



## **Guapo**

*A Torquere Press Single Shot Classic by BA Tortuga*

The night was still. Too still for Dieter's taste, as he preferred a light breeze, one that carried the scents of the night to him. There was much less work to it that way. They were much easier to find.

Tonight he was in one of the worst parts of the city, searching for someone who might have spice. Someone who might fight. Dieter was bored.

So very bored.

So far he had passed up a stocky older man who wandered down the street past him singing El Rey, and a woman who was probably quite strong, as young as she seemed, both rejected because of their scents.

He had enough despair of his own.

Just when he thought he would give up, go home, Dieter caught something on the air. A man. Young, feral, full of heat; someone composed of pepper and lime and sweat. Perfect.

Dieter stepped out from the doorway he stood in, flicking his cane out and immediately dropping it, standing frozen, as if lost without it.

"Dios mio! You dropped you stick, man." The clack of his cane sounded, then it was pressed into his hand. "You gotta be careful, yeah? Bad dudes out here after dark."

Oh, yes. Young enough to still think he was invincible, Dieter could tell by the voice.

"Oh. Thank you. I... I appear to be hopelessly lost."

"Where you trying to be? You're at Gonzales and 3rd." Cocky, self-sure.

In return, Dieter gave uncertain, almost panicked. "I was to meet someone. A friend. Is there a station nearby?"

"Like a bus? Sure, man. Two blocks down and one over, by the little taqueria." A warm, callused hand touched his shoulder. "What time's your bud supposed to show?"

Smiling just enough to look wry, Dieter turned toward the touch, hand reaching out. "Perhaps an hour ago?"

"Oh. You been stood up. Come on, Guapo. I'll take you to the bus stop." His hand was taken. "You gotta be careful."

Groping, Dieter took the young man's arm. "Thank you so much. What is your name?"

"Eh? My homies call me Mago, the magician. You?" Oh, strong, warm, male.

Stroking absently at the warm skin, Dieter breathed deep, feeling his hunger stir at the musk and tequila scent the breath brought to him. "I am Dieter. Why Mago?"

"Mamma says she couldn't keep me in my crib, in the house. She says I'm always disappearing and reappearing."

"Ah. How intrepid of you." They were nearing the bus stop far too quickly, and it was the main exchange he'd guess from the diesel fumes. That would never do.

"Okay. Thanks, I think." The chuckle was low, sexy, deep, unaffected.

He chuckled as well, fingers moving, testing the resilience of muscle and bone. "Did I offend? My English sometimes is poor." Certainly his accent made it sound so; though faint it was still strong enough to mark his speech.

"Oh, my spanglish is wicked, so we're cool, man." The kid moved faster, moving him toward the bus stop. "Almost there, Guapo."

Damn. Dieter stopped, his hand popping free as he sniffed the air. "Is that a restaurant?"

"Eh?" He heard sneakers squeak on the concrete as the boy turned. "No... Oh! Damn, man, you got a nose on you! That's Jade Gate, four doors down."

"Is it any good? I... well, you have been so nice, and I hate to impose. But I should like to have some food to take home. I missed my dinner." Grimacing, Dieter made a vague gesture with his hands, indicating his embarrassment.

"Good sweet and sour chicken, yeah. Okay. Sure. I... What bus you taking, man? It's getting late."

He wasn't taking the bus, had no intention of it, and could not for the life of him remember what route he might need to get home. His house was a beacon to him. He could get there from any part of the city. Evading, he reached for Mago again, pushing slightly toward the restaurant. "I have time. If you do. I understand if you have some place to be."

"Nah. Not really. Going home. I'll help you out, yeah? Good deeds and all." Mago started towards the restaurant, moving slowly.

This one was almost enough to give him second thoughts. The boy was... kind. It was a rare enough thing that it intrigued him. Still, Mago's scent was addictive, and Dieter wanted to see if the boy tasted as good. He would pay for Mago to eat, then eat himself.

"Thank you."

"No problem. Whatcha doing in this part of town anyway? You don't look low rent, Guapo."

"I was to meet a friend, as I said. My part of town, it makes him uncomfortable." The small restaurant they entered was warm and steamy and had a strong odor of cabbage and sticky sweet sauce. Underneath it all there was still Mago, and Dieter only just caught himself leaning to take another deep whiff. Really, it was not like him to be so careless.

"Yeah, friends are like that. You want it to go? You know what you like?"

Letting go, reluctantly, Dieter moved toward a seat, carefully feeling his way as if he needed to sit rather desperately. "Well. Have you eaten? Perhaps... well, no doubt you have. The sweet and sour chicken would do nicely. And if you wish, get something for yourself."

A wad of bills accompanied that statement, and Dieter pressed it into Mago's hands.

"Oh. Oh, Jesus. Man. You gotta be careful. Shit." Mago sat him down, voice stunned, sitting across from him as a waitress came up. "You're gonna get mugged. Shit. Uh. Two number sevens and you wan' a drink?"

"Water, please. Bottled, if they have it."

The waitress had squeaky shoes and a high, sweet Asian giggle which told him Mago must look as good as he smelled, and she smelled of garlic and bubble gum.

"Water and ice tea, yeah? Thanks." The money was pushed back into his hand. "Take your money, man. I'll buy my own. I ain't bumming off a blind guy."

Drawing himself up stiffly, Dieter took the money, tucking it away. "Of course. I apologize."

"Oh. Oh, dude. I didn't mean nothing. I mean, you don't know me or nothing and you shouldn't have to buy a guy food for being decent, yeah?" Oh, there was a genuine concern, a rich worry.

The difficulty he would have with this one became more and more plain. Mago caused a spark of interest he had not felt in so long as to forget that it existed. It was... exhilarating.

"I am sometimes quick to defense. I simply hate to eat alone and would be happy to share with you."

"Well, that's cool. I'm all about meeting new people. Where you from, Dieter? That's German?"

"Yes." Was where he was from even there anymore? Sometimes he had difficulty remembering. "I have only lived here a few years."

"Yeah? I've lived here all my life, but Mamma and Poppi come from Chihuahua." The waitress brought the drinks, the scent of lemon as Mago squeezed it in sharp and sour.

"Do you like it?" Terrible, his polite attempts at chatter. Stiff, formal, even to his own ears, Dieter wondered how long it had been since he'd had a conversation. A year? Two?

"Here? It's okay. I got my friends, my job. One day I want to go to LA or something, but right now? I'm hanging."

Dieter reached for the water, fumbling just enough with the cool glass to make it real. "It is much the same to me. Does that sound bitter?" He laughed. "Everywhere is noisy and dark."

"That's gotta suck, man. You do pretty good, though, yeah? Get around okay?" He could hear Mago's fingers sliding along the chintzy tablecloth.

"In familiar surroundings, yes. As you can see, I don't do as well when I am lost. Thank you again, for helping." The arrival of the food stopped him from reaching out, touching that hand as he wished to.

"Do... Is there anything I can do to uh... help you? Eating, I mean?"

The food smelled good, which surprised him, as usually it made him faintly sick. "If you could just orient me. Tell me what is where."

"Okay. Your rice is at the top, the chicken at the bottom, sauce in the bowl in the middle. You got chopsticks and a fork." Mago's stomach rumbled, making them both chuckle. "I guess I was hungry, yeah?"

"It sounds it." Beaming, Dieter picked up his chopsticks and snagged rice, wanting Mago to eat heartily. The motions of smiling and nodding and eating came easier to him that he would have thought. He was enjoying himself.

"Do you work? I paint windows – advertising, you know?"

"Really? Is that why your hands have paint on them?" Work. What a foreign concept that was to him now, when once he worked until his fingers bled.

"Yeah. I..." Mago's voice trailed off. "Hey! How'd you know?"

"I felt it. When you grasped my hand. Dried tempera. I once had a dear friend who was a painter." That should cover him. It was only part of the truth, but the truth nonetheless.

"Wow. Wicked!" Mago's laugh was low, rich, sensual.

That laugh worked up his spine, making him gasp, making him want to rip the boy's throat open right there on the cheap plastic table with the ripped vinyl cloth. Dieter clamped his mouth shut, afraid of what might show. Dipping his head, he ate a piece of chicken, grimacing at the soggy, soft bread taste.

"Man, you've got to have sensitive fingers. Mine? Are all nicked from the razors."

"I no longer work with my hands. I have not been very good at it since..." Trailing off, Dieter shrugged, listening to Mago shift uncomfortably. "Are you a good painter?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I am. I mean, I ain't got the training that some guys do, but I got heart and it's what I love, yeah?" The passion in the low voice was audible. Delicious.

Edible.

"Yes. The best art comes from love." If he was not mistaken, he had consumed enough of the food to make it real, and Mago was finished. The food would make Mago slower to react, would make the blood harder to draw.

"Yeah." Mago finished his tea. "Come on, then. You'll miss your bus, and I don't have a car."

"Yes. I've kept you long enough." Mago took his hand when he held it out, helping him up, and Dieter savored the warmth. What a shame it would be to feel cold.

They settled the bill, Mago paying half, then helping him to the door. "Thanks for inviting me to eat, man. It was nice."

