calories." Oh. Dude. Those sandwiches looked good. He grabbed a plate and some grapes before he took a slab of turkey with provolone.

"They do? I thought they were just caffeine." Wyatt's plate looked like Thanksgiving or something, piled high with food. Big guy. Lots of meat.

"Caffeine and sugar and other good stuff." Like herbs and shit. He took a piece of apple pie.

"Huh. They smell weird." Pie, a brownie, and a chocolate chip cookie went onto Wyatt's plate.

"It's not about the smell." Or the taste, really. It was about the buzz. He broke off half a cookie. Those looked good.

"You could have a salad instead of the cookie, T." Vicki wandered over, looking slinky in a little black number. Lord, you made a girl a million bucks and she started dressing up.

"What're you doing here, you old bat?" Salad his ass.

"I came to check on my singer and to find out where you're going for the break." Her eyes were on Wyatt when she talked, though.

He could almost feel Wyatt tensing up, that big body moving half in front of him automatically. "I don't think he's figured that yet, honey."

"Not that I'd tell you, Vick. Off time is off time. You know that." Like Vicki was invited to the beach. She would fuss and bother. Besides, the sand would fuck up her pedicure.

"I need to know where you are," Vicki said, staring him down now.

"Not if I do." Wyatt could so do growly.

"There's nothing in my contract says I have to tell anybody shit. I'm guaranteed that time. I'm taking it." Simple. Easy. Truth.

Vicki grumbled and sighed, but Wyatt just nodded politely and steered him away, heading for a table in the corner. Neatly sidestepped the argument Vicki probably had brewing, too.

"Man, that was nicely done. You going to keep her out of the bus, too?" Was Vicki Wyatt's boss?

"You know it. No one I don't approve. She has motive and method, if you get me." One dark eyebrow went up, Wyatt giving him a look.

"Vicki? I make her money. Big money. These people are my family, man. You have to understand that."

"Uh-huh. And how much more of a big deal would you be if it leaked that you were getting threats and all?" Someone was a terrible cynic.

"Yeah, but I have to perform and shit. I just..." He shrugged, started eating. It was a joke. It had to be. A weird publicity thing.

"Well, one way or the other, it's an excuse to keep her off the bus. I have plans." That was better. Wyatt was back to smiling, giving him this look that suddenly made him feel hot, made his skin feel too tight.

Of course, that could be that weird wax-removal lotion. "Now, that? Is a perfect answer."

"There you go." Wyatt inhaled half the food on his plate in no time. "We still planning to hit the islands for the break?"

"You know it. Boats. Beaches. Sand. The bungalow is open, huge, folks will be in and out for the four weeks." Sun tans. Beer. Fishing.

He couldn't wait.

"What kind of folks?" Wyatt asked, head tilting as he licked brownie frosting off his spoon. Talented tongue.

"Band guys. Family. Whoever shows. You know, everybody loves the place. I've had it for four years now."

"Then maybe that's the last place you ought to go." Wyatt's boot nudged his foot under the table.

"Where else would I go?" He *always* went to the Island. He loved it there. He needed the break.

"I don't know. The mountains? Texas?" Oh, asshole. Look at those eyes sparkle.

"We just came from the mountains." Texas. In early spring. That could actually rock. "We could take the band to Austin. I got a little condo in Austin."

"Oh, that'd be a good way to go. Pretty there, this time of year." Nodding, Wyatt munched his cookie. "I got a friend's got a place near there."

"Yeah? I can rent something good sized, if everyone came. Let me talk to the guys, see what they think."

"Cool. Works for me. Now, about that waxing..." Someone was ready to get away from the other folks. Like now, if the way that boot slid up his leg meant anything.

"Yeah. You want to head for the hotel?" He could show it all off. Every fucking inch.

"Hell, yes." Popping up like he hadn't just eaten enough to render a gorilla comatose, Wyatt grabbed his hand and dragged him along.

That was cute as hell. Hungry monkey man!

There was a car waiting for them and the hotel wasn't far -- the thing was all lit up and shining, modern and expensive and vaguely boring, to be honest. Still -- big beds, big tubs, twenty four hour room service.

Wyatt kept his hands to himself until they got inside the room. Then the man was all over him, pressing him back against the door to kiss him, just like he had a right to. Travis got one hand around the back of Wyatt's head, the man's hat popping off. Lifting him right up, Wyatt kissed him silly, moaning when he wrapped his legs around those strong thighs. Jesus, the guy was a monster, and hot as hell.

His sensitive skin was tingling, cock hard and rubbing against his boxer-briefs. Fuck, yes. This rocked. "More."

"More. Yeah." Hauling him away from the door, Wyatt carried him to the bed and tossed him down. "Definitely more."

He tugged his T-shirt off, fingers sliding down his belly, showing off, teasing.

"Oh. Look at you." Stripping like his jeans were on fire, Wyatt crawled onto the bed, right up between his legs.

"Mmmhmm." Although he was busy looking at Wyatt, really, so agreeing didn't mean much. His fingers slid down his own jeans, then up Wyatt's side.

Long fingers worked at his zipper and button, pulling his jeans open, then down. "Even prettier down here, honey."

He spread, let Wyatt have a long look at his bare, smooth skin, let the look make him harder, hotter.

"Oh, Christ. So sweet." Bending, Wyatt licked a long line up his belly, teasing him unmercifully.

Travis arched, hands wrapping around the edge of the headboard so he could have leverage. That bristly chin nudged his cock, so different than his own waxed skin, the scrape of it making him gasp. Oh, Goddamn.

"Do that again?" His balls drew up, wrinkling.

"Uh-huh." The man rubbed all over him, dragging that rough chin over his belly, his cock, down along one thigh.

"Sweet fucking hell." Travis kept shifting, sliding, begging for more and oh, right there and hell yes.

"Fucking A, honey. Make me want to lick you, suck you. That's fucking hot." The man was as good as his word, licking down along Travis' balls.

"Oh. Oh, fuck. Hot. Yeah." He spread wider, shifting against Wyatt's tongue.

That mouth liked to drive him crazy, Wyatt licking and sucking at his balls, covering every inch, before moving up to his cock. Jesus, he didn't know what to do with his fucking hands. He touched Wyatt's head, his own belly, the bed, just as restless and needy as could be. He figured it out when Wyatt sucked his cock in deep. His hands landed on those wide shoulders, clutching tight.

"Yeah." His head slammed back, his hips slammed forward, and life was fucking *good*.

Wyatt could suck like a Hoover. Really. The man had talent. Tongue dragging the underside of his cock, Wyatt worked up and down, lips sealed tight.

Travis just went with it -- what choice did he have? Words started pouring from him, the pleasure making him babble. So sweet. So hot. Wyatt gave him mind-bending pleasure, wet and slick, the tiniest sting of teeth making him want to howl.

"Fuck. Fuck, man. Good. So fucking..." His spine went tight, balls tight as fuck.

"Mmm." Moaning around him might be off limits. It might just be too much. Might be what would make him come.

"Gonna. Wyatt." His abs went board-stiff and his cock throbbed.

Wyatt just chuckled, the tiny vibrations sending him right over the edge, his eyes rolling back in his head.

Man. He. Wow. He slumped down, breathing hard.

One last lick, then Wyatt was grinning up at him. "Better?"

"Uhn." Not so much with the coherence.

"Uh-huh. So what am I gonna do with this?" Sitting back on his heels, Wyatt rubbed himself, hand moving over his cock.

"I bet you can think of something." He spread a little, making the offer. The man knew how to fuck.

"Yeah? I bet I can. Now, where's that damned lube?" Not that it took any time for Wyatt to find it. The man was a Boy Scout.

He grabbed one knee, tugged it up and out to give Wyatt a good, long look. He jonesed on the heat in Wyatt's eyes, on the hunger.

"Oh, Jesus fuck." The lube appeared like magic, and Wyatt was on him again, wet fingers sliding right inside him. Two of them.

"Wyatt." He jerked as those fingers pegged his gland, made his hips jerk. "There. More."

"Right there, Bit?" The man hit that spot over and over. Just. Bam.

"Uhn. Uh-huh. Fuck..." His cock prepared for a first-class encore.

"You're fucking amazing, you know that?" One more finger slid inside, stretching him impossibly.

His mouth was moving, but nothing was coming out. Damn. Damn, that was. Yeah.

Finally, finally Wyatt pulled his fingers free and pushed that cock into him. The condom barely changed how good it was.

"More." Fuck, that was fine. Really fucking fine. "Come on. Show me what you got."

"I got you, honey. I got you right where I want you." Long legs pushed hard between his, and Wyatt started moving, pushing deep inside him, one thrust after another.

"Jesus but you're good at this." His shoulders rolled up, leaving the mattress.

"I practice. Like you and the music." That evil glint in Wyatt's eyes made him laugh, even when he was gasping over the man hitting that spot.

"Yeah? You need to jam, let me know." Good. Good. Fuck.

"Honey, if you can't tell I'm jamming now..." Wyatt leaned down and kissed him, mouth hard on his, tongue pushing in deep.

He wrapped one hand around Wyatt's neck, pulling him in deeper. They rocked, Wyatt shoving into him, cock and tongue. Yeah, the man must have a lot of practice. Made for one hell of a jam session, yeah buddy.

Faster and faster, Wyatt took him flying, that amazing cock moving inside him. They worked up a sweat, both of them breathing hard, really working. Heat built up inside him, just burning him up as they pushed faster, harder, bodies fucking slapping together.

Wyatt finally broke for air, gasping, staring down at him. "Wanna feel you come again, honey."

"I. Yeah. Yeah, man." He was, too. He just needed. Oh. There.

"Got you. Got you. Come on." Wyatt's cock hit his gland, that hand landed on his own prick, and he just... He lost it.

He shot so hard his teeth rattled, ass clenching down around Wyatt's cock.

Shouting, Wyatt shot inside him, filling up the condom. The feel of that thick cock pushing and pushing made his whole body shake.

"Fuck, yeah. So fucking good, man." He just babbled, murmuring softly as he came down.

"Mmm." That big body flopped down next to him, Wyatt breathing hard, hand patting his belly.

"Uh-huh. Rest. Rest, man. Tomorrow'll be long."

"C'mere." He got pulled up on Wyatt's chest. They were messy, but it felt good, and he knew he could sleep this way.

He kissed Wyatt's nipple, just real quick, then hummed, dozing in that post-fucked, too-much-energy-drink sort of way.

Perfect way to head into a major concert.

Chapter Six

Wyatt stretched, cracking his neck. He'd been on hyper-aware mode for too damned long. The show had been two hours long, and then there'd been the three hour rehearsal and the two hour set up and...

Yeah. He was tired of reading every face and watching every set of hands.

Damn it, if Travis believed the threats were real, maybe if the damned label had shown them to him, he'd've been easier to keep under wraps, but no. No, the man had to sign autographs and glad hand people.

Wyatt was exhausted.

He was exhausted and Travis was flying -- fucking *soaring* -- laughing and chattering and going a hundred miles a minute. It was sorta like watching a rabbit on speed.

Jeff was there, and the girl, whose name escaped him at the moment. Man, he needed to start working out again if he was gonna poop out this easily. Jesus.

"You want to go get some rest, man? We're going to go party some." Travis be-bopped over, looked in his eyes. "You look worn as hell. Go. Sleep."

"Huh? No. Well, yes, but not without you." He laughed a little. "They told me you'd be a full time job, but they didn't tell me I should have brought two more guys."

"I don't need a babysitter, man. Really. You get some sleep and I'll be there before you know it."

"Travis." Putting his hand out, Wyatt turned on the crooked-smile charm. "You know I can't do that."

Travis hummed, reached for him. "You aren't on the clock twenty four seven, you fine fucking man."

"No?" Kinda reeling Travis in, he breathed in the scent of heat and man and hard working showman. "I like to look at you, though."

Oh, someone was ready to be seduced. He could see it in the way Mr. Bouncy started to relax.

He let his voice lower to a growl, moving closer so no one else could hear. "I like it better naked, though."

"Uhn." Those happy, reddened eyes blinked at him. "I'm a fan of naked-time."

"I am, too. Come party with just me, Bit." That would keep them together, keep Travis out of harm's way.

"Oh. Yeah. Yeah, I could so do that. I could." Travis stopped, tilted his head. "You realize we'll have to do something deeply wicked, just to keep my reputation."

