



C. R.
Moss

**DIRTY LITTLE
LIE**

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DIRTY LITTLE LIE

BY

C.B. MOSS

DEDICATION

To my love ~ Happy Valentine's Day!

Psalm 101:7 (New King James Version)
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*He who works deceit shall not dwell within my house;
He who tells lies shall not continue in my presence.*

“So how many women have you slept with lately?”

Bobby Joe pulled the receiver from his ear and stared at the phone in his hand, amazed at the gall of his estranged wife coming off and asking him a question like that. With a deep breath, he placed the phone between his ear and shoulder and picked up the package he had just received from his travel agent and opened it. “Not that it’s any of your business anymore since you threw me out of the house in November, but I haven’t been with anyone recently.”

“I think it’s completely my business,” the woman on the other end shrilled. “We’re not legally divorced yet. I think I have a right to know, especially if you’re going to be bringing one of your tramps home and subjecting our kids to her when you have them for visitation.”

He gripped the travel documents in his hand, closed his eyes and counted to ten. How did he ever spend all those years married to Mary Jane? No wonder he had sought and found pleasure outside his marriage. “I won’t be bringing any women to meet the kids so there’s no reason to get your panties in a twist. Now, like I told you at the

start of the conversation, child support payments for the next two months are in the mail and I can't take Jamie Sue or Joe Junior this weekend because as I informed you a few weeks ago I'm going to be out of town. So if you have nothing further that's pertinent, I'm going to go."

"You're a bastard." The line went dead.

Shrugging a shoulder, he placed the phone in its cradle and flipped through the packet.

Mary Jane had no cause to worry about a woman being in his life, not anymore, and the trip to the Caymans couldn't have come at a better time. It was going to be so wonderful, escaping the small town he lived in where everyone knew everyone's business, where his shrew of an ex lived, where he had to keep up appearances and continue going to church on Sunday and the small studio apartment he was forced into when she threw him out.

And how the town's busybodies and church's social click missed his current relationship, he had no idea, but it was a Godsend. Sure he had told a tiny fib to MJ when he said he hadn't been with anyone *recently*. After all, she hadn't stated a time frame.

It had been almost two weeks since he last saw Ash and his cock ached from his love's absence.

He closed the cruise line booklet, placed his hands on his head and leaned back in his chair at

the small table next to the kitchenette. The time until he could see his handsome, sexy, Ash again wouldn't go fast enough for his taste. The relationship between him and his new love interest still astounded him, not just because they had only met several weeks ago at a honky-talk a few counties south of town, were for the most part inseparable now and totally into each other, but because he was in love with a man. But beautiful Ash with his dark, slicked-back hair, deep, rich brown eyes and black, artfully trimmed, mustache and triangle goatee with a thin strip of hair framing his chin on either side was more than a man. Ash was special, the type of person he had been searching for his whole life. His new love listened attentively, cared, was interested in him and thought him to be a looker as well, likening him to a young Dennis Quaid. Ash was also one of the best fucks he had ever had. An independently wealthy man, Ash had paid for the cruise and had come up with the idea of not seeing each other for two weeks to make their trip all the more special.

The only drawback to their relationship was the hiding. They had to go to different counties for dinner and movie dates and had to make sure no one watched when they went into each other's places. He was so tired of sneaking around, of living in the bible belt where a fart in church was considered a great sin against the Holy Trinity.

Yes, the trip will be wondrous. Only a few more days, then he'd be at the airport, fly to the port of call, meet up with Ash and head out together on the boat to the open water and a tropical paradise. He couldn't wait to be on the beach sipping a sweet drink with an umbrella in the glass during the day and to have Ash in his bed at night.

* * * *

"Hello."

Bobby Joe's heartbeat quickened upon opening his cabin door and seeing the good-looking man standing before him, his dark locks loosely piled on his head creating soft waves, his buff body clad in a tight pair of blue jeans and burgundy-colored dress shirt.

"Ash, you finally made it." He grabbed his wrist, pulled him into the ocean-view room, letting the door slam, and embraced him in his arms. "When I didn't see you at the airport or on the shuttle or in the check in area for the cruise, I really began to worry. You don't know how relieved I was to get your call and hear your voice saying you were delayed and to get on the ship and wait."