"It was." Why it should still surprise him to find it so he didn't know, but there it was. All that was left was to pull Mago into the gaping mouth of the alley he felt loom next to them, the breeze of the suddenly open space and the smell of a ripe dumpster giving it away. Dieter was shocked to find that he could not do it. "Perhaps we will meet and do it again sometime."

"Sure. I got a business card with raised up letters. Would that work for you? You could let me know if you're in my part of town again." A cheap card was pressed into his hand. "Oh, the name on there's Javier. That's me. Not as cool as Mago, but business, yeah?"

"One must be serious for business, indeed." He hoped Mago was sharing his smile and not offended by it. He took the card, feeling the thin stock and raised print. "This will do just fine."

Pulling a thin silver case from his pocket, Dieter returned the favor, handing over a thick vellum card with what he was told was gold script with his name and number. "And you must call me if you have the urge."

"Oh, wow. That's a great card." They made it to the bus station, the smell of fuel and oil strong. "Do you need me to stay?"

"No, no. I can get there from here. Thank you so much." He took Mago's strong hand in his and squeezed, enjoying the last bit of contact, letting the scent settle into him. He would be able to find Mago anywhere now.

"Okay. Goodnight, Guapo. Safe journey. Call me, we'll have lunch. I'm painting a Wendy's later this week and they'll feed us for free!"

Bemused, Dieter felt the air move warmly as Mago left, making him wonder at himself.

Really, it wasn't at all like him to play with his food.

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Mago wandered along ritzy streets, looking in windows of frou-frou shops, and trying to come up with a reason to dial the number on the card and call Dieter.

The dude was... haunting.

It was creepy, really. The dude was fine -- long, silvery hair, great skin, muy Guapo -- but he wasn't the out of the closet, moon around for fine guys type. That sorta shit got your ass kicked.

Hard.

Still, he was uptown in his best jeans, wasn't he?

Looking for a reason to talk to the dude.

Mago shook his head. Looking for a reason to talk to the uptown Guapo **blind** dude.

Shit.

He was still fingering the fancy embossed card and thinking when he thought he caught a glimpse up ahead of long hair, bright in streetlights, and heard the tap, tap of a cane.

No way.

Fucking A.

Mago moved up a little closer, waiting for the man to walk near a lamp post. "Hey, Guapo. You looking for the bus stop again?"

Dieter, because it really was Dieter, stopped immediately, turning toward the sound of his voice.

"Mago! Wonderful. I was just thinking about having some dinner. Now I shall not have to eat alone."

Oh, cool. The guy remembered him -- just by his voice, too. Too cool.

He reached out, shook Dieter's hand. "I could do dinner, sure. How you been, Guapo? I worried about you getting home safe, glad to see you did."

"Oh, yes, thanks to my stalwart rescuer." A small smile creased Dieter's cheeks, and the man held onto his hand for a few moments, the skin cool and dry.

"Yeah, well, it was my... uh... pleasure." He was blushing, getting a little hard. Maybe the fact the dude was blind wasn't all bad. "Where were you thinking about eating?"

"I was thinking about getting something on the way home, maybe Thai food, and eating there."

The cane got folded up, Dieter turning a bit more and pulling him close to tuck one hand through the crook of his arm. "Is that too forward? To ask you to come home with me?"

"Thai? Is it good?" He gave Dieter's hand a pat. "Where are we going, exactly? And if you don't mind inviting me in, I don't mind coming."

"Yes it is, we're going toward Eighteenth, and I certainly would not ask if I minded."

They pressed together from shoulder to hip, and if he wasn't losing his mind, Dieter was kinda... sniffing him.

Weird.

Sorta sexy, in a way.

But weird.

"What all have you been doing today? Working hard?"

"Oh, I am afraid I was a man of leisure today. I slept in."

They stopped, Dieter pulling him to a halt and sniffing the air before pointing. "The restaurant should be just over there. Do you see it?"

"The Noodle House? Yeah. Neat dragon on the sign." He pushed the button on the light pole, waiting for the walk signal. Jaywalking with a blind dude? Probably not cool. "Sleeping in sounds good. I painted a car dealership today."

"Really? What did you paint?" Those fingers tucked into his elbow started moving, stroking him lightly.

"Goofy sixties flowers, smiley faces, paisleys. They're having a VW bug sale." Good money, too, and the painting was inside and the head guy owned eighteen lots -- damned near fulltime work.

"Oh my. Well, so long as it pays the bills, I suppose." The light changed, the little chirping sound for the blind starting, and Dieter began to walk. He wasn't sure who was leading who. "You don't smell like paint."

"I took a shower." He blushed again. Of course, he'd had to use Mama's rose soap, so he probably smelled like a chica.

"You smell like flowers." Dieter turned a smile on him again, and though he couldn't see the eyes behind the glasses, he could tell it was the real thing. "But it does not overpower."

"Oh, good. I'd hate for you to gag 'cause I smelled like an old lady. Watch your step." They stepped up onto the curb and headed for the restaurant.



"Thank you. And you could never smell like an old woman. You are... spice. Musk. It is most enticing."

"Oh." He blushed all over, prick going *sproing*. Damn. "Thank you."

"You are welcome." They managed to get inside without him tripping them up, even with the tented pants. He swore Dieter moved closer, hip and thigh rubbing against his, that sniffing thing happening again, but it could have just been because of the good smells of the food.

"Uh, do you know what's good here?" The food was named stuff that didn't make any sense. Pad this and curry that.

"The Pad Thai is good if you like noodles. The spring rolls are excellent. And they have a coconut shrimp that I particularly like. Shall I simply order for us? Is there anything you will not eat?"

"Nope. I'm not picky. At least I don't think I am." He grinned, hoping Dieter could hear it.

"Excellent." Dieter ordered, speaking quickly with the young woman across the counter, calling her by name. He ordered the Pad stuff, and the shrimp, and some roll things and some kind of banana dessert in coconut milk' to go.

Mago pulled out a twenty and pressed it into Dieter's hand. "There's my share. Can I get an ice tea to go, too, please?"

Dieter didn't say a word about the money, simply tucked it away, and they got drinks and went to sit down to wait for their food. Dieter slid into the booth beside him, rather than across from him, arm brushing his just like before. Keeping contact.

It was arousing, aggravating because his stupid body kept responding, kept tingling and shit. Weird. "Man, winter's going to be here soon. The daylight sure is fading quick now."

"Yes. I confess, I find winter rather comforting. Maybe it is because I cannot see the light, only feel it, so the dark suits me."

Man, any other guy got as close to him as this and he'd get twitchy, at least in public, but Dieter just seemed... natural.

"Well, Guapo, with your coloring? Your hair? You *glow* in the night. I'd love to paint you."

Paint him naked, spread out on a black velvet cloth, hair shining...

Shit.

Down boy.

"Really? Oh, that would be lovely. I fear I do not photograph well. I turn stiff and formal. Sitting for portraits is much more my thing." Long, white fingers just touched his leg, above his knee.

He shivered, breath catching, and damn, this was just never going to work. He'd die of blue balls by the end of supper.

Dieter's fingers clenched for just a moment, then disappeared as the man moved away an inch or two, right in time for the food to arrive. "Shall we?"

"Uh-huh. Yeah. Sure. I... Uh. Lemme hit the bathroom and I'll be right out." He shot down the aisle and into the stall, one hand in his mouth to keep him quiet, the other pumping his cock hard and fast.

When he was done, and not panting anymore, he went back out to find Dieter waiting for him, frowning in the direction he'd disappeared. The frown cleared when he reached Dieter. "Are you all right?"

"Yep. Just needed to take care of business." He took the bag of food in one hand and put Dieter's hand in the curve of his elbow. "Where to?"

"Not far. We go out to the right." That little smile was back, and he wondered if he still smelled like roses. It wasn't far to Dieter's place at all. About four and a half blocks, and whatever the guy did it must be okay, because there was a doorman and everything.

"Wow. Pretty place. What floor do you live on? In? Whatever."

"Eight." Swank. Elevators, cushy carpet, and the door to Dieter's apartment was all carved wood. That was really smart, because none of the rest of them were that way, so Dieter could feel that he was home.

"Cool." No one would fucking believe this; Thai food in a swank-assed apartment uptown.

Wow.

"Welcome to my home." The words were oddly formal, Dieter opening up and leading the way into a sweet apartment, full of really cool shit. Chrome and glass mixed with antiques, African art and fine cut glass shared space. The one thing it all had in common was texture. It was all touchable.

"Oh, man. It's beautiful..." He looked, blinking and trying to take it all in. Man, he needed a sketch pad.

Maybe the napkin from the food...

"Thank you." Dieter patted his arm. "Do you mind if I take my glasses off?"

"Mind? Why? It's your house, Guapo." He put the bags on the table, started taking the boxes of food out.

"It unnerves some people." Those eyes were silvery blue. They went with the hair and the skin so well that his fingers itched to paint them. "Oh, that smells good. Thank you for coming with me."

"Thanks for inviting me." Those eyes were fascinating, beautiful. Bright. Wow.

The food was really good, full of light layers of flavor, and the company was good too, mostly quiet, but not uncomfortable.