"Uh-huh. I can do wicked, honey." He so could. Travis had no idea.

"Well, then. Lead on, MacDuff." He got a wild, bright grin. "If we run now while those two back there are playing tonsil-hockey, we'll get off scott-free."

"Cool." Grabbing Travis' hand, Wyatt took off, heading out for the private limo he knew was waiting.

They moved quick and quiet, almost running to keep clear of the hangers-on Wyatt knew were out there.

Once the limo door closed behind them, Wyatt rapped on the pass-through, and they got moving. Only then did he push Travis down and take a kiss. The kiss started out wild, Travis' tongue fucking his lips fast and furious, like a chipmunk on crystal meth.

"Mmm." Lord, yes. He pushed and pulled and got Travis down on his back, sliding between those muscled thighs.

Hell, yes. Travis was hard as a rock, tense and focused and flying, and fuck it was hot.

"Pretty. Damn, you're pretty." Maybe it was a bad word for a man, but it worked.

"Feel like I'm about to combust." Travis' mouth traveled over his jaw.

"Good. Want you on fire for me." He licked at Travis' throat, tasting salt and heat, his hips humping hard.

"Uh-huh." That strong throat worked under his lips, Adam's apple bobbing up and down.

Wyatt bit, just a little, not enough to bruise, though he could now. If he wanted to. Travis had enough time off that it would heal.

"More. Come on. I'm burning." Travis' nails trailed down his back.

"What do you want, honey? What?" Wyatt knew what he wanted. He just wasn't sure a good hard fuck was the thing for a limo.

"You. Where's the fucking hotel? We stay close."

"I have no idea." Pulling his head out of his ass, or at least the thought of Travis' ass, Wyatt sat up and checked the windows.

Oh, praise God and pass the potatoes. The Hyatt was right there, and they were turning in to the private parking garage.

"We're almost in, honey. Can't fucking wait." He couldn't. He needed so bad that his jeans would be wet for the rest of the night.

"This is the one with the private elevator. We go straight up. We won't have to wait."

"You got your pass?" God knew where his was. Probably in a front pocket, where he'd never be able to push a hand now.

"Yeah, on my lanyard dealie." Travis tugged it out, waved it.

"Excellent." Wyatt grabbed Travis by the arm and hauled him in, swiping the pass so they could go right up.

The elevator went up and up and up and up -- thirty eighth floor. Lord. It sorta made his head swim, the mixture of speed and want.

They stumbled into the suite, both of them touching and pushing, and he pressed his lips to Travis' as soon as the door clicked shut behind them.

Fuck, Little Bit was hot as a M80 on a July night, just humping and thrusting against him.

"I got you, honey. Got you. Gonna make you feel so good." Reaching down, Wyatt grabbed at Travis' cock, still covered, and pushed hard against it with the heel of his hand.

"Uhn. More. More, man." Travis moaned, rocking hard against him.

"Anything you need." Anything to keep them out of trouble, too. Wyatt grinned wildly at the thought, pushing harder, making Travis fly.

Travis started wiggling out of his jeans, trying to get them skin-on-skin, trying to get them together and fucking good and hard.

"Oh, yeah." Yeah, he could wiggle out of his own clothes, hard as Chinese algebra.

"Uh-huh. Want." Travis got one hand around his cock, as soon as it came free, fingers moving hard and fast.

"Jesus Christ." The man was hotter than a two-dollar pistol, making him hump and grunt and almost lose it.

"Fuck, yeah." Travis was watching him like a fucking hawk, eyes glittering.

"Goddamn, you're hot, honey. I need." He smooshed closer, getting them together, rubbing all up on that tight little body.

"I'll give it up for you. Swear to God." Travis crawled up his body, rubbing away.

His free hand cupped under Travis' ass, lifting, supporting so he could take a kiss, his tongue pushing deep. The taste made him shudder in the best way. They stumbled deeper into the room, Travis' tongue almost down his throat.

He finally found the damned couch in the little living room, sinking down with Travis on his lap, pulling that hot body up against his. Travis humped, up and down, up and down, like the son of a bitch was riding a pony.

Their cocks finally lined up, and Wyatt stroked them together, loving the slapping sound they made. His ass pushed up, his hand pushed down, and he was fucking on the edge.

Travis came with a sharp cry, head slamming back, throat working.

Wyatt came maybe three seconds later, biting down on one collarbone, bucking like a bronc. Goddamn.

Travis slumped into him, vibrating, humming low.

"Better, huh?" God knew he was. It had been a long night.

"Uhn." He got a lazy kiss, almost a nod.

"Me, too." He couldn't resist deepening the kiss, tongue pushing in slow and easy.

Fuck, Travis was melty, humming, rubbing against him in gentle rolls.

It was gonna be a long rest of the night, too, he'd bet. Good thing this was the best way to spend the night. Together.

Chapter Seven

Jesus fucking Christ.

His head was going to fucking explode.

Travis slid out of the bed and crawled to the bathroom, heading for his ditty bag, his pain pills. Fuck, he hated the morning after. Hated it.

The tile was cool and slick on his knees and he chewed two pills dry before stretching out, letting the tile seep the heat out of his skin.

Sometime after, he felt air rush over him, heard the shower start. Oh, cool water. He could feel it, even where he was.

He groaned, considered rolling over to head that way. Come on, T. You can do it!

"Come on, babe." Damn. Ask and ye shall receive. Big hands fell on his arms, Wyatt lifting him and carrying him to the shower.

His head landed on Wyatt's shoulder and he held on, murmuring something sort of like thanks.

"Mmmhmm." Looked like he wasn't the only one who wasn't quite coherent. "Ordered room service."

Oh, gag.

"kay."

Oh. Cool. Cold. Oh. Wow.

"Better, babe?" They were kind of dancing, Wyatt holding him up, the wet tile keeping the big guy moving to keep his balance. It almost had a rhythm. A melody.

"Mmm." Yeah. Yeah. God. Better. "You okay?"

They'd fucked six ways to Sunday last night. This morning. Whatever.

"I might be chafed." Lord, that morning growl was something else.

"You want some salve?" Did they have salve? Did they still *make* salve?

"No, thanks. It stinks." Wyatt nuzzled his neck through the water. "You smell better."

"I might live." Maybe. Possibly.

"You think?" Laughing, Wyatt turned him and rinsed his hair. "Don't worry. I didn't order coffee or bacon."

"No coffee?" He leaned back into the spray, mouth open.

"I didn't want to turn your stomach. You were looking done in."

"I am. Was. Whatever." He smiled. "What did I do before you showed up?"

"You got your management's undies in a wad." The water went cold-cold for a few seconds before Wyatt turned it off, like one of those Russian baths. Damn.

"Fuck!" He jerked, almost climbing up Wyatt's big-assed jungle gym of a body.

"Shh. I got you. Wakes us up, is all." Those dark eyes sparkled for him, shining even through the water and his blurry vision.

"I'm awake. I am. Goddamn." His balls were crawling up into his body.

"Well, there you go." Wyatt pretty much carried him out of the shower, steady as rock once he hit the dry floor.

"Mmm. Hey." He grabbed a towel, wrapping one around Wyatt's shoulders.

"Morning. Should I get some coffee up here?" Those arms wrapped around him, holding him tight while they dried off.

"Red Bull?" He needed the up.

"Sure." Uh-oh. Someone was being very accommodating. Very. This was probably bad.

"Cool. We going to the island or bringing everybody to Texas?"

"Well, the idea of going to Texas was not to bring everyone along, Bit." Toweling off his butt, Wyatt headed for the phone, ordering him a Red Bull to go with their breakfast.

He opened the curtains, looking out, letting the sun pour down onto his naked bod. "Well, they're expecting me to take care of them all, Wyatt."

"I know that. Not saying you can't, but I think it's a bad idea to bring them with us." Draping around him, Wyatt kissed the back of his neck.

"I don't..." Oh, that was nice. His head fell forward, thoughts derailed for a second.

His cell phone started ringing, just about then. "Damn it."

"So don't answer it." Shit. Tickly. Lord.

"Huh? I. Wait. That makes me. Uh. Damn."

What phone?

"What?" Wyatt's fingers dug into his ribs, that hot breath on his neck making him shiver.

"I don't." Oh. Oh, fuck. Ticklish.

Ticklish!

He wiggled, howling, laughing so hard he couldn't bear it. Wyatt just cackled, finally just holding him while he shook and chortled. God, it was good to laugh some.

He held on, his phone ringing again and again and he just ignored it.

Wyatt hauled him back completely upright and kissed him again, the laughter turning off hot, that spark flaring between them so fast. He could feel Wyatt's cock against his hip, then his belly. He reached for it, touching careful because damn, they'd worked it like nothing else last night. His own prick was filling, balls aching a little, just enough to make him feel it, enjoy it.

"Jesus. Almost..." He knew. Almost too much. Wyatt wasn't pulling away, though. No, sir.

"Almost." He groaned, kept just barely touching, like he was picking or something. Plink. Plink. Plink.

Wyatt cupped his ass with one hand, making that twinge go through him again. "Uh-huh. Hot."

"I like hot." Man, he could write a best-selling fucking song, but naked like this? Not conducive to that whole talking thing.

"Me too." One finger tapped at his hole, making him go up on tiptoes.

Travis groaned, everything in him going *sproing*. "Goddamn. Wyatt."

"Too much?" One eyebrow went up, Wyatt leaning back to stare. Then smile. "Not too much. More."

"Blow my fucking mind, man." He swallowed hard, blinked a little.

"Yeah? Same here, babe. By all rights I should be dead to the world." But no, Wyatt was standing strong.

"We'll nap on the plane. Is today a rest day or a travel day?" Not that he cared, not with this man right here.

"I think it's gonna be a travel day, honey. You got up early enough to check out." Wyatt licked along his throat, giving him a tiny mark.

"Travel. Right. I need to talk to Vicki and see where our reservations are."

"Honey, you're thinking too much right now. I want you and breakfast." Oh, distracting again.

"In that order?" One of those fingers scraped, again, at his hole.

"It is." Working a little deeper, Wyatt pushed inside him, making his breath rush right out on a grunt.

"Uh-huh. Too fucking sweet." He squeezed, stomach just flipping over a little.

"I don't want to leave you raw, babe." Too late, but it didn't matter a bit.

"You'll have to use a lot of lube." He needed to buy stock in lube. Really.

"I can do that. Lord knows, I'll need it, too." Laughing, Wyatt hauled his ass to the bed, just about the time the knock came on the door. "Damn. Room service."

"Damn it." He rolled up, grabbed a robe. "Just a second!"

He opened the door, blinking at the sight of a pistol, pointed right at him, the black circle of the muzzle the biggest thing he'd ever fucking seen. "Wyatt!"

"Down!" Wyatt's voice thundered, and he didn't even think. He just followed orders, dropping to the floor as the explosive sound of a shot rang through the room.

Travis froze for only half a second, then he started moving, rolling away from the door, toward the phone.

He could hear the roar of the gun, a gun, he wasn't sure if it was the same one, then Wyatt's full weight hit him, all but crushing him before he went flying into the bathroom.

Fuck. Fuck. He grabbed the phone in the bathroom, hitting 0. Fuck. Come on. Pick up. Somebody's fucking shooting at me.

"Come back here, you son-of-bitch!" Wyatt bellared, and then the bathroom door closed, leaving him in a sudden, shocking hush.

"Yes, sir?"

"I need the fucking police. Someone's shooting at me!"

"Pardon me?"

"POLICE!"

He slammed the phone down and grabbed the door handle. Okay. Okay. *Go on. You can't leave Wyatt out there.*

He wasn't a fucking coward.

The door opened in on him, making him stumble back. "Travis? You okay?"

Oh. Wyatt. Standing. Alive.

"Yeah. I called the desk to call the police. You good?" See him. See him be all macho and shit?

"Well, I've been better. Not over-fond of being shot at." He could hear the growl in Wyatt's voice, but the man looked like it was just another day on the job.

"Yeah. I need to get dressed." He needed to move, to hide the fact that his fucking hands were shaking.

"Come on. We need to get you to another room; the cops will want to leave everything else as is." Wyatt helped him up, got him a robe on.

"I want my clothes." He grabbed his jeans, his wallet, his guitar.

"We'll get the rest later, babe. Come *on*." Hustling him out in the hall, Wyatt led him right into a group of big guys, they surrounded him and hit the stairs.

