



Amorzinhos: A Roughstock Story
Copyright © 2010 by BA Tortuga

All rights reserved. No part of this eBook may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews. For information address Torquere Press, Inc., PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78650.

ISBN: 978-1-60370-920-0

Printed in the United States of America.

Torquere Press electronic edition / January 2010

Torquere Press eBooks are published by Torquere Press, Inc., PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78650.

www.torquerepress.com

**Amorzinhos
BA Tortuga**

Chapter One

The moon was glaring in at him, just staring in through the hotel room window, so Joaquim slipped on a pair of sweats and headed out to the hallway. He got a Coke and a chocolate bar and padded down the stairs to the parking lot.

Deus, it was colder than it looked. Almost bitter. He found a little ledge, sat and opened his soda.

92.5 points.

It had been something. Amazing.

The arena had gone wild.

Joaquim grinned, licking the mouth of the bottle, legs swinging against the retaining wall.

The side door of the hotel opened, a wide-shouldered form coming out, the ratty old bathrobe unmistakable. "You okay, Joaquim?" Baltazar Silva asked, coming to put a hand on his shoulder.

"Mmm. Sim, Balta. I was trying not to wake you." That hand was heavy.

Warm.

Solid.

"I missed you, huh?" That grin was famous in the world of bullriding, wide and happy and for him? Utterly guileless.

Joa chuckled, nodded, finishing his drink. "Come on; you've got to be cold, yeah?" Hell, he was cold and he'd been in Texas since he was four. Balta wasn't nearly as used to it.

One blunt finger rubbed over his nipple. "You're the cold one, namorado. Come inside. We'll take a shower." Balta was a water baby, loving a shower or a bath or a pool. Day or night.

His nipple went hard, tight enough that it ached, deep in his belly.

"You ready?" Now Balta's grin took on a glint of the pure devil, the man turning and heading inside. The robe should have been a terrible turn off. It wasn't.

They were on the first floor, three doors down from Dillon and Nate, two doors over from Xavier and Renaldo. They didn't have to be too quiet, too still. Too careful. Lord, forgive him.

They got the hotel door open, got the deadlock turned. Balta turned, pressing him back against the door, big hands pushing at his sweats. So fast, and just that quickly, he wasn't cold anymore.

"Balta." He arched, pushing up into those hands, cock filling up and reaching for the one it wanted.

"Yes?" Full of laughter and want, Balta's voice taunted him, going deep and rough. It was Balta's hands, though, that made him moan, made him shake. They traced his chest, his abs, going behind him to cup his ass.

"Você é o diabo." The devil, bone deep. The Portuguese didn't come as easily to him as some.

Chuckling, Balta nibbled at his neck, licking up to his chin. "You think so? I think I just want you."

"I think so." His skin tingled, waking up for Balta's lips.

"What does that make you? Um anjo?" An angel? Him?

"No. No, I'm not close." Still, it pleased him, that Balta would think so.

"My angel, hmm?" Such hot kisses. Like too hot cafezinho. They burned his lips, his tongue, making him want such things.

His body went tight, and he grabbed onto those broad, strong shoulders. His hips rocked, rubbing against Balta's thigh. One leg pushed between his, lifting him up, giving him some friction. Sharp teeth closed on his earlobe, tugging, Balta's breath hot and good. Heat flooded him, and he gave a little cry, a little jerk.

His hands found the ratty fabric of Balta's bathrobe, pushing at it, and they were bare together, the hair on Balta's chest rasping at him. Balta's cock rubbed his belly, filling up and burning against his skin. One hand cupped his ass, the other coming between them to pull their cocks together, lifting him up. Everything in him went hard and tight, his breath hitching in his chest.

So fast, so fast off the mark every time. Joaquim gasped, tongue sliding against Balta's.

Stroking hard, Balta got them going, got them humping together, that hard body holding him up against the wall. The man's big, square hand worked them both, the calluses rubbing him madly. He squeezed Balta's shoulder as his lips wrapped around Balta's tongue, sucking good and hard. The moan vibrated up in Balta's chest, moving it against him, his nipples going even tighter. Balta made him crazy, made him desire everything, all at once.

Balta gave it to him, too, sometimes more than he knew to need. Lord. Dios.

Rocking, pulling, Balta demanded his response, giving and taking, bruising him with lips and tongue and hard fingers. Their cocks slid together, wet, making a crazy noise.

He shot hard enough that his knees buckled, the tension and pressure leaving him with a pop.

"Doce!" Balta stared into his eyes, face set in hard lines, body moving fast and heavy against his. Then Balta's come joined his, spattering against his belly.

Joaquim blinked, staring, loving the way Balta's eyes held him. "Yours."

"Meus anjo," Balta agreed, taking another kiss, laughing with what looked like sheer joy. "Come bathe with me, huh?"

"Si. Si, Baltazar." He nodded. Water. Soap. Touching. Then they would pile into the bed and find sleep.

The moon couldn't compete with Balta. Not even a little.

His demon made everything else go away.

Chapter Two

Some days it was so hard to be new on the tour. Merda, some days it was hard to be in America.

Raul sighed, trying to remember enough English to make the girl behind the desk at the hotel understand that he wanted to pay for a room on his own. Eduardo and Xavier were perfectly nice men, but Raul wanted to... Well, he wanted to touch his caralho, not to put too fine a point on it. He wanted to have some privacy.

He'd come in third in the round last night, and he had enough money to upgrade for one night, not to have to share.

"I'm sorry, sir. I'm not sure I understand what you mean."

Raul wanted to pound his fist against the counter, wanted to rant and rave in Portuguese, but he knew better. He was the one who had come to the US, right? He was the one who needed to learn English. He understood more than he could say. Sometimes he could just not make his mouth form the sounds.

He was about to smile and wave her off and say some kind of *nao importa* when Joaquim walked up, carrying his duffel and a pair of starched shirts.

"Boa noite, Raul." Joaquim smiled, that sharp face splitting into a beautiful smile.

"Ola, Joa." Raul smiled back, because he had to. He liked Joa very much. Probably too much, considering that Joaquim was the very reason he wanted a private room.

"What's wrong?" Joa's Portuguese was formal sometimes, maybe a little stilted, but it was still plenty good, and it was such a relief to have someone who could understand him.

"I want my own room tonight. I have money." He spread his hands. "She doesn't hear me."

"Ah." Joaquim smiled, reaching out to hand Raul the shirts on their hangers. "You want to pay cash?"

"Sim, if I can."

"I will talk to her." Turning to the girl, Joa launched into a spate of heavily drawled English that Raul only caught maybe three words of. The little lady started to flutter, the way girls always did when Joa grinned at them, but she started tapping keys, nodding every so many words.

She and Joa had a long discussion, and finally Joa turned back to Raul. "She says she has a room with one king bed for eighty nine dollars."

"There has not been smoking?"

"Nope."

"Then I would like it." Raul pulled a hundred out of his wallet.

Joaquim took it, helped him fill out the registration, and handled the rest of the talking. All Raul had to do was stand back and watch, and he was very good at that. He'd always hesitated to spend too much time with Joa, because Baltazar Silva had something of a monopoly there, but watching he was an expert at.

"We never see you at the pool after the ride, Raul," Joa said when Raul finally had his key card. "You should come swim with us."

"Us?" They turned toward the elevators, Raul handing Joa's shirts back to him. Though they honestly looked too large for Joa.

"Me and Balta. Maybe Eduardo. Coke and Dillon."

"Ah." He liked Coke. The man was kind, and the best bullfighter Raul had ever seen. Dillon he liked to dance with. Still, he didn't think he could go see Joa at the pool, wearing nothing but swim trunks, without stopping by his room first. "Maybe in a little while."

"I would like that."

Raul felt his cheeks heat, and he ducked his head, pushing the elevator call button. The doors opened, and he and Joa rubbed shoulders stepping on, which made his heart pound. Estupido.

"I would, too. What floor?"

"Four, please."

Raul was on six. That was good, Very good. He would not be tempted to follow Joa to his room, or something even more idiotic.

They parted ways when Joa left him on the fourth floor, Joa offering him a smile and a wave and another invitation to come swimming. Raul went to his room, the big bed inviting him to take off his riding clothes and slip between the sheets, which was just what he did, letting everything fall away.

He took some of the tissues from the bath vanity with him to the bed, moving slowly and deliberately. All he had to do was think of Joa while he put his hand on his prick, and soon he was grunting, grabbing the tissues and catching his come with them, just to keep the bed clean.

Staring at the ceiling, Raul chuckled a little, a month of tension leaking out of him with his orgasm. Maybe he would go swim, maybe ask the great Balta for an English lesson.

It was hard being the newest Brazilian on tour. But with people like Joa there to support him, it got a little easier every day.

Chapter Three

Balta watched Joaquim pull rope for Xavier, arms straining, belly pulling tight on each pull up. His lover had the best abs ever. Really. The very sight of them made him drool. Balta loved Joaquim's body, every inch. And his ride was over for the night, so he could focus on enjoying it. He could be very focused.

The gate swung open, Xavier going out and bucking right off, which was a shame. Xavier was in a slump. Still, it meant that instead of cheering Xavier on, Joaquim clapped the other rider on the back and turned to glance at Balta. He grinned, gave Joaquim a slow wink, waiting for the flush he knew would come.

He got it, too, the impossibly sharp cheekbones showing the color first, then his Joaquim's entire face, flushing dark. Ah, doce. Sweet. Joaquim was so sweet. Balta had decided long ago that Joaquim had to be to overcome Balta's complete lack of the nice gene.

Jerking his head toward the back of the pens, Balta clapped Roberto on the back and left, hoping to have a little of Joaquim right now. It took a few minutes, but Joaquim followed, face hidden behind the hat, chaps off, put away until tomorrow.

The locker room was off limits for what he wanted. So were the bathrooms. Waiting only until he knew Joa saw where he went, Balta moved toward one of the unused offices in the backside of the arena. It took longer for Joaquim to follow, this time. He knew what his lover would be doing -- worrying, watching, hesitating and then finally following.

Sometimes he had to remind himself that Joaquim was as American as he was Brazilian, a little bit of a Puritan. Oh, not that he could blame his doce anjo. Getting caught would be ugly, even if everyone probably knew about them. For him it only added spice.

For his doce, it was fear. The office door opened, Joaquim slipping inside. Fear that his Joa would overcome.

Smiling, Balta jerked his chin at the door. "It has a lock, huh?"

"Eh? Yeah. Yeah, it locks." Dark eyes stared over at him as the door locked. "You looked good on the bull."

"Did I?" It had been a good night. He'd kept his ass on the bull, kept from looking over his shoulder. "You looked good doing everything."

Joaquim moved a little, ass shaking from side to side in the little dance he did after every qualified ride. "Obrigado."

"You're very welcome." Balta watched Joa dance every chance he got. "Come here, namorado."

He found himself with an armful of warm, passionate man, the muscles of his doce heated, strong, sleek.

"Mmm." Yes. Perfect. Their mouths met, his tongue slipping right in to taste all of that heat and spice. Joaquim pressed closer, hiding those little, hungry sounds in their kiss. Balta grabbed at Joaquim's ass, pulling him closer, rubbing all along his lover's fine body. So hot. Earthy. Male.

That tight-tight ass clenched, Joaquim's prick filling immediately, responding so well for him.

Putting a hand between them, Balta felt that sweet prick, his fingers pushing, pressing. He knew just where Joaquim loved to be touched, which spots would get him more needy sounds. Joa shuddered, finding a rhythm that captivated him, so much like dancing. He didn't dance as much in the arena as a lot of the others, but he didn't mind it at all with Joaquim. Not even a little. He grabbed Joa's swaying hip with his other hand, the one not on Joaquim's cock. That way he could control the beat.

Those taut, tight muscles rocked, shifted, fighting his hand only for a few beats, a few moments. Then Joa fell right in with him, moving in time to their own song. Perfect. Yes, so sweet. Doce.

Those deep, rough noises filled his lips, Joaquim fighting to be silent, to not give them away. Smiling against Joa's mouth, Balta moved, rubbing hard, needing so bad. His own prick pressed against his jeans, the zipper almost painful against him. His lover's hot palm covered his cock, thumb nudging his buckle, fingertips brushing his balls.

His boots creaked as he went up on tiptoe, trying to get more of the touch. "Joaquim..." There was no way he could stifle that.

"Sim. Sim, Balta." Joaquim had eyes like coffee, dark and heated. The touch got stronger, fingers and hand rolling against him.

"More." It came out as a growl, his hand moving faster on Joa's prick, his thumb rubbing up and down.

"Sim." Joa's other hand joined in, rubbing him through the denim.

His eyes tried to close, but Balta kept them open, wanting to see Joaquim's face. He loved that face, all sharp cheekbones and bright eyes, and the flush he put in those cheeks made him hot.

"Soon, Balta. Soon. They'll look for us."

"Mmmhmm. Soon, amante. With me." God, he was going to have to change his jeans.

"Sim." The kiss stole his breath, Joa's cry pushed right into his lips.

Balta shook, his hips snapping against Joaquim's, their hands trapped between them as he came, biting off a shout. They panted together, Joa staring, watching him. Fascinated.

Smiling, he stroked his lover's cheek with his thumb. "Beautiful man."

Joa turned, kissed the base of his thumb.

"So what do you want to do tonight, hmm?" Balta asked. They'd have to wash up, one at a time, but then they could watch the rest of the event and go play.

"There's a pool in the hotel." Mmmhmm. And a hot tub.

"That sounds good, huh?" Joa would be half naked and bruised from his ride and Balta would ogle.

"Sim. Sim, you shine in the water."

"You shine all the time." Balta took one last kiss before patting his lover's ass. "Now go get cleaned up, sim? I'll come soon."

"I'll see you after." The corner of his mouth got a kiss, then Joa slipped out and away.

Balta watched that ass as it disappeared, smiling, trying to ignore his sticky jeans. Yes, he would see Joaquim after the event.

All of him.

Chapter Four

The hotel was less than perfect.

Balta hated to be a snob, but the bedcovers looked like a thousand people had slept on them during Carnivale. He shook his head. No. It would never do. He picked up the phone and called his sports agent, growling when he got the assistant. "I need a new hotel, as soon as possible. No, something with a hot tub. Clean sheets."

"Yes, Sir."

Sweet girl. Balta shifted from foot to foot, working out his hips. It took maybe five minutes for the girl to come back. "There's not much in such a small town, Balta, but I got you at the Ramada. It has a nice pool."

"That's perfect. You'll reserve?"

"I will. You go on."

"Thank you." Grinning, he hung up and grabbed his duffel, meeting Joaquim at the door, coming in with ice.

"Uh. You going somewhere?" Joa took a piece of ice, crunched it.

"We are. Someplace clean. I want you on the bed. But not that one."

"Oh. Is..." Lovely boy. Beautiful confusion. "Did you find another room?"

"I did." Taking the ice bucket, Balta set it down and grabbed Joaquim's hand. "Get your bag, amante."