Relaxed and full, Mago let his eyes wander through the rooms, admiring the colors and shapes. The lamp light was soft, golden, filling the room with a glow. The windows were covered in heavy curtains, the fabric textured and dark.

The colors were rich, deep, and Dieter contrasted with them sharply, standing out like a ghost. "Would you like to have dessert on the couch? I could make coffee."

"Oh, that would be cool. You need help?" He was going to have to watch the time. The busses would stop running when it got late.

"Oh, if you could just take the bananas over to the coffee table, I can manage."

The cupboards were pretty bare when Dieter opened them to get coffee and filters, but if the guy ate out as much as it seemed, then that was probably easiest.

Mago settled on the couch, bouncing a little, enjoying the softness, the cushion. "Love your sofa, man. It's softer than my bed."

Water ran, and the smell of coffee came to him as Dieter opened the can. "Oh, yes. I love soft things. Of course I love fuzzy things and rough things and smooth things as well. Texture is important to me."

"Yeah, I imagine." He closed his eyes and ran his hands over the fabric on the sofa, feeling the seams, the cloth.

"It's nice that you can appreciate it as well." Shit, Dieter was right there next to him and he hadn't heard a thing.

"Oh. Shit. I'm sorry. I wasn't making fun. I was just..." Feeling? Well that would sound stupid as fuck.

"I did not think you were." The couch dipped as Dieter sat next to him, hand coming up to touch his face. "You're a very sensual person, Mago. It pleases me very much."

"Oh." He almost pushed into the touch, then almost pulled away. "Is... is that how you see what I look like?"

He'd seen that in a movie once.

"Yes. Terribly rude of me to touch without asking, but I could not seem to help it. May I see all of your face?"

"Okay. Yeah." He wiped the end of his nose quick, then his lips, making sure there wasn't oil or grossness or something.

"Thank you." Still cool and dry, though now smelling of coffee, Dieter's fingers worked down from his forehead to his eyes, his cheeks and nose, finally tracing his lips and chin. The exploration was thorough, and just when he thought Dieter would pull away, the very tips of Dieter's fingers touched his lips again.

"So soft."

His lips parted instinctively, a gasp leaving him. Yeah. Soft. Except, not really. Not where it counted.

"There is another way to see you, for me at least. That is to taste you. I want that very much, Mago."

Oh, God. Yeah. So very fucking not soft.

"I can handle that." Would have been smoother without the moan, but it worked.

"Oh, good." Then Dieter's lips replaced his fingers, closing over his, kissing him lightly, then deeper, hand cupping the back of his head.

Oh. Wow. He moaned, lips opening up, hands sliding over Dieter's arms.

They moved without him even knowing it, not until his back hit the couch anyway, and Dieter's weight came down on him, the kiss going really hard and deep. His heart started pounding, hammering in his chest and he fought to keep up, to match Dieter's hunger.

As if sensing his struggle, Dieter backed off a bit, licking at his lips and letting him breathe. "If I go too fast, you must tell me."

"Oh. Okay. Yeah. That... that was... Wow." He reached up, fingers sliding in the soft, shiny hair.

"Yes. Very much wow." They kissed again, Dieter's hair falling loose around them, soft, cool lips pressing his mouth open so Dieter's tongue could push in.

Moaning, he let Dieter in, tongue sliding against Dieter's, eyes closing as he sank into the kiss. It just went on and on, finally breaking again for air, though he seemed to be more out of breath than Dieter.

"Oh, Mago. You're quite dangerous."

"Dangerous? Me? No. Just an artist." He was panting, fingers petting the long hair, stroking Dieter's cheeks and forehead.

"To my peace of mind, you are dangerous. I want you far too much." Dieter bent to his neck, nuzzling the pulse that beat in his throat.

Oh... He arched, humming low, tingles sliding over his skin, nipples drawing up tight.

"You smell... oh, Mago. I can smell you." Licking at his skin, Dieter tested his heartbeat, tongue pushing.

"Guapo..." He was flying, petting, purring. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been so fucking turned on.

"Oh, Mago." They were moving together, Dieter on top of him, and he could feel Dieter as well, could tell he was not alone in it by the hardness against his thigh.

"Oh. Hard." He pressed his leg against that heat, offering Dieter friction. Oh, shit. His belly was shaking, trembling.

"Yes. Hard for you. Thinking about you this last week has made me hard every time." Sharp teeth stung him, Dieter biting lightly at his throat, hands sliding down to pull at his hips, bringing him close.

He whimpered, gasping. "Yes. Dr... dreamed about you." The admission made him blush dark, made him turn his lips to Dieter's hair, silencing them.

"Good." The word was more moan than anything, and Dieter was kissing him again, moving against him hard and fast, not letting him hide at all.

If he hadn't jacked off earlier, he'd be creaming. As it was, his cock was aching, pushing against the zipper of his jeans, leaking against his skin.

"Mmm." That sniffing thing was making him crazy, because it shouldn't be hot, but it was. Dieter just breathed him in, nose moving along his skin as Dieter's hands began freeing him from his clothes. He returned the favor, fingers working at buttons and zippers, finding cool, smooth skin and stroking it.

"Yes. Yes, please." Dieter spread him, fitting between his legs easily, their cocks coming together once they were free of wool and denim.

Mago wrapped his fingers around Dieter's hip, thumb stroking the long, hard prick. "Yeah. Damn. Feels good."

"It does. I... Mago." Damn. The man had the smoothest skin he'd ever felt, like glass. Those teeth weren't smooth, though, they were sharp as Hell against his nipples.

"Oh. Oh, I..." His fingers tightened, the flash of pain smoothing into a bright pleasure. "Damn."

"Mmm. You taste like you smell. Spicy. Male." Licking, Dieter worked down his belly, chin nudging his cock. "Hot. So hot."

"Oh. You. Fuck..." He whimpered, thighs spreading wide, eyes fastened onto Dieter's mouth.

Dieter took his invitation, lips and tongue sliding down over him, wet and smooth. He was tasted thoroughly, Dieter's tongue pushing into the slit, gathering up all of his wetness. Then Dieter sucked him in deep, deeper than anyone ever had before, pulling him all the way into Dieter's throat.

He gasped, twisted, head rolling as pleasure took him.

God, it was going to make him crazy. That sweet mouth kept at him, tongue working the vein underneath, lips sliding all the way up to the head before pushing back down, leaving nothing untouched.

He was making noises, low and harsh -- almost cries of pain except not, because madre di dios, it was good. So good. Better than anything.

When Dieter touched his balls, lightly, carefully, pleasure shot up his spine and exploded in his brain. Dieter made some noises then, too, enthusiastic ones. Encouraging ones.

He came hard enough he saw stars, bright and swirling behind his eyelids.

Moaning, Dieter licked him clean, sliding to nuzzle his balls, the thin skin of his inner thighs, and there were those teeth again, sharp, bright pain stinging his leg.

He moaned, shivering and spreading wide. "Dios."

That deep, rumbling sound had to be coming from Dieter, but it sounded so hot. It resonated in him. Damn. Dieter had bitten him, like hard, and was licking at it, and that should bother him, right?

His thigh throbbed, toes curling up, and he could hear his heart pounding, cock slowly filling again.

One last lick and Dieter rose, moving up over him again, kissing him hard so he tasted himself, come and blood mixed together. "Thank you, Mago."

"I... For what? You didn't... you know. Yet." He brushed his fingers through Dieter's hair. "Guapo."

"That can wait. Tasting you could not. It is better than seeing, though I wish I could see you, Mago. You're beautiful."

He blushed, shook his head. "Just a guy. You though? I could paint you."

"I would like that very much." Those fingers were still moving on him, finding his cock and playing it, sensitive though it was.

He whimpered softly, hips shifting. "Oh, I will. I'd love to -- your eyes, your hair, so... Oh, that feels good."

"Your eyes must be brown, yes? I see them as very dark." Dieter touched him, learned him, voice low and deep, blind eyes seeming to search him.

"Yeah. I'm all dark -- hair and eyes and skin. Little chico boy."

"Oh." Rubbing against him, Dieter nodded, hands working on him, hard cock against his hip. "How we must look together."

"We look fine." He stared pumping Dieter's cock, wanting to give as much pleasure as he got. "Feel even better."

"Yes. You feel very good, Mago. Taste incredible. I did not hurt you, did I?" The guy could talk, even when he would be way too out of breath to form words.

"Stung a little. You got sharp teeth, Guapo, but it's all good."

"Mmm. Yes. Good." Dieter's hand moved in time with his own, faster and faster, Dieter's hips bucking up so Dieter's long cock pushed against him, making them both moan.

He was burning, licking and kissing and rubbing and moving. Loving it.

No way could he be so close to coming again so soon, but he was, just ready to go as soon as Dieter did. And man, Dieter did, a low, animal sound coming from him, needle-like teeth sinking into his shoulder as Dieter's come filled his hand.

"Guapo!" Mago jerked, eyes wide, shooting again as his shoulder burned.

It took him forever to come down, and when he did Dieter was murmuring to him, petting him, lips and tongue still moving on his bruised skin.

"So beautiful, Mago."

"Oh. Shit. Man. You melted me." He nuzzled, hummed. "Just melted me."