"I'm sorry I caused you concern," Ash's deep voiced rolled and his lips brushed Bobby Joe's forehead as he squeezed him tightly in his arms

before he released him. He took his hand. "I see you received my bon voyage gift. Happy Valentine's weekend."

Bobby swung his attention to the basket with the bottle of merlot and box of chocolates on the light brown wall table under a large hanging mirror. "Yes and thank you for the thought. Happy Valentine's weekend to you, too. Shall we have some?" He released Ash's hand, opened the plastic surrounding the basket and tossed Ash the box of chocolates. After retrieving a corkscrew from his luggage, he opened the bottle and poured each of them a glass of the red wine.

When he handed Ash who was sitting on the bed his glass, he leaned forward and brushed his mouth back and forth over his firm, full, sexy lips, in a light, playful kiss. He righted himself and took a sip of his wine, never letting his gaze leave Ash's.

"Tease," Ash remarked, downed his wine and set the glass on the stand next to the bed.

"Well, that's what you get for keeping us apart for two weeks." He, too, swallowed the spicy liquid in a couple of gulps and put his cup on the table.

"Come here," Ash commanded around a piece of chocolate in his mouth.

Bobby Joe stepped forward and, when he was in arm's reach of Ash, Ash grabbed the top of his

jeans and pulled him close. In a matter of seconds, his jean's zipper was opened, his cock was free and where it belonged, in Ash's mouth.

With a heated sigh, Bobby lightly placed his hands on the sides of Ash's head as the man worked his penis. Long, leisurely strokes of Ash's tongue laved his length. Fingers rimmed the base and stroked in time with his mouth as he sucked and released on the hard shaft. Bobby's fingers threaded through Ash's hair, enticing him to continue his mouth massage. Ash relinquished his dick from his mouth and licked the rim of the cock's mushroom head with the tip of his tongue, then took it fully in his mouth again.

The boat shifted and Bobby looked out the window. The scenery of the dock was slowly moving away. "Looks like we're leaving," he commented with heavy breath.

Ash murmured around his dick, sending pleasurable vibrations up into his torso, then let it go, holding it in his hand. He glanced over his shoulder. "I'd say you're correct." He turned back and kissed the top of his phallus. "Now, be a good boy and release yourself in me."

Bobby sucked in a stream of air when Ash put his mouth around him again and, after a few more minutes of Ash's marvelous techniques with his dick, he did as his man requested and let loose his creamy liquid.

His penis limp and his breath fast, he stepped back as Ash stood and relieved himself of his jeans, presenting his hard cock to him. Bobby Joe stared hungrily at Ash's hard organ. Ash lay on the bed and he climbed up and between his legs, fastening onto his love's cock the moment he was close enough. He drew on the length for several long moments, then removed the dick from his mouth. His tongue snaked out and licked the underside of it from his balls to the end. After rimming the ridge with the tip of his tongue, he stroked down the length back to his balls and took one in his mouth. Gently, he kissed and licked and sucked on one side of the sack, then the other.

"Maybe two weeks without you wasn't such a hot idea after all." Ash's fingers wrapped tightly in his hair and he moaned.

Bobby Joe gazed up at Ash and smiled, then kissed his way back up the phallus from the base to the moist tip, again letting his fingers loosely capture and glide along his penis. His mouth followed suit of the hand gesture, sucking a good portion of the length while also massaging and caressing it with his tongue.

"Yes, two weeks was too long," Ash stated as he released into Bobby's mouth.

In a matter of seconds, Bobby Joe repositioned himself to lay next to Ash, then crushed his mouth to his, kissing him passionately and letting Ash

taste of his spend in his mouth. Warm, sweet waves of emotion surged through him as Ash embraced him in his arms, his tongue toying and warring with his and, once their ardor cooled, he placed his head on his shoulder.

"Don't ever leave me alone for that long again, Ash."

Ash gripped him tighter in his arms and rested his chin upon his head. "I don't plan on it."