He got a quick, happy grin, the fastest kiss on Earth. "I haven't unpacked it yet." The blue bag got grabbed, swung up onto Joa's shoulder. The thing was nearly as tall as its owner.

They left the nasty place behind, and Balta grinned at Sam Bell and Beau Lafitte who were checking out as well. He'd bet someone had mixed up the hotels somehow. Usually the event organizers did a much better job.

"You got a place, deSilva?" Sammy grinned at him around the toothpick in his mouth.

"Sim. You?"

"We're going to get a house with the bullfighters. Coke's coming with Clownboy, and he needs a good bed. Wanna come with?"

Balta shook his head. "Obrigado, but no. We have a room." He wanted privacy.

He waved, attention caught again by that perfect, lovely ass heading out the glass doors on the way to his pickup. Joaquim had a great truck. He really did. Balta appreciated the large cab and the tinted windows.

"Where'm I heading?" Joaquim was bouncing a little, humming along with the radio.

"The Ramada. I think it's down the road a few miles, huh?" Look at that pretty man. Balta reached over, stroking one long thigh.

"Mmm. Balta. Driving." That thigh went tight, hard, bouncing under his touch.

"I know, namorado. But I can tease." He loved to tease. To play.

"You can. Better than anyone." Joaquim's nostrils flared, that throat working.

"Mmm." His pinky slipped over the seam of Joaquim's jeans, touching a tiny bit.

"Balta." The leather around the steering wheel creaked as Joaquim's fingers tightened. That was a glorious scent -- man and leather.

"Sim. I thought we needed a nice clean bed. I have an idea..." Such an idea. It was a pretty image in his head.

"An idea?" Oh, that was interest.

"Yes. A very nice one. There, on the right." Even from the outside the Ramada looked cleaner.

"Looks like a bunch of us headed over." Joaquim slid in behind Cotton and Packer, honking once to make the big Australian drop his bag.

"Someone just made a mistake, I think." Grinning, Balta climbed out of the truck, laughing at Cotton's obscene finger gestures.

"Looks like it got fixed." Joa parked, stretched. "Maybe this bed will be clean."

"I think so." They pulled their bags in, got checked in, and made it to their room. All without him grabbing Joa's ass. He was terribly proud of his restraint. When the door closed behind them and they dropped their bags, though, Balta grabbed. And squeezed.

"Baltazar!" Joaquim arched, tight ass pressing into his hands.

"What?" Laughing, he reached around and started on Joa's jeans, opening them up. Joaquim's half-hard cock pushed toward his hand, hot and heavy. Cupping it in one hand, Balta pushed those tight jeans down with the other, baring the tightest, hottest ass ever. He rubbed against it, letting Joa feel the roughness of his clothes.

His thumb brushed the line between smooth skin and the line of sleek hair crowning Joaquim's cock.

"So pretty. So smooth. I love how you feel, namorado." Rocking, he pushed his hips forward, his zipper pressing hard against his cock.

"Good." Joaquim flushed, hips rubbing side to side. His lover was waxed clean, except that sweet, dark line where his fingers played. It was a fine contrast to his own furry body, always making him hot when they were naked together. That would come soon. For now he'd settle for getting the rest of Joaquim bare. Joaquim leaned back against him, a happy sigh sounding. "You like the room?"

"I do." Balta hadn't even looked, but he could tell from the smell that it was cleaner. "Go lie on the bed, doce."

"Okay." Joa stripped off his boots before heading over.

Such a good lover. So giving. Balta watched, pulling off his shirt, undoing his jeans. "No, let your legs hang over the end."

Joaquim gave him a curious look, but scooted, did as he asked. Balta's mouth watered. Stretched out that way Joaquim looked like a feast. Flat brown nipples, a lean, ridged belly, and hard muscled thighs all combined to make a portrait of need. The sweet cock nudging Joaquim's belly was not so bad either, huh? Balta smiled, shucking his jeans.

"Where did you put the slick, doce?"

"In the little bag, Balta. The one with the razors."

Putting on a little show of his own, Balta turned and bent, digging through the bag, his balls swinging. He didn't hear Joaquim move, but he felt the touch cupping his balls, the kiss to the small of his back.

"Mmm." Someone was ready. "You're hungry, huh? Feels good."

"You were teasing me." Joaquim's tongue slid on his skin. "Tempting."

"I was letting you look." Oh, that felt good. Warm, rough... Joaquim's tongue made him shiver.

"So good to me." That tongue slid lower, teasing, taunting.

"I will be better soon." Bracing against the upright suitcase, Balta let Joaquim love him. His lover did not take the lead often, and he could take it back soon enough.

"Mmm." Joaquim knelt down, fingers stroking his balls as that tongue slid against his hole, pressing against him.

"Make me insane, namorado." He could almost forget what he was about. Almost.

"Sim. Sim, Balta." Joaquim licked and lapped at him, tongue pressing in and spreading him.

"So bold." The touches made him breathless, made him wiggle and squirm. His skin felt tight, hot, the room suddenly overheated. Joaquim's hands wrapped around his cock, tugged it in time with the touches of that hot tongue.

"Going to make me come, doce. Don't you want to wait?" He would have been more convincing if he wasn't panting, groaning, his hips moving fast.

"You'll get it up again." Joaquim sounded sure, moaning the words against his ass before that tongue started fucking him again.

Well... with Joaquim in his arms, that was a certainty. Reaching down, he wrapped his hand over Joaquim's, stroking his cock in time with each thrust of that talented tongue. He loved it when Joaquim wanted to play. Joaquim's touch drove him mad, almost as mad as that tongue pressing into him.

"Love. Sweet. I need. Faster." Rough. His own voice sounded as rough as a bull's hide. Demanding. His namorado heard him, answered, so eager to please, so hungry.

Before he could even blink his orgasm was on him, riding up his spine to burst in his brain. Balta cried out, jerking like a novice bullrider, hips sawing back and forth. Joa panted as he rode the aftershocks, cheek against his thigh.

His knees tried to give out, but Balta held himself up, his heavy upper body coming in handy for once. "Oh, Joaquim, the things I will do to you."

"Mmm. What things?" Joaquim groaned softly, the sound of hand rubbing flesh unmistakable.

Bless him, Joaquim was sadly wrong if he thought he was going to get off that easy. Balta's back popped when he stood up; oh, he was getting old.

"Balta?" Joaquim's hands landed on his hips, steadying him. "Como vai? You okay?"

"Mmmhmm. Just stiff. Not used to bending for you, huh?" He turned and gave Joaquim a smile, winking down. It had taken time, a bit, for Joa to believe, to know he was strong and would not break. "Up, doce. I need the bed."

Joaquim stood, prick full and bobbing, slick and wet at the tip, pointing the way to the bed.

Balta groaned, reaching out to push at the tip of Joa's cock, watching the skin wrinkle, then bounce back. He licked his thumb clean, smiling. "Like you were before, I think. On your back, huh?"

"Uhn..." Joaquim's eyes rolled, one hand reaching down to cradle the hard cock as his lover moaned, nodded.

"On the bed, doce. No touching." Joaquim would fight him for a moment, wanting to get off fast and hard. Balta just stared, waiting. That flat belly went hard, flushed, Joaquim's hand shifting a second, holding, petting before falling away.

"Sim. Sim, Balta. I need." Joa stepped back, heading for the bed.

"I know." He was coming up again already, just from watching. Slower, less urgent, but still good enough to make his lower belly ache. He waited until Joaquim was down and spread for him before remembering to grab the tube of slick stuff.

Joaquim stretched out, thighs spread, cock bobbing, leaving wet kisses on that perfect belly. The urge to go lick that flat belly almost took him, but Balta had been thinking about what he wanted all day. So instead he started stroking himself, pushing his cock to harden fully. Teasing Joaquim some more.

"Balta..." He could see Joa fighting the urge to touch that needy prick, fingers fisting in the bedspread.

"Good. That's good, doce. Perfect." Good behavior should be rewarded, so Balta slicked his fingers up, going to push Joaquim's knees back against his chest. "Hold just like that, huh?"

Joaquim nodded, pink tongue flicking out to wet sweet, swollen lips. Pressing his fingers to Joaquim's hole, Balta worked the lube around, getting his sweet wet, getting him ready. Only when Joaquim relaxed did he push one finger inside. A deep, soft sound slipped from Joa, that hole squeezing his finger, almost hugging it.

"Breathe, namorado. I need in." Pulling out and pushing in, Balta got Joaquim riding his finger and moaning before sliding two more in, knowing Joa loved the burn and stretch.

"In..." He could feel the touch of those dark eyes, lids heavy as Joaquim stretched, spread.

"Sim, doce. In." He pulled free, grabbing Joa's legs and pulling them up over his shoulders, hands cradling that tight ass. Joaquim moaned, hands opening and closing, eyes wide and dark. Nodding, Balta pushed his cock where it needed to go, feeling Joa open to accept him. He pulled at Joaquim's ass, moving his hips in short thrusts.

"Balta." Joaquim's hands slid up along his arms, squeezing, trying to get a grip on him.

"See what you do? Made me hard again already. Made me ready to have you." Look at that golden skin, flushing darker for him with every stroke of his cock inside Joa's body.

He got a nod, a deep raw moan. He had never seen anyone respond to well to being stretched, filled, loved.

Lifting, he pulled Joaquim almost vertical before speeding up, moving faster and faster. He'd thought he could hold back after coming once, but he just couldn't. Not when he had Joa like the man had been in his dreams. Joa's head was thrown back, throat working as they slammed together.

It was the belly and chest that did it for Balta. Joaquim worked hard for washboard abs. It was his duty to admire them. Balta did just that, letting go of Joa's ass with one hand to pet and stroke.

"Lower. Balta." Demanding lover.

"Not yet. I want." His thumb rubbed against the freckle right next to Joaquim's navel.

"Want..." Joaquim tossed his head, gasped.

"What do you want, namorado? You must be very specific." He knew. Joaquim wanted his hand.

Joaquim moaned, lips parting as his fingers found a sensitive spot, shorting his lover out. His thumb and fingers curled around Joaquim's cock, pulling gently even as he moved his hips harder. Their skin slapped together, their bodies moving in time.

"Love. Love. Ajudar-me. Por favor." Oh, yes. Yes, he would help.

"Sim, doce. Sim." Pulling harder, Balta thrust, his thigh muscles bunching and straining. His need rose up his spine, pulling his balls up.

"Balta!" Joaquim bucked, ass slamming down onto his hips, seed pouring over that flat belly.

So pretty. He stared, his ass clenching, his hips snapping. The he came hard, his eyes trying to roll back in his head. He could feel those muscles, working around his cock, making the pleasure last and last.

Two standing orgasms might have been one too many for a man his age, huh? Balta let Joa's legs slide down off his shoulders, slipping down to cover that strong body with his.

"Mmm. Balta." Strong arms wrapped around him.

"Amante." Joaquim truly was the best thing that ever happened to him.

"Sim. Sim, Baltazar." No one loved like Joaquim did.

Sometimes Balta wondered if he deserved it. Or if he could give Joaquim what he needed. Balta wasn't going to stop trying, though. Not one bit.

Chapter Five

Raul bounced from foot to foot, rolling his head back and forth on his neck. He jerked his shoulders back and forth, trying to find some ease there. He needed this ride. Needed the money. Oh, he would stay on tour for another two weeks even if he didn't ride a single bull, but his confidence was waning.

It was time for a ride. Time for a victory dance.

His bull was about to be loaded, so Raul grabbed his chaps and started strapping them on, trying to block out the noise as Packer rode, trying to ignore the screaming crowd and the sound of clanking cowbells.

The crowds in Sao Paulo could number in the hundreds of thousands, not just the tens, so this was nothing, sim? So what if he could not understand anything except how a few of the cowboys were making bad noises about Brazilians. Fucking Brazilians.

That he understood.

Blowing out a breath, Raul grabbed his vest, settling it on his shoulders and chest. He strapped it on, then tested it, pounding on his chest a couple of times. Solid.

Sam Bell came up, a slow grin making the bright eyes twinkle. "Want me to pull your rope, Araripe?"

That much Raul understood, and he grinned back, nodding. Bell was always there when someone started to get nasty about American riders versus Brazilian. Always. It was like the man had some sort of radar for trouble brewing, and an automatic damper for it, too.

"Sim. Thank you."

"Hey, your accent is getting' way better." Sam clapped him on the back. "This one spins hard, to the right." Sam made a motion with his hand that helped Raul translate, and he nodded, going back to jumping up and down, just a for a moment.

Then his bull was ready, and Raul climbed up to straddle the chute, Sam climbing over to stand on the gate. Eduardo and Beau LaFitte himself came to hold Raul in place, be his safety men. The bull wanted to crouch, but Nate came and poked it through gate.

They were all helping him, and suddenly Raul thought he might just be able to ride this beast. Bless Sam Bell. He was just the boost Raul needed. He lowered himself down on the bull's back, his knees pushing into place, and Raul wrapped the rope around his hand, letting Sam pull it tight-tight.

If he had learned anything in the last few months, it was that the league here allowed far less time in the chute. One foul was all it had taken for Raul to know that as soon as he felt solid, he had to nod his head. So as soon as his rope was firm under his glove, the bull stood up straight, and Sam Bell moved to safety, he nodded.

The world exploded into motion, the bull doing exactly what Sam had said, whirling to the right. The big head went down, the bull trying to jerk him forward, so Raul muscled back to the end of his arm, hanging on. By the third rotation he was spurring, the rhythm of the big Brahma mix a good one for him, far better than the tiny bull he'd had last round.

Six, seven, eight... The buzzer went off, but it took him nearly three seconds to find a safe place to jump off. When he did, the crowd roared, and he forgot all about not speaking the same language. That screaming he understood.

Raul ran, making sure the bull was out of the arena before doing a little cha cha with Dillon.

Perfeito. That was perfect. Just what he'd needed. He was a cowboy, after all. He could ride.

Joaquim slammed out of the truck, heading for the hotel bar where tequila waited for him.

Damn it. Fucking shit. He was cagado. Worthless today. Fell from the fucking bull before he even left the chute. He was better than this. He was.

Joa threw himself into a little booth, snarling at the waiter. "Two shots of Cuervo and a Dos Equis."

"You ordered one for me, namorado! Thank you, huh?" Balta sat down next to him, hand glancing off his shoulder. He bit back his growl, just nodded. He'd order another one when the waiter came back. Grinning, Balta started babbling, just noise, really. About how well Gilberto had done, how good Raul looked. Joa considered just killing him.

It could be quick, really.

Joa took the shot, nodded to the waiter. "I want two more."

He got a sideways look, Balta's dark eyes worried. "What is it, doce? You had an off night. You'll bounce back.

He slammed the shot back. "I know." If he didn't, he'd be off the tour. Maybe he should do some minor league events.

"Joaquim..." Balta patted his thigh, doing that sports psychologist look. "It's fine, huh?"