"Who are these guys? What the fuck is going on?" There was panic, right under his skin, right there. He needed to get the hell out of here. Get on his bike and drive.

"They're just part of a team I put together, okay? They stay out of sight until I need 'em. We'll hole up here." Another door opened, another suite, he figured.

A team.

Christ.

Travis headed into the room, going directly to the bathroom. He needed to think.

He heard the murmur of voices, the opening and closing of doors. Then the bathroom door opened. "Hey, babe. They're all out of the room. I want to have a look at you."

"I'm fine." A team. He hadn't even *known* there was a team.

That got him a smile, Wyatt's eyes still hard around the edges, but warming up for him. "I'd feel better if you let me look."

"You okay? Did they run away?" He shoved his shaking hands into his pockets.

"Yeah. I didn't get a good look at him, either. We'll hope the hotel has some footage." Those big hands eased his robe off, Wyatt checking him over gently.

There was a scratch, right on the top of his shoulder that he didn't even feel. He had to get out of here. He needed to drive.

"Let me get the first aid kit, okay?" There was a wealth of worry, a huge dose of gentle in Wyatt's voice. That might send him right over the edge.

"It's a scratch. I'll just wipe it off. Do you have to talk to the police and stuff?" He had his guitar. He had his wallet. He had clothes in the bus and keys for the bike. He could just go.

Right now.

"No. The team will handle that for me." One of Wyatt's thumbs rubbed over his shoulder, testing gently.

It was weird; he couldn't feel it at all.

Like at all at all.

"Okay." He had to go.

"Travis. Honey, you have to stop looking at that door. We can't leave now. Too many people out there."

"I can't. I can't stay here, man. You gotta understand." He was shaking so hard he was vibrating.

"I do." Those arms wrapped around him, and he could feel the tension in them, like iron bands.

"I." Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. "This ain't right."

"I know. I know. We got to wait out some of the crowd, though, okay?" Those warm hands started moving up and down his back, trying to soothe.

"Okay." Travis was going to get the hell out of Dodge. He could just drive, head east or north or just go to Mexico for a few weeks...

Maybe a boat.

"Bit." Those dark eyes stared right into his, Wyatt's hands hard on his shoulders. "You with me?"

"In practice, if not in theory. I have to get out of here, Wyatt. I need to, you know?"

"I know. Soon." He could see it. He could *see* Wyatt understood.

"Okay. It wasn't one of my guys." Someone had tried to SHOOT him.

"I don't think so. I know what most of them look like enough I could tell. But anyone could hire someone..." Lifting him up, Wyatt hauled him into the bedroom, sorta half carrying him.

Jesus.

Jesus, he.

He was going to fucking shake apart.

"Travis." Wyatt up and kissed him, lips mashing down on his.

His eyes flashed open, staring into serious dark, even as he got his shit together and kissed right back. Oh, better. Fucking A. Wyatt kissed him like he was on fire. Like he was the hottest thing going.

Groaning, Travis got one hand around the back of Wyatt's neck, giving the beautiful son of a bitch all he had. Pressing him down against the bed, Wyatt pushed into his mouth, tongue thrusting like really good sex. Oh, God, yeah.

Part of his brain was staring, wondering what they were doing, but the lizard brain (and his cock and his heart) was all about this. Needing this.

That big body covered his, Wyatt's heat as big as a fire, good as anything had ever been. His heart beat like thunder in his chest. Like a damned good drum line.

Don't stop. He couldn't say it, so he groaned, fucking Wyatt's lips and letting Wyatt press him into the mattress.

Didn't look like Wyatt wanted to stop anymore than him. The man rocked against him, heavy, warm and wild.

Travis dragged Wyatt's T-shirt up, fingers digging into the warm skin. Fuck. Yes.

That chest hair rubbed against him when his robe opened up, when Wyatt touched his belly, fingers spreading on his ribs. No tickling now. Just need.

He arched up, pushing into the touch, letting Wyatt's fingers push into his skin.

"Travis." His name came out on the breath between kisses, Wyatt rubbing on him. The man was desperate for him. Just what he needed.

"Yeah. Yeah, please." Now. He wanted. Now.

"What do you need, Bit? We don't have any..." Wyatt grunted, breaking off to kiss him again and again.

He needed something. Anything. He grabbed Wyatt's hand and got their fingers twined together and got their fingers around their cocks.

"That's it." Wyatt humped, squeezed, made his eyes cross.

His shoulders left the mattress, their foreheads smacking together. "Fuck."

"Soon. Need slick for that." Bastard was laughing at him. Still, wasn't anything funny about how fast Wyatt's hand was moving.

"I ain't staying here that long. You'll have to settle for this now."

"This works." That was the end of the talking. Wyatt kissed him again, and he tasted blood.

His cock jerked, balls drawing up tight as they could right before he shot.

A harsh cry fell on his lips, Wyatt jerking against him, wet heat splashing against his belly. Hell, yes.

Travis panted, staring into Wyatt's eyes, telling himself that he was okay.

"I got you, babe. I got you. We'll figure it." Seeing the rock solid certainty there almost made him believe it.

"Okay." If they didn't, he'd fucking get on his pony and ride.

Chapter Eight

"I want that security footage. No, I want it on streaming video so I can look from wherever I am. And I want that fucking car before my primary bolts." Wyatt barked into his cell phone and snapped it closed.

He had the rest of Travis' clothes, a duffel, and the guitar case. All he needed was a car. Travis was gonna run like a wild horse soon. Wyatt could see it in the way Travis shook, in the whites of the man's eyes. He'd already had someone put a padlock on the bike trailer and made sure none of the band was anywhere around to offer keys or a ride.

He'd tried to doctor the scrape on Travis' shoulder, tried to get the man to take a shower, but it wasn't working. Time to fly.

Travis came out of the little bedroom, sunglasses on, hat shadowing his face, chin ducked.

Yep. Time to go.

"Just in time, babe. Car's waiting." He hoped to hell it was. He'd hate to have to carjack someone.

"Yeah?" Travis nodded. "You coming?"

"I am. Come on. The rest of it is taken care of." He'd ordered a first aid kit for the car.

"Okay." Travis looked like he'd aged ten years. "Do we just walk out?"

"We go down the service elevator. Come on, Bit." Dressed and ready to go, Wyatt grabbed their bags and let Travis take the guitar. "Me first."

"Whatever. I just want to get on the road, man. I feel like a sitting duck." Travis pulled the hat brim down further, pulling the door open. Wyatt damn near jumped out of his skin when Jeff sorta appeared, standing there, hand up to knock.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" he snarled, putting himself in front of Travis. "How did you know what room we were in?"

"I came to see T. Man, is it true? Did somebody shoot you? We got our tickets for the islands, man. Let's get out of here and head to the airport."

"You're not coming." He was trying hard not to put Jeff on the ground, but it wasn't easy. He was way too tempted.

"What do you mean, asshole? We go with T. That's the deal." Jeff stepped in and Travis stepped out, moving fast.

"I gotta go, Jeffy."

"The band still has a date with the beach. See your manager." Putting himself between Travis' back and Jeff, Wyatt made for the service door, his key in his hand.

"T! T! Where you going?"

Travis stopped, looked back. "I gotta go, Jeffy."

"No. No stopping. Come on." He grabbed Travis' arm and hauled him along, the back of his neck itching like crazy.

He thought for a second that Travis would fight him, but it looked like Travis wanted out of here as bad as he wanted Travis gone.

Thank God for that. The elevator door shut in Jeff's face, and Wyatt relaxed a little. Let his hands unclench.

Travis was pacing, back and forth, back and forth, like a tiger in the zoo.

"You're gonna wear yourself out. You want a Valium?" That pacing was going to get to him, for sure.

"I... No? No. I'm going to drive. Valiums make me goofy."

"You are, huh? Why?" That would be an insanely bad idea.

"Isn't that what they're supposed to do? Make you goofy?"

"No, I mean what makes you think you're driving?" Lord, the man was bouncing, nerves popping just below the surface.

"Because I am." Travis looked at him, eyes damn near rolling in their sockets. "I need to drive -- fast."

"You gonna get us both killed?" The elevator dinged and he held Travis back, wanting to check the danger areas first.

"I don't know. It's better than letting someone else do it."

"There is that." The service bay was clear, so he hurried them out, hoping like hell the car was where it should be.

Travis followed him, muttering a little, in constant motion. The man needed a fucking downer.

The car was right there, and he didn't give Travis the chance to drive, just slid in as soon as the driver slid out, pushing Travis through to the passenger seat.

"Damn it. I said I was driving." Travis ducked down a little, hat pulled down low. "Go. Go, get out of here."

"We're going. We can get you out of here. Then you can drive." He peeled out, trying to find a route that wouldn't get them stuck in traffic.

"Okay." Travis' hand patted his thigh. "Just you and me, huh? No teams? No band? Just you and me and driving."

Wyatt reached over and held that hand, steering just fine with the other. "You and me. No team. They may be just as compromised."

"Okay. This is fucked up. I wanted you and me and the beach."

"Okay, then. We'll go to the beach. You have your passport, yeah?" They could go to fucking Mexico.

"Yeah. Yeah, I do. You?"

"I do. We'll be in Mexico in no time. Just keep your hat on and lay low." Finally, something they could agree on.

"Okay, Wyatt." Travis gave him a look, a nod. "Can I have that Valium, man?"

Chapter Nine

Travis woke up, head muzzy and fuzzy, but not hurting. Not throbbing.

He rolled over, blinking as he tried to figure out where the hell he was. Sun. Bed. He breathed in deep. Ocean. Oh, dude. Ocean.

"Hey, sleepyhead. Remind me next time you're having a breakdown that Valium knocks you out hard." Wyatt's warm, hard hand landed on his ass, stroking.

"I warned you. It makes me loopy." He pushed closer to that warmth, humming a little. "Where are we?"

How are you?

Is everything cool?

"I promised you Mexico, didn't I? We're at a nice little beach rental." Wyatt rubbed his lower back, making him stretch and moan.

"Oh. You fucking rock, man." He stretched out, spread some.

"Yeah? If I give you food will you prove how much?" Straddling his thighs, Wyatt started rubbing higher, making him all melty.

"Hell, yes. Fuck me, you feel good." He was all about letting the bad stuff chill a little, letting them enjoy some good.

"I can do that, if you want." He felt Wyatt's chuckle more than heard it.

"Hmm?" His hips rolled up, cock filling right on up.

"Fuck you. I'm told I'm good at it." A few more rocking motions told him Wyatt was naked and up, just like him.

"Uh-huh. I'm willing." Ready, able. Hard.

"You're hot as hell, baby." That thick cock slid against his ass. "Luckily for you, I got us some stuff."

Travis shook his head, grinned. "I must've really been out of it. Did you let me drive?"

"Nope. You never woke up." The world shifted, colors swirling, and suddenly he was on top, Wyatt spread out under him like a buffet. "You can drive now."

"Oh, hell yes." Travis blinked down, hands sliding up over that amazing chest, fingers plucking at Wyatt's nipples.

"Shit." Arching up, Wyatt almost threw him off, almost sent him rolling again.

"Mmmhmm." He pinched, tugging harder this time. He wanted to see Wyatt need him.

"Uhn." Those eyes burned right into his, dark and hot, Wyatt staring up at him. Those cheeks went deep red, sweat starting to bead up on Wyatt's chest and throat.

"So fucking fine." He could write songs about that look. Albums. Travis leaned down, tongue tracing Wyatt's lips. One hand came up to cup his head, long fingers rubbing down across his neck, then back up. All the while, Wyatt's cock left a wet trail on his belly.

He reached down, hand jacking that pretty cock, moving up and down, thumb working the tip. "Where's the stuff?"

"I... Uh. Over there." Wyatt jerked his head to one side, vaguely.

Travis chuckled, looking around for a ditty bag, a suitcase, a Ziploc bag. Something. He found a kit bag on the little dresser, right by the bed. Shaving stuff, some kind burn cream, a suture kit... damn. Ah. Lube. Condoms. He dangled the rubbers, bouncing over to land back on Wyatt's fine as fuck body.

"Oof." Wyatt laughed, grabbing him and pulling him up to straddle those lean hips.

"Hey." He leaned down, handing over lube. He did love Mexico.

"Hey, you." Wyatt kissed his arm, his shoulder, taking the lube from him and grinning against his skin. "Got to get you ready."