"Good." There was a wealth of satisfaction in the single word, and Dieter wrapped around him, holding him close.

"Don't let me stay too late, now. The busses stop running at eleven." God, he was warm. Relaxed. Melted.

"It is almost midnight now."

Fuck. What the Hell had happened to all that time? When he stiffened, Dieter soothed him, hand stroking his hair, his back. "Stay."

"You sure? 'Cause yeah, I'd like that. I'll take you to breakfast."

"Yes. I am sure. I want you to stay." They curled together, Dieter covering him with that smooth, cool body.

He wrapped his arms around Dieter's body, purring and happy. "Cool. Way cool."

He didn't know what it was about this guy that made him do stuff he wouldn't normally even think of, but he did. Dieter pulled him even closer, nuzzling into his neck, and he decided he didn't really care. At least not tonight.

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Dieter smoothed his lapels, and briefly wished he had a mirror he might check. He was unaccustomed to such things, having long ago accepted his lack of sight, just as he accepted the fact that his body knew when the sun went down.

Mago was coming tonight, however, and Dieter was going to take him out to dinner -- not with friends, Mago was not ready for that yet. But Dieter would still get to show Mago off, listen to the whispers that accompanied them, smell how others wanted Mago. He could hardly wait.

Wait he would, though, for Mago to come to him. It was hard for Mago to accept things, especially when they involved money, and though Dieter had received an affirmative on his invitation, he was not sure Mago would come. He was late already.

Dieter found his cane, knowing if he was to go out in public he would need the ruse, and it gave his hands something to do as he sat. And waited.

He heard the sound of Mago's feet outside, then the tapping at the door, Mago breathing hard, panting. "Guapo? Am I too late? The bus broke down and I had to walk from 38th."



Dieter stood, quickly opening the door, holding out a hand to Mago as it swung open. "Oh, you should have called. I could have paid for a cab."

"Oh, you waited!" He could smell the heat pouring off Mago, the hot hand sliding into his. "Don't you look fine, man? Let me wash my face real quick and I'll be ready."

"There's no rush. We do not need a reservation where we're going." Dieter breathed deeply, taking in male sweat mixed with Mago's own unique spicy scent. If he was not careful, he would be unfit to go out. He made sure the door closed and latched before using Mago's hand to pull him close. "You might also greet me first."

"Oh. Hey, man. Good to see you." Mago pushed up, lips sliding against his own.

Yes. Dieter licked at Mago's lips before sliding his tongue in between them, pushing in to taste. He stroked Mago's throat, feeling sweat and grit before stroking down Mago's arm, feeling the stiff fabric of what was probably Mago's one good jacket.

"You make a fine appetizer, Mago."

"Better than fried cheese?" Mago's laughter smelled sweet.

"Oh, yes. While fried cheese has its fine qualities, you are much more substantial. And tasty." Dieter smiled, kissing the fine skin just over Mago's throat, just where his pulse beat.

"Oh. Oh, you make me sound all sexy and shit." Mago swallowed, throat moving under his lips, fingers sliding over his hair.

"You are, make no mistake." His rising need proved that quite well. Honestly, the way Mago aroused him was astonishing. Dieter could not remember such a fascination, not in years. He took one of Mago's hands in his, bringing it between them to the front of his gabardine slacks.

"You see?"

"Oh..." That hot hand began moving, rubbing, stroking him. "Oh, that's fine."

Fine did not really begin to describe it. Dieter widened his stance, pushing into Mago's hand. "Yes."

"Do you want... before we go, I mean." The hunger in Mago's voice slid down his spine.

"Yes." There was a whole world of yes there. They could clean up together before they went. Dieter kissed Mago again, teeth prickling that lovely lower lip, hips rolling against Mago's touch.

Mago opened wide, fingers working his slacks open, searching for his skin. The feel of Mago's fingers was unbearably rough, hot, making him moan. By contrast, the skin of Mago's neck and

cheek was soft, sweet, the smooth, close shave he'd obviously given himself making it seem almost babyish.

"Oh. Guapo. Man, you feel so hot." Mago arched, chin lifting, offering more skin to him.

"No. Oh, Mago, you are the hot one. You burn. I do not need my eyes to see it. I must only feel." Dieter pulled at Mago's jacket and shirt, wanting more skin, feeling what he could touch with his lips give under the press of his teeth.

Mago's fingers wrapped around his cock, sliding the skin over the nerves beneath, sending sparks through him.

One of his own hands finally worked beneath Mago's clothes, sliding up Mago's back, feeling each rib of spine, pulling Mago still closer. The other wrapped around Mago's neck, holding him still for his teeth to slide into the flesh.

"Oh..." Mago gasped, went still and trembling in his arms, fingers squeezing his prick.

Oh. The finest aperitif there was. Dieter sipped delicately, pulling at Mago's essence, his cock throbbing in Mago's hand as he spent.

"Dieter." His name was whispered, moaned, the sound shaped by desire.

"What do you want, Mago?" Licking at the bruise he'd left, Dieter petted, stroked, breathing in Mago's scent mixed with his own.

"Touch me. Oh, man. You're gonna make me mess my good pants, Guapo."

"No. No, I am not." Feeling his way, Dieter sank to his knees, opening Mago's trousers and nuzzling his face into the gap, searching.

"Dieter!" Mago's hands found his hair, hips rubbing against his face.

The richness of Mago's scent intensified here, earthy and dark, and Dieter found Mago's cock with one hand, pulling it out so his lips might slide over the head. The taste mixed with Mago's blood in his mouth, causing him to moan, to rock.

Sounds poured down over him, sweet and needy, almost hymns of need and lust. He loved those sounds, loved the feel of Mago's muscles flexing under his hand. He pushed down with his lips, sucking hard, teeth just threatening.

Mago jerked, taking his mouth, crying out, his name echoing.

So good. So utterly perfect. Dieter took in the cry as he took everything else, licking Mago's flesh, practically purring.

"Gonna. Soon. I... Please." The sharp, accented words heralded the throb of Mago's cock, the wail as his mouth was filled.

So like blood. Like life. Dieter drank it down, petting and soothing, holding Mago as he sagged.

"I... You... We... It's good, Guapo. So good."

"It's very good, Mago."

Dieter rose, pulling up both of their pairs of pants, walking them unerringly toward the bath.  
"Very, very good."

Mago nodded, following him easily, body relaxed and warm beside him.

Dieter smiled. Mago had no idea how good it was. They would go to dinner. He would wine and dine Mago, listen to him laugh. And then, Dieter decided, he would convince Mago to stay overnight. At least.

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"Are you sure everything is as I asked for it?"

Dieter's friend Amelie patted his arm, her roses and talc scent falling about them, familiar as his own. "Of course, Dieter. Canvas, paints. Velvet on the chaise. Are you certain I cannot stay?"

He smiled, shaking his head slightly, moving her toward the door. "This is a private thing, Amelie. You will meet him soon, I have no doubt."

She kissed his cheek, just a soft brush of painted lips, and she was gone, murmuring a goodbye and leaving him alone. Waiting for Mago.

He could only hope his preparations would not upset his mercurial magician. Mago may very well be in the wrong frame of mind to paint, but he had said so many times that he wished to that Dieter had finally arranged the scenario.

It was partly selfish of course. Just the thought of being nude, stretched out before Mago as his young lover shaped his form on the canvas made him unbearably hard. Restless. Made him ache.

The knock at the door gave him no more time to worry, and Dieter opened it eagerly, waiting to hear that much anticipated voice.

"Hola, Guapo!" Mago sounded happy, horny, heat pressing into his arms.

"Mmm. Hello, Mago." Oh, how he loved that spicy scent, the sharp need that rose in him to taste and feel.

Mago kissed him, long and hard, the pleasure and arousal maddening. Hands stroked through his hair, admiring, loving him.

The wonder of it hit him, as it did every time. This was his prey, his target, something weak and fragile in his hands, and yet he could not get enough. There was no way he could harm Mago. "Come in, Mago. I have a surprise for you."

"Yeah? Wicked!" Mago slid one arm around his waist, pressed close. "I found something for you, too."

"Really?" Dieter turned them back in, trusting Mago to close the door, and led him carefully into the main room. "Look."

"Oh. Oh. Oh, man. You're going to... I can... Oh, Guapo, *look!*" Mago's voice was ecstatic, rich with pleasure. "Oh, I'm going to paint you..."

He could feel Mago's compact body vibrate against him, could hear the absolutely happy thump of Mago's heart, and he smiled, turning for another kiss. "I was hoping you'd like it. I got you acrylics and oils, because I didn't know..."

"You spoil me." Mago's hand drew him closer, the kiss deep as still water. "Can we start now?"

"Of course we may." The kiss disoriented him, heated his mouth with the warmth of the blood under Mago's skin. Dieter laughed. "You will have to show me where Amelie moved the chaise. She is so anxious to meet you."

"Is she? Let's get you undressed first. The velvet will feel fucking sweet on your skin." Fingers worked his blouse open, fingertips teasing his skin.

"Oh, yes. She wanted to stay and watch you work, but I thought that might ruin the mood." Arms dropping to his sides, Dieter stood and let Mago disrobe him, let the cool air hitting his skin make him shiver even as Mago's hands heated him.