"It's not fine. I sucked." He pulled down his beer, then took one of the new shots. Better.

"It's not going to help if you get drunk, doce." Oh, God. Sometimes Balta was so fucking righteous.

"It's not going to hurt anything." Sometimes he just needed to be mad.

"Well, it's not good for you."

There were a lot of things not good for him. Like falling on his ass in the dirt. Whacking his shoulder on a horn. Knowing that he was on bull number fucking nine of a slump. God *damn* it.

The shot the bartender had set in front of Balta just... sat there. Until he reached for it.

He arched an eyebrow. "You going to drink it?"

"Sim. You leave that alone." Still, Balta made no move to reach for it. Just... taunting him.

"I'm going to order another one." He was vibrating, hands opening and closing on the table.

"No, you are not. You're coming with me." Tugging, Balta stood, trying to get him to come along.

"God damn it." He was just fixin' to... bust. "Don't, Baltazar. I'm real mad. Just don't."

"Don't what? Don't worry about you?" That booming voice floated right up over all the bar noise.

"Balta!" He pushed out of the booth, throwing some money down before storming out.

Goddamn it.

He just wanted to.

To.

Shit.

Hit something. Hard.

He headed for the elevators. He'd change and then he'd go find a fight.

When he turned the corner to the little elevator hallway, he did hit something, his shoulder smashing right into a solid chest.

"Damn it." He looked up into Raul Araripe's eyes. Pretty son of a bitch. Pretty, solid son of a bitch. "Desculpe." See him. See him apologize like a decent motherfucking human being.

"Nao. I was not looking." Raul steadied him, hands on his shoulders. "You okay?"

"Sim. Sim. Fine." Raul had long eyelashes. "Good ride today."

"Obrigato." That smile was like a bright light, making Raul's eyes sparkle and the sharp features make sense. "I was going to have drink. Want to come?"

"Sim. I could have one more." He shouldered his bag, spreading a little to balance.

"Oh, good. Come." Raul wasn't much for talking most of the time, at least when he felt like he had to speak English. It was kind of nice. They ran into Balta coming out, and he got a look. Not reproachful, really. More surprised.

"You going back to the bar, huh?" Balta asked, blocking their way a little.

"Raul asked." He surprised himself with the flash of guilt he had. "You want to come have one more?"

That dark head tilted. Sometimes Balta just looked odd without his cowboy hat. Raul never did. Okay, maybe he didn't need one more. He just wanted one.

"Nao. I'll take your bag, if you want." Balta grinned and nodded at Raul. "Don't let him get silly. He'll sing old Tupian children's songs."

Raul laughed, the sound much deeper than the man's speaking voice. "Just a friendly one, sim?"

"I don't sing." He searched Balta's eyes, looking for something to say whether the man was pissed. "You sure you don't want a beer?"

One big hand clapped his shoulder, Balta smiling for him, the light of it reaching those pretty eyes. "No, no. You go. I'll see you later, huh?"

Then Balta was grabbing his bag and heading off, leaving him staring at that tight bubble butt.

They headed back to the bar, nodding to Sam and Coke as they found a table. "You going to San Antonio next?"

"I am. As many as I can, you know? You and Balta going?" Raul ordered a shot and a beer, smiling at him a little sheepishly. "You want some food? I'm hungry."

"Yeah. They have some little things." Yeah, he needed to hit San Antonio, needed to make some money.

"They have... Oh, what are they called? Corn dogs? Little ones." Someone liked mini corn dogs; he could tell. Of course, what Brazilian didn't love fried stuff? "There's an event in um... Somewhere there, the Tuesday after. A small one."

"Yeah? I ought to go. Make some money." They got him a beer, both of them some food.

"Yeah. I been riding bad enough I need it before tonight, you know?" Winking, Raul sucked down his shot, making a face.

"You saw me ride. I know." He chuckled, nodded. His beer slid down easy, cooling him off. Raul knew about being at the bottom. Raul was even newer to the circuit than he was. The man had talent, and would work his way up, no doubt, but it was nice to be around someone who wasn't Balta sometimes. Balta was in his prime right now, winning all sorts of money.

"You just need to keep your chin down, I think." He might have gotten pissed if Raul hadn't winked at him, that smile irresistible.

He chuckled, nodded. "That and stay on the bull, sim?"

They laughed together, other riders coming over, having a drink, wandering off. When it was over Joaquim had finished two more and was starting to sway. "I should find my room."

"I'll walk you." Raul had switched to Coke after one, and was looking far more steady. Those wide shoulders were just fine to lean on.

"Obrigado." He blinked, hummed under his breath as they found the elevators.

"I had fun. Thank you for eating with me. Sometimes..." Those shoulders rolled in a shrug, Raul cutting off whatever he'd been about to say.

Joa nodded, reaching up to pat Raul's shoulder. "It is lonely, sim? You need a friend, amigo, you call me."

"Thank you." They got on and off the elevator without much more than a few words, but when he got to his room. Raul gave him a back pounding hug. "Boa noite, Joaquim. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Boa noite, Raul. Durmo bem." He fumbled with his key card, let himself in.

The door clicked shut behind him, and he could hear the sound of the shower running, hear Balta bellowing some ridiculous song. He chuckled, shook his head. Balta was... The most amazing man, ever. Crazy, but amazing.

He stripped off his boots and socks, his shirt, and headed into the bathroom. "Como vai?"

The shower curtain swung open, water spraying out and steam billowing. "Oi! Namorado. Are you joining me?" Balta grinned, smile lines etched into his cheeks.

"I am." He grinned back, hands going to his belt. "We should invite Raul to eat with us one night. He is alone."

"Yeah? He's so new, huh? At least there are more people now who speak his language." As soon as his jeans hit the floor, Balta reached out and reeled him in, closing the curtain behind him. Oh. Wet skin. Lots of it.

"Mmmhmm." Yes. Nice Raul. Better Balta. He wrapped his hands around Balta's waist, fingers digging in.

"You like him, huh?" Those soapy hands slid around him, pulling him right up close, rubbing him against that sturdy body.

"Muito bem, sim." Raul was a good man and... Mmm. Slick and slidy Balta... The calluses on Balta's fingers rasped against his skin, giving him shivers, especially when Balta cupped his cock, his balls, rubbing everything in a slow circle. That drew him up on tiptoe, his eyes rolling in time with that touch.

"Better now, amante? You were so tense." That particular massage wasn't going to make his muscles less tense.

"Sim, sim. I was... It was a bad day. It's better now." Much better.

"Good." That smile made him breathless. Balta squeezed, pulling his balls up against the base of his cock. "I was just making it worse, so I thought I would go, huh?"

"No. No, I was just..." He swallowed hard, belly going tight. "Balta."

"Sim. Love you." That smiling mouth closed on his, the kiss going deep and hard in a rush, leaving him gasping. Balta's hair was thick, wet, like heavy silk on his fingers as he held on, gasping for breath. "Sweet man. So hot. Already hard for me." One heavy thumb rubbed up the underside of his cock before pressing against his slit.

"Sim. Sim. Mais." More. He needed this.

"Yes, lover. Anything you need." Balta kissed his chin, his cheek, the water running down his face, over his shoulders.

"Need you." He laughed, the last bits of anger trickling out of him.

"Always." Nodding, Balta rinsed him off, turning him around to slap the last soap bubbles off his ass.

The bare sting made him grunt, scoot into the water.

"Mmm. So pretty." Far more gentle was the touch to his balls, the press of Balta's fingers on the skin between them and his ass.

He moaned low, hips canting back just like he was making a correction.

"Mind in the middle, huh?" Balta teased, hips pushing up against his butt, cock sliding along his crease.

"I can ride you, Balta." Just saying that out loud made his cheeks heat, his chin ducking.

"You can. I love to watch you when you do." The water stopped flowing, the silence almost shocking. Balta pulled him up, rubbing hard for a moment before moving back, getting them out of the shower. "Bed."

He nodded, throat so tight he couldn't speak. Bed. Yes. He got a wild hug, Balta squeezing him, lifting him off his feet. It made him laugh, made the tension ease some.

He took a kiss, just happy and warm. His devil. His Balta.

They stumbled out to the bed area, Balta flopping down with him, their wet bodies soaking the sheets. Good thing they had another bed to sleep in. Joa leaned, licking the droplets of water off the coffee and cream skin.

"Oh, good, namorado. You want to kiss me better?" Balta pointed out a bruise on the top of his ribcage, mock pouting for him.

"Poor Balta..." He chuckled and licked, lips wrapping around that bruise, sucking so gently, just enough that Balta felt it.

"Sim!" That big body arched under him, all of those muscles tight and hard for him. Balta's cock rubbed between them, wet and heated, ready for him to ride.

His lips moved down, finding the skin right above Balta's nipple, bruising it.

One hand cupped his head, Balta moving his mouth to the flat bit of brown flesh, demanding. "More."

"Mais." He could give Balta more. His teeth scraped over the sweet flesh, the nipple wrinkling up for him. Balta's pecs tightened up even more, pushing that bit of skin into his mouth. A low, ragged moan sounded fine to his ears, good and right. He kept nipping and tugging, balls rubbing against Balta's cock, teasing.

"Namorado." Shifting restlessly, Balta pushed against him, moaning louder. "I need you."

"Sim. Need." He nodded, shifted, Balta's cock brushing his hole.

They rocked, Balta pushing up against him, into him, prick so hard that it just started to slide right in. Oh, yes. Please.

"Balta." He swallowed hard and bore down, body stretching and pulling around the hard flesh.

"Joa!" Balta finally just pulled him down, all the way down, until he was sitting on those hard hips. Muscles flexed, Balta's amazing body rippling for him.

The room seemed to swing, the sex, the booze, the night all coming together right here, right around Balta's cock. Holding him, moving inside him, Balta was solid as a rock. His rock. The very center of his world. Love words poured over him, most of them complete nonsense, but he soaked them right up.

They rocked together -- slow, then fast -- both of them together and easy, needing. Soon enough Balta was straining under him, hips punching up, belly hard as a board and twice as ridged. Those big hands held his hips, pulling him down into each thrust, holding tight enough to bruise.

"Balta!" His hands landed on Balta's chest, squeezing the hard pecs. Soon. Soon, he was going to...

"Sim, amante. Sim." One hand slid off his hip, wrapping around his cock. Balta's face pulled up in a grimace, the look so much like the one Balta wore when he rode that it almost made him laugh.

Almost, because he was busy coming, the top of his head trying to come off as seed poured from him.

"Joa..." The long, drawn out moan made him feel like a god. So did Balta giving it up, coming deep inside him.

He nodded, slumped down into those strong arms. "Bon."

"Sim, doce. Much better, huh?" Stroking his sweaty back, Balta shifted, settling him along that hard body.

"Much much. Thank you. Obrigado."

"Bem vindo." He got a kiss, slow and sweet and perfect. "I thought you needed to unwind."

Joaquim nodded. "I was tight inside."

Balta laughed, the sound loud and happy. "You were." Oh, ass; look at that wink.

He grinned, though, tickled, his own laughter pushing out of him as he pinched Balta's butt.

"Oi!" They tussled, Balta slipping out of him, rolling him around on the bed. "No pinching!"

"No?" He pounced, tickling and pinching, laughing as Balta tried to escape.

"Nao!" Cackling, Balta attacked his ribs in return, muscling him around. Then the man went for the backs of his knees.

He scrambled, sliding and slipping on the sheets.

"I'm going to get you, doce." They both hooted when they slid right off the bed and landed on the floor, the breath knocked right out of them.

"Hope AJ's under us. He needs to be kept awake."

"Yeah?" One dark eyebrow rose. "What has he done now?"

"He always teases. He needs less sleep and a tired mouth."

"That just means he likes you, huh?" Balta kissed him hard, their laughter stilling. "He just doesn't have the ways we do of getting a tired mouth."

"No. No, his lady is having another baby. She's swollen." Bitchy. Snarly.

"Ah..." Balta propped up against the side of the bed, pulling him up close, so he draped over Balta's heavy thighs. "Have you ever wanted that?"

"Babies? No. No, Balta. I have sisters. I've seen what happens." It was horrifying.

Laughing out loud, Balta squeezed him hard. "Sim, namorado. I have two, huh? Scary."

"Sim, sim." Besides, he had his life, his Balta, his little piece of land. He was happy.

"We'll just be old grumpy men together, huh? I'll go first." He had to laugh at that silly smile, Balta looking happy with life.

"Mmhmm." He could be old with his Balta.

Chapter Six

Balta watched Raul Araripe dance after he made his ride. The man had some hip action that Balta just couldn't match anymore, not with his sore back and stiff lower body. Not that he couldn't hold his own, but Raul was sexy as Hell, huh? Nice, too. And Joaquim liked Raul a lot. Balta could tell.

Sometimes a man needed a little nice. Heaven knew, he was not a nice man. Joaquim was, and sometimes, Balta knew, Joaquim needed someone less like Balta and more like him. Maybe he'd have to cultivate Raul and Joaquim's friendship a bit. Maybe he'd push a little. Just a little. He liked the look of them together, anyway.

Balta met Joa's eyes, smiling as he made his way up through the throng of hats that lined the back of the chutes. It was almost Joa's turn to ride. "Hey, there. You almost ready, huh?"

"Sim." Joa bent and stretched, bouncing at the waist. "You pulling my rope?"

Nodding, he moved closer, slapping his hand against Joa's vest. "You all put together right? Don't want you stripping down like last week." The week before, in Cincinnati, Joa had lost his vest, his belt buckle, and half his shirt.

"At least I didn't make a tent, eh? Like some of them?"

He knew just who Joa meant and his eyes slid to Raul. Raul made a well-pitched tent. "I thought you said you weren't looking, Joa?" Balta grinned, letting his approval show.

"I wasn't. It was on the TV." Joaquim's cheeks went red hot.

"Ah. Uh-huh. Sure." Hal Galland nodded, the chute opening, the crowd going crazy. One more rider to go, so it was time to get Joaquim in the chute. A blue shirt caught his eye, and Balta jerked his head at Raul, who was back behind the chutes.

"Hey, Raul! Come help me, huh?"

"Balta!" Joaquim's blush got deeper, but his lover found a smile for Raul, a nod. "Thank you, huh?"

"Hey!" Raul's sudden smile would light up the entire arena. Balta approved. He stepped over the rails to pull rope, and let Raul hold Joaquim in place when he slid down to cover the bull. In the chute, Joa was all business. The smile was gone, focus on the bull, the rope. The bull was wild, throwing Joaquim into Raul's arms over and over. Balta didn't let his mind stray from business to contemplate the pretty of that until Joa was out, counting down the seconds as the bull bucked like crazy.

Joaquim started sliding, but corrected, settling in and even spurring the last two seconds.

Balta shouted, pounding Raul on the shoulder. "Sim, Joa! Sim!"

It was gratifying that Raul bounced and shouted, too.

Joaquim yanked his rope, tumbling to the arena floor and coming up all smiles. Dillon ran up and they started dancing, the crowd going wild.