"That sounds like one hell of a plan." He sat up, giving Wyatt a show.

Those eyes went wide and dark for him, pupils huge and black. "Jesus, you're pretty."

His belly went tight, hard, so pleased.

"Damn." The lube got opened, and Wyatt slicked up a couple of fingers, reaching down to tease Travis' hole.

"You have amazing hands, honey. You'd think you were a picker."

"Nope. Just good with guns." Oh, look at that pirate smile. Wyatt opened him right up, pushing inside him.

"Does that mean you're fixin' to point me and shoot me?"

"You know it." Those fingers worked him like there was no tomorrow.

He sorta danced, moving on those fingers, focused on the slick stretch, the heat and little pulses of pleasure inside him. Wyatt's smile told him that someone approved, and the man might protest that he didn't have a musical bone in his body, but he knew how to dance lying down.

"Want. Want you, man." He was ready to fucking fly.

"I got you. Soon. Don't want to hurt you, man." It was maddening, how Wyatt was making sure he was ready, on fire for that thick cock.

"No. No, you won't. You're fucking something else."

Wait, did that make sense?

"Uh. I hope not. I want to fuck you." Chuckling, breathless as all hell, Wyatt finally pulled free and got him where he could put the rubber on Wyatt's cock. He smoothed the rubber down, stroking along the way with both hands, jacking Wyatt slowly, keeping the man up.

"Uhn." Muscles slid and shifted under Wyatt's skin, flexing for him, fascinating his eyes. Lord, the man was stacked. He leaned down, hand still working, and grabbed one tight nipple between his teeth, tugging a little. "Shit!" The man almost bucked him off. So fucking strong. Then Wyatt grabbed his ass and pulled him up, eyes blazing into his. "Now."

"Uh-huh." He shifted, hole rubbing the tip of that cock a couple of time before he pushed down, taking the flesh in.

"That's it. Damn. More." Pulling hard, Wyatt got him moving, those lean hips rocking up against his ass.

"Pushy." His laugh turned into a moan as their skin slapped together.

"I am. I know what I like." Hell, he knew what he liked, too, and Wyatt's tanned skin, gleaming with sweat? That was so on the list.

"Uh-huh." He leaned forward, hands landing on Wyatt's chest with a slap.

"Fuck." Straining, Wyatt pulled up for a kiss, mouth meeting his, one hand behind his neck to hold them together.

"Mmmhmm." He fucked those hot lips, just like that prick was fucking his ass.

Wyatt watched him like a fucking hawk, never letting up or closing his eyes. It was damned sexy, made him want to preen a little.

He squeezed hard, his body dragging along Wyatt's shaft.

"Christ." Wyatt went crazy for him, pushing up hard, moving him so the head of Wyatt's cock hit him just right.

"Wyatt!" His head snapped back, his fucking teeth rattling. "Again. Again, fuck."

"Like this?" Wham. That spot got pounded, Wyatt giving him what for.

"Yes. Yes." He just said it, over and over, chanting Wyatt's name and please.

Wyatt was working it hard, sweat beading up on his forehead and chest, muscles straining. Every thrust was enough to rattle his teeth, make him grunt.

"Gonna." It wasn't going to be long, not long at all.

"I know. I can feel it." Those fingers dug into his skin, Wyatt slamming him down. "Come on. Come on."

"Uhn." He grunted and came, Wyatt's cock thick and solid inside him, enough to make him fucking nuts.

A low, almost musical noise was Wyatt's reply, and that big body danced under his, Wyatt filling him deep. Way deep, even with the rubber on.

"Talk about mattress dancing." They both chuckled, panting together.

"No shit, Bit. You're just damned good at that." They rolled a little, getting more comfy.

"Mmmhmm. We're good, huh? Here?" Things had been damned... weird.

"We're good. For now, anyway. Don't worry on it." Wyatt stroked his back, soothing, bringing him down.

"Mmm. 'kay. If you say so." He settled, eyes getting heavy.

"I do. You gotta trust me, huh?" Wyatt had proven to be pretty damned trustworthy.

"I do. Balls to bones." He so did.

"Mmm. All of your best parts, huh?" That low growl had him shivering a little.

He chuckled. "Most folks would say throat and fingers, but I'll take it."

"Hey, I like your bone." Oh, that was bad, but it made him laugh right along with Wyatt.

"Dude. That could be a great song." The thought of *I Like Your Bone* on the radio tickled the shit out of him.

"You're perverse, honey. Makes me smile." One big hand rubbed his ass, Wyatt not really feeling him up. More loving on him, slow and easy.

"Gotta have a fucking talent, hmm?" His eyelids drooped, his whole get together fading.

"Yeah. You have a lot." Wyatt didn't seem to mind him using that big body as a mattress.

"Mmm." That would have to work, at least for a while. Right now he needed rest.

Right here, right now.

Chapter Ten

Wyatt sipped his beer, feeling like he could relax. Maybe just a bit. God, he'd been tired. Really tired.

Not as tired as Travis. That man had slept for hours, the dark circles beneath his eyes slowly fading.

Maybe an hour before, Wyatt had set the little alarm across the hotel room doorway, grabbed his pistol, and headed out to the balcony. He was stretched out in a lawn chair wearing his boxer briefs, and enjoying the breeze.

He could hear Travis wandering around, going from bathroom to mini fridge to suitcases.

"You okay in there, man?" He didn't want to crowd anything. Anyone. Whatever.

"Yeah. There's no Red Bull in here."

"No? Imagine that. Why don't you come out and have a beer with me?" He crossed his ankles, stretching his arms.

"Mmm. You look good." Travis headed out, wearing the tiniest pair of low-slung shorts known to man.

"So do you." Jesus. That was a heart attack waiting to happen. A man should get some warning before he was faced with that.

Travis flexed, belly rippling, shorts slipping just enough. Hello hint of glory trail. Wyatt leaned right out of his chair and kissed that belly, licking a little.

"Oh. Oh, damn. Hello." He could smell Travis, smell need and heat.

He reached up and grabbed those lean hips, pulling the man closer, nuzzling right in. Man smell. Good. Cave Wyatt approved.

Travis' cock started swelling, pushing up toward him, toward his mouth.

The elastic in Travis' waistband stretched when Wyatt pulled at it, sliding down over that thick cock so it was bare for him. So Wyatt figured the least he could do was suck a little.

"Damn. Damn, your mouth." That pretty prick swelled for him, spreading his lips, sliding on his tongue.

Wyatt loved to use his mouth, that was for sure. Damn. He fought a grin 'cause it would hurt, and sucked harder. Travis made the sweetest little sounds, damn near like the man was singing, all while he worked that pretty cock. That music made him happy. Made him work harder. Wyatt yanked those tiny shorts all the way down and grabbed Travis' ass.

"Damn." He could feel Travis' muscles go tight, hands landing on his shoulders as those lean hips jerked.

Wyatt licked, pulling Travis tight against him, moaning around that hot prick. God almighty. There was something about Travis that made him want in an insane way.

Spunk poured out of Travis, hungry sounds ringing out. Licking Travis clean, Wyatt hummed, making a little music of his own. Fuck. Just... wow.

They swayed together a little, Travis looking down at him.

"Gonna help me out, too, Bit?" Licking up that hot, ridged belly, he rested his chin against Travis' chest.

"You know it." Travis slid down, settling in his lap, tight asshole rubbing against the tip of his cock, over and over. "You clean, man? You safe?"

"Oh, Christ. You know I am." They were rocking that lounge chair for all they were worth, Travis making him buck like a rodeo bronc or something. "Know you are, too."

"Uh-huh. Taking care of you, man. Love the rush." Travis took the tip of his cock in, squeezing it tight.

"Uh-huh. Love the way you feel. So hot." Gritting his teeth, he pulled Travis down, trying for more. Faster. Harder. He had one hand around Travis' hips, driving the man onto his cock, over and over, pushing them harder. He could just crawl into the fine son of a bitch and stay.

"Come on," he mumbled when they broke for air. "Come on, babe. I need."

That tight fucking ass squeezed him so tight his eyes rolled. "Don't stop. Right there."

"There?" He slammed into Travis again and again, his chest heaving. Yeah. God.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck." Travis threw his head back and hollered, a dull flush climbing up that six pack.

Heat splashed over his belly, Travis groaning low as it did.

"Babe." That sweet ass scraped along the length of his prick, dragging on his skin. Panting, Wyatt pushed up and pulled down, working his hips. God, it felt good, and he wasn't going to

last a minute. Travis nipped his bottom lip, tugging a little and that was all she wrote -- between the sting and the tight muscles rippling around his prick, it was all over. Christ. Oh, Christ. Wyatt lost it, just fucking lost it, sawing back and forth, a whole damned year's worth of tension releasing when he came. At least. Maybe two.

Wyatt shouted, his cock jerking inside Travis' body, his muscles like frozen rope. Goddamn. Just... damn.

"I got you. I fucking got you."

"You do, man. Long as you need me." He needed to clamp his lips together and stop babbling.

Travis helped him out there, tongue pushing into his mouth. Now he could move and grunt and kiss the man like there was no tomorrow. Which, shit, the way he kept getting shot at, that might not be too far off.

Those bright eyes met his, looking all dazed and a little drunk. "Damn."

"Yeah. You know it." That was... wow. Way to get some of the adrenaline out of the system.

Travis leaned down, took another long, slow kiss. Wyatt reached up, cupping his hands over Travis' cheeks. He held the man still for the kiss, loving the slow slide of lips and tongue.

He could feel the kiss in the muscles wrapped tight around his cock. Oh, fuck him, that was hot.

"You're something else, babe." He kissed Travis' cheek, just under the left ear.

"Mmm. Tell me no one knows we're here. That we can rest a minute."

"We can rest." Well, Travis could. Inside, not on the balcony. Just in case.

"Okay." And boom, just like that, Little Bit went boneless, not asleep, just completely relaxed.

Chuckling, Wyatt made sure his hands were free, and that his pistol was in easy reach. Looked like Travis wasn't going inside after all.

He'd just have to make sure he didn't nap so hard.

Chapter Eleven

He heard fucking gun shots everywhere. Everywhere. Travis groaned, poured himself another cup of coffee and stared out at the beach. His fingers slid up, touched the bumpy line of scabs there on his shoulder.

Wyatt came out of the bedroom, wearing a pair of board shorts and lots of fuzz and that was about it. There was a big black gun in one hand, so casual Travis almost missed it.

He got up, the coffee splashing on his fingers as he stood. "What's up?"

"Nothing. Just want to have it with me. You make coffee?" That slow grin eased him a little.

"Uh-huh. There's about half a pot left."

"Cool." Wandering over, Wyatt slid the empty hand up behind his head, pulling him over for a kiss that made all the noise go away.

Travis caught himself swaying, blinking up at Wyatt. "Do that again?" That was better than weed.

"You bet." The kiss started up all over again, and man, that was hot. Steamy. Good to go.

The coffee cup landed on the balcony rail, and he climbed up Wyatt, like the man was the best kind of jungle gym.

"Mmm. Hey, you." Once the gun disappeared, probably on the little side table, Wyatt put both hands under his ass. That long body never even trembled.

"Hey." He probably shouldn't expend all his nervous energy on fucking, but he was going to anyway.

"How you doing this morning, man?" Wyatt was doing good. Travis could feel it through the shorts, rising against his belly.

"Little freaked out. I keep hearing noises."

"Uh-huh. We could go inside, do it on the bed for a change." Wyatt licked his chin. "You're getting stubbly."

"It's been a couple days." Of course that line of thinking led to wondering about how long they were going to stay here, hiding.

"It has." Wyatt gave him a glinting grin. "I could clean you up."

"Yeah? You have a steady hand, man?" He grinned back.

"What do you think?"

Hmm. He thought Wyatt wouldn't be so out of control as to have a tremor in his fingers. Could be fun.

"I'm easy." It had to be more fun than sitting and thinking and stressing.

"Well, come on, then." Carrying him like he weighed less than a flea, Wyatt headed back inside. He hadn't felt the man pause or let go, but when he glanced back, the big gun was gone.

Jesus, that was weirdly hot. "Can you teach me how you do that?" Although, really, he had too many fucking impulse control issues to be gun-carrying twenty-four seven.

"Do what? I know you know how to shave." Wyatt set him on the sink counter, the granite cold under his ass.