"Mmm... This will be good just us, yeah? So that we can rub together after?" Mago knelt, working his pants off.

"Yes." That sounded divine, rubbing against Mago, rich velvet against his backside. "I thought about that when I sent Amelie for the fabric. You'll have to feel it."

The tip of his cock was kissed, just the barest caress before Mago stood. "Yeah. Let's get you posed."

The muscles in his thighs shook for a moment before settling, and Dieter nodded, reaching out. "Help me?"

"Always." Mago let him to the chaise, eased him down onto the soft fabric, fingers arranging him, carding through his hair.

He felt decadent, spread out on the sumptuous velvet, legs spread just so, hair fanned around him. Powerful. Hard. "Oh..."

"So beautiful. You make me hard." A finger trailed along his shaft, his inner thigh. "I'm going to paint you. Tell me a story, Guapo, while I work."

"Mmm." His hips arched, rolled, reaching for the touch even as Mago moved away and began to arrange things, if the clink of jars and brushes could be trusted. "What sort of story, my own? Shall I tell you about the last artist I knew?"

"Oh, yeah. I'd like that." He could hear the whump of Mago's clothes hitting the ground, the scent of Mago's skin growing stronger.

Dieter breathed deep, letting the scent feed his hunger, letting it mix with the paint Mago opened. Oh, good. He would use oils.

"He was Italian. By all accounts he was an awful portraitist, but as I never saw his paintings, I did not care. He always smelled of rosemary and oregano."

Mago chuckled, the sound happy and rich as sweetened cream. "He smelled like lunch?"

"He was an appetizing morsel." How could he not join in that laughter? "Very hot-blooded. He insisted that I sit for him. It was not until I encouraged him weeks later, though, that he thought to paint me nude. Not like you. You knew the first time we saw each other how you wanted me."

"I did. You're beautiful. You glow."

Digging his fingers and toes into the velvet, Dieter kept himself from rising and taking Mago to bed through a show of sheer will. "Thank you, love. You bring out the best in me."

Mago made a soft needy sound, the noise vibrating. "Tell me about the basil painter."

"I sat for him for nearly a month. Then I suggested he paint me without the stiff formal clothing." Dieter laughed, remembering the eager young man perfectly. "He spent all over the canvas the first day and had to start over."

Mago chuckled. "Yeah? I can see that. You're like pure sex and shit, all brought to life."

"Oh, Mago, you have no idea what you do to me. You are the sexy one." So hot, his Mago. He could feel it even over the space separating them. "He tasted like garlic and desperation when I took him."

"I think wine and honey sounds better. How long did you sit for him?"

"Perhaps another two months. Sadly, they tell me his portrait of me was no better than his others. You are a much better painter, my own." Amelie had gone and looked at Mago's paintings, and even though those were commercial, she said he had talent. Amelie had a real taste for artists, and for their art, and he trusted her taste. And Mago had that spark about him, one that bespoke talent.

"That's a shame, you're so fine with the light in your hair." The sound of brush on canvas was rhythmic, soothing. "Oh, I found you something. I was in a junk store and found a neat old hairbrush. It's soft and silver and I thought you'd like to feel it."

Heat bloomed in his belly, building on the fire already there. "And you say I spoil you." He shifted minutely, his cock stiff against his lower belly, wet and needy.

"Mmm... I can smell you. I was looking for old canvasses and I saw it, thought about sitting with you on your bed and brushing your hair, touching you."

"Yes. What a lovely image. I love when you brush my hair." The sound of Mago's brush on the canvas was very much like the stroke of a brush through his hair, and the correlation made his scalp tingle.

"It's like silver, but not sharp or itchy..." Mago started humming, working harder.

The noises soothed him even as the scent of Mago and paint and his own musk enflamed him. His skin rubbed the velvet, every tiny particle of the nap distinguishable from the other, maddening him. It was torture of the sweetest kind.

"You're so fine." Mago hummed. "I'm painting your legs now, so long, so fine."

"I fear we may have to take a break soon." He had no idea how much time had passed, but it seemed only moments and yet endless. He strained to hear Mago moving, strained to catch every hint of Mago's scent as it changed. Soon he would simply burn up from the sensory overload, without even being touched. "We should try out your gift, too."

"Oh, yeah. I'd like that." Mago stretched, groaning a little. "I'm going to go clean the brushes in the other room. Turpentine stinks."

"Very well." His conscientious Mago. Of course, it was unlikely his Mago had ever had the quality of brushes Amelie would buy for him, so he would want to care for them properly. Dieter stayed where he was, only relaxing the pose, letting one hand fall between his legs.

He heard Mago washing and humming, the sound happy, relaxed, aroused. Then those quiet footsteps came closer, soft hands sliding on his legs. "Dieter."

"Yes." He reached for Mago, hands finding hot, hot skin over lean muscle. "Oh, so warm."

A burning tongue slid up his stomach, Mago stretching over him.

"You were... oh. Supposed to bring the brush, lovely one." He could barely think. When was the last time he'd had a lover who affected him so?

Soft bristles tickled his hip. "I remembered."

"Excellent." Working up Mago's back and neck, he found the soft curls at the base of Mago's skull, pushing his fingers into them and pulling Mago down for a kiss. Mago opened to him, tongue sliding against his, low moans filling his mouth.

They kissed long and deep, Dieter pushing his tongue into Mago's mouth, tasting, savoring. The only thing stopping him from pushing Mago to the floor and taking him was the urge to let Mago use his gift, and Dieter pulled back, both of them shaking.

"Oh. Oh, Guapo, you make me need."

"Yes." He felt down again until he found Mago's hand, and the soft-bristled brush in it. "I would feel your gift."

"Oh, yeah. You wanna sit up and let me brush?" Mago nuzzled, hair brushing his shoulder.

Nodding, taking one last kiss, Dieter sat up, shifting so Mago could sit behind him. He shook out his hair, knowing it would brush Mago's thighs.

"Oh..." Mago kissed his shoulder, then the soft bristles started stroking through his hair, slow, steady motions that set his nerves alight.

His whole body tingled with it, and Dieter let himself go and simply felt, leaning back with his hands on Mago's legs. "So good, love."

"Love how you feel stuff, Guapo." Mago was vibrating with quiet moans, fingers carding behind the brush.

The brush was soft, so soft, horsehair, no doubt. Mago's skin was fine and smooth under his hands, the tiny hairs prickling his palms. Rich and heady, Mago's musk rose between them, strong and hot. Dieter licked his lips, hips rising as his head fell back.

The brush tickled the small of his back, bristles raising goosebumps on his spine.

Good. So good. Balancing on one hand, Dieter moved the other between Mago's legs, stroking lightly.

"Oh..." Mago spread, thighs trembling against his hips.

"Mmm. Keep brushing." Mago's hand had slowed, and Dieter wanted him to keep on, even as his own hand moved faster.

"I... Yeah. Yeah." Mago's breath came quick, light upon his shoulder.

They moved together, their rhythms matching, Mago brushing as he pulled at Mago's cock. His own prick was hard, so hard, and demanding. He wanted to turn and push Mago down, slide inside him, drink deep from him as they came. But he could wait just a while more.

Mago started jerking, started bucking against his touch, little sounds filling the air.

That was his cue, that and the pull of the brush at the bottom of his hair, making him wince. Dieter turned, taking the brush, the cool silver warmed by Mago's skin, and dropping it next to the chaise. He pushed Mago back and down, pressing against his shoulders, leaning down for a kiss.

Mago arched beneath him, a flame, hands pulling him closer.

Hot, soft skin rubbed against him everywhere, his cock pressing into Mago's belly, his nose going to Mago's throat to take in the scent, tongue sliding out over the pulse at the base. The low moan vibrated his lips, Mago gasping his name.

Oh, he wanted a taste. And yet he wanted other things as well. Kissing, nipping, Dieter slid his hand down, pressing between Mago's legs again. Mago was hard, heavy, the hot flesh throbbing in his hand.

Thumb brushing the tip, Dieter stroked, moaning at the feel, pressing biting kisses against Mago's chin. "Such a feast."

"A... always so hungry, Guapo." Mago's fingers found his nipples.

"Always." His nipples tightened, drew up under Mago's touch, and Dieter moaned again. He moved from Mago's cock, down to cup the heavy balls.

Those thighs spread wider, Mago's hips tilting, offering.

He pressed against the skin behind with his fingertips, his teeth just scraping the skin at Mago's pulse point. "I want all of you, Mago."

"Yes. All." Mago's fingers pinched his nipples, tweaking hard.

"Oh." He wasn't certain that he could wait to prepare Mago, to be inside him, so instead he sat up, straddling Mago's thighs and pushing back to take Mago inside him.

"Dieter!" Mago gasped, hands falling to his waist.



"Yes. Oh, my Mago." His. His own. His hands rested on Mago's chest, holding him up as he pushed and pushed, opening to take Mago in all the way.

"Yours." He could feel Mago's heart beating, pounding beneath his hands.