That was the last rope he'd pull tonight. Balta smiled at Raul, pounding his shoulder again. "You done for the night?"

Raul nodded, that smile lighting up again. "Sim, sim."

"Then come on. We'll go meet Joa in the back, huh? Congratulate him."

He got an odd look, but Raul only nodded, following along behind him, wading through the rest of the bull riders.

Joaquim took some time, but ended up in the dressing room, beaming and bouncing, shirt half undone.

Grabbing him in a half hug, Balta laughed out loud, Joa's smile infectious. "You're losing your shirt, Joaquim! I told you to make sure you were all buttoned up."

"Sim. Sim. That old bastard bucked hard enough to tear them all off."

"Good ride," Raul said, coming to clap Joa on the back. "Thought he had you, but you did right."

Joaquim grinned. "He was rolling, and I could feel the rope slipping."

The conversation slipped into Portuguese, Joa doing a good job keeping up with them. They traded stories, all of them going through the motions of their ride, waiting for the event to wrap up so they could head out. No autograph signings tonight, which suited Balta fine.

"You need a ride, Raul?" Joaquim grabbed his gear, tight little body tensing as he did.

Balta almost missed the question, staring like he was. When he caught it, he nodded over at Raul. "Save you a cab, huh?"

"Sure. If it won't bother," Raul said, looking back and forth from one of them to the other.

"We're in the same hotel." Joaquim headed for the truck, stepping out in front of them.

Watching Raul watch Joa could become his third favorite thing to do. Joa watching Raul was pretty much second. Balta fell into step with Raul, letting them both take in the view. Joa whistled, bouncing a little as he walked. Second in the round went a huge way to making Joaquim happy. A huge way.

"Soon he'll be dancing," Balta said in a stage whisper. "He's much cuter in private than he is in the arena."

A dark flush stained Raul's cheek, those oddly light brown eyes cutting to him, then back to Joa. "Mmmhmm."

That tight ass wiggled, just shaking in the jeans along with the song Joa whistled. "Y'all hungry?"

His dear Joaquim, still more Texan than Brazilian.

"I could eat," Raul said, his voice at least an octave deeper than it had been.

Balta grinned hugely. What bliss. Watching Joa eat when he was in a good mood was better than porn. "Sure, na--Joa. Sure. We'll eat."

Joaquim hooted, throwing his gear in the truck. "Hotel? IHOP? There's a little twenty four hour thing on the way?"

"That sounds good." No one would be watching, and most of the other riders would be a half hour or so behind them. Balta caught Raul's confused look and translated. Joa had been jabbering and had switched to English again.

"Ah." Raul tossed his bag in the truck, too, bumping Joaquim's hip. "I like the little places."

Joaquim's blush flared again, that grin sudden and sweet. "Sim, sim. Nice and quiet. I could eat twice."

"You worked off a lot of energy, huh? You had to pull yourself back to middle." Balta let his hand brush Joa's ass as he went by. Then he grabbed a little bit of Raul's, reveling in that jump and shocked look.

"He wanted me off, bad." Joaquim climbed into the driver's side; the big pickup roared to life, music pouring from the radio.

"He did." Instead of putting Raul in the back, Balta climbed in and stretched out sideways, letting his back rest some, and Raul could have the front. Oh, that was pretty, the two of them together. His plan was better than he thought. The music was turned down and Joaquim and Raul talked, Joa remembering to slip back into Portuguese. Raul had a fine laugh and a good manner with Joa, friendly and careful. Balta just enjoyed the low hum of the motor, the thump of the music in the background, and the rise and fall of their voices. Raul's was surprisingly high and light, considering his barrel chest, Joa's lower, as familiar as breathing.

Joaquim pulled into a little diner, the place mostly empty. "This good?" Those warm, dark eyes smiled at him from under the brim of that dark hat.

"Mmmhmm. Looks perfect." They'd seen enough cars there before to know it had good food.

Raul peered back at him when he stepped out of the truck. "You need some help, Balta? You look stiff."

How earnest. How could he pass that up? He did his best to look a little pitiful. "Sim. Just give me a hand, huh?"

Joaquim watched them like a little hawk, eyes on Raul's hands, on him. Deus, it was hot.

Moaning, he stretched and bent as soon as he got out on the asphalt, bending side to side. "I'm getting old."

"Not that old," Raul said, laughing a booming laugh and clapping him on the back. "He still has plenty of ride, no, Joaquim?"

"Sim, sim. Years and years." Joaquim's voice sounded raw, as if he'd made his namorado scream.

He was a little worried that maybe he'd pushed it too far, but when he met Joa's eyes there was nothing but heat there. Nothing but a lot of confused lust.

"I'm starving," Raul said, leading the way until they got to the door of the restaurant, then holding the door for them.

"You okay, Balta? This okay?" His Joa worried so.

Moving close, he let their bodies touch all along one side, hips brushing. "It's fine, namorado. I like Raul. So do you, sim?"

"Sim. He's a good man. Lonesome, you know?" Joaquim smiled at him, eyes warm and happy. "Second in the round, Balta. *Finally*."

"You did good, amato. Real good." They got to the door, where Raul was looking kind of uncertain again, that smile very lukewarm. "Didn't he, Raul? Joa can ride."

"I think he looked great." Nodding, Raul let them go ahead. Balta had forgotten how it felt to speak so little English that a restaurant hostess was intimidating.

Joaquim wasn't shy at all, bouncing up and waving, chattering happily at the pretty little girl that seated them.

Balta put an arm around Raul's back, patting a little. "You should hang out with Joa some, huh? He's good at teaching English."

"Oh, I'm sure he doesn't have time." Raul ducked his head, a little smile pulling the scar at the corner of his mouth. "But I wouldn't mind."

No. No, Balta didn't imagine Raul would. Those eyes watched every move Joa made.

"I can. You'll need to, if you want to be on the TV. They like when you interview." Joaquim ordered coffee, legs bouncing under the table.

"They like to talk to Balta," Raul agreed, the grin wattage upping a thousand times. It was like the many moods of Raul; always smiling, just the degree telling you what he was feeling.

Joa nodded, chuckled. "He likes to talk to them." Oh. Little tease.

"Hey, I figure it's good, you know? Why not let them talk to me instead of Jason or Beau? I like to be in the spotlight." He'd never denied it. He let his foot rub the side of Joa's boot.

Joaquim pinked again, nodded. "Me, not so much. I like the fans, though. The signings."

Raul nodded. "I like that, too, even if sometimes I don't understand so well..."

Joa chuckled. "If it's the girls, they're wanting to go to the hotel with you."

Laughing out loud, Raul winked. "Sim. That much I can figure out."

"Don't do it," Balta said, pushing his foot against Joa's again. "They'll only tattle on you to the webmaster or something."

"And they'll want babies and rings. Gerardo told me." Joaquim sounded so sincere.

Balta watched Raul carefully, just to make sure he hadn't misjudged the man. Raul just shrugged, drawing a design on the tablecloth with his finger. "My brothers have babies; I don't need to worry about it now."

Joaquim nodded, reached for the sugar. "That's just what I told Balta."

"Thank God for that." The waitress came, Joa ordering for Raul when it dissolved into a hopeless case of mangled language. The two of them worked well together, just like they looked good, and Balta knew he was on the right track. He just wasn't jealous at all. Of course, he would be there to watch no matter what...

Oh, it would be something, to see them both together. Moaning. Touching. Raul pushing into Joaquim's lips, Joaquim's ass.

His doce had an ass made for loving, for licking and biting and fucking. Balta licked his lips, glancing up from contemplating his hard-on to find Raul and Joa staring at him, the chatter stopped.

Joaquim vibrated, just a bit, eyes wide, hot.

Oh, his Joaquim always knew. Always. Balta dredged up a bright smile for Raul. "So. What's your favorite stop on the tour so far, huh?"

"Houston," Raul said immediately. "I came in third there." There was something almost fierce in Raul's eyes, something hot as fire. Maybe someone else knew, too. It was like torture.

"You covered Firefly there. Good ride. That one always spins good." Joaquim never looked away from him, not once.

"Uh-huh. You hung on tight." Balta rubbed his foot up and down Joaquim's leg, and he was thinking maybe his back wasn't too stiff to go fuck in the bathroom when their food came.

If he tried, he could smell Joaquim -- soap and sex and male, so close. The smell of Raul was different. More leather, maybe a hint of pine from the aftershave... But it was still sex. Thank God for hamburgers and onions. Balta could bury his face in his food and let his cock go down.

They were quiet as they ate, then slowly the tension eased, the chatter beginning again. Raul teased Joa. Joa joked with him. He ended up telling stories of Sao Paolo. By the time they all ordered a huge piece of pie, the laughter was back, Raul smiling, Joa's eyes lit up, and his own grin stretching his cheeks. Balta liked it, liked how easy it was. "Oh. This is good pie, huh?"

"Sim, sim. I might need another." Bottomless pit.

Raul stared at Joa's belly. "Where do you put it?"

Joa flexed, the amazing abs rippling for them both. "In there."

Balta almost swallowed his tongue. Jesu, he loved Joaquim's belly. "Do it again, Doce, and I'll share my pie."

"Balta..." Joaquim did it, though, flexing, showing off for him.

"Oh..." It was a tiny sound, but it came from Raul. Not Balta. "I... I have to. I'll be right back."

Raul left to go toward the toilet, but not before Balta saw that bulge that he usually only noticed after Raul had a good ride. A very nice bulge, in fact.

Grinning, he watched that very tight ass for a moment before forking up a piece of pie to hold out to Joa. "I think he likes your belly."

"No. No, he just..." Joaquim was vibrating again, even as his namorado leaned forward for a bite. "I shouldn't have."

"What? There's nothing wrong with having some fun, Doce. You said he's lonely, huh?" Poor Joa. So sweet. So good inside.

"Yes. He is." That earned him a smile, Joaquim leaning back in the booth, stretching a little. "It is hard, being so far from home, I think."

"Sim. I remember, you know? I think you ought to work on his English some. He likes you, I can tell." *I like watching you together*, he thought, burying his smile in his coffee cup.

"I can help, but he is a friend. Not you."

"No." Reaching over, he slid his hand over Joaquim's, finding the little scar at the base of the thumb that you couldn't see, only feel. "No, I'm your Balta, huh?"

"Sim. Mine." That suited him to the bone, that serious, sure look.

"Sim, namorado. I know, huh? All the way down." That wouldn't change. Not ever. He just hoped Raul could give Joaquim something he couldn't.

Joaquim squeezed his fingers, nodded. "We should go to the hotel, next."

"No drinks tonight?" he teased, smiling the smile he reserved for Joa, stroking that scar again.

"No. Not tonight, Balta. I... I need."

"Oh, so do I, Doce. So do I." He would have said more, but Raul was back, looking more relaxed if not more comfortable. Balta smiled at him. "You ready?"

They settled the bill, Joaquim's cock hard and obvious, waiting for him.

Raul just looked back and forth between them with knowing, somehow sad eyes, and it made Balta want to invite him back to the room now, but he knew Joa would never go for that. Not yet.

Balta took the keys, smiling a little at Joa. "I think you need to let me drive, huh?"

"Okay. Sure." Joa nodded, smiled at Raul. "You can sit with Balta, sim?"

"Sure, Joa. Sure." Raul moved around Joa carefully, not touching at all, sliding past to go to the truck, his shoulders hunched up around his ears. Damn.

Of course, his Joa followed, hands landing on Raul's shoulders and rubbing hard, asking if the man was hurting in Portuguese.

Balta's mouth went dry, and his cock went even harder than it had been, if that was possible. Joaquim's hands on Raul... It was enough to make a man explode.

"Just a little stiff," Raul answered, turning to give Joa a hard hug just outside the truck's passenger side. "Thank you for inviting me to dinner."

Oh...

"I told you, sim? No reason to be lonely." Joaquim gave Raul a wide, happy smile.

"I appreciate it. I really do." Raul glanced at Balta, a tiny flash of guilt in those eyes now.

"Hey, you're good company!" Balta assured him. "No worries." He got in and started the engine, waiting for Joa to settle behind him, for Raul to buckle up. They managed to get the chatter back on the way to the hotel, the tension easing again. Joaquim laughed at their stories, teasing Raul gently, fingers sliding on his nape where Raul couldn't see.

They finally got back to the hotel, all of them piling out, and Raul thanked them again for the supper, the company. "I should go get some sleep, though. Goodnight."

Balta watched, torn between letting him go and calling him back.

"Will you have breakfast tomorrow, Raul? With us?"

Joaquim grinned as the lovely smile flashed again, Raul nodding.

Balta sighed, relieved. "We'll look forward to it, then, huh? See you at eight?" No way would Joa make it any later than that. He'd grown up on a ranch. He got up early. Sometimes Balta wanted to smother him with a pillow. "Come on, Joa."

"Sim. Sim, Balta." Joa waved and came to him, cock heavy where it brushed his hand. "Upstairs, Balta."

All he could do was nod and head for the elevator, waiting before the doors closed to push Joaquim up against the wall and kiss him silly. Barely. Joa rubbed against him, hat in hand, tongue pushing into his lips, his namorado hungry for him. His hands slid down to cup that tight, tiny ass, pulling his doce up against him to rub and rub.

"Balta." Joaquim groaned, biting, tugging his bottom lip.

The elevator dinged, and thank goodness no one was waiting outside. He had Joa's shirt half out, the belt undone... He took Joaquim's hand and pulled him along to their room.

They stumbled inside after fumbling with the card key, Joa sliding against him, pushing him to hurry, move faster.

Balta's back hit the wall across from the door, Joaquim all but swarming up his body so that pretty mouth could take another kiss, and Balta couldn't help but think of that mouth wrapped

around Raul's prodigious cock. The very thought made him moan and jerk, pushing against that lean body.

It didn't take Joa long to tear at their remaining clothes, push and tug to get their cocks free, pushing, skin on skin.

"Doce. Sim. More." His own hands were busy holding Joa up, keeping them balanced. God in heaven, he loved how Joa's belly looked all flexed and flushed.

Joa cried out, nodding as they rocked together hard and fast, sharp cries pushing against his skin. They roared toward the finish, faster than any ride, both of them so hard and fast off the mark that they were covered in spunk in no time. Balta stared, panting, blinking a little at the heat of it.

Joaquim held on, muscles just starting to shudder, lips open against his throat. "Buon, Balta."

Nodding, he felt his knees go a little weak, and Balta staggered to the bed, holding Joa up. It would be harder on his back to slide to the floor.

They hit the bed, both of them moaning, Joaquim wrapping around him. "Been a good day."

"It has. You did so good, Doce. I wanted to fuck you into the floor after your ride." After the ride, after watching him hug Raul, after the moaning about the pie...

"Mmm..." That earned him a deep, sharp-edged kiss.

Their cocks hadn't ever really gone down, and now Balta rubbed against Joaquim again, feeling their wetness ease the way. "Want to fuck you now."