* * * *

The next day Bobby Joe held Ash's hand as he sat with him on a bench in a secluded spot on the side of the ship. A calm and serenity he hadn't experienced in ages washed over him as he observed the sunlight frolic with the deep blue rolling waves and bright white crests of the water. After a deep breath of the clean, fresh, sea air, he rested his head against Ash's shoulder.

"This is like a fantasy come true, Ash. I love being here with you on this cruise in these beautiful surroundings with the blue sky above and water below. I love being able to be with you freely without fear of discovery. Thank you for the opportunity." He kissed the side of his neck.

"It's my pleasure. You're my fantasy come true, too, Bobby Joe. I'm so grateful to have met such a smart, strong, caring man."

He sat up and gazed in to Ash's deep dark eyes. "Truly, Ash?"

"Truly." In a tender motion, Ash brushed the back of his fingers along the side of Bobby's face, leaned in and delicately brushed his lips with his, once, then twice before he pulled away.

The sexual tension between them was constant and as he breathed in the spicy scent of Ash's cologne, Bobby Joe could have sworn his own body had turned traitorous and had become one big walking hormone. All he wanted to do anymore was kiss and lick and suck and fuck Ash. He almost believed his reaction to the man wasn't healthy.

Ash's lips quirked into a devilishly, sexy smile as if he had read his thoughts. A shiver scuttled through Bobby Joe's body.

"I think it's time to dress for dinner." Ash pulled him up from the bench and slapped him playfully on his ass.

After he cleaned and dressed, he poked his head into the bathroom where Ash was taking his shower, let him know he was going for a drink and headed to the foyer.

At the bar, a beautiful, slim redhead gave him a coy wink as he walked up.

Maybe four months ago you and I could have had some fun, he mused, *but no more.* He didn't want to be rude though. "Is this seat taken?" He pointed to

the stool next to her.

"Why no. Please, sit. I'm Tracy." She held out a slender hand, her long fingers covered in rings and nails painted a soft rose.

Bobby Joe shook her hand and introduced himself as he sat and realized he had absolutely no interest in her, even as attractive as she was, or in *any women* anymore.

"So what are you having, sugar?" She leaned in and swept her hand along his arm.

"Gin and tonic."

The bartender who had come over to wipe the counter nodded.

"Put it on my tab, Tan," Tracy supplied, handing the server her card. "And make me another one of today's specials." She held up a pink plastic souvenir glass and rocked it back and forth in the air.

Tan handed a tumbler glass of gin and tonic to Bobby Joe and he held it up to Tracy. "Thanks for the drink."

"My pleasure," she drawled, then smiled seductively. "So where's the missus?"

"Home with the kids. We're separated." He didn't want to lead her on, but he knew the *pickup* game and he, once and for all, wanted to make sure he was meant to be with Ash.

She raised an eyebrow and hummed, her lips creasing in to a faint grin. "Then you're here

alone?"

"Not exactly," a deep voice rumbled behind them.

Both heads turned to the tall, dark, handsome man who had walked up. Ash wrapped an arm around Bobby's waist as he stood next to him.

"Oh. Um, okay," Tracy said with a hint of surprise, a haze of red stealing over her cheeks. "How long have you two been together?"

Bobby Joe turned and gazed up at Ash with a huge grin on his face. He had no idea how Ash always seemed to know when he was talking to someone who had an interest in him, but it was alright with him. His possessiveness was flattering and, in a strange way, comforting as well. "Ash and I have been together for several weeks now. Back around Thanksgiving we met at a bar, starting talking and have been together since."

"That's so great," she replied. Her focus trained on Ash and her gaze raked him up and down as if she assessed him. "So, Ash, what do you do for a living?"

The corners of Ash's lips turned down and he removed Bobby Joe from his seat. "Come. It's time to go." He dragged him away from the bar without replying to the woman.

"Why couldn't you answer her question?" Bobby Joe inquired once they were out of hearing distance.

"Because it's none of her business."

"So? You could have just said you were independently wealthy and left it at that like you've done with me. But that does bring up a good point. The wealth. Where does it come from?" Ash remained silent so he gripped his arm and stopped him in the middle of the hall. A few room attendants and stewards passing by glanced at him and Ash. Ash scowled and they scurried back to their jobs. "Ash? Am I some kind of game to you? Just a fantasy you're trying to fulfill? I would hope I'm more than that. I actually hope that you feel for me, love me even, like I do you. Why won't you tell me more about yourself? Why do you have to be so mysterious all the time?"