He had to taste. Simply had to. The need was a biological imperative, calling to him, making his hips jerk and his cock jump. Dieter bent, needle-like teeth slipping past the defense of Mago's skin, drinking the spice and heat right in.

Mago jerked up into him, hands holding his mouth close, offering himself to Dieter without the slightest hesitation.

That flavor made him cry out, made him move his hips back and forth to get more sensation, more of what he craved. He would have to let go, soon. Would have to stop drinking.

"Love. Dieter." Mago humped up into him, sending electricity up his spine.

Groaning, he pulled back from the deadly kiss, his head falling back as he rode. Necessary. That was what Mago was. He had to have more and more.

"Gonna. Come on. Gimme." Mago's hand slid over his cock, tugging good and hard.

Dieter came hard, his teeth bared, his back bending almost to the point of pain. So good.

Mago grunted, heat flooding him, that cock throbbing inside him.

Gracious, but he loved the feel of this man, the taste. "You've painted me now for sure."

"Mmmhmm. You're fine." Mago smiled against his lips. "Thank you."

"You're quite welcome." Tracing the smile with his tongue, Dieter resisted the urge to take another bite.

"Mmm. You gonna let me spend a couple days, Guapo? I don't got a job 'til Tuesday."

"You can spend all the time you want." Stay here with me and live, he thought, but did not ask. Mago was close to his family. Sweet boy.

"Good. I like hanging with you, Guapo. It's good."

"I like it, too, Mago. Very much." So much that he had to fight his urge to drink Mago down, make his magician like him. It was disconcerting. "We'll have to think of more amusing things to do, hmm? If you stay."

"You got ideas, I can tell." Yes. Yes, indeed. He had many ideas.

And he would carry them all out in time. For now he would be content to let Mago come up with a few ideas of his own. He could wait.

Time was on his side.

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"Javier. Mijo! Where you going?" Mama came bustling around the bar of the kitchen, wiping her hands on her jeans. "You ain't got no girl out there, do you?"

"No, mama. I got plans. Dinner, yeah? Uptown." He straightened his shirt and headed for the door, fast as he could. Mama'd been squawking since he'd spent three whole days in a row uptown with his Guapo.

"Uptown? Again? You ain't doing the drugs, are you? Them things is scary, now."

"No, Mama. I ain't." And if being with Dieter and spending long nights kissing and touching was like one, well, Mama didn't need to know about it.

"You be careful with you, yeah? There's scary folks out there."

"Mamacita. I'm careful. Promise. I'm just busy, yeah? I'm working hard." He'd been giving her money, helping.

"Si, si. Go on. You be good."

He nodded and headed out, trying to ignore the tears in her eyes. Poor mama. She just wouldn't understand. Not even a bit.

He hopped the bus, heading straight uptown to the big buildings and fancy restaurants and long-haired men with hungry lips.

Dieter was waiting for him, if the way that door opened right up before he knocked told him anything. Dieter's face turned toward him and that nose twitched before Dieter smiled.

"Mago."

"Guapo." He grinned. Damn, the man was fine. "You been missing my ass?"

"I have been missing everything about you." Pulling him inside, Dieter pushed him up against the wall, seeming to need his touch as much as he craved Dieter's.

He tangled his hands all in Dieter's hair, making sure not to pull. "Good. Kiss me, man. Then we'll do whatever."

Maybe Dieter'd want to order in. Curl up and eat naked. Mmm.

"Mmm. Yes." Dieter kissed him like a starving man, stealing his breath, tongue pushing right in. Maybe it would be a while before supper.

Worked for him. He'd eaten tortillas and eggs anyway. Mago groaned, framing Dieter's face.

Sorta... lifting him, Dieter pushed his legs open, one muscled thigh sliding between his to press up against his cock. The kiss went deep again, almost burning, his lower lip prickling. He couldn't help his groan, whether or not it made him sound girly.

A soft smile was pressed against his mouth before Dieter moved on to taste the skin under his chin, at the base of his throat. The touch of Dieter's breath made him shiver, made his fingers curl some, tugging Dieter closer.

Those too-sharp-to-be-real teeth scraped over his skin, setting his nerves on fire. That man had a thing with the teeth that he just couldn't believe.

His cock went stone-hard and his balls hurt from being so tight. Lord. "Dieter. Guapo. You... You gonna make me come, yeah? Just like that."

"Oh, yes." Delicate as a needle, those teeth sank into him, right into the meat where his neck met his shoulder, the tingling feeling spreading out like ripples on water.

"I..." He shuddered, the weird and what and why part fading right away as his cock bobbed, spunk pouring from him.

"So sweet and hot. So spicy. I love the taste of you, Mago. Too much, I imagine." Dieter was moving against him, hips rolling hard, hands like a vise.

"You. You ain't scared of getting sick?" He wasn't a player, but still. Damn. Oh. Oh.

"No. You're quite clean. I have no fear. And there is nothing that you will get from me." Pulling back, Dieter smiled, those eyes no longer hidden behind glasses with him looking like blue mirrors.

"Nothing?" He chuckled, lips tracing the line of Dieter's nose. "You sure?"

"Well, nothing catching, hmm?" That laugh was wicked, man. Just wicked, Dieter's fingers tracing up his ribs.

Mago twisted, laughing hard, the tickling making him crazy. "Oh! Oh, Guapo! Uncle!"

"I do not feel avuncular to you at all." Rocking up again, Dieter reminded him that there was still something rising between them. Something hard as Hell.

"A-what?" He reached down, fingers pushing at those slacks so he could get him some.

Moving so he could get better access, Dieter chuckled. "Like your uncle."

"You ain't nothing like my uncle. He's greasy."

"Well, we can't have that, can we? Though grease can have its uses." Okay, he got that, but it still made him think of Uncle Joe, and that was gross.

He finally got his fingers around Dieter's prick and he started rubbing, up and down and up, working Dieter good and hard.

"Good, Mago. Good." That cock was stiff for him, thick and long and better than supper.

"You want me to?" He slid down, kneeling on the floor there, lips parting to take that cock right in.

"Yes. Please. Sweet." Cock pushing at his lips, Dieter shifted, widened his stance. Fucking hot, because it gave Mago a wave of scent, all man, musk, and a hint of citrusy soap.

He rolled Dieter's balls with one hand, steadied the man's hip with the other, encouraging him to push in deep. A rough sound, almost a growl came to him, Dieter starting to swing back and forth, pressing deep into his throat. The man could really go for it at times.

Good thing it was fucking hot, or it could be sort of scary as hell.

Rocking harder and faster, Dieter held his head cupped in one hand and braced the other against the wall, swearing in some guttural language. Mago held on, swallowing and sucking, lights twinkling around him as he gasped for breath.

Dieter came in a sudden rush, pressing so deep that Mago had to breathe through his nose and fight to stay upright. It was fucking sexy, seeing Dieter lose control that way. Salt. Bitter. Heat. Good. He managed to swallow it all down, nose buried in Dieter's curls.

Stroking his hair, Dieter praised him, bent to kiss him when he pulled off the softening prick. Dieter's kisses were like smoking weed, they made everything fuzzy and tingly and wild.

He barely heard Dieter when they separated, but it sounded like the man said, "...an or Greek?"

"Huh?" Greek what?

"Food." Laughing, Dieter pulled him up and swung him around, unerringly avoiding furniture. "Italian or Greek?"

"Italian." He didn't know what Greeks ate. Spaghetti was cool, though.

"There's a menu hanging on the refrigerator. Amelie left it. Choose whatever you like and dial for me, and we shall order." Tucking himself away, Dieter made his way to the couch, sprawling out and looking comfy. "I have a robe if you'd like to clean up."

"Yeah, I... I sorta... Yeah." He grinned, fingers trailing through Dieter's hair as he walked by.

"Oh, no. You definitely. I would have you stay nude after the food comes. I love to feel your skin when I reach for you." Man, Dieter was on a roll with the demanding shit, but it wasn't bad. Nope. It was good in the freaky kind of way.

"Where's that robe, Guapo?" His body was already trying to wake up, pay attention.

"On the back of the bathroom door in the bedroom. Amelie tells me it's icy blue. I wish I could see you in it."

Oh.

Oh, man.

He squeezed those long fingers, nodding. "Shit, man. Me, too, but you make do, huh? You do real good."

"I have always been a man of the senses. So it was natural to compensate." Kissing his fingers, Dieter sent him off with a little push. "Change so I can touch you through silk."

"Pushy, pushy. You want spaghetti?" He headed into Dieter's bedroom, washing himself up real good before sliding on the robe.

Oh.

Soft.

"That would be fine. Some bread and salad, as well. If you please." Guapo could be so formal.

"I like bread." Not as much as he liked that robe. Man. Every step was. Damn.

"You like the robe, hmm? I can tell." That sniffing thing was happening, Dieter scenting the air almost like a wolf with a stiff breeze. Oh. He said stiff.

"I... Uh-huh. It's soft." It was maddening. Crazy-making.

"Yes. Just think, my magician, of how many times I have worn it while thinking of you..."

He was never gonna make it to the menu. "Guapo. Man." He took a step toward that voice, fingers clenching and relaxing.

"Do we need another appetizer, love? I could eat you up." Dieter's cheeks had heated, and one hand reached out to him again, beckoning.