"Sim. How?" One of Joa's legs slid up the outside of his thigh, hips canting, making him an offer.

God, how could anyone turn that down? Balta twisted a little, lifting that leg higher, sort of sliding between them sideways. His cock slid along soft, soft balls, lifting from beneath.

"Balta..." Joa leaned and shifted, letting him in, letting the tip of his prick nudge that tight, little hole.

"Like this, namorado? Nothing else?" He would never hurt Joa. Not ever. But he wanted to slide in hard and deep.

"Like this." That tight, tight ass pushed against him, the swollen tip of his cock popping inside. Squeezing his eyes shut, Balta slid in all the way, all the way to his balls. He pressed against Joa's ass, his breath whooshing out of his lungs. "Baltazar." His name was bitten out, Joaquim's hands like iron against him as the muscles around his cock fluttered. "Mas. Mas. I need."

Nodding, too out of breath to let out his usual spate of babble, Balta started to move, the position allowing him to push so deep, letting him move his hips to find that sweet spot inside. Every

time he hit it, Joa called out for him, singing for him over and over, needing him. His hands clenched, his whole body shaking. His muscles pulled and worked, his legs pulling at Joaquim's, trying to get them closer, trying to move them faster.

They found the sweet spot, both of them working together, Joa pulling as he pushed, the bed squeaking as they rocked. Balta finally found his breath, words pouring out of him, and if he spared a thought for a tiny fantasy of Raul standing outside in the shadows, listening, well... That was okay, too.

"Balta... sim. Sim." Joa bucked, body tightening impossibly, squeezing him so that he could barely breathe.

Shouting, body bending impossibly to get every inch inside when he shot, Balta came, his balls emptying hard. His hands clenched on Joa's skin with one last desperate pull. Heat sprayed over his belly, the scent of Joa sudden and strong, so male as they shuddered through their pleasure.

They were twisted up like a pretzel when they were done, panting together with sweat and come drying on their skin. Balta eased back on the bed, turning Joaquim so they could snuggle a bit after the firestorm.

"You good?" Joaquim kissed his chin, his chest, almost like praying.

"I am so good I might die a happy man, huh?" His hand stroked down his doce's back, finding each bump of spine and shoulder blade and hip.

Strong fingers returned the favor, knowing just where his back ached and helping.

"Mmm. We should shower, huh?" Not that he wanted to move. Really. Maybe they would wait until morning.

"Mmmhmm. Um segundo, sim?" Joaquim hummed, petting him nice and easy.

"Sim..." Scooting up just a bit so they were on the pillows, he pulled Joa up on his chest, wrapping one leg over him. "Later."

They could wait on the shower. Just like he could wait to bring Raul home with them.

For a little while.

Chapter Seven

The gate clanged loud when Raul kicked it, his boot bouncing hard off the bottom rail. He didn't feel it, his adrenaline and anger making his whole body numb. Seven and a half seconds. So close, before he slid to the side and the bull pushed him right off the back end.

He slammed the gate open and stalked past the cameraman who wanted to push the camera into his face, growling a little and putting his head down. When he got to the locker room he threw his rope, listening to it crash against the wall with a sense of satisfaction.

Deus. He was never going to earn enough money to stay on the tour if he could not stay on a bull!

He fumed, muscles so tight he almost jumped out of his skin when a cold bottle pressed against his arm. "Water?"

Joaquim looked knowing, understanding, the huge bruise covering one side of the man's face and neck proving how much Joa understood.

Sighing, he nodded, trying to dredge up a smile. "Thank you." He wasn't sure what else to say. He liked Joa so much, probably too much, the way the man was with Baltazar Silva. Raul wouldn't want to get too attached and then be crushed.

"Yeah." Joa nodded, clapped him on the shoulder, then headed over to take off the bright blue chaps.

Raul watched, trying not to drool. Joaquim had a fine bottom, all round and hard, and all that bending and pulling made it look even better.

Joaquim's eyes met his, twinkling. "You coming to supper with us again?"

He'd been invited every evening they rode for three events, now. It was torture, even as it was a pleasure. He adored Joa.

"I..." Oh, he wanted to. He liked Balta, too, even if Balta looked at him like a wolf looked at a rabbit. "I would love to, Joa."

"Good. It's good, to have a place. Where do you go during the break?" They were coming up on one -- three weekends of freedom.

He had been planning to go home. Now he could not afford to. Raul shrugged, trying to be casual. "I have not decided yet, you know?"

"Ah. Sim. Well, if you like, I have a little place. Nothing big, just a little house and barns and grass. Horses. Balta will come sometimes. You could stay, too."

He met Joaquim's smiling eyes, feeling his belly flutter. Bobo. Fool. Surely Joa did not mean *that*. "I would like that."

Oh, that smile. It made him forget about the ride, about the fury. "Buon. It will be good, for you to be with us."

"Obrigado, Joaquim." He finally let go and smiled, taking what was offered and only what was offered. Friendship. "You're good to me."

"You're a good man." He got a firm, one-armed hug, Joaquim patting him on the back. "Come. Balta will ride soon. We'll pull rope."

"Sim." That would finish the rest of his worries, going back out there and letting the excitement of the other riders make him smile. Raul hugged Joa back, pounding his back a little before walking back out, back up that long hallway to the arena.

Balta was talking to Gerardo, hands waving, a huge grin on the strong face.

Larger than life and twice as busy, Balta could be an intimidating figure. Raul was as fascinated as he was half afraid. Balta could easily overwhelm him, bend him. Joaquim was much sweeter, less confusing. Raul climbed up the stairs and pushed through the crowd of cowboys, feeling Joaquim at his back.

"Hey! You come to help me, huh?" Balta grabbed his arm, clapping him on the shoulder with the other hand. "Look what Joa brought us, Gerardo! Some good help."

Raul couldn't help the smile that spread over his face as he nodded. "Anything you need."

"Sim. Balta's pulled a good one. This bull likes him." Joaquim bounced on his toes, giving Balta a lopsided grin. Balta gave Joaquim a smile in return, one that made Raul feel like an intruder on a very private moment. Oh, he knew Balta could make almost anyone feel that way at any time, but Joaquim was special, Raul could tell.

Then it was time, and everything was all business. Joaquim held Balta's vest, let him go around to pull rope.

"Tighter, Raul." Balta rode with the Brazilian rope, off to the side, and he hated to slip. Raul had found that out very fast.

He pulled harder, waiting for Balta to tell him to stop before helping wrap the rope for Balta to grab with gloved fingers. Then he faded back over the rails to stand next to Joaquim.

Balta gave his nod and they started hollering, all of them in a row, hooting and slapping the rail. Chin down, arm in perfect position, Balta rode like a champion, leg kicking out to spur in the last two seconds of the ride. He looked good. Really good. Raul found himself jumping up and down and beating on Joa's arm.

"Balta!" Joaquim beamed, bouncing like a jack in the box as Balta hopped off, fists beating the air.

Balta even danced a little, just like Joa would, even if he didn't bend at the waist so good. It made Raul laugh, and he pumped a fist when Balta looked over at them, dimples carved deep into his cheeks. The scores came in and Balta beamed, heading for the short-go. Joa looked so pleased, so proud.

Raul felt his mood fall again, the rush of Balta's ride leaving him. None of this was really his; he just lived it through Joa and Balta, nice as they were. Maybe he should go back to Brazil. After the American circuit, he would have an easier time there, make more money than he had.

Joaquim's finger touched the scar on his chin, so quickly he could have imagined it. "Balta buys tonight."

"Yeah." Blinking, he leaned closer, pretending it was so Joa could hear him. "He'll be full of smiles and talk, sim?"

"He will. We'll hear stories." Joaquim chuckled, winked. "Now, here he comes to tell about his ride."

Springing up to the end of the steps, Balta waved them down, smiling, hands already going, recounting the ride. Raul stared, not really listening, just admiring.

At the end of the story, Joaquim nodded, patting Balta on the shoulder. "Sim. Sim, I have good news, too. Raul says he'll come with us, to the ranch."

Balta's brows rose, but he didn't look angry. No, he seemed very happy, clapping his hands. "Perfieto! I was hoping, huh?"

"You were?" Raul couldn't help it; his surprise got the better of him. "Obrigato, Balta. It means much to me."

"See? It is all good. Balta will ride. We will eat. Tomorrow, we will go home." Joaquim looked excited. Tickled.

Nodding, Balta flexed a little, making Joaquim's eyes go wide. Raul would give a good deal to see that look directed at him.

"I'll look forward to it, seeing your home." He smiled at Joa. "Where are you taking us for supper, Balta?"

"Oh, I think we've earned steak, huh? Even if I ride tomorrow we won't want to stay around, so I thought we could go to that churrascaria we saw on the way to the hotel..."

Joaquim hooted, that poor bruised face just shining. "Sim. Sim, we were there last year. The feijoada is almost like my mamma's."

"Oh, that sounds good..." Feijoada. Raul loved the black bean and meat stew with a passion, and he had not had it since his last trip home. "I'm there."

They headed back down the hall, Balta laughing, Joaquim jabbering happily, dragging him along.

Raul knew he still had a long way to go before he would ever understand how things worked, both on the tour and with Balta and Joa. With the prospect of feijoada and a little time off, though, Raul thought he might just live long enough to try.

Chapter Eight

Home.

Home home home.

Joaquim bounced as they turned off the Farm-to-Market and onto the gravel road that led to his ranch. It wasn't big. It wasn't fancy. It wasn't great. It was four miles off the road, fenced and gated, and miles away from everybody. Joaquim loved it.

Raul was in the back seat, leaning forward to talk with Balta, words flying fast and furious. They pulled up to the gate and he hopped out, grabbing the old ring of keys. Balta scooted over to pull the truck through for him, grinning and jabbering with Raul, his voice so much more musical in Portuguese.

He didn't bother to get back in the cab when he locked up; Joa just jumped onto the tail gate, looking at the pastures, at everything that might have changed. They bounced along the rutted little track, and he made a mental note that he needed to grade it again. Still, if that was the worst that he had to do, he was happy.

He'd called Papi and asked them to check the lights and water and put things in the kitchen -- milk and beer and bread for a couple days. His folks were going out of town, but Papi had been good, doing what he asked before going to Sao Paulo that very morning.

The little green house looked whole, both his dogs waiting on the porch, wagging. "Maca! Mamao!"

The truck slid to a smooth stop, Balta not even jolting him, and the minute the engine cut off the dogs were on him, bouncing all over his legs. Balta laughed, swinging out of the cab and coming to help.

"They missed you, huh?"

"They do." He'd had them both almost eight years, the silly hounds, and he missed them when they stayed with his folks.

"Oh, look at them!" Raul laughed, stepping down cautiously, making sure the dogs saw him coming. Good man.

Maca tackled Raul, wagging and panting, while Mamao headed for Balta, more shy.

"They don't bite."

Balta held one big, square hand, and Mamao wiggled right up, begging scratches. So sweet, the way she adored him. Balta laughed and laid into her ribs. "I bet there are treats inside, huh?"

"Sim, sim. Papi would bring them. He brought groceries, too, just like always." His Papi was a fine, fine man.

"You're lucky, Joa." Raul smiled when he said it, not jealous or sad or anything. Just looking happy to be there with them.

"I am. You are, too, because we have three weeks." Three weeks and the big TV and movies and the barrel hung outside and the horses to ride.

Raul bounced. "You said we could rope..."

"We have a pen that we all share. Me, my brother, my cousins." A pen, a trailer, everything they needed.

"Oh, good." Look at those pretty eyes shine. Raul had beautiful eyes, light like a hawk's in the light one moment, dark the next.

He blinked, caught for a moment, then he blushed, smiled. He couldn't. That was wrong. "Come in. Come in." He headed to unlock the door.

Balta whistled up the dogs and followed, grabbing a duffel out of the truck. Raul grabbed the rest of their bags and trudged along behind looking around, those eyes missing nothing.

The house was simple, heavy sturdy furniture, a big television, movies and books. It was a good place, a home. His. Joa couldn't help but shimmy, ass wiggling back and forth. "Better than a hotel, sim?"

"Much better," Raul agreed, setting down bags and stretching. Those tanned cheeks went dark. "Where is the bathroom?"

"Oh, here." He took Raul's elbow, showed the man the guest room and the bathroom across the hall. "There's another in the master bedroom, sim?"

"Obrigato..." Raul went in and closed the door.

Balta was on him almost right away, pushing him back against the wall to kiss him hard, mouth hot and damp on his. He groaned and jerked, cock trying to drill out of his pants and into Balta's thigh.

"Mmm. Good, huh? Want you, namorado." God, Balta was hot against him.

"Sim. Sim." He groaned, trying so hard to be quiet.

Smiling against his mouth, Balta rubbed up on him, hard against his hip, burning even through the denim. Beautiful, pushy man.

They needed to get to the bedroom. Somewhere with a door. Soon. "Balta. Our room, yeah?" Now.

"Sim. Sim, amante. Raul! Make yourself at home, huh? We'll figure something for supper." With that, Balta dragged him down the hall to the master bedroom.

Joaquim kicked the door shut, fingers working at Balta's buckle, the thick leather belt. So rude. He was so rude, but he needed. They wrestled with clothes, both of them stripping to skin, jeans and shirts flying. Balta shoved him down on the big bed, coming down on top of him, kissing him silly.

He wrapped his fingers around Balta's cock, pumping hard. It drove him mad, the way that made Balta growl and bite at his lips. That sweet prick throbbed in his fingers, Balta moaning and pushing into his fist. So hot, already wet at the tip, Balta was ready to pop, he could feel it.

Turning, Joa got that heavy cock in his lips, pulled until he could taste the salt of Balta in his throat.

"Oh... Joa." That hard gasp made him want to smile, made him feel like a king. Balta thrust for him, begging with his hips, with those big hands.

"Mmmhmm." His nose was buried in Balta's skin, shaft parting his lips, filling his mouth.

Balta started babbling for him, humping hard, praising him and petting him. Those thick thighs rose on either side of his head, Balta's ridged belly tensing up for him, muscles standing out. Joaquim knew just how to tug Balta over, fingers wrapping around Balta's balls, rolling the sensitive organs in their sac.

"Jesu!" Balta came for him, hard as a cowboy landing on the dirt at the end of a ride, body shaking and bucking for him. Those big, square hands held his shoulders, fingers digging deep. Hot and salty, the taste of Balta one of his favorite things, the way Balta needed him another.

"Uhn... Joa. Come here, huh? Want to touch you." Tugging, Balta got him up to straddle those strong hips, pulling him down for a kiss.

He moaned, cock slapping against Balta's belly. Need. Need, please.

"Sim. Sim, love." Balta pulled him up a little more and got one hand around him, stroking hard, up and down. The rhythm felt perfect, just strong enough to make him burn, not quite enough to ease his ache.

"Love. Please, Balta." He arched, hips moving a little faster, demanding. His sounds started coming, louder than he wanted them. Balta didn't help, smiling up at him, not letting him hide or drown them out. No, Balta held his hip with one hand, his cock with the other, and encouraged him on. All the way.