"I don't want to talk about it," he growled.

"Why?" Bobby Joe cringed at the pleading in his voice, but he couldn't help it. He wanted his love to open up to him.

"Because I don't. At least not yet."

"But you will eventually tell me, right?"

"Yes, Bobby Joe, I will tell you. Someday. Now let it drop."

As Ash started to walk again and he followed, he noticed they were in the hall for their room. "Umm, Ash, we're heading in the wrong direction. The dining room is the other way."

"I know. I'm taking you back to our cabin," he stated mischievously.

"But what about dinner?" The walking hormone that was his body went on high alert, his nerves zinged in anticipation and his cock instantly hardened.

"We'll get room service, after I show you I'm not some monster and that I do care for you."

Ash rushed Bobby Joe down the hall to their room, practically shoving him in when they arrived, and slammed the door behind him. Bobby Joe, as he yanked off his tie and dress jacket, realized in the weeks they had been together and even with the frequency they had made love, their ardor was as strong as ever. In a flash, Ash had all his own clothes off and worked on the fastenings of Bobby Joe's pants.

Naked, Bobby Joe stood in front of his love, letting him appraise him all he wanted. He loved Ash's adoration and wanted to keep him happy.

"Magnificent creature," Ash drawled.

Was there a sneer to his voice? Bobby Joe wondered, but before he could contemplate the matter further, Ash had him in his arms and his mouth covered his with a savage intensity.

Bobby Joe attempted to pull from him, but Ash held fast, crushing his body against his, then pried his lips open with his tongue and aggressively explored his mouth. As Ash devoured his mouth, he let go with one hand. It found its way to the front of his body. A warm palm groped his breast.

Ash's fingers passed over his nipple several times, bringing it to a hard peak. After a quick pinch, he rolled and rubbed the nub between his thumb and forefinger.

Breaking off the kiss, Ash moved his head to Bobby Joe's breast, his mouth replacing his hand. His lips and tongue traced and licked the outline of one areola, then the other, nipping the hardened nipples with his teeth. Then as if he hadn't a care in the world, he kissed his way down his abdomen, following the thin, baby soft line of hair down to his cock. Ash's tongue darted out and lapped at the bit of wetness on the tip of his dick from his arousal.

Taking the silky head of his phallus in his mouth, Ash sucked on the upper portion, rimming the overhang of the mushroom head with the tip of his tongue. As he drew and pulled on him, his hand ringed the base of the shaft and slid up and down, following the motion of his head. He bent down further toward his crotch, taking the cock fully into his mouth, sucking and stroking it several times before he let the hard penis slide off his tongue in a long, slow lick.

"Mmm, wonderful," Ash murmured, his sexy, mesmerizing eyes gazing up at him from his kneeling position on the floor.

Bobby Joe combed his fingers through Ash's hair. "You are, too."

Ash's tongue snaked out, licked the underside of Bobby Joe's cock, then lapped down his length to his balls and took one side in his mouth, gently caressing it. When he shifted and moaned, Ash kissed and licked his way back up to the moist tip and once again rimmed the ridge of the head with the tip of his tongue. Grasping and gliding his fingers along his cock, Ash let his mouth follow suit, massaging and caressing the shaft. Bobby Joe felt his dick pulsate within Ash's mouth. Ash drew harder on it.

His hands went to the back of Ash's head and pushed him down even further, barely letting him move and, while Ash worked his member and moaned around the mass in his mouth, he moved Ash's head in the rhythm he wanted.

"Oh, Ash. Oh, God," Bobby Joe moaned as his hips bucked and his body seized while he came in his love's mouth.

The moment his orgasm stilled, Ash had him on his stomach, draped over the side of the bed, his legs spread. The cool comforter felt good against his hot chest, abdomen and his satiated, limp cock.