He swallowed the gasp. "I usually do the waxing thing, below the chin. I meant the disappearing gun trick."

"Oh." Seeming to ponder that, Wyatt got the water running in the big shower. When steam started pouring out, Wyatt reached over and grabbed his kit bag. "Sure. If you want. Might not be a bad idea."

"Cool. I want. I think it's hot."

"Yeah?" Oh, now. Look at that. "Like I think you smooth as a baby's butt is hot?"

"Yeah." He could get behind that. "You like the bare and slick look, man?"

"On you? Yeah. Me? No way." Well, sure. Wyatt would look ridiculous.

"You pull off the fuzzy monkey man thing nicely." Hell, he wasn't hairless naturally; he was just very invested in the beach bunny persona.

"Thanks. You ready to hop in?" Wyatt opened the shower door for him.

He nodded, jumped off the counter, giving it a little shake on the way, to show off.

He heard a little moan, so it must have worked. Wyatt's hands landed on his ass a few seconds later, so he knew it had.

"Mmm." He pushed back into the touch, riding it a little.

"I swear, Bit. You're enough to make me forget where I am and what I'm doing." Wyatt goosed his balls.

"Oh, do that a little harder." He didn't believe that for a second.

"Like that, huh?" That hand cupped and rolled, making him grunt. Electricity shot up his spine.

"Uh. Uh-huh." Oh, fuck him, that was hot.

"You're fucking hot. We, uh, might have to take the edge off."

"You think? I have edges?" Hell, he'd had enough caffeine to power a small third-world country.

"I do. Hell, I have dozens." Long fingers slid back along the skin between his balls and his ass.

Heat zapped up along his spine, and Travis went up on tiptoe, ass pushing back like a whore's.

"Look at you." There was a long slide of body against body, and Wyatt hit the shower floor. The sting of Wyatt's teeth on his asscheek was a complete surprise.

"Oh, fuck!" Travis' hands landed with a slap against the tile, his ass stinging with Wyatt's teeth.

"Mmm." Wyatt bit him again and again, leaving little hot spots.

His hips started moving in time with the bites, slowly jerking, fucking the air.

"Your skin. Jesus, it bruises up like a fucking dream." Wyatt growled it against his skin, making him jerk again.

"Don't stop. Wyatt, I fucking need."

"Not gonna." The words dropped on his skin, each one with a little sucking bruise popping up under it. He spread wider, getting his balance and giving Wyatt more access, all at once.

"Fuck. Oh, fuck." Wyatt bent and licked at his balls, the water rushing over them adding to the sensation.

His balls drew up, the sac wrinkling, aching so damn good. The flat of Wyatt's tongue pressed underneath, hot and rough, pushing his balls side to side. He balanced on one hand, reached down and jacked his prick.

"Mmm. Christ, Bit. I can smell you." That was quite a feat, what with the water and all. No soap yet, though, so maybe.

"Want you, man. Like air." Or water. Of course, he had the water.

"Mmm. How much? Want all of me? I got slick in my kit bag. A glove too, even though..."

"I want everything." A glove. He kept the soft chuckle inside, the little wild thrill that came from the suggestion of that hand, his ass. Travis bet Wyatt'd never even heard of fisting.

"Be right back." Thank God for the hot water. His ass would have been cold as hell, Wyatt disappeared so fast.

He got himself in a more comfortable position, then stopped. There was no way they could do this standing. The logistics were just wrong.

"What's the matter?" Wyatt was back in no time, hand sliding over his ass.

"How can we do this, man? You're tall."

"Uh." Chuckling, Wyatt looked around. "I sit on the shower seat. You ride me."

"Tall and smart. A good combination in personal security."

"I like to think so. Keeps my primary safe and happy." Wyatt patted Travis' cock when he turned, making him real happy.

"You sleep with a lot of your primaries?" Not that he was jealous.

"Never have in my life." Warm lips landed on his neck, Wyatt kissing hard.

"Oh..." Marks. Wyatt liked to leave marks. "Good."

Maybe a little jealous.

Strong fingers turned him, moved him, shaping him into the position he needed to be in to straddle Wyatt's lap when they sat. His legs slid easily over the heavy thighs.

"Hey." His fingers slid down, fingertips finding those tiny, tight nipples and tweaking them, hard. "You know, I never got shot before I met you."

"No? Well, think how much worse it would have been if you woulda got shot without me." Wyatt tilted his head, dark eyes glinting. "Or not. That might kill the mood."

That fucking tickled him, and he started laughing -- hard, deep belly laughs that left him breathing hard, holding on tight. The laughter helped ease his tension better than anything else. Enough that he could finally sit back and get a little air in. Wyatt leaned in and kissed him, tongue parting his lips and fucking them, trapping the laughter between them. The water pounded against his back, making all the little marks there sting. Wyatt pinched his butt cheek,

just a little, adding to it. Travis bucked up into Wyatt, cock leaking. Fuck, all those little hurts felt so good.

"So fucking pretty, babe. I love how you look when you're like this." The rough pads of Wyatt's fingers found his hole, circling.

"You got... you got great hands, for someone that's not a picker." He spread even wider, and his toes curled a little at the tingles that climbed up his spine.

"I've always been good with 'em." Laughing, Wyatt pushed a finger just inside, the other hand busy opening lube. Man was well prepared.

Travis could appreciate fucking a big, hairy, hot, naked boy scout. Oh, man. That was a fucked up visual. No gorillas in Boy Scout uniforms. Just Wyatt, sliding a now-slick finger all the way in, making him moan.

Wyatt found his gland like there was a fucking bullseye painted on it -- which would have been another horrible visual except that Wyatt rubbed and pushed and Travis couldn't fucking think. Another finger joined the first, and by the time Wyatt pulled out and lifted him up, Travis wasn't visualizing. He was just feeling.

He felt the water, he felt those steel-band hands around his hips, he felt Wyatt's cock, spreading him wider and wider. Wyatt's lips were on his throat, sucking up a mark there, too. He didn't care. He was on vacation, right? It felt too good to yammer about. Travis found a nice rhythm -- four-four, eighty beats a minute, solid as a fucking rock.

Wyatt was, too. Solid. Hard. Deep inside him. Jesus, the man could fuck like a wet dream. That big body felt like a mountain under him.

"Could climb you like a jungle gym." His hips slipped forward, Wyatt's cock pushing deeper.

"Okay." Breathless, laughing, Wyatt yanked him up and down, controlling the rhythm.

Travis stopped worrying about things, just closed his eyes and rode like Wyatt was a prize damn pony. Moaning, Wyatt took everything he had and then some. The next kiss took the last of his breath, making his ears ring. He bore down on Wyatt's prick, squeezed tight as he could, his orgasm right there at the base of his spine.

When Wyatt bit his lower lip, it let loose, everything in him popping like a spring wound too tight. Boom. The aftershocks left him boneless and stupid, blinking at Wyatt with what he knew was a stupid look on his face.

"Kiss me, Bit. I need." Wyatt was still humping up, hard, body shaking with want.

"Uh-huh." He nodded, then bent to kiss that fine mouth. He squeezed his ass around that hard prick, returning that fuck-yeah-it's-good favor.

Grunting, eyes going wide and blank, Wyatt filled him right up, jerking and bouncing. Goddamn, the man had some stamina.

"There you go." He kept moving, slowing down and dragging it out.

"Uh-huh. Lord, Travis. You got a real knack for that." Wyatt grinned, nuzzling his nose.

"Mmm. Feeling less edgy now?"

"Hell, yes. You?" Those hands moved over him, finding all of the little bruises.

"Uh-huh. Ready for whatever you got." He clenched his ass cheeks, made Wyatt moan.

"I... Oh. Five seconds ago I would've said I didn't have anything left." That hard body though? It was telling a different story.

"Five seconds is an eternity." He squeezed again as Wyatt's fingers found the stubble above his cock, tugged it.

"Mmmhmm. I know that." Those rough, callused hands knew just how to play him, and Travis felt like he could go all night.

"You're damn near better than Red Bull and cocaine." Almost.

"Oh, I think we can manage more enthusiasm than that." Hands clamping on his hips, Wyatt pulled him down, pegging his gland, just like that.

"Fuck!" His head fell back, every nerve in his body zinging.

"We are. I swear, Bit, you need to get your head in the game."

"Fucker." He groaned, swacked Wyatt's shoulder.

"Fuckee." Wyatt laughed like a loon, tugging at his cock, his balls, making him jerk.

Oh, fuck, that was nice. He grunted, leaned in, and bit Wyatt's ear. Hard.

"More," Wyatt breathed, cock swelling inside him, growing to full hardness again.

"Mmmhmm." He groaned, biting into the skin just below Wyatt's ear.

"Damn. Damn, that's fine." They started rocking and rolling again, and he could ignore the fact that the water was getting cooler.

His marks. Okay. He got the appeal. Hotness.

It made him want to do it again, in fact. So he bit Wyatt's shoulder. The big guy cried out for him, pulling at Travis' cock, really giving it to him.

The water was getting colder, and it all felt good enough he didn't care. He just didn't want it to stop.

"Fuck, babe. Gonna make me... Again. Christ."

"Good. Good. Want to feel you, deep." He wanted to ache from it.

"Deeper than this?" Sinking in so hard that Travis couldn't tell where he ended and Wyatt started, Wyatt moved faster, hips pumping.

He lost it, grunting out an orgasm that was so fucking good it hurt, deep down.

Gasping, Wyatt went still for two or three seconds, then came with a short, sharp jerk of his whole body. Fucking hot.

Which was real different from the water, which was fucking cold.

Too bad he was too well-fucked to move.

"Mmmph." Wyatt was nodding a little, too, but before long they were up and moving, Wyatt carrying him out and turning off the water.

"Mmmhmm." They ended to the bed and Travis chuckled. They'd sanded down their edges so well that the shaving and shit might just have to wait.

Chapter Twelve

They were no closer to finding out who had shot Travis, and Wyatt was about to get a little cranky about it. He slapped the laptop closed, his eyes about to fall out of his head after three hours of reviewing background checks. Of course, this whole thing would be easier if Mr. Gee-I-Lived-On-Uppers would settle down.

Right now, Wyatt thought the man was on the roof, playing his guitar.

Naked.

Again.

He'd given up trying to keep the guy under his thumb completely. Hell, if someone could get up there without him knowing, go them. He heard the guitar music, trickling down, like a weird rain thing. That made him chuckle. Raining Travis. Lord. His cell phone lit up just about the time he was going to head up to see what Travis was up to, and Wyatt sighed.

Damn it.

He flipped the phone open. "Good morning, Miss Harrison."

Vicki's voice cut through the line like a hot knife. "Don't you good morning me, asshole. Where's my singer?"

"You using my phone to triangulate or something?" He was only half joking. He'd keep it short.

"Of course not. I want to talk to T. Now. I need to know what's up. The guys are frantic."

"Well, would that be because someone shot him, or because he's not around to give them ready cash?" The background check had revealed some very interesting debt patterns

"I don't know what you're talking about." He heard her muttered, "Jerk," then she continued, "is he okay? There are mad rumors going on. Jeff's telling the media you kidnapped him; Harry's gone looking for him..."

"He's fine." Wyatt covered the mouthpiece of the phone. "Hey, Bit! You want to talk to Vicki?"

"Fuck no. Tell her to go to hell!"

"He says go to hell, honey. So unless you have information, I'll let you go."

"You can't keep him. He has rehearsals! He has interviews!"

"He has someone trying to kill him. Call me when you have something." Wyatt clicked the phone closed and tossed it aside before standing and stretching.

He saw short little legs appear above the balcony, first the bare toes, then knees, then dangling cock.

Lord. Wyatt walked out to give the cock a tug. "Coming down?"

"Uh-huh. Thirsty. Grab my guitar?" Jesus, Travis was a strong little fucker.

"Yeah. What else can I grab?"

He took the guitar, set it down, then reached up in time to get an armful of primary.

"Well, there you go." He smiled into those blue eyes, letting Travis settle against him. "Hey."

"Hey." Travis was sun-warmed and every inch of the fine body was tanned.

"You feel damned good." That compact form was solid, hot, and Wyatt wanted all of a sudden.

"Uh-huh. What did Vicki want?"

"To know where you were. She says the boys are looking for you." Lounge chair? Bed?