It was too much and Joaquim threw his head back, throat working as he sawed back and forth. So good. So fine.

"Oh, Doce. So pretty." Balta rubbed him until he wanted to scream, until his balls felt like stones. Until he just burst with it, and then Balta rubbed his come into his skin.

"Love." He plopped down, cheek on Balta's chest.

"Mmmhmm. Sim. Much better." Kissing his cheeks, Balta laughed for him, the sound good. Right. His.

"Better." He nodded, patting Balta's hip. "Home, sim?"

"Home." Those dark eyes went a little wide. "Raul..."

"Oh." He blushed dark, teeth sinking into his bottom lip. "I... Was I loud?" Oh, he didn't want Raul to feel badly, to think he was horrible...

"You were... Enthusiastic." Oh, look at that smile. It distracted him for a moment, making him smile back.

"You make me..." Oh, poor Raul. "You talk to him, Balta? Tell him I don't want to make him uncomfortable?"

"Of course. I will make sure he's good, huh?" Sitting up, Balta kissed him hard before giving him a back pounding hug. "We'll feed him good for supper."

"We will. Papi said he left hamburger." Oh. Balta was good to him, talking to Raul.

"Then we can use the grill, sim? Raul will like that. I bet he's good at the grill." Balta eased him off, letting him slide to the bed. "I'll go talk to him now, if you want to clean up."

He kissed Balta's cheek. "Thank you. I'll be out soon, sim?"

"No problem, namorado. Take your time." It wasn't until Balta had gotten up and pulled on his jeans, wandering out of the room with a jaunty bounce in his step that it occurred to Joaquim that the look on Balta's face just now? Always meant he was up to something.

Always.

Joa pursed his lips, thinking. Wicked demon lover.

Beautiful man.

He headed for the shower, trying to decide if he was worried or excited.

Chapter Nine

Balta knew it was time.

He'd made sure Raul was with them all the time, watched the way Raul and Joa were together. They smiled and tried not to touch and they wanted. It was sweet, and might have been a little sad if Balta did not have a plan. Balta wanted, too. He wanted to make sure that Joa never left because he was lacking something, and that meant that Balta had to give Raul to Joa. It would not be a hardship having them both for him, either.

Not at all.

So, off he went with the smell of Joa still on his skin, and the bruises from a little hard loving showing, just wearing his jeans. He would talk to Raul, absolutely. It might just not be about what Joa thought it would be.

Raul stood in the front room, hands in his pockets, staring out the front window. The set of his broad shoulders told Balta the talking would have to start fast and furious just to put him at ease. Raul had obviously heard everything.

"Joa was wondering if you want to grill, huh?"

Raul turned around so fast he nearly fell, eyes going wide. "I -- sim. Sure. If you want."

Poor Raul. He had no idea. Balta smiled, wandering a little closer. "That would be fun. We can have potatoes."

"Fun." Raul's answering smile was strained. "Mmmhmm."

"What's wrong, huh?" He clapped Raul on the shoulder, the touch making Raul jump.

"Nothing. Nothing at all."

"You are a terrible liar, Raul. Just like my Joa, huh?" He might as well just jump right in.

"Your Joa. I suppose I am. I should not have come here, Balta." Raul's light-dark eyes met his, so full of misery that Balta knew he was absolutely making the right decision. "I had hoped, but you are. I mean the two of you are very much, no?"

"We are. The two of us. Very much."

Raul nodded. "I thought so, but I wanted to be sure. I didn't know if it was all the time or not."

"Joa is hard to give up on." Balta knew that. Joa was truly his angel, impossible to resist.

"I will be happy to be his friend." Now Raul was serious and sure, but no longer miserable. Balta had been dead on the money, as Sam Bell would say. Raul was a good man, deep down, and he genuinely cared for Joa. It was not simply physical.

"What if you could be more?" Balta shifted, moving closer to Raul an inch of a time, close enough that he could feel the heat from Raul's body, and be reminded that Raul was surprisingly big for a bullrider.

A frown creased Raul's face, and he stepped away. "What do you mean?"

"Come and sit with me." Balta took Raul's arm and drew him to the couch, which was more comfortable than it looked. Joa's mama had picked it out, and it seemed so formal. Raul came easily, but still frowned, his arm stiff in Balta's grip. "I was just thinking maybe you could be with us."

"Us?" Both of Raul's black, heavy brows rose, the sharp nose dipping with almost comical surprise. "The two of you? Like..."

"Sim. Like."

Now he was having to hold Raul down, because that long body was recoiling from him, Raul seeking some sort of balance. Maybe some kind of safety. Raul was ever cautious with him, even if he seemed more admiring than was proper sometimes.

"I don't understand." Raul shook his head, the movement sharp. "He loves you. I can see it, Balta. I know it is not my business, but I am not blind."

A tiny ball of heat grew in Balta's belly when he thought of all of the ways Joa loved him. Sim. That was the best part of what was a very good life, indeed. He loved Joa, too. To distraction.

"I know this, Raul. I love him. More than my ego or the ride, huh?" That should tell Raul everything.

"Then why? What could you get from offering this?" Raul shifted, trying to move back again, boots sliding on the tile floor.

"What do you think of me, Raul?" Keeping hold of Raul's arm with his right hand, Balta moved his left hand up to wrap his fingers around the back of Raul's neck, the move intimate, intended to disarm.

"Well, you're Balta." Raul blinked, long, spiky lashes covering those worried eyes for a moment.

"And what does that mean?" He knew. It was always the same. The younger ones thought of him as the mentor, as the champion. They rarely saw what his namorado did, when they were alone and Balta was not the public Balta.

"It means you have what everyone else wants."

Now it was Balta's turn to blink, then laugh. No one had ever put it to him that way. He liked it. "Sim. Which also means I am not a very nice man." He squeezed with both hands when Raul opened his mouth, cutting off what would either be protest or agreement. "I am not. I am a demon, according to Joa."

Raul's mouth twisted in a sardonic little curve. "I can see that."

"Well, then, you can see why, even though I am his lover, it is hard for me to be Joaquim's friend."

Head tilting, Raul seemed to think that over. "No. Joa is easy to be with."

"He is!" Balta made a frustrated noise, like a tcha. "But I am not."

"Oh." That actually seemed to penetrate, because Raul relaxed a bit, leaning toward him instead of against the pressure of Balta's hand. "I think you're fine."

"Thank you." He smiled again, fighting the urge to chuckle once more, not wanting to offend. "Joa, though, he is easy with you. He laughs and smiles and talks. And I see the way you look at one another."

"He does not. I mean, he is true to you, Balta." So dear, the way Raul defended Joa, leaping right to his aid. It made Balta like Raul even more.

"I know he is." Balta gave Raul a little shake, which earned him a gasp, and a dilation of Raul's pupils. Interesting. "I just know that he looks at you with want, Raul. I am not jealous."

"Nao?"

"No. How could I be when I look at you the same way?"

That left Raul gasping, those pretty lips opening. Raul had a very nice mouth. Not as pouty and inviting as Joaquim's, but lovely. Balta reached up with his riding hand to trace Raul's lower lip with his thumb.

"We both want you, Raul. Will you consider letting it happen if we all want it?"

"You're crazy." The heat in those strange eyes told him that the idea had taken root, though. "Truly a demon. What if it ruins what you and Joa have?"

"Nothing could do that." He knew that with absolute certainty. "But I do not wish to destroy your friendship."

"No. I do not either."

They sat there, Balta touching Raul's mouth, for a long while. Then Balta leaned close, his mouth hovering over Raul's, the hand behind Raul's neck sliding down and over Raul's body. In seconds it had found the hardness beneath Raul's fly. Raul grunted, a deep, guttural sound, the long legs falling open.

"Say you will think about it," Balta murmured against Raul's mouth. "That you will at least try it. I promise not to let anyone get hurt."

"This is not something anyone can promise, Balta. Not even you."

Balta gave that the thought it deserved before humming in agreement. "Okay. But I can promise you how hot it will be. You there, in front of Joa, taking his mouth while I take him from behind..." Squeezing Raul's cock, he waited for a reaction. He was pulling out the big guns and he knew it. Somehow this seemed far more important than it had five minutes ago. Very important.

"I..." A warm gust of air flowed over his lips, Raul sighing, lips moving on Balta's in a tiny kiss. "I will. God help me, I cannot say no."

Deep satisfaction filled him, the feeling almost savage in its intensity. That was how he felt about Joa, too. About how he would always give Joa what his doce needed.

Balta could just never say no.

Chapter Ten

Raul sat very carefully the couch, watching Balta and Joa moving around the kitchen, smiling and laughing. He'd started the grill, but it was too hot to wait outside until they'd made the hamburger rounds for him, so he'd come in and sat. And watched.

What Balta had said... It made him sweat. It made him want to run away, or turn around and tear Joa's clothes off and throw him down on the floor. Balta wanted him to. With them. Together. All three.

So he sat, holding himself very still, and waited until he could grill something. He was better at bife or salsicha, but he could do hamburgers.

Every so often Balta would look over at him and smile, dark eyes burning at him with that fire Balta always had for Joa. It made him vibrate, the need almost overwhelming him. It made him...

"Que?" he asked, his eyes snapping up to Joa's when the man repeated the question again, whatever it was.

Joa smiled at him, face open and friendly. "Do you want chips or fries?"

"Oh. Fries?" He took Joa's offered hand, climbing up off the couch, standing far too close but unable to help himself. Joa was so warm, so pretty.

"Good." Joaquim's nostrils flared. Jesu, the man was smelling him, scenting him.

Raul swayed, leaning toward Joaquim a little more, their chests brushing a bit, Joa's soft T-shirt no barrier to him, letting him feel the muscle underneath.

He heard the softest little moan, then Joaquim's cheeks went hot, red. "S...sorry."

"Why?" He stared into those warm eyes, his hand coming up to touch one flushed cheek. It was like now that he had permission, he just did without thinking.

"I..." Joaquim swallowed hard, staring at him, then at Balta, cheek hot and smooth against his palm. "I should start the fries."

"Of course. I'll take the hamburgers out." Stepping back, he smiled a little, hoping it didn't look forced.

Joaquim seemed to lean toward him, body following as he moved. Joa was so natural in his need. So sweet, just like Balta called him.

"I..." Searching for something to say, Raul moved, but not away. No, he leaned to Joaquim's face and kissed the corner of that beautiful mouth. Joaquim gasped, lips parting, eyes flashing up to

stare at him. Raul stared back, unable to look away, even when he heard Balta moan, the sound low and deep.

It was like a good ride, the way things stopped, just stopped with them all vibrating together, Joa's heart pounding hard along with his. Balta didn't come any closer, making it his move, his choice. Raul finally stepped into Joa's space, making his intent clear. Pausing maybe half a second, he gave Joa the chance to say no.

Joaquim's eyes were huge, wide, staring at him. Then that little pink tongue flicked out, wetting Joa's lips.

Moaning, he slid his hand back behind Joaquim's head and pulled, bringing their mouths together, daring to take a taste. His prick pushed up against his jeans, completely ignoring the fact that he'd just come in the bathroom maybe half hour ago. Of course, he'd heard Joa's cries, heard the eager need that rang out as the man came, and Joaquim was hard against his thigh. Joaquim's tongue touched his, still minty with toothpaste.

Oh, Jesu. Joa felt so good, just as he'd always dreamed. He shifted, one leg pushing between Joaquim's, his hands on those lean hips. Strong fingers slid through his, holding him there, Balta pressing up against Joaquim's back. Joa moaned, shaking as Balta joined them. The kiss went deeper, Joaquim's swollen lips parting to let him in.

It was just like a fantasy, Balta's big body holding Joaquim up, his tongue in that sweet mouth, his hands free to go where they wanted. He was going to come in his jeans... Then Joaquim's hand came up, slid up his arm and held on. Pulled him closer.

Oh, sim. Sim. Raul kissed Joa like he'd never kissed anyone in his life, his hips starting to rock back and forth. No matter what Balta said, he might never get the chance to do this again. He had to make it count.

Joaquim made the best sounds, loud and hungry, pushing into his lips. So good, to feel them all together, heated and hungry. Balta's hand slid up his other arm, jostling them all together, bumping Joaquim into him. Their lower bodies pressed hard against each other, their pricks rubbing through the denim.

The air in the kitchen felt heavy, thick like a storm was coming, like electricity was in the air.

Balta pulled at his hand, pressing it against Joa's ass, and now he could feel Balta's prick, too, hard against the back of his hand. He might die happy. Joa jerked and cried out and he looked down to where Balta was sucking on Joaquim's neck, staring up at him.

All he wanted to do was melt. His body knew better and kept moving, though, his mouth sliding down over Joaquim's pointed chin, meeting Balta's right there. Right on the little mark Balta had made.

"Sim..." That little cry made both him and Balta moan, their lips meeting.

Balta tasted spicy to Joa's sweet, his kiss harder, more purposeful. Balta was seducing deliberately, while Joa did it naturally. Both worked for him. Balta was nearly fucking Joa, right there, rubbing against his hand and Joa's tight, hard little ass. Not that he was doing any better, his pelvis rocking like he was getting ready to ride, his mouth on Balta's, on Joa's skin. He pushed up a tiny bit with his trapped hand, grappling with Balta's zipper, and getting just enough help to get it open.

"I..." Joa's hand slid around his shoulder, his neck, callused fingers almost smooth on his skin.

"Shhh..." It came from Balta, the tiny sound, soothing and low right behind Joa's ear. "Hush, namorado."

Raul swallowed, trying not to flinch when Balta called Joa his beloved. No one had ever called him that, and there could be no way this would work. It didn't stop him from wanting it, and he stopped himself from babbling by kissing Joa again, and pushing his hand into Balta's jeans. The heat burned him, Joaquim pushing into the kiss, even as Balta's cock rubbed against his palm.

Hot, thick, Balta was just as Raul had imagined him, and he had imagined many times. Balta reached around between him and Joa, working open Joa's jeans and shoving them down, and suddenly his whole world was hot flesh, straining against him.

"Not... not fair, Balta." Joaquim was vibrating against him, looking stunned. "Not fair to Raul. Him... him, too."

"Shh. You know I won't leave anyone wanting, Doce." Balta glanced up, winking at him over Joa's shoulder. "You help me, huh?" Balta went on, pushing Joaquim's hands to Raul's own buckle.

Oh. God.

Those strong fingers traced him, pretty dark eyes going wide, Joa's thumbs stroking him as his buckle popped open. A raw sound tore from his throat, his hips bucking into the touch, his cock as hard as it had ever been. Raul thought he might just explode. Maybe he squeezed too hard on Balta, but the grunt they heard sounded more like pleasure than pain.

"Shh. It... I have you, sim?" Sweet, sweet man. Joaquim eased his zipper down, fingers hot against his shaft.