Ash's hands caressed the backs of his legs as he positioned himself between them. When Ash lapped the folds of his ass and teased the opening of his anus with his tongue, he clutched the blanket beneath his hands, grabbing handfuls of the material. Again Ash laved his crack and

stroked his opening. He writhed under his head, but Ash held fast to him and continued his assault. His tongue extended and licked the backs of his balls and then back to his ass. Ash edged a finger into the opening of his anus, then slowly slid in a second finger, stroking his ass with the one hand and slipping his other under Bobby Joe. Bobby Joe tensed for a second when Ash's fingers wrapped around his cock and kneaded it, but relaxed as blissful sensations traversed through his pelvic region, hardening him again and bringing him to the edge of passion once more.

"Um, Ash, if you keep this up I won't have anything left to give to you."

"That's quite all right. For now it's all about you and your pleasure."

With a squeeze to his dick from Ash's hand, he came. Ash wiped the liquid from his cock, then massaged his ass with it. Bobby Joe felt Ash move and reposition himself, the tip of Ash's cock poised at the tender opening of his ass.

"Are you ready for me, Bobby Joe?" The tip of his penis pushed in.

Bobby Joe glanced over his shoulder. "I'm always ready for you."

After a grunt, Ash thrust in. Bobby Joe sucked in a stream of air to assist in the shock of the initial intrusion. He wondered how much longer it would take for him to loosen up so that when his

love entered him he wouldn't hurt. Granted, since they had been having sex so frequently it didn't hurt like it had the first few times, but still. He couldn't wait for the day when Ash could slide right in and not have to pause and wait. He took a deep breath. The heat subsided and his muscles relaxed. Ash stirred within.

"Are we good?" Ash pulled out a little and slipped back in.

"Yeah, I think so," Bobby Joe uttered softly.

Large, hot hands held onto his hips. Ash thrust in and out in a delightfully slow rhythm. A few times he changed up tempo, circling within, pulling out to tease his crack, but would shove back in before long. Each time Ash took himself away, Bobby Joe had a wave of disappointment wash through him, but when Ash pushed back in it was as if Ash had grown larger, filled more of him, if that was possible. Bobby Joe inched himself closer to Ash to give him better access to his ass and Ash, taking his hint, reached around and grabbed his dick as he picked up speed. Panting, Bobby Joe realized Ash was nearing the end as he began to jerk, his rhythm sporadic, and just as he anticipated, Ash released his hot load into him, then fell on to his back.

"I love your ass." Ash lay on Bobby Joe, rubbing his arms in tender caresses for several moments, then slowly removed himself from his

ass and said they should get under the covers.

Situated between the sheets, Ash held Bobby Joe in his arms, letting his head rest in the nook of his shoulder.

"Happy Valentine's day, love." Ash kissed the top of his head.

Bobby Joe smiled as he closed his eyes and snuggled up to him. Ash loved him and that was all that mattered.

"It's about time you're up," Ash's voice came low, smooth, almost angry.

"Good morning to you, too." Bobby Joe stretched in the bed.

"Well, come on." Ash beat the bed next to him with his hand.

"What's the frickin' rush?" He picked up his watch from the nightstand and glanced at the time. "We don't have to be anywhere till eight thirty. We have an hour until we need to go to the lounge and wait till our excursion group is called."

"I don't care." Ash paced the short length of the room. "I just want to get going and get to Hell."

Bobby Joe rose from the bed and went around Ash to the closets, chuckling. "From what I've read and heard about the place, it's not very impressive."

"Oh, but it is. Now can you get ready so we can

go?" Ash's lips, which were normally full and so looking like they wanted to be kissed, were drawn in to a thin line and the expression of his eyes flashed with impatience.

Not thinking it would be a good idea to cross Ash in his prickly mood, he held up his hands. "Fine. I'll get ready as fast as I can."

Several minutes later, he grabbed his camera bag and, without a word to each other, they left the room.

Ash continued his silent treatment on the tender to the island and the bus ride to Hell. Each time Bobby Joe opened his mouth to say something, Ash would hold up his hand to keep him quiet. He tried not to let Ash ruin his good mood, but the more Ash remained quiet, the more worried he became.

"Finally," Ash whispered in awe as they stood on the platform overlooking the small field of short, craggy, limestone black rock.