"You get me hot, man." He went, like there was a line from his prick to Dieter's hand, tugging good and hard.

"And you make me hungry. So hungry, Mago. I have rarely been unable to resist my desires. You are a fine exception." Catching him, Dieter reeled him in, hands sliding over the silk covering his thighs.

"I... Uhn." He spread a little, bracing himself on Dieter's shoulders.

"Smell so good." Parting the silk a little, Dieter leaned down to nip at the tender inside of his thigh, sending sensation zinging up his spine.

"Always biting." He had the oddest little marks, bruises where Dieter broke the skin.

"I'm a little oral."

Man, no shit. A little didn't cover it, not the way Dieter was mouthing him.

"Uh-huh. 'sokay. I like it." In a serious way. In a serious, stay a couple nights to play way.

"Oh, good." A sharp sting had him jumping, that little flash of teeth enough to make his cock push up and out of the robe.

His knees buckled and he ended up straddling Dieter's thighs, cock nudging the flat belly.

"Hello, love." Laughing, Dieter gripped his ass, pulling him closer so they could rub. "Oh, that feels marvelous. It will feel even better when I am bare."

"Mmmhmm." He opened Dieter's shirt, pushed it off Guapo's shoulders. "You hungry right now or you wanna wait to eat?"

"I want you more than food." Those hands were everywhere, slipping beneath the robe to touch his chest, fingers pinching his nipples.

"Bueno. Bueno. Damn, Guapo. You just... Damn." He watched the way the silk moved, the way his cock bobbed as Dieter pinched again.

"What? Tell me? I need to hear... since I cannot see." For a guy who couldn't see, Dieter found his cock pretty easy though, pulling at it.

"It feels so good. So..." He searched for the words, hands just flying. "Big, yeah? Real big."

"Indeed." Shit, now Guapo was laughing at him, giving him a squeeze. But it wasn't mean or anything. It was hot, a little breathless, Dieter's body moving under him.

"I ain't real smart, huh? Not with words." With other things, sure, but not with words.

"Stop. I was only teasing." Those pretty hands, one so warm from touching his cock, framed his cheeks. "You are an amazing man. Truly. If you were not..." Something flashed across that face, something like a fighting dog just out of the pit.

He shivered a little, reaching out himself and stroking under those pretty eyes. "Easy, Guapo. Easy."

Now Dieter was all puppy, rubbing against his hand, one cheek turning right into his palm while Dieter hummed. "I like you just as you are."

"Good, 'cause I'm right here." He leaned in for a kiss, groaning as his cock rubbed against Dieter's belly.

Dieter took that kiss and made it huge, just like before by the door, made it deep and hard. He went all swimmy-headed from it. He felt like he was falling, chest working for breath, cock just swelling and throbbing.

Dieter reached down for his cock again, pumping it, making him wonder how many times he could come in night.

"Guapo..." He arched his back, pushing close and rubbing. He just. Lord.

"Love. Sweet. You feel so good. Smell so good. I could touch you forever." He couldn't last forever, but that sounded so fucking hot.

He tilted Dieter's face, licking at those parted lips. "Good. So good."

"Mmm. I'm glad. I want to taste you again." Lips sliding down his throat, Dieter rubbed over the spot he'd bitten earlier, sending a shiver through him.

"You..." It twinged, ached, but made him so hard that he sort of shook. "Tender there."

"Is it?" Just the air and the damp brush of Dieter's lips had his balls pulling up and flushing so warm he'd bet they were even warming Dieter's cool skin.

"Uh. Uh-huh." His head fell back, eyes rolling a little.

"Just one more tiny taste," Dieter murmured, licking at him before biting, and oh. Oh, God that made every nerve ending in his body scream.

He shot hard, cock pulsing in time with the rhythmic suction at his throat. The world got distant and foggy and he moaned, holding onto Dieter as he floated.

"Shhh. I have you, Mago. I took too much... Oh, sweet, you are my opium." Nuzzling his throat, Dieter eased him down on the couch so he was on his back, then opened the robe and licked him clean, balls to belly. "We'll have to order you the beefsteak Florentine."

Oh. He liked steak. Steak and carne asada and enchiladas and...

Yeah.

Yeah, he might need to get the steak.

\*\*\*

The dawn was pushing him.

Dieter could tolerate sun, that was not the problem. In small amounts. No, it was his utter terror of it that had him pushing Mago along, trying to get them inside his building before the dawn that had broken made its way through the buildings and found him.

He'd been foolish enough to face the sun full on only once since his making, and that had cost him dearly. His skin had recovered, becoming smoother, more like polished stone. His eyes, though...Well. He had never regained his sight, and that was not worth the beauty people found in his sightless gaze.

They were so close. He could feel the shadow of his building, as familiar as the steps to his home in Bavaria had once been. He tugged at Mago's arm. "Faster, love. I fear I overindulged, staying out until dawn with you."

"You gonna be sick, Guapo? Come on, we're almost there, love." Mago tugged him along, footsteps speeding.

"I just need to get inside."

His hand was on the door when it hit him, a scent so strong that it stopped him in his tracks. Old sweat, fear, and a healthy dose of rage, somewhere off to the side. "Mago?"

"Huh? I..." Mago went stiff and still. "You go inside, now. Your door's right here."

"Mago, what is it?" He kept his grip on Mago's arm, his fingers digging in. "Come with me."

The air moved, and Dieter knew someone else was there, not just passing by, but moving in on them.



"He'll hurt you. You get in there. Now." The words were whispered, hissed, and then Mago's voice got loud. "Don't you do it, hombre. You chickenshit enough to go at a blind dude? You come on, fight me."

"You think I won't, little fuck?"

No. No, he couldn't let that happen. Mago would lose. Dieter smelled the desperation, heard the way the man's voice grated. "Does he have a gun?"

"Yeah, you rich fuck. I have a fucking gun."

"Leave him alone, puta." Mago moved away from him, the sound of flesh hitting flesh sudden and loud.

The sun broke free just then, beating down on him, the early morning rays weaker than late day, but still enough that Dieter could feel his blood boil. "Mago!"

He had to help Mago.

"Go, Guapo. I ain't joking."

He heard the click before the bang, the scent of gunpowder sharp and acrid in his nose, almost covering the scent of Mago's blood.

His forehead and hands were blistering as he reached for Mago, but Dieter didn't run. Mago was his. *His*. No one was taking him away.

Mago landed hard in his hands, the sound of footsteps running echoing in his ears. "Dieter. Guapo. I..." Mago coughed, the sound wet and bubbly.

"No." Oh, no. He felt along Mago's body with one hand, searching his torso, looking for... there. Right where the right lung would be.

The smell of burning flesh assaulted him, mixing with Mago's blood, and if he were still human he would have gagged. Instead he howled his rage and fear, pulling Mago back toward the building, knowing no one was there to help because there were no voices, no running feet.

"You're burning. Sun's bad for you." Mago coughed and blood splashed on his hand. "We're at the door."

"Inside." They had to get inside. Dieter fumbled for the stupid keypad that protected his building from just such men as the one who had done this, his fingers slick, blistered, thick with pain. The door beeped, and Dieter dragged Mago inside, easing him down on the steps.

"I have to call. I have to...someone must come."

"Yeah." Another cough and another splash of blood sprayed over him. "Stay outta the sun, Guapo."

"I will. I..." There was no security man before the people started to their work. He had chosen a building without one so no one would notice if he came and went. There was no desk, no lobby phone. Cursing his choices now, Dieter scooped Mago up again and eschewed the elevator. Even counting the steps he could move faster than that thing.

Mago rested heavy against him, muttering in broken Spanish about love and light and random words beyond Dieter's knowledge.

His Latin had never been strong.

He was briefly disoriented when he reached his floor. "Mago. Mago, love, I need your eyes. I need you to find my number."

"Tu nombre?" Mago's head rolled. "Down hall, yeah? Three doors is yours."

"Yes, yes, all right. Count for me, Mago. Be my magician." He needed to hear Mago's voice, to know he was still there.

"Uno. Dos. Es muy frio, Guapo, si?"

Was that 'cold'? He thought it was. Oh, please just let him get to the phone. "Here, yes? Here." He had to hold Mago with one hand to tear the door open and stumble through, hitting the coffee table hard on his way to the couch.

Mago went tumbling from his hands, landing on the floor with a dull, wet thud.

Going to his knees, Dieter reached out, the smell of blood maddening him, the blisters on his hands breaking, running. He sobbed, feeling blood bubble from the hole in Mago's skin. Too much blood. The ambulance would never make it in time.

"Mago..."

"Shh. 's okay, Guapo. It's cool." The words had no breath behind them, Mago's skin growing cool beside him.

"No. No." This was not how it was to go. He was to decide when Mago went; he was to decide whether to feast on him or make Mago like he was himself. He pressed his hand to the wound. "Stay."

The wound sucked at his palm, Mago gasping, getting a breath.

Cursing viciously, Dieter made his decision. He did not want to be without the one man who had intrigued him in more than a decade. He bent, his knees slipping in the blood on the floor, and he whispered in Mago's ear.

"Don't hate me, love."