Pushing into that careful touch, Raul groaned again, his ability to think completely gone. He wanted more, but he couldn't let go of Balta, and his other hand searched for balance, for something solid.

Balta's low chuckle made both him and Joa rise up on their toes. "Couch, Doce. Belo Raul. Before we fall down."

Joaquim moaned softly. "Balta? Balta, this is good with you, sim?"

"Sim, Doce. So very good." Balta all but danced them to the couch, which was deep and comfortable, and somehow Joaquim landed between them, Balta tugging at the soft T-shirt while Raul pulled at Joa's jeans.

Oh, Deus. Smooth and waxed, with tiny nipples and a taut belly, Joaquim was a feast, spread out between them. Raul had to touch, his fingers itching for it. Starting at Joa's throat, he worked down, tracing collarbones and pectoral muscles, marveling at the ridged belly. "Oh... Joaquim."

"Sim," Balta murmured. "Look at him, huh? Look how hot."

Joa blushed dark, cock full and bouncing, seeming to try to get his attention. "Balta..."

One of Balta's big, square hands curled under Joaquim's cock, offering it up to him. "You want, huh? I know he wants you, Raul."

Nodding, Raul stared, reaching down to touch, too, his fingers sliding over the head. "I want."

Hot, swollen, that needy flesh throbbed for him, Joaquim's body arching like a bow, reaching for him. How could he resist that? Raul slid off the couch, kneeling in front of it, in front of the amazing body spread out before him. He bent, his mouth hovering over the tip of Joa's cock as he stared up into those dazed eyes. "Joa?"

"Raul." Joa's hand shook as his cheek was touched, so soft.

Smiling, he kissed Joaquim's palm before lowering his mouth where he wanted it, tasting for the first time. The flavor slid over his tongue -- salty, hot, spicier than he would have thought. Balta groaned, those square hands sliding over Joa's chest, down the flat belly. That sound was hungry, the look in Balta's eyes fiery.

It was almost too much for him, and he leaned one hand on Joa's thigh, his other hand going to his open fly, fisting his prick. He bobbed his head, giving Joa his mouth, lips and tongue moving in time.

Those sounds started filling the air, Joaquim shifting, pushing up into his lips and taking his mouth. He'd heard those sounds through closed doors more than once, and now to know that he was the one to make them come...

Balta stroked his cheek, fingers pushing in beside his mouth to touch Joa's cock.

"Sim. Sim, please." Listen to that, listen to that sweet, rough sound. "Raul. Balta."

Listen to that. Raul closed his eyes, his hand just squeezing his cock hard now, incapable of moving. He concentrated instead on Joa, on licking at Balta's fingers, at making them both groan.

Salt and spice spilled on his tongue, one drop at a time, Joaquim's cock swelling, throbbing in his lips.

Sim. He wanted every bit, every taste he could have, and he sucked hard, tongue pushing Balta's fingers against Joa's trapped prick. Seed filled his mouth as Joaquim's cry filled the air -- sweet and happy, the neediest thing he'd ever heard.

Raul licked that long cock clean, sucking on Balta's fingers a moment before pulling away and resting his head on Joa's leg. He... He needed so bad, but he was afraid to move.

"Balta... He... Can we..." Joa was reaching for him, hands shaking like a bird's wings.

"Sim, Doce. We can." They all shifted, Balta sliding out from behind Joa to come and lift him up, holding him steady for Joa's hands, Joa's body and touch.

Raul let his head fall back against Balta's shoulder, let the man rub against him, push him toward Joaquim. Joa's fingers slid up along his legs, cheek brushing his shaft in a caress that stole his breath away.

"Por favor, Joaquim. Please." His cock rose up, hard and proud, begging for a harder touch.

"Sim..." Joa looked up, past him, and Balta stroked Joaquim's short hair. Whatever question Joa was asking, Balta must have answered it, because that hungry mouth dropped over the tip of his cock, the suction sudden and hard.

His eyes flew wide, and he watched Joaquim suck him. It was as pretty as Balta had said it would be. Better than. God, he'd dreamed.

Balta touched him, too, pressing against his ass, and it was more than he could have hoped for, making him cry out, his body shaking. Joaquim's fingers were everywhere, touching him, stroking his balls, his thighs. His knees buckled, only Balta's strength holding him up. His hands found Joa's short hair, stroking the soft silk of it, his thumbs rubbing Joaquim's temples.

A hum vibrated around his cock, Joa's eyes met his, and everything went hot as the sun on the water.

Raul shot so hard he thought he might pass out, his teeth gritting against the most exquisite pleasure ever. He came for Joa and for Balta and then slumped against the warm body holding him up, panting and shaking.

"Hey, how come only I haven't come, huh?" Balta asked, warm laughed brushing his neck, making him shiver.

Joaquim blinked, lashes tickling his skin. "Because you're on the bottom, Balta."

Laughing, Balta eased him down on the couch with Joa before moving up in front of them, hard and ready. "Well, now I'm on top, Doce."

"You are." Joaquim reached for Balta, the motion looking so easy. Natural.

He watched for a moment, almost feeling like he was intruding, even though he'd been invited to the party. Then Raul reached out, too. He was not a selfish man. Joa blinked as their fingers touched, then leaned against him, skin warm. Raul kissed Joaquim's cheek, and they both laughed when Balta made an impatient noise, pushing toward them. Always the center of attention, just like at the arena.

"Hungry love." Joaquim smiled, tongue sliding over Balta's hip, toward the tip of Balta's cock.

"Mmmhmm. I've been inspired, huh? Come on, Raul, you can help with this." Balta held out a hand.

Raul let Balta guide him, his mouth meeting Joaquim's over the tip of Balta's cock. So sweet. Joa gasped, those dark eyes staring right at him. Raul kissed him harder, tongue pushing in, before turning and licking at Balta, the pressure of that big hand insistent. He couldn't blame the man at all. He'd been the one watching not too long ago. He knew how it made him ache. Of course, Joaquim was just as eager with Balta as with him. Kisses and licks, little bites -- you could tell Joa adored him.

They worked together to make Balta moan and thrust, the taste more earthy, the surge of Balta's hips stronger. Those thick thighs strained, calling his hands, and Raul touched, marveling at how different Balta was from Joa. Where Joa was smooth, Balta was rough. Where Joa's muscles were lean, Balta was bulky, strong. Balta's cock was hot, smooth, thick enough to be intimidating but not nearly as long as Joa's. Raul licked along the length of it, coming back to meet Joa at the head again and again.

Every time they met, they kissed, tongues flicking and sliding over and over the tip of Balta's cock.

"More. Namorado... you know what I need, huh? Show Raul..." There was something dark in Balta's voice, needy and demanding and sexy.

"Sim. Sim." Joaquim nodded, opened up and took Balta down to the root, swallowing and sucking the thick, heavy cock easily.

"Oh... Sim." Balta laughed, the sound raw, husky, and stroked Joaquim's cheek. Then Raul's, tilting his head back to smile down at him. "Good."

He couldn't help but smile back, the heat in Balta's eyes like a drug.

Raul bent to bite at Balta's hip, letting it sting a little, and he knew it was the right thing when Balta jerked, hard sounds of pleasure raining down on them. Joa groaned, the long prick starting to fill again as the man sucked and licked at Balta's cock.

Someone loved that, loved Balta. He could see it in Joa's eyes, and it made him wonder if Balta was a little blind, thinking Joa needed more. Then he decided to quit thinking, letting one hand trail down Joaquim's back while he licked at the base of Balta's cock.

"Jesu!" Balta grunted, thighs spreading wider to brace that sturdy body.

Joaquim arched, that sweet, tight ass pushing back toward his hand. Cupping that sweet bottom, Raul squeezed, testing the skin and muscles. Beautiful.

He could hear Joa's moan, see the flush climbing up Balta's belly and Joa pulled harder. He had to do more, somehow, had to be there with them or he would feel too self-conscious and run. Raul licked at any available skin, from Joa's neck to Balta's thigh, his hand moving on Joaquim's back.

Joaquim reached out, hand searching until it found his chest, then he was drawn closer, touched. A happy sound escaped him, and he nuzzled right in, rubbing against them both, Joa leaner, Balta heavier, more muscled.

They all started moving together -- bobbing and rubbing and moaning, the sounds just getting louder.

His cock tried to rise again, but after twice, so soon... It felt good, though, hot and fine and it made him groan along with Joa and Balta. He let his mouth slide over Joaquim's cheek, let his chin rub Balta's balls. Those heavy nuts drew up, so tight, Balta biting out a curse as Joa swallowed hard, cheeks hollowing. Balta shouted, hips punching forward, and Raul could smell him come, could feel Joa's neck working. He moaned, pressing down on his prick, just enjoying how they all fit.

Joa pulled off, forehead resting on Balta's thigh. The long cock was hard, bobbing between Joa's thighs.

Sinking down in front of them, Balta reached out, pulling at Joaquim's cock. Raul helped, touching that hot flesh, too, thumb rubbing along the underside. So fine -- the way Joa's head fell back, the way that muscled body shifted and arched for them. Raul and Balta moved like they were of one mind, cradling Joa between them, hands moving hard and fast, giving that sweet man whatever he needed.

"Sim. Sim..." Joaquim looked at them, blinked at him, then Balta. "I need..."

"What, namorado. What do you need?" Balta's words fell on him, on Joa, hot and low and perfectly happy.

"More. Please." Joa jerked, a dull flush climbing up that amazing belly.

They touched him, kissed him, loved him, Balta pulling at Joa's cock. Raul was a little less focused, because Joa was too beautiful to be real, and he got lost in golden skin and ridged muscles. Joa's lips were clinging to his, little moans pushing into his mouth. So sweet. Raul finally settled on cupping the back of Joa's head with one hand, helping Balta touch with the other. Balta was stroking, licking, kissing, an intimate dance as hot as any Raul had ever seen.

Joaquim was lost in them, vocal and eager, the pleasure drawn out and out.

"Come on, Doce. Give it to us," Balta said, his voice mesmerizing, hypnotic.

Heat spread between them, Joa calling out, so needy, so pretty.

They all froze a little, panting but otherwise still, and Raul worried that it was all about to go horribly wrong. Then Balta hugged them both close, sweeping them back to the couch to collapse together.

Joaquim cuddled in, relaxed and lazy. Sweet.

He didn't say a word, afraid that reminding them he was there would cause them to send him packing. Raul was happy, right where he was. He only hoped it would last more than one day.

Chapter Eleven

What had he done?

Fuck.

Joaquim nudged Estrella into a trot, eyes on the early morning sun. They'd eaten, showered, piled up on the bed together and... What had he done? What if Balta thought that he wanted someone else? What if Raul thought that he didn't want him? What if...

Fuck.

He'd woken up, Balta and Raul curled around him, holding him and he'd... Fuck. Just fuck.

He rode until the sun lit up the sky, checking fence, looking at the bass in his pond. Thinking. The dogs had come with him, and they set to barking, running off up the hill. When he looked it was Balta, riding one of his geldings, face set in a frown until Balta saw him. "Joa! I wondered where you were, huh? You okay?"

"Yeah. Yeah. Wanted to see... The land. And stuff." He pulled his hat down, hiding his face. He was no good at lying to Balta. No one was any good at lying to Balta.

"Uh-huh. Come on, Doce. Let's ride a ways, huh? I brought some water." Balta nudged the big gelding over next to Estrella, reaching over to pat his thigh.

He tried to find a smile, tried to find the words to apologize to his Balta. "I could have a drink."

"I made some coffee, too, back at the house. We can have a cafezhino back there soon." Handing him the little water bottle on a strap, Balta smiled like all was right with the world.

"I... I'm so sorry, Balta. I don't. You are my world. You know that, sim?" The words just poured out of him, once they started.

Balta glanced over, long moments passing before he nodded. "I know that, namorado. You know I love you more than anything." Balta laughed. "I love you more than I love me. That's saying something. What are you sorry for?"

"For... I don't... For looking at Raul." For wanting him so badly.

"Oh, Joa. No. No guilt." Balta reached out and grabbed Estrella's reins, stopping him. "If you're upset about what we did, we never have to do it again, but I don't want you thinking I'm jealous, huh? Or mad. It was hot, no?"

"It was..." It blew his mind. "It was... Balta, I. Sim. It shouldn't be, should it?" He loved Balta.

"Why not? You like Raul very much. He's lonely, huh? It doesn't mean you love me less." Balta sounded so... reasonable.

"Because it's wrong." How many times had they had this talk? For months before he let himself touch his Balta, revel in his demon lover.

"Oh, Doce. Nothing is wrong as long as we both know what we're doing, huh? Do you think Raul doesn't deserve some happiness?" That big, square hand clenched on Estrella's lead. "I love you."

"Sim? You're not ashamed of me? I should have resisted..." But Raul was... Special. Lonesome. Happy. Beautiful.

"Not a bit." Those dark eyes sparkled, a tiny smile playing around Balta's mouth. "How could I resist showing you off?"

"Balta..." He shook his head, lips pursing. "You are a demon."

"Of course I am. You're my angel, you know? Come back to the house with me and have coffee. I'll make you Texas breakfast, huh?" Balta always teased him about the big breakfasts he liked, so unlike the Brazilian coffee and bread and fruit.

"Is Raul... He is... happy, sim?" Happy and hung.

"I left him sleeping, Doce. I think he slept better than he has since he came up." Grinning, Balta let Estrella go and nudged the gelding back toward the house. "We should make sure he doesn't wake up and think we ran away."

"Sim. Sim. I... I would not have him hurt. He is a good man." They headed in, the sun beating down on his shoulders.

"Of course not. *You're* a good man, huh? I'm the one who's not."

"Bah. You are... Balta." He waved one hand.

"I am. Which means I'm a demon. You say." They made their way back to the barn, getting the horses settled, the dogs bouncing around their legs.

"My demon." He stopped, grabbed Balta's hands. "And I am yours, sim?"

"You are. Nothing will change that. I always want what's good for you, namorado." Bringing his hands up, Balta kissed each one of his scarred knuckles.

"You do." He leaned, breathed Balta in. "You do."

Turning just a little, Balta gave him a kiss, his good morning kiss, which he'd missed. It made things better, easier, just to feel that hot mouth against his.

"Mmm." He thought he could taste Raul there.

"Better, huh?" Winking, Balta pulled him back to the house, getting him settled at the kitchen table and starting to bang pots and pans around. The man cooked like he did everything else; with great enthusiasm and lots of noise.

Joa started stretching, using the chair to balance. He hadn't been riding for so long.

"Oh..." The tiny sound had him looking up to find Raul standing in the doorway, wearing a pair of low slung jeans and some white socks.

"Mmm. Bom dia." He arched and rolled, then crouched, muscles aching.

"Bom dia." Raul smiled, and there was nothing awkward about it, only maybe a little shy.

His eyes traveled along Raul's belly, down the dark trail of curls that disappeared behind the denim. His cock jerked in his jeans and he sank deeper into his stretch. He heard that little catch in Raul's breath again, and out of the corner of his eye he snuck another glance. Raul was bigger than he had been a few moments before.