"Let's see here." Bobby Joe flipped over a postcard he had picked up in the gift shop. "Spectacular rock formations...weathered ironshore...estimated to be one and a half million years old. It also says that the name Hell came from the fact that if a pebble is thrown out into the formation, it echoes amongst the limestone. Supposedly it sounds as if the pebble is falling all the way down to *Hell*."

"Really?" Ash bent over and picked up a stone that had made its way onto the platform. He tossed it into the rocks. The stone made a tinkling sound as if it were falling into a long pit. "Interesting." He gripped Bobby Joe's arm.

"Ow." He tried to pull Ash's fingers from him, but they wouldn't budge. The digits bit into his flesh. "Ash you're hurting me."

"And? Perhaps you need to be punished. After all, you've been lying to yourself, others and God for ages. Pretending to be a good Christian boy. Not coming clean with your wife and children about us, about your adultery."

"Why are you being so cruel? People who love each other aren't mean to each other like you have been this morning and how you're acting right now. You said you weren't a monster." Bobby Joe gulped. The pain on his arm burned, intensified. Tears sprang to his eyes. "You said you loved me."

"I lied." Ash released him with a push and stood with his hands on his hips.

The two words cut deep and quick. A thick tear rolled out of Bobby Joe's eye and down his cheek. "Then why am I here? Why did you bring me on this trip? Make me believe you wanted me?"

"Because I do care for you. I want you. I do. I didn't think my mate would come to me in the form of a man, yet here you are." Ash waved his

arm in front of him. "But love isn't something I have ever felt or will be able to feel. And just because I don't *love* you and probably won't want you as a solitary partner, doesn't mean I don't want you in my legion. I do."

"Legion?" Bobby Joe shook his head, not liking what Ash said nor how the morning turned out. "Don't you mean *life*?"

"No. I meant legion. I want you commanding at my side."

"Commanding at your side?"

"Yes. You wanted to know about me? Well, now I'll tell you. I am a Duke, a prince among my peers."

Consumed and shaking from the terror of seeing Ash's gaze burn with menace, Bobby Joe took a step back. A shadow encased him and Ash as a fiery glow grew in a sphere along the ground among the craggy rocks next to the platform where Ash had thrown the stone. At a groan emitting from Ash, his attention turned back to him. Ash was nude with dragon-like wings sprouting from his back. His hands and feet had morphed into dragon claws and a thin silver band crown sat upon his head.

"I am Astaroth, the demon prince of accusers and inquisitors, brought forth by my assistant Pruslas and your adulterous lady Becca." Ash's deep voice reverberated. "I have chosen you to go

with me." A talon pointed to the gold and reddish light pooling in the limestone pit.

Bobby Joe stared with a gaping mouth at his *demon* lover. He couldn't believe Ash had morphed from man to dark angel. Deep down, he always knew Ash was different. Supernatural being or not, he still loved Ash and Ash still wanted him, too. Even if they had to be together in a non-monogamous relationship and not under the guise of love, Bobby Joe would take what he could. He couldn't see living life without Ash. He couldn't go back to that small town and live the lie he had built, pretending to be a Christian and lover of women, especially if Ash wasn't at his side. He took a small step toward Ash.

Ash raised his reptile like arms out to his sides as if to invite Bobby Joe into an embrace. "Come with me, my consort Prince. Be my *valentine* forever."

Glancing back and forth between the pit and Ash, Bobby Joe thought again of his life back at home and the life with Ash. *People do crazy things for love all the time.* With that reasoning firm in his mind, he smiled and jumped over the railing into the glowing pit.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

C.R. Moss, resident of the hot, high desert in the southwest, knew she wanted to write at a young age, as early as she learned to read, cooking up stories to entertain herself in the rural, non-kid-laden area she had lived in. But she took a roundabout way to settle down as a fiction writer, having worked in the corporate and real estate realms writing newspaper articles, press releases, corporate newsletters, etc. Now that she's settled into the health care industry, she has returned to her first love: writing. When she isn't working at her practice or at her computer cooking up another tale, she can be found hanging out with her husband and cat or reading a book. Visit her at:

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