Then he sank his fangs into Mago's throat.

\*\*\*

Itched.

He itched.

Burned.

Mago shook his head, groaning, struggling to open his eyes. Wake up. See. Something. He.

The lamp light hit his eyes and he screamed, the brightness spiking into his head.

"Shhh. Close your eyes. I forgot..." Guapo. He knew that voice. It echoed in his bones.

"Dieter." His own voice sounded hollow. Wrong. Echoing inside his head. "Guapo."

He itched, arm scrubbing his eyes where they hurt from the light.

"I know, love. You're aching, yes? Burning." Dieter stroked his belly, hand on his bare skin, and it eased him somehow, like they were connected by that invisible string.

"Burning. I got hurt, Guapo. Real bad." Dieter hadn't seen. The bastard outside had shot him. Shot him right in the chest.

"I know, love. I had to do some rather, er, extreme first aid." Something clicked and the relentless orange glow let up on his eyelids.

"Are we at the hospital?" It didn't smell like the hospital.

"No. We are at a hotel, actually." Well, that explained the bright light, because Dieter didn't have any fluorescents in his place.

"Hotel?" How did he? How did... But. "He shot me."

"Yes. There was much blood, and I did not want to have to answer the inevitable questions." One hand moved up to stroke his hair off his face.

Oh. Oh. The touch. He could feel every one of the hairs on his face move with Dieter's fingers. Dieter smelled of him. Of blood. Of water.

"Let me get the cloth. It will make your face itch less." Cold. Fucking cold water on a rough hotel washcloth.

His eyes flashed open again, watered against the dim light. "I... I don't..." He didn't understand.

"Shh." Bending, Dieter kissed him, lips soft and cool on his. "You were dying, Mago. I had to."

"Had to?" It must've been worse than he thought. He must've been in the hospital a while and just couldn't remember.

"You'll forgive me. I shall give you all the sights I never had." It was almost like Dieter was talking to himself.

"Forgive you?" He tried to sit up, tried to *think*.

"Yes. I am sorry, love." Easing him up, Dieter let him lean. His chest didn't even hurt.

"For what?" He blinked down, a pink-skinned scar on his chest. Scarred. Jesus. "How long has it been?"

"Not quite a day and a half. I know you must be hungry, but you slept so well." The man just couldn't seem to stop touching him, his cheeks, his chin. His throat.

"A day..." No. No, it couldn't be so. "I gotta call Mama. She'll be worried."

Hungry.

Oh, God yes.

Hungry.

"Yes. Yes, you must call her and tell her you are leaving town, and that you love her, but not to speak to anyone about you."

"Huh?"

"She must think you're dead, love." Dieter sounded dead serious. Dead. Him.

"Why? That'd make her cry, Guapo."

"I know. But it would be worse for her to know." He could see the distress on Dieter's face, the way the corners of that fine mouth pulled down.

"To know what? I didn't do nothing, Dieter. The cops would know, yeah? I didn't hurt him back."

That hunger in him flared, driven by fear and the beginnings of panic.

"Oh, love. You need to feed. It will not give you everything you need, but here." Dieter pulled at him, cradling his face in the crook of neck and shoulder, the scent there amazing.

Shudders rocked him, his lips open, tongue sliding on Dieter's... Oh. Oh, he wanted to. Fuck him. He couldn't. But he wanted to.

"Now, Mago." That voice brooked no argument. It compelled him, just like Dieter's hand on the back of his neck.

The weirdest fucking sound came out of him, raw and wild and the light went red when he bit down, Dieter's flavor filling his mouth. Body going stiff against him, Dieter held him, rocked him, letting him drink his fill. Hot, metallic, salty, it was like Dieter's come but a thousand times stronger.

He lifted his face to breathe, to meet Dieter's eyes, when the horror of what he'd done hit him. "Guapo. I'm sorry. I..." What was wrong with him? With everything?

"No. No, this is what you need. What will make you stronger." So careful. Dieter treated him like he was made of glass.

"Stronger?" He leaned closer, licked the drops from Dieter's skin, so careful, so gentle.

"Oh yes. Much. You will need more, and you will need it fresh, but this will do for now." A soft moan followed the words, Dieter pushing against him a little.

"More? I don't understand." He scooted closer, wrapping himself in Dieter, tongue still working, licking.

A low growl vibrated against his mouth and then he was on his back on the floor with Dieter on top of him. "Too sensitive, Mago. Enough."

His own growl surprised him, muscles tensing to fight, to push Dieter away.

What the Hell?

"I said enough." Like the man weighed a million pounds, Dieter pressed down on him, suddenly way heavier than his mass allowed for. It was like being buried in wet cement.

"Dieter?" His eyes rolled a little, something in him shaken, deep down.

"Shhh." Soft kisses landed on his cheeks and chin, Dieter suddenly back to normal, loving on him. Like nothing had happened. "I know, it's terribly confusing, love. I know."

"Yeah." Yeah. He was all fucked up. Maybe even scared. "I don't get it, Guapo. I'm missing stuff."

"Missing what?" They sat up, Dieter pulling him up, hands on him, and it was almost like Dieter was a little off balance, like maybe he needed some reassurance, too.

"What all happened. We were going home to your place, then that dude mugged us and I don't remember shit after that." He grabbed Dieter and held on, squeezed the man tight.

"The man, he shot you. I took you upstairs, I was going to call the ambulance, but you were cold..." The man's shoulders were shaking, for God's sake.

Oh, shit. That must've scared the shit out Dieter. "Well, it must've worked out, huh? I'm here. I'm alive. Hell, I don't even hurt."

"Yes and no." A muttered curse in what sounded like German came, then. "You are now what I am, love. Vampir."

"What?" Oh, man. That had to mean something in German that was different than what it sounded like it meant in English.

"Vampire, Mago. That is what you are now." That face turned to him, Dieter leaning like he was trying so hard to see him.

"Did that guy hurt you, Guapo?" His hands started sliding over Dieter's skin, searching for wounds. Jesus, what if Dieter'd hit his head or something?

"No. I am not injured. I know what I am saying." Lifting one of his hands, Dieter rubbed it over those soft lips, then over some very, very sharp teeth.

Okay.

Okay.

No.

No, now that didn't work.

"What game is this? I don't... This ain't cool, Dieter, teasing me now."

"I would not. Not about this. I didn't want to, Mago, but you were dying and I... I am sorry." Man, Dieter was always with it, always confident. This was kinda scary.

"Okay. Okay. You relax. We're okay." He patted and tried to think. Okay. First. Uh.

Damn.

First.

Come on, Javier. Think.

"We will... We will both feel better if we feed. I can find someone."

"Huh?" Food sounded good. "Why're we at a hotel, Guapo? I coulda made you food at your place."

"I'm afraid not. I took you and anything I might need and left. We cannot go back there." Leaning in, Dieter kissed him, soft, sweet, and kinda careful.

"But..." He hadn't done anything wrong, had he? "Will the cops come?"

"I imagine. You lost a lot of blood. I'm not sure anyone saw us, but how could I know?" Yeah, with not being able to see, that was a good question.

"But we're the good guys. At least you are, huh?" He'd have a harder time.

"Am I?" Dieter laughed. "I suppose in this case." A sigh lifted Dieter's chest. "It is not like me to mope. We must feed you. Help me up?"

"Sure. Okay." He stood up, got Dieter to his feet. He just needed to take Dieter home. If Mama couldn't help, Uncle Eazie could.

"Thank you." Strong hands latched onto his arms, Dieter leaning to kiss him again, this time deep and hard, making his cock spring to life in a surprising rush.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Mago groaned, touch going from helpful to needy, just like that, and he found himself rubbing, needing to be closer.

They moved, Dieter backing him right to the bed and pushing him down, crawling on top of him. God, his skin was just on fire, making him buck and push, trying to get more.

He tugged hard, needing so bad it was like... Like. Like nothing ever. "Guapo!"

Mago wanted to bite and bite and *feel*.

"Yes, love. That's it." Fingers digging into his hips, Dieter covered him, kissed him, biting at his lips until he could taste blood.

Things went weird about then -- red-tinged and wild, both of them slapping together, Dieter the finest thing he'd ever known, enough to get lost in. They just tore into each other, cock to cock, skin rubbing skin. And biting. Dieter bit down into his neck, didn't even make a sound when he bit back.

Every fucking nerve came alive, buzzing and burning, so alive. So awake and real and...

He groaned and shot, arching so much he thought his spine would snap.

Dieter moaned for him, more come splashing between them, wetting his belly and thighs. When his head stopped spinning they were licking each others' skin, moaning and holding on tight.

"Love..." He felt like he could do anything. Anything.

"My magician. Such things you'll see. I could not let you go." Dieter held him tight, just held him, solid as a rock against him.

"I ain't going nowhere, Guapo. You know that, yeah? You... You're special to me." Real special. Real fine. He wasn't. And Dieter was his. "Mine."

"Yes, love. As much as you are mine. The rest is just details." Smiling, Dieter kissed him again, hands framing his cheeks, and for at least a little while he could forget how weird this all was.

Yeah. He'd just... Yeah.

He'd worry about it all in a while. Tomorrow.



Guapo

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