"Been a while since I rode. I'm a little stiff."

"I can see that." Raul smiled all of a sudden, the look full of mischief.

Balta laughed out loud. "He's a little naughty, huh, doce?"

"Sim. Not a demon like you, but wicked." He kept his hands on the floor, straightened his legs and stretched.

"A demon?" Raul hummed, and the floor creaked as someone moved closer.

Joa nodded, chin bumping his knees. "Truly."

"Why is that?" It was Raul who was moving, that voice just above him now.

"He... He makes me want things." His hands reached back, touched Raul's legs.

"Sim. I can see that. He says things, you know?" Muscles flexed under denim, and he could smell Raul's hot spice.

He stood, halfway, and that pushed his hips back toward Raul, eyes meeting Balta's. Balta was watching, eyes heavy-lidded, mouth a little open. Those sharp cheekbones had a red tint to them,

and Balta's wide chest rose and fell fast. A soft sound left him, and he licked suddenly dry lips. His demon. His Balta.

Raul pressed against him, hands coming to rest on his hips. "Are you all right, Joa?"

He groaned, leaned back. That heavy, hard cock pressed against his crease, making delicious promises. He was incredibly, wonderfully all right. "Sim."

"Good. Good. I would not want you to be uncomfortable." Raul was rubbing, and Balta was wandering closer, and Joa didn't feel the least bit upset of all a sudden.

Balta came close as he was deciding whether to stand up or go back down. His lips brushed the soft cotton of Balta's shirt, just by his bellybutton. Balta moaned a little, stroking his cheeks for a moment. Then Balta moved to open the faded jeans below that T-shirt, letting what was in out.

"Balta..." His hands came to rest on Balta's thighs and his legs spread. The scent of his demon filled his nose, made him whimper with need.

"Mmmhmm. I need your mouth, Doce. Very much."

Raul moaned behind him, too, hips popping against his bottom.

One of Balta's hands cupped his head, encouraging his lips to go where they wanted so badly to be. He wrapped his lips around the tip, sucking softly, gently, wanting that salt upon his tongue.

"Sim. Oh, namorado." Balta jerked, pushing into his mouth.

Behind him, Raul worked at his jeans, one warm hand sliding down between cloth and skin. He tightened his abs, giving Raul room to work and thrilling at the joint moans he heard when his suction increased about Balta's prick and his ass ground against Raul. They rocked together, Balta moving in and out of his mouth, Raul's fingers finding his crease. Oh, God. Yes, please.

His jeans were pushed down, Raul's hands hot as brands. Balta grabbed his shirt and tugged it up.

The warm air was on his skin for a few seconds before even warmer hands started tracing his body. Raul had his hips, his butt, his belly. Balta's hands were on his legs, and then his balls. He cried out around Balta's cock, fingers digging into the heavy thighs.

Dizzy. They made him dizzy.

Raul moved back for mere seconds, and there was bare skin against him, then, Raul's heavy cock against his ass. Hard. So hard. Like Balta between his lips. He arched, hips pushed back in offer. It was the sound that Balta made -- desperate and fierce -- that let him know how hungry he looked.

Raul breathed a curse, pushing down and up, cock pressing between his cheeks. Not at his hole, really, just enough to give them both friction. Filthy words started pouring down over him, Balta whispering how needy he looked, how tight his ass was, how his mouth was perfect around Balta's cock. From Raul there was only panting, only tiny moans that sounded as much like pain as they did joy. He could tell how much Raul liked it, though. Very much.

Joa closed his eyes against the waves of dizziness, hips moving faster, harder, while he swallowed Balta down. Raul was driving him against Balta, and he almost thought he had two demons now. Raul knew just where to press, just how hard. Balta leaned and Raul pressed and then he could hear them kissing, the sound wet and hungry.

It was too much. In his mind he could see them, so beautiful, and he knew how Balta loved to kiss. Maybe Raul was that way, too. Maybe he could have more kisses than any man had a right to for the rest of his life.

Joa took Balta down to the root, pulling as hard as he ever had, head bobbing as he demanded. Balta shouted, and it was so good that Balta could, that this was his house and it was safe. Raul's cock jerked against his bottom, wet heat splashing on his skin.

His orgasm was delayed by sucking and swallowing and breathing and not falling and all those things. Once he was upright, Raul's arms like steel bands around him, Balta's rough hand pulling his cock? Deus. Then he had time to come. His entire body jerked with it, the house spinning like a tornado hit it. When the wildness was over, his head was back, resting against Raul's shoulder.

Balta leaned close, kissing his mouth, tasting like heat and sweat. "My Joa."

"Sim. Sim, Balta." His breath came like he'd been on the weights.

Raul was solid as a rock behind him, panting in his ear. "Obrigato, Joa," Raul whispered. "For letting me be here."

"You... It's good. You. Here. With us." He was proud that he knew so many words.

Balta was the one who laughed at him, not Raul. "I think Joaquim needs breakfast, huh? He likes orange juice and lots of eggs and sweet things." Casually, Balta started putting them all back together.

His stomach snarled, tried to crawl its way out at the thought of breakfast.

Raul laughed, patting his belly for him before setting him back on his wobbly feet. "I can make bacon."

"I like bacon." He let Balta ease him down into a chair and he sat bonelessly.

Beautiful men.

"And I am the king of the American pancake, huh?" Balta stroked a hand over Joa's hair, which was getting a little long.

"Sim." He watched for a few moments, then went to feed the dogs.

Chapter Twelve

Balta stretched, letting the sun beat down on his bare belly. He wished he had a beer, but he would live without one if it meant not moving. The view was exceptional. Joa wore a tiny pair of cut-offs and a great deal of waxed-smooth, golden skin. Raul wore soft exercise shorts and nothing else but a great deal of fuzz. They were both lounging only a few feet away, hats pulled down to shade their faces while the three of them napped through the hottest part of the day.

He could see a single drop of sweat, meandering down Joaquim's belly, following the lines of those tight, firm abs. Balta licked his lips, pondering going over there. He was so comfortable, though. He heard Raul chuckle, knew he was being watched.

"Who wants to get me a beer?" He stretched, figuring he might as well put on a show, huh?

Joaquim snorted softly and turned, thighs spread, ass up. Oh, no fair. His namorado was fighting dirty with that, because Balta could see the bottom curve of both asscheeks.

Raul laughed softly. "I think I will stay right here."

He met Raul's eyes, letting his lip curl up into a grin. "He says I am the demon."

Joa wiggled. "You are and I'm sleeping." The word came out 'sleepin'.

"Such a Texan, no?" Balta loved to tease Joa about his lack of Portuguese sometimes.

Joa flipped him off, chuckled. Raul laughed, too, rolling up on one elbow to reach out with his other hand, wiping the trail of sweat off Joa's belly. Balta expected to feel a little surge of jealousy at that, but all he felt was a wave of need.

It occurred to him, generally, that he had not yet been able to take that sweet ass while Raul took his Angel's mouth. That was what he had tempted Raul with, after all. It had worked. The last three days had been blissful.

"Joa. Take off your shorts, hmm?"

"We're outside, Balta."

"We are. There is no one to see you but cows." Well, and him and Raul. Joa's parents were in Sao Paulo for two weeks.

He watched the flush crawl down Joaquim's back, saw the long toes curl, but Joa did unfasten his shorts, slide them down. Balta smiled, watching Raul watch Joa. Sim. One of his favorite things. Raul shifted, the soft sweats filling with hard prick. Pretty. By the time the shorts were off, Joa was dark red, sweating, stiff and panting.

Raul had not touched again. He just sat, waiting, almost vibrating. Good man. Balta rolled off the swing he had been lazing on, stripping off his running shorts on the way. "Hands and knees, Doce."

"Balta..." Mmm. So sweet.

"Sim?" He grinned at Raul, who was breathing hard, sweat beading on his upper lip. "I think Raul should take his shorts off, too."

Joa nodded, turning slowly on the heavy, padded chair. Bless Texans and their wind -- his sofa at home was lighter.

Balta moved in behind him, stroking the long back. So smooth. His poor worried Joa shivered for his touch. Americans and their issues with bare skin. It made him smile. Maybe it was just much hotter in Brazil. Or maybe it was the beaches. Whatever it was, Raul had no issues. He just stripped off his shorts. Balta heard Joa's moan when Raul's thick, heavy cock came into view, red and hard, ready.

"Mmm. So pretty, huh? Bring it here, Raul." Raul's steps stuttered a bit, the man still not used to Balta's ways, the way he liked to talk. But Raul came, as if attached to a wire.

His hands molded the curves of the most perfect ass on Earth, thumbs spreading a little bit, pressing against the tiny hole just enough for Joa to feel. He saw Raul reach out, stroking over Joa's short hair, his sharp cheek. Balta grinned, knowing soon Raul would be touching that sweet mouth.

"We should go inside, Baltazar..." Joaquim leaned into Raul's hand, ass pressed back into his fingers.

"Why? It is very pleasant here."

Raul chuckled. "And your closest neighbor is very far, sim?"

Joa nodded. "Closest is the familia."

"And they are away." Balta pressed his thumbs a little deeper, one slipping just inside the tight entrance.

"S...sim..." Joa's spine arched, the sun making his angel shine.

"Then hush. Or better yet, use that mouth for something more fun."

Dark-light met his eyes, a tiny moan escaping the man, the thick cock jerking up toward Raul's belly. Mmm. Yum. Raul's caressed Joaquim's head again, the gentle encouragement all Joa needed to stretch, to reach for the heavy prick. Hungry man.

Balta took a moment to watch Raul rub his cock against Joaquim's mouth. His prick jerked in response, and he started pondering what to use for slick. His eyes moved around the patio, looking idly until he saw the aloe vera gel. Ah. That would work.

Balta released Joa reluctantly, moving to grab the gel, coming back just in time to see Raul slide into Joa's mouth to the root. Oh, Deus. That was just as good as he'd imagined. Better. His steps faltered for a moment, and he watched Joaquim's throat work, watched the way Raul's entire body shuddered, then bowed to press a touch deeper.

Balta bit back a hungry moan. It was too early in the game to lose it now. He needed Joa's ass. Badly. Balta moved close again, reaching out to press a hand to Raul's chest, the springy hair so different than Joa's clean skin.

Raul reached for him, eyes wild. "Deus. So good. So good, Baltazar."

Yes, he knew.

Balta pulled Raul close over Joa's head, taking a kiss. It had surprised him, how much Raul liked to kiss. How much he liked it back. So different than his Joa, harder, sharper, more fight, but so good.

Joa moved between them, pressing back against him, begging a little with tiny rotations of those lean hips. Greedy. Balta laughed for sheer joy, breaking the kiss and winking at Raul. "Someone is feeling neglected."

His hand swatted one fine cheek, just enough to sting, then he settled back, unscrewing the top of the gel. Joa jumped, and Raul was the one to moan as Joa pushed forward to take more of him in. Balta thought he could get used to this. His slick fingers found their way to Joa's hole, two pushing inside, quick as anything.

The tight muscles jerked, squeezed him, welcoming him in. His. His Joa. Raul's eyes were on his fingers, lips slack as the man whimpered.

"Sim." Balta grinned, but it was strained with trying to hold back. He opened Joa up, fingers moving back and forth, in and out.

"Baltazar. Por favor. Eu quero ver." Yes. Yes, Raul wanted to watch and he needed to feel.

"Sim. Mais." Balta pulled his fingers free, squirting more gel on so he could slick his cock. Then he used his thumbs to spread Joa wide, to open that hot little hole for his cock.

In. Now.

Joa bucked back, entire body begging for him, needing him to ride. He pushed inside, crying out as he buried himself in one hard stroke. Raul grunted, staring down in fascination at the place where he and Joaquim were joined. Teeth clenching, Balta stayed where he was, letting Joa grind

back against him. He remembered how that was, how Raul felt right now. There were so many more rules in Brazil.

He wanted to wait, to hold off, to tease Joaquim and show Raul, but his angel moved on him, forcing his cock in and out, demanding that he take that tight hole. Finally, all he could do was move, his hips slamming up and forward, shoving him deep inside Joa's body. Heaven.

Joaquim struggled for only a stroke or two before finding a rhythm, dancing between them. They pushed in together, Joa stretching out between them as they pulled out. It was the most beautiful thing, Joa's mouth making these wet sounds, Raul's deep groans a fine counterpoint. It made Balta want to laugh sometimes, how different Raul sounded like this, how deep his voice became during hot sex.

Sharp curses filled the air, both of them fighting for control, fighting to make this last. Balta knew he had the advantage -- both of experience and of time. He hadn't had that mouth working him. Raul had a big head start on him. Grunting, he reached out, his hand unclenching from Joa's hip. He grabbed Raul's nipple between his thumb and forefinger and pulled, twisting just a tiny bit.

Raul snapped out a cry, hips losing his rhythm as Raul fucked Joaquim's lips and lost the contest, filling his angel's throat.

Balta rode it out, holding on until Raul was through with everything but the final tremors. Then he pulled Joa up, that long body leaning back on him. "Kiss him, Raul. Taste his mouth now."

Raul's moan was perfect and the man took Joa's mouth like a man in the desert drank from the well. Balta felt Joaquim's pleasure in the muscles tight around his cock, the squeeze and tremors making his mouth dry.

Balta reached for Joa's cock and found it at the same time Raul did, their hands clacking together. When Raul would have pulled back, Balta took his hand and wrapped it over Raul's, closing them both around Joa's hard flesh. "Together, sim?"

"Please!" Joaquim twisted, bucked for him, between them. "Nao pare." No. No stopping.

"No, namorado. No stopping." He pulled harder, and Raul tugged faster. Balta let his hips go, rocking so hard that his back protested.

His Joa's body gripped him hard enough that his eyes rolled back into his head, then heat poured over his fingers, Joa's cries loud in the air. Balta finally got to let go with that, because he'd won a little. Oh, he was a bastard, but that was no surprise. He filled Joa's ass, watching Raul as the man's knees buckled a little.

Joa's head leaned back against his shoulder, the dark eyes opening and closing, so slowly.

"Mmm." Balta licked a little sweat off Joa's throat. "I like it outside, huh?"

"Uh-huh." Joaquim's head was like a baby's, rolling against his shoulder.

"I have never... So open." Raul sounded a little awed, looked a little stunned.

Balta let one hand trail down Joa's belly, gentle, loving the smooth slide. "Sim. We are lucky men, hmm?"

"We are." Raul's hand caught his, holding on, and there was a wealth of meaning in the tiny squeeze of Raul's fingers.

Joaquim hummed softly, wiggled. "Come. Balta's back will be sore. Shower now and a rub."

Nodding, Raul smiled at Joa, taking a short kiss before turning to lead the way. Balta moaned a little as he slid free of Joa's body, but he followed happily. He would bet that Raul gave almost as good a rubdown as Joa. They could both work on him.

Then he could ponder what delicious perversity he wanted to watch next.

End