"Did you tell her?" Bed. He could move around, focus on tearing Travis' ass up.

"I told her to go to hell, as ordered." Hell, his salary had gone up for hazard pay. Someone wanted Travis safe as much as someone else wanted to put a hurt on him.

"Cool." Travis bounced on the bed when Wyatt tossed him. That made all sorts of bits and bobs wiggle. Lord. The man was just... Well. Wyatt couldn't remember anyone ever getting to him this way. Travis spread, and he watched as those hands touched and pinched, petted and tugged.

Licking his lips, Wyatt moaned. "Want that."

Travis spread a little wider, letting him see everything -- flat little belly, full cock, heavy balls dusted with hair.

Wyatt decided he'd put his money where his mouth was, instead of yammering anymore. He grabbed Travis' ankles, pushing those legs apart even more, spreading the strong thighs to the point of pain.

Fuck, just the sight of that flat six-pack, flushed and rippling, made his cock throb.

Kneeling, Wyatt let his hands wander, feeling the rough hair on Travis' legs, the smooth, hairless skin on his belly. Then he bent and licked the same path.

"H...hey." He chuckled as Travis spoke and that fat cock bobbed, looking for his attention.

"Hmm?" His lips pursed, and Wyatt blew air against the tip of Travis' cock.

"Fuck!" Travis arched, all those muscles jerking for him.

"Soon." He loved that, loved how it made Travis roll his eyes and laugh, but not move away. Wyatt loved to suck, too, so he went ahead and did that, as well.

Travis' fingers tangled in his hair, stinging a bit, tugging, before letting go. "Damn. Damn, man."

"S'okay, Bit. You can hold on." That was hot. Travis fucking his face.

"You make a good... good handle. Fuck, yeah." Travis was a little gentler this time, at least his fingers were. Those hips pushed deep, fucked his lips like a desperate man.

"Mmmhmm." Lord, that was fine. Salty, hotter than fire, Travis tasted like heaven.

Travis drove into him like the world was coming to an end, pushed up, took his mouth. Wyatt let Travis have him, hands clamping down on Travis' hips to help move him even faster. Christ. Hot little fuck. He'd never met anyone who needed like Travis did -- whole body.

They were really rocking and rolling when Wyatt went all the way down, sucking until his cheeks hollowed out. He wanted Travis to come. Travis' shoulders left the mattress, rocking on those lean hips, barking out a short, sharp cry.

Come on. Wyatt pulled back, tonguing the slit at the tip hard before sinking back down. Now. Now. Spunk flooded his lips, Travis' groan sounding a little like his name.

Lips and tongue worked, getting every bit, cleaning Travis right up. Fuck, Wyatt was gonna explode.

Travis pushed him over, scrambling over him and dragging that little hole over his cock in a fucking perverse little kiss. He looked up, and the little fucker winked at him. "Gonna ride you hard. It's a hobby."

"As long as I'm the one you make it a habit with, babe." His hands settled on Travis' hips again, guiding.

"I can handle that." Travis looked surprised, then pleased as fuck.

"Good." He pulled the man down for a kiss, ignoring the savage satisfaction that came from the idea.

It didn't take Travis but a second to find their rhythm, up and down, in and out, cock and ass and mouths. Jesus, the man made him a special kind of stupid.

It was always like music. Like the thrum of a really good drum line. Travis did everything to a beat.

Travis' hands framed his face, that ass worked his cock like a fist, muscles rippling along his shaft.

"Uhn." Yeah, so he wished he was more coherent. He wasn't. Of course, Travis' answer was a groan and a nod and a squeeze from that tight ass.

Wyatt gave up doing anything but moving, his chest heaving, his hips slamming up against that fine butt. More. Just a little more. Travis sat up, took him in that much deeper, and his eyes rolled.

"Christ!" Wyatt lost it, his balls aching, his whole body rocking and jerking as he shot. Oh, damn.

"Mmmhmm. That's right." Travis chuckled, licked at his lips.

"Yeah. You... you need?" He just couldn't get his breath.

"I'm good." Travis curled down against him, humming softly.

"You sure?" If it was him, he'd be about to climb the wall, even if he'd come once already.

Travis squeezed his cock with that tight little ass, eyes falling closed.

"Jesus." The man was sex on two legs. Wyatt was... damn.

"Uh-huh. Rest, security man. I got you."

"Mmm. Isn't that supposed to be the other way around?" Wyatt could murder a nap, though. He was fucking tired.

"Mmmhmm." Those hands kept on touching, easing him right down into sleep.

Somehow it felt damned good for someone to take care of him a little, too. Just a little, and just for now.

When he woke up, it would be time to get back to work.

Travis wandered out to the little beach, whistling under his breath, eyes fastened on the sky. The sun felt damn good. Better than most things.

He'd written some songs, gotten a fabulous tan, and been fucked ten ways to Sunday. He was beginning to wonder what would happen when Wyatt didn't have to stick around any longer.

"Hey, Bit. Don't go too far, huh?" Wyatt always seemed to be right there. Was gonna be weird when he wasn't.

"No one's coming for me here." He tried to do a handstand.

When that worked, he tried walking on his hands for a ways.

"No? Maybe I just want easy access." That low, growly sound to Wyatt's voice made his arms shake a little.

"That's different, then." He stumbled forward a few jerky steps before tumbling over.

"Yeah." When he looked up, Wyatt was right there, wearing jeans and a gun and nothing else.

"You know, that's kinda hot -- the armed and mostly naked thing."

"Yeah?" Wyatt preened a little, not too obvious or anything, but there it was.

"Yeah." There was a song in it. He rolled up, shaking off the sand. "Where do you put the gun when you swim?"

"Uh. Depends." Wyatt laughed. "I guess I'd leave it wrapped in my jeans."

"Mmm. Good to know," He kissed Wyatt's belly playfully. "It's good out here. I could stay."

"I could, too, Bit." Those big hands cupped his cheeks, thumbs rubbing his face.

He pushed into the touch. "What did you do before me?"

"I jacked off a lot." That grin faltered a little. "Hit the bars every now and again."

"Yeah? That's a weird-assed experience. I had to be real careful. Harry could be counted on sometimes, for a quick... you know."

"Yeah. I don't have no one like that. But then, I'm not famous." Wyatt tilted his head. "Harry a good guy?"

"Used to be, yeah." He didn't want to talk about Harry, really.

"Oh." Toes. Wyatt had them. Bare, and digging into the sand. Huh. "It might help me to know if someone has a grudge."

"Harry? No... He just... He sorta... I don't know how to explain it, man. He changed." Harry'd just changed.

"Changed how?" Those dark eyes seemed to change, the expression in them pure speculation.

"He just wasn't the same. He was different. I didn't... want him so close, I guess. Do we have to talk about him? I feel bad about it, a little."

"No, that's cool." Shrugging, Wyatt pulled the gun off. "Here, hold this."

"Sure." Okay. That was odd.

Of course, when Wyatt started struggling out of the jeans, too? It all made sense.

Travis let himself watch and admire. The man was getting more and more apt at that naked thing.

"Now, let me wrap this up in here..." The jeans were carefully wrapped around the gun and set on the steps that led to their little beach, tucked under a riser.

"You coming in with me?" He grinned, held one hand out. "I'm ready."

Like that was a surprise.

He was born ready.

"I am. Come on." That big hand swallowed his, tugging him toward the water, and he thought maybe he was a bad influence on the hired muscle.

Maybe he could get Wyatt to try that naked jet skiing...

Chapter Thirteen

The phone rang at two am.

It was never a good thing when the phone started ringing that early. He figured he was glad Little Bit was asleep, too, so he didn't notice that Wyatt's phone played a Travis Reed ring tone.

"Hello?"

"They shot Jeff." Someone was crying.

"What?" Wyatt sat up, blinking, coming truly awake in a heartbeat. "Who? What happened?"

"They don't know. He's in surgery. I don't know if... It's bad. I need to talk to T."

Vicki. "No. No, you tell me where you are, and we'll come." It was bound to be a ploy to get him to do just that, but he knew Travis and Jeff were tight. The man would sneak off to be with his friend if Wyatt didn't take him.

"Dallas. We're at Presbyterian." She was crying again, incoherent, sobbing.

"You've got to hold it together." His voice cracked like a pistol shot, but Wyatt knew she had to hear it. "Get the cops there, if they're not. Tell them what's going on. That way they can put a guard up. I'll make some calls to help, too. We'll be there soon."

"The police are here. The rest of the band, too. I'm waiting for the media."

Travis was up, packing, moving.

"What about Harry?" She'd said Harry was off looking for Travis. Travis had said Harry was acting weird.

"I... What about him? He's around, I think. I think I saw him downstairs... Hell, I don't know."

"Get someone to keep an eye on him. Now. Just do it. Keep me updated." He hung up, throwing on some clothes and strapping on his gun. "We're heading to Dallas. I got to make some calls. Don't run off on me, Bit. Get us all set and sit tight."

"Why Dallas? What's up?"

"Your friend Jeff, Bit. Someone shot him up." He waited, hoping against an explosion. You never knew which way Travis would go.

Travis stopped, bag in hand. "What?"

"Jeff. He's in the hospital, babe. Someone shot him." He didn't know more, and he was going to have to keep Travis from calling.

Sure as shit, Travis headed for his phone. "Jeffy. Fuck me. Oh, God. I need to talk to Harry, Vick."

"No." He tried for gentle. "I talked to Vicki. She's got the police there, and they're looking for Harry."

"Looking for Harry? Like in looking-looking or is he okay looking or what? God, Vick's going to be psychotic. Is Jeff okay? Can I talk to him? When are we leaving?"

"As soon as we can get a flight." Which would be soon, if he could call in a favor or two.

"Looking for him as in he's nowhere to be found, and has been squirrely.

"He's Jeff's fucking cousin. He wouldn't shoot the man."

Which Wyatt would buy if there wasn't that weird hesitation in Travis' voice.

"Yeah. Pack me up, too. Leave out the rubber-soled boots. Not the cowboy ones." He flipped his phone open, knowing he didn't have time to coddle.

"Right. Where's my phone?" Travis grabbed a pair of jeans, a huge baggy shirt, a gimme cap.

"No calls." Damn it, what was hard to understand about that?

"I know these people. I know Jeff's momma, for fuck's sake. I need to talk to her!"

"You will, Bit." Wyatt moved close, cupping Travis' cheek. "I promise. But for now, if I can't keep you safe, you won't do shit."

"Is this my fault, man? Is this because I ran?"

"No. This is someone who's crazy as a bedbug." He pressed a quick kiss to Travis' mouth. "Now, let me call my buddy with the commuter service?"

"Yeah. Go on. I'm almost done."

"Okay." He kept a watchful eye on Travis while he called, though. He needed Bit to keep his shit together.

Travis took out a prescription, took a couple of pills, then finished up, beginning to bounce a bit. Great.

Stressed and zooming.

If it kept him from running amok, though, well. Cool.

"Hello? Wyn. Hey. You still got that buddy who pilots people back and forth from the Caribbean? I'm in Mexico." His baby brother had all manner of contacts.

"Sure, brother. You still babysitting the pretty singer?"

"I am. We got trouble, man." Sighing, he rubbed the back of his neck.

"Yeah? You need me, Bubba? I can be there with Jack on the plane."

"I..." He hated to involve Wyn in something that might get him shot, but damn it would be good to know he had someone on his side. "Yeah. Yeah, man. I would like."

"You got it. Let me make some phone calls, get things moving. Plan for... oh, a call in an hour, be at the airport in three hours?"

"Got it." They could get moving, get rid of the paper trail, keep Travis busy. "See you then."

"Love you, brother. Keep your shit together." The line went dead. Click.

"Love you, too," Wyatt murmured, folding the phone closed. "You ready, Bit?"

"Uh-huh. Who did you call?" Bounce. Bounce. Bounce.

"My brother. Plane will be here in no time." That would be so much better than being on the road with Travis like this. "Come on."

"The driver? Cool. Who'd shoot Jeff, man? If they want me, why Jeff?"

"To bring you out of hiding? Hell if I know, babe." Wyatt checked his weapons and made sure he could get to his permits. A private jet made that way easier, too.

Travis grunted and headed out the door. "We're packed; I'm going to get some air while you finish."

"Bit." He waited for Travis to stop, glancing over one shoulder. "Don't do anything rash. You'll get there sooner with me."

"I know. I know that. I ain't running. I just... I have to move. This is my fucking fault, man. I have to face Jeff's *momma*."

"Okay." Wyatt nodded once, sharply, deciding to trust. "Be ready to go in fifteen."

That would give him time to make a few more calls, get some balls in the air. Try to figure out what to do once they got there.

Keeping Travis safe wasn't just his fucking job anymore. It had become his personal fucking mission.

They were standing on the tarmac when the little plane's doors opened. His phone was ringing nonstop -- over and over, the ring tones telling stories -- Hank from the Tattler, Vicki, Aunt Bess, Harry, Harry, Harry, Jeff's mom. It was driving him out of his fucking mind and Wyatt had finally just taken the fucking thing and popped the battery, leaving him with nothing.

"Whose plane is this?"

"A friend of Wyn's. His name's Jack Collie." Wyatt was watching, hanging back, eyes scanning the whole scene. They'd already done security, which was really different for a private plane.

"Cool." Travis wondered if anyone else was going to shoot at him. It was weird, how obsessed he was with it, but really, a couple of months ago he lived a relatively shooting-at-him free existence.

"You doing all right?" Wyatt had checked in with Vick, but Jeff had still been in surgery. He'd bet Jeff didn't want to be shot at anymore, too.

He stopped bouncing, looked at Wyatt. "Well, no. My lead guitarist is in fucking surgery, I have someone shooting people, I'm buzzed, and I'm about to leave the beach for motherfucking Dallas -- which is flat and busy and flat and hot and, although not as humid as Houston, still not a paradise."

Wyatt chuckled, one hand coming up to clamp on his shoulder. "Yeah. Stupid question." A tall guy appeared in the open door of the plane, waving, and Wyatt nodded. "Let's go."

"Right behind you." He had his bag and his guitar and his Wyatt. He could do this.

Jesus, that was a little plane.

"Come on, Bit. Jack's a damned good pilot, and you have to meet my baby brother." Baby, his ass. Baby brother looked like a younger, slightly leaner version of Wyatt.

Travis wracked his brain for information about this guy. Right. Stock cars. He put on his 'meet the public' face and held out one hand before he settled. "Wyn. Nice to meet you. Travis. Travis Reed."

"Hey." Wyn's handshake was firm, his hands callused. "Sorry to hear about your troubles, man. Y'all ready to head out?"

"Thanks for the assist." He stowed his little bag and found a seat, keeping his guitar close. What would Jeff do if he couldn't play?

"No problem." A long look passed between Wyn and Wyatt, but no words seemed to be necessary. "I'll tell Jack."

Wyatt got settled, long legs kicked out in front of him. "We need to talk about when we get there."

"What's there to talk about?" He was going to see Jeff.

"Well, babe, if this is a trap, we can't go barging in there, guns blazing." Those dark eyes were so fucking calculating.

"I'm going to see Jeff. I'm not compromising on that." He was tired and buzzed and ready to hit someone with a shovel.

"I never said you were." Shaking his head, Wyatt stretched a little. "I just mean we need to have a staging area, someplace safe where we can set you up, get everything ready."

"I don't follow..." Get what ready? Set him up how?

"To keep you safe, Bit. Jeff wouldn't thank you for getting full of holes, too."

"It's a hospital, man. You can't take guns into a fucking hospital. Not even in Texas." God damn it. This whole stalking, shooting thing was cramping his style and making him damn grumpy.

"I intend to." Leaning forward, Wyatt reached over to touch his knee. "Breathe, babe. We have to work this careful-like. Okay? You have to trust me."

"I'm fucking tired of this shit. I'm *good* to these people and you tell me they're shooting at each other!"

Wyatt stared at him until he stopped. "I'm sorry, man. I am. I just don't know what else to do but what I do best."

He stared at Wyatt, his blood just boiling. "I'm fixin' to lose it, man, in a high-dollar, call the media sort of way." He didn't want to embarrass Wyatt's brother.

"So? Bring it on." He could see Wyatt tensing up, one muscle at a time.

"I'm trying to be nice." He put his guitar aside, hands shaking with the effort to keep it together.

"Fuck that." One dark brow went up and up. "We're past that, you and me. I got what you need."

Too bad the plane was too fucking small to give them any privacy.

He launched himself at Wyatt, growling a little under his breath. Fucking people, hurting each other, hunting him. Fucking assholes, taking advantage of him!

Those amazing hands clamped down on his arms, holding him, but not controlling him. Wyatt let him struggle, let him shout.

He hated this shit -- hated the whole game. This was supposed to be about joy, goddamn it, not some freak show with guns! Travis let loose, amazed that Wyatt could just take it. All of it. It wasn't sex and it wasn't music, but it worked. Wyatt let him rage and move, let him bubble over until there wasn't anything left but quiet.

When he slumped against Wyatt's chest, they sank down on the biggest of the big bucket seats, Wyatt holding him, cradling him. "I got you, Bit."

Travis nodded, leaned in, and let his eyes close. Trusted Wyatt to hold his shit together.

One hand moved to hold him, right against the small of his back. The other stroked up and down his spine, soothing the aches he didn't even know he had.

"This ain't a good mind trip, lover, not a good game at all. I swear, I just gotta get off it for a while." He'd never wanted that before.

"I know. I know it." That gravelly voice was actually full of sympathy, which was a hell of a lot different than when they first met. "This is a rough game. We're gonna win, though."

"You swear?" He blinked, real slow, starting to come down.

"I swear, babe." Wyatt kissed him, obviously not giving a shit about giving anyone a show. "Sleep. Before you know it, you'll be teasing Jeff about the holes."

He nodded. "Gonna write a song."

It was going to be one hell of a hit.

Travis zoned out about forty five minutes out of Dallas.

Thank God. Poor guy had been having a rough day, and that meltdown was fucking impressive. Wyatt was pretty sure he had bruises, which would be hot later. Right now it was just a little making with the sore.

He eased Travis down on the big, comfy seat opposite them and stood up as far as the little plane would let him. Time to make plans.

"Wyn." He said it softly enough that Travis never moved. When he jerked his head toward the back, his baby brother followed.

"That was sorta impressive, Bubba. He do that a lot?"

"Not that I've seen. He does have a problem with impulse control, though." Wyatt rubbed the back of his neck, settling in the little pull down seat at the very back. "Someone's out to kill him, Dub."

"Why? What's he done?" Wyn settled on the floor of the aisle.

"I don't think he's done anything but be famous." Shit, hadn't he read through every piece of information he could find? Nothing made sense.

"Well, folks get nutty, I know." Hell, Wyn'd been chased around a few times by little gals accusing him of getting them knocked up. "You got a bead on who might be doing the doing?"

"Maybe. There's a guy whose behavior patterns have changed pretty radically. And I can't find dick on him. I mean, like family, friends. What's weird, though, is the guy who was shot is his cousin."

"Huh. Were, uh, your guy and the cousin like... doing it?"

"Which? The funny-acting one or the shot one?" Damn, he must be tired. "Jeff is the one who got shot. My primary was doing it at one time with Harry, the one who's been off lately. Need a scorecard?"

"But not the shot Jeff dude? Huh. Anyone gonna shoot you?"

"I hope not. Hell, Travis got grazed in a firefight in a fucking hotel room." Wyn gave him a look, and he shrugged. "What? His people weren't taking it seriously."

"So, fess up. You and him are..." Wyn made the universal finger-fucking motion.

"Well, what do you think, Dub?" Jesus, he'd think it was obvious as all hell.

"I think you're a big old whore, man. Ain't he a little short for that with you?"

"I can stand him on a box." Rolling his eyes, Wyatt flipped Wyn off. "Isn't that what you told me about that almost midget, half-Mexican girl from up in East Texas?"

"Yeah, well. She was real light, too. I only had to use one hand to hold her up."

"Same with him. All that speed." A yawn cracked his face nearly in two. "I'm going to need an extra set of eyes, Dub. But I'll need you to not get hurt, too."

"I got your back, Bubba. You know I do. I got a not-fancy pants car to take us to the hospital."

"Thanks. I figure we'll coordinate a private room for Travis to stay in, instead of a hotel. Hospitals suck, but it's the safest place."

"Y'all're free to stay at my place, too. It's an hour drive, but it's private." Yeah, Wyn's ranch was out in Hunt county, beyond anywhere anyone wanted to live.

"Once we know that Jeff is out of the woods, we probably will." That would ease one of his big worries. "Thanks, man."

"Any time, man. By the way, Momma says that a good son would call."

"Oh, Christ. It's a good thing she has one, then, huh?" Throwing the momma guilt at him at a time like this? He was gonna kick Wyn's ass.

"That's what I told her. We're sending her on a singles cruise for her birthday, by the way."

Fucking suck up.

"How much will that set me back, Jeff Gordon?" He teased Wyn unmercifully about being a relative unknown for the kind of money he made.

"Less than when she decided she needed a new a/c last year, man."

"Oh, cool." That would work. He wasn't fixin' to starve or anything.

"We're about to start our descent, guys," the pilot said from up front. "Strap in."

"You going back to your boy-toy or should I buckle him up."

He was going to beat Wyn's ass.

"I got him. You just get shit ready to get to the car." He grinned over. It kind of felt like when they were kids and looking for trouble. "Thanks again, Dub. I mean it."

Wyn nodded. "Not a problem."

He hoped to hell it wouldn't become a problem. If he ended up with people gunning for Wyn as well as Travis, he might come unglued. He headed back to strap Travis in, settling across from the man.

Yeah. Somehow this one had become awfully important to him. In a very short amount of time.

Chapter Thirteen

He'd woken up with a vicious headache, temples pounding like a trap set, mouth sour and dry. They'd gone from plane to car to hospital, up a freight elevator and now he was sitting and waiting in a goddamn private room waiting for someone to say something.

"When can I see him?"

"He's out of surgery," Vicki said. "They say they'll know in an hour or so."

Wyatt hadn't wanted to let Vicki in, but apparently it beat her raising a stink and letting everyone know where he was.

Shot. Jeff was shot in the fucking throat.

In the throat.

He paced, from window to door and back. "Is his momma here? Harry? I need to talk to them."

God, Harry'd be a basket case. Him and Jeff'd been tight for years.

Years.

"Harry has been around, but..." Vicki looked at Wyatt, biting her lip. "He hasn't been here officially, Travis. He's been kind of... not wanting to be seen."

"What the fuck does that mean? Give me your phone."

"No." Wyatt came over, hand clamping down on his shoulder. "No calls to Harry. I have someone tracking him down. What about the momma?"

"She's with her sister. They're at their church, praying for Jeff's soul because he's been drinking and smoking and lalala." Vicki waved her hands.

"Lovely." Wyatt rumbled really well, even on Jeff's behalf, and he didn't even like Jeff. Or whatever.

"I can't just fucking sit here, man, and Vicki, stop trying to poach Wyn, would you?"

That girl would find anybody to make money on.

Vicki looked at him. "What?"

"Wyn's good at avoiding the sharks, man." Wyatt got it, he could tell. "I'm going to check with the docs and all. Be right back."

At least Wyatt had his back.

Vicki came to him as soon as Wyatt left. "Dude. T. What the *fuck* is going on?"

"I don't know. Don't you know? What's the fucking deal?"

Vicki drew him deeper into the room. "He was out at the pool at his summer place. Someone just shot him."

"But Vicki, there's cameras, aren't there? Locks and keys and shit?"

"Sure, but I'm not sure any of them were working, it's been so long since any of y'all've been there."

"So, what the fuck, Vicki? What is this?"

"I don't know."

"You had to know something. You hired Wyatt."

"Look, T. There were threats. Weird, vague threats, and you're getting bigger and we thought it would be good."

"You thought I was going to get in trouble." He wasn't stupid.

"We thought it would be nothing, and that you'd pull a stunt that was good publicity." She spread her hands. "I never thought anyone would get hurt, T."

"I need to see him, honey. I need to tell him I'm sorry."

Hell, they didn't know if he'd pull through, with all the blood loss and shit.

She sighed, nodded. "Harry messaged me. He's here, wanting to talk to him, too."

"I bet." Travis glanced around. "Where?"

"He didn't say -- all he said was that he was stressed out, what with you disappearing and shit and..." Her phone beeped again. "It's him"

"Gimme the phone."

He flipped it open. "Harry, man. Where are you?"

"Dude, T-bird. I thought that big bastard was going to keep you gone forever."

T-bird? Weird.

"Nah. I needed a break. Where are you?"

"I'm actually down on three. There's a lounge. Come on down; we'll go see Jeff."

"Yeah? Let me call Wyatt and I'll be there."

"What? He's not breathing down your neck? Man, you used to have a pair."

"Fuck off, asshole." He shook his head, brain racing. "You remember when you and me hid out and smoked green in that hospital in Maui?"

"Yeah, man. Yeah, I bet I could get some stuff now."

Oh, no. Uh-uh.

"Dude, who the fuck is this? You ain't Harry." He knew that. He knew that voice and that wasn't fucking Harry. Harry hated green. It made his head hurt.

"You fucking asshole. You've never had a brain in your head. Why did you have to start now. You want to know a secret? I'll tell you one. I got your bodyguard. I got him down here and I'm making him bleed." Well, that proved he was fucking right, he guessed.

"Who is this? Where the fuck are you? I'll have the cops down there so fast your fucking head'll blow." He snarled out the words, keeping his voice low.

"I told you where I am. You come find me, and I might made a trade." The phone clicked off, abrupt as hell.

Okay.

Okay.

Fuck.

He dialed Wyatt, getting nothing but voice mail.

Damn it.

Damn it.

Okay.

Okay.

Think.

He walked over to Vicki, where she was talking to Wyn. "Hey, y'all. Wyatt called. He wants me downstairs. I'll be right back."

"I'll come with." Wyn was no dummy, and those dark, dark eyes probably saw way too much.

"No. No, you stay with Vicki. Just in case." He made for the door. He wouldn't get Wyn hurt.

"Travis. Come on, man. Let me call Wyatt, just to make sure." Wyn was following, not letting him out of sight. Damn, but the Chastain boys were stubborn.

"Wyn. I'm just going downstairs. You call Wyatt. I'll be there in two shakes." Damn. Damn.

"Okay." He about dropped his teeth when Wyn agreed. "I'll call him now."

"Cool." Good boy.

He didn't have time to consider why Wyn backed down.

It didn't matter. Some psycho had Wyatt.

The phone startled the heck out of Wyatt, probably because he was standing under a sign that said 'Please Turn Off Your Phone.' He'd been waiting for something, anything from Jeff's doctor, and if it hadn't been Wyn, he wouldn't have answered.

"What's up, Dub?"

"Man, your primary's on the run. He got a phone call and scrambled."

"From who?" Shit. Wyatt turned on his heel and headed back toward the safe room. Maybe he could intercept the little shit.

"He said it was you, man. Your number was the last one on that gal's phone."

"No. No way. Shit. And you just let him go?" Wyn was a big guy, if not as big as Wyatt.

"I'm following him. He's a grown man, Bubba, and he's worth about a kajillion dollars more than I am."

"Maybe only a bazillion." Damn it. "Which way is he headed?"

"Down. He's running the stairs."

"Shit." Shit, shit. Wyatt took off like a bat out of hell, his boots thudding on the linoleum. He knew Travis wouldn't lie to Wyn and run without a good reason. The man had promised.

The sound of a gunshot echoed through the earpiece of the phone and he heard Wyn cry out. "Fucking shit!"

"Wyn! Talk to me." He thought he had a pretty good directional, but his ears were ringing, so it was hard to be sure.

"You motherfucker! You let him go! Wyatt! There's a guy! Armed. On three, heading to two!"

Wyatt burst into the stairwell, pelting down to three before stopping to listen. "East corner, Wyn?"

"Yeah. Fuck. The guy's got him, Wyatt."

"I'm on my way. You just try to stay on them without giving him a shot." There was no way he was going to lose his brother or his primary. He'd promised they were going to fucking win this.

Wyatt made his way down to the main floor and cut across. He could move faster alone than Harry could with Travis fighting him.

"I'm on it. He's a floor beneath me." Wyn was panting, breathing hard into the phone. "He's a fucking looney, man. He's got a pistol and a syringe, from what I saw."

"I'm going to try to get him from below. I might need you to make some noise so he doesn't see me coming." His heart was fucking racing, and he had to breathe through his nose to calm down.

"You tell me what to do, man. I'll do it."

There was fucking press everywhere. It was insane. Absolutely fucking insane. How was the asshole planning to get Travis out?

Wyatt put his head down and tried not to run, which would draw attention. Hopefully, if the asshole did pop out of the stairwell down here, the crowd would panic him, make him run back in and try to regroup.

"They've stopped moving." Wyn whispered.

"On the stairs? On a landing?" He had to have a visual. Christ, what a cluster fuck.

"I don't know. I'm between two and one. I didn't hear a... Wait." Things went real quiet. "Your boy's talking, talking loud about walking out with him, down through the parking garage."

Good boy, Bit.

"Okay, be ready for my signal." The door at the ground floor didn't have an alarm bar, so Wyatt took a chance on opening it, slow and careful, making sure there were no squealing hinges.

He could hear Travis' voice -- clear as a bell. "Where's Harry, man? I mean, my Harry. The one I know."

"Knew. He's dead. He'd fucked up enough."

"Does Jeff know there were two of you? What are you, twins or something? You're the fucking nutso-crazy evil one? Because Harry's a good man. Solid."

There was the sound of metal slamming into flesh. "Quit talking!"

Wyatt's hands clenched into fists, and they were fucking shaking. He had to get a grip. He took in a deep breath, blew half of it out, and drew his pistol.

"Fuck you, man. Harry... Harry was a good guy."

"My brother was a slut and an asshole and ruined his life being a goddamn whore groupie."

"Okay, this is going to go down fast," he murmured to Wyn while Travis and the fake Harry talked. "Give me a three count and make some noise."

He was through listening to the monologuing.

"Sure thing. One."

"Harry was a decent man and you're a fucking psycho."

"Two."

Another heavy blow and Wyatt heard Travis groan.

By the time Wyn breathed the 'th' in three, Wyatt was in position, and he could see the not Travis guy's legs. He could also see that the guy had lost it enough to beat Travis down and let him go.

About the time that one heavy boot connected between Travis' shoulders, Wyn started making a huge fucking racket, screaming and banging like the place was coming down.

Travis rolled down the stairs toward him, and Wyatt leaped over him, landing in a crouch and aiming at the not-Harry. He didn't bother to shout a warning, or try to talk the man down.

Wyatt just shot the fucker in the shoulder.

They were in a hospital, right? Someone could patch the bastard up.

The not-Harry dude grunted and raised his gun hand and, just before Wyatt shot again, Wyn came flying through the doorway, tackling the son of a bitch to the ground. "You don't fucking SHOOT at my brother!"

"Shit!" Wyatt heaved his ass up the last two stairs to the landing, knocking the guy's gun away and bashing him in the face with the butt of his own pistol. The blow stunned the guy enough that he stopped struggling. "You got him?"

"Yeah. Yeah. Where the *fuck* is this place's security, Wyatt?" Wyn looked fit to be tied.

"I don't know. Here." Wyn knew how to use the damned gun. Wyatt handed it over before heading back down to check on Travis. He couldn't wait anymore to make sure the damned fool was okay.

Travis had crawled into the shadows; Wyatt could hear him breathing.

"Bit? The shooting's over, babe. I'm coming down." He didn't want Travis to go crazy when he got there.

"Wyatt. It's not Harry." Travis coughed, then grunted.

"I heard, babe. I heard. You did good." And if the little shit ever did it again, he was going to kill him. Wyatt flipped open his phone as he knelt next to Travis and called Vicki. "Where the fuck is security? Get them to the east stairwell, between first and second floors."

Gunshots, and no one was coming.

"Wyatt? The cops are here wanting to shoot my ass!" Wyn sounded a little panicked.

"Well, give them the fucking gun and send someone down here." Jesus. Wyn had sounded just like that the first time he'd wrecked a car. The first time he'd eaten moldy pizza, too.

He put a hand on Travis shoulder. "Baby? Talk to me."

Something in that shoulder sorta grinded from his touch and he winced as Travis bit back a sharp little scream. "He's not fucking Harry."

"No. No, he's not. He's down. The cops have him. What hurts the most, Bit?" They needed to get Travis help. "Jesus fuck, where are you guys! I need help here!"

"Shoulder's broke and my cheeks a little fucked. Good thing I'm in a hospital, huh?" Travis sat up, staring at him through a face that was starting to swell. "Hell of a rush, huh?"

The cops started swarming then, and Vicki and fucking reporters and doctors and Jesus fuck.

Wyatt never got to answer that question. At least not then.

He sure as hell hoped he was going to get to stick around to do it later.

Like maybe with his hand on Travis' ass.

"I don't want visitors."

If he had to tell that fucking harpie of a nurse that, one more time, he was going to hurt something.

Jeff was retiring, Harry was dead. Simon -- who he hadn't really known shit about -- was awaiting trial for all sorts of shit up to and including planning on killing his happy ass for corrupting Harry.

His face was healing up good, the shoulder wasn't too bad, now that it was immobilized, and all he wanted was out.

To be left alone.

Well, that and his Wyatt, damn it.

"This is a new one, sir. A..." She looked at a sheet on her clipboard. "Wyatt Chastain. The police say he's clear."

"Oh. He's not a visitor."

Wyatt.

"Well, he's waiting outside." Her eyebrows went up to the line of her cotton candy hair. "Do you want him in?"

"Yes, please." You old, scary fucking BATTLEAXE!

"Okay." She popped gum that he was pretty sure she wasn't supposed to have, and turned on her heel. When she walked out, his own personal tall drink of water walked in. Oh, sweet Jesus.

He just stared a second, taking it all in. "Hey, man." *You're okay.*

Wyatt stared right back, those eyes almost black. "Hey, Bit." That low, rough drawl sounded like sweet music.

"Wyn okay?" He was going to fucking shake apart.

"Yeah. Yeah, he's good. He's been dining out on the experience." Wyatt's hands clenched and unclenched. "Can I... How do I?"

"Come here. I need you." There. Just the truth.

"Thank God." Wyatt came to him, hand reaching out for his, the one that wasn't attached to a broken arm. "They haven't let me in, Bit."

"Next time, shoot them. You're my personal security, right?" His Wyatt.

"I am. Well, except the label let me go. Said you didn't need me. Now, if you decided to keep me around..." Those eyes crinkled up, Wyatt smiling for him, easing pains he didn't even know he had.

He pulled Wyatt down, looking hard. "I need you."

And not for the security part, although that was fucking handy and the gun thing? Still hot.

"Then I'm yours, Bit." Wyatt pressed a kiss to his mouth, licking at his lower lip, slow and thorough.

They kissed for a long time, taking it easy, letting shit flow and ebb and all. When Wyatt backed away, Travis kept looking, held Wyatt's eyes. "I'm tired, man. Real tired. I want to go home for a while."

He didn't know if he *had* a home, but he needed Wyatt and him to get to one, rest.

"Wyn says we can go to his ranch. It's not far, actually, but it's quiet." Wyatt's thumb rubbed over the back of his hand, over and over.

"Okay. Jeff's leaving. It's my fault. All this. I was being good to them and..." He tried to get a breath. "This shit is fucked up."

"Shh." Now Wyatt was kissing him to shut him up. "It wasn't your fault. Harry's brother was crazy, babe. Just that. Not your fault."

"Still. Damn. I mean, I didn't even know." Simon'd killed Harry months ago, before the tour started. Months he'd had that crazy fucker around and not known.

Of course, Jeffy hadn't either, had he? And they were cousins. Real cousins, too, not gee-we're-from-Texas cousins.

"It never showed on the background checks, either, babe. It was well-hidden." That hand came up, Wyatt's fingers tracing his cheeks, which were not swollen so much now, his chin, his mouth.

"So, you sticking with me, man? You up to riding with my happy ass?"

Please?

"Soon as I can, I'll be riding your happy ass." The laughter was short-lived, though. "Yeah. I think I will, if you'll have me. Someone has to work on your impulse control."

"You think?" He grinned, touched Wyatt's jaw. "I'd like to see you try it. Let's say for the next ten or twenty years. Who knows? I might improve."

Maybe.

Possibly.

"I got staying power," Wyatt agreed, kissing him hard enough to make his ears ring.

Then again, maybe he would make it a point to do crazy things. That might keep Wyatt around for the rest of his life.

He could live with that.

Hell, that might make one hell of a hook for a song.

End