

L. A. MASQUERADE G.A.HAUSER

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Free short story

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The never ending desire for a touch of Mark's derriere.

Was there anything as decadent as a masquerade party in Los Angeles?

Rice paper lanterns swung in the breeze, a rainbow of ribbons made of crepe spiraled in a tornado dance around the delicate branches of potted lemon and bamboo trees. The pool was luminous aqua blue, shimmering spotlights made it appear like a cushion cut gemstone.

Balloons struggled on their ties to fly away from the yellow flickering candles lit on every available surface.

A buffet table was crowded with finger foods of baked brie topped with dried cherries and toasted macadamia nuts served with crackers and crisp-breads; imported and domestic cheese platters with berries, white and black sesame coated prawns, arugula and prosciutto wrapped shrimp...to name just a few of the gourmet delights- It was a meal fit for royalty.

And that didn't even count the booze selection.

Tuxedo-clad bartenders stood at each end of the outdoor terrace, shaking, pouring, and concocting everything from appletinis to Harvey Wallbangers.

Wearing a mask and costume created a sense of uninhibited abandon. As men gobbled food and drank too much for their own good, music played softly; unobtrusive, the volume easy to talk over.

Summer nights in L.A.

Cool evening breezes blowing off the Pacific Ocean, the air smelling of citrus trees and jasmine. The sky was clear but few stars could be seen thought the ambient light of the City of Angels.

A hand found his bottom. Light blue eyes gazed out of a black half-mask. The man was all in black, black button-down short sleeved shirt, black slacks, black shoes. Every guest was required to wear black. "Hello, handsome." He smiled in an ironic way, as if he knew the secret. "What was your name?"

"Blaze," he replied, feeling the man grow bolder as he groped.

"Blaze...of course. How could I forget?"

"I didn't forget yours...Stud." Through the cutout eyes of his own silver mask, Blaze admired Stud's lips, his square jaw.

"Touch my cock."

Blaze ran his fingers between Stud's legs. "Horny?"

"Always when you're near me."

"Hey, Pretty-Man, feed me another one of those prosciutto shrimps." Top-Dog raised his mask enough to expose his mouth.

"Say please."

"Please with my cock on top."

Pretty-Man held a shrimp by the tail and while Top-Dog had his mask raised, Pretty-Man went for his Lips. Top-Dog made a sound of delight and embraced Pretty-Man, rocking him side to side, digging his hand into Pretty-Man's long, dark hair.

The kiss was too short in duration, but Top-Dog knew he could have his Pretty-Man later...forever. As he opened his mouth and was fed the shrimp, Top-Dog studied this *very 'pretty'* man's appearance. Even with the top half of his face covered by an eye-mask which had a center feather spray, Top-Dog could see how incredible his Pretty-Man was. The mask only made this hunk even more desirable, as if creating temptation by hiding part of his stunning face.

Pretty-Man left the tail of the shrimp on a napkin, wiping his hand. Top-Dog held Pretty-Man's wrist and sucked his fingers, giving them head.

"Oh!"

Top-Dog could see Pretty-Man's long dark eyelashes flutter behind the mask.

A shadow in a tabarro and Zorro mask loomed close. Top-Dog stopped sucking Pretty-Man's fingers and smiled. "Where's your sword?"

"Here." 'Z' parted his cape and thrust out his hips.

Pretty-Boy couldn't resist and went for a grope. "Oh, Heman, wow."

"Z."

"Sorry, love. 'Z'."

"Where's Hot-Lips?" Top-Dog asked.

"Getting drinks."

Top-Dog turned around to take in the view. Men wearing mostly half-masks as the norm, in ordinary chic black clothing were smiling, eating the great food and drinking from the open bar. He spotted Hot-Lips approaching, one of the few wearing a long beak mask, looking like he stepped right out of the Mardi Gras in Venice. He held a drink in each hand and Top-Dog could see his smile as he approached.

"Here, Z." Hot-Lips handed Z a mixed drink. "What did I miss?"

Top-Dog made a jerking off motion on the long beak of Hot-Lip's mask. "Good thing your cock isn't that big."

Pretty-Man made a choking sound in disapproval.

Hot-Lips said to him, "Yours is, Pretty-Man."

"Behave." Pretty-Man wagged a finger at him.

The temptation was great, so Top-Dog swiped that finger out of the air and tried to stick it in his mouth again. He hit his own mask in the process and Z laughed at him.

Top-Dog gave up trying to suck Pretty-Man's finger and said, "I need a drink." He looked back at Pretty-Man. "More wine?"

"Yes, please, love."

Top-Dog touched Pretty-Man's chin in affection and made his way to the bartender.

"Hey...Five-Oh...I hope that second beer is for me."

"Yes, dear." Five-Oh handed Fuzz his beer.

"I can't believe you picked such a girlie mask." Fuzz shook his head, drinking his beer. Five-Oh wore a Venetian swirl mask, which was multi-colored and curled into points at one side.

"Fuck you. You want pick a fight, Chandler?"

"Fuzz, you dickhead. Sheesh. We're supposed to be anonymous for one night. Didn't you read the invitation? Fake names and masks"

"Sure, Fuzz. Like we can't figure out who's who just by our names." Five-Oh sipped his beer. "Let's get more food."

"Sounds good. I want to eat that whole tray of shrimp."

"I want to get in on that group over there." Five-Oh began walking closer to four masked men who were laughing together.

"Is it against the rules to goose the host?"

"A masquerade in the middle of summer? It sounds like the rules have already been broken."

"Good." After handing Five-Oh his beer, Fuzz walked behind Pretty-Man and used both hands to squeeze his ass, a cheek in each palm.

"Ah!" Pretty-Man jumped nearly spilling his red wine.

"Love that sound." Fuzz nuzzled into Pretty-Man's hair from behind, giving his ass a good massage.

"Me too." Top-Dog laughed.

"It's unanimous," Hot-Lips said.

Blaze was on his knees in the coatroom, tugging Stud's black slacks down his legs. Before he exposed Stud's cock, he looked up through his mask at him. Stud was surveying the area quickly and then he returned Blaze's stare.

"You look fucking wicked in that mask," Blaze said, very turned on by his 'stud'. Blaze's cock was throbbing in his pants. "You're already a superhero even without it."

"Aw...that's so sweet." Stud made a silly face which Blaze recognized even from just the bottom half of Stud's expression. "Now suck my cock before your father finds out and kills me."

"If my father finds out, it's because he rented a place with a pool instead of using our house in Bel Air where my bedroom is."

"I like the pool."

"I'll like it better if all my father's friends skinny dip."

Stud chuckled. "That...would be a party to remember." He held the base of his cock and poked Blaze with it. "Suck it."

Blaze closed his eyes and enveloped Stud's cock as deeply as he could. "Mm."

"Fuck...I cannot get enough of you..."

"Mm..." Blaze removed Stud's cock to answer, "Good."

"You are not going to sit here and complain that all the candles are a fire hazard." 'Hoser' shook his head as he stuffed brie into his mouth.

"Just saying, Hunt."

"Hoser. Jesus, Leave-em...can't you play for one night? We're off work. Hello?" He tried to rap his knuckles into Leave-em's head.

Leave-em swiped Hoser's hand away. "Don't blame me when the place burns down."

"We'll all jump in the pool." Hoser sipped his rum and coke. "Love this place. How do those men afford it?"

"The nation's top male model? Are you joking?"

"I know. I'm jealous, what can I say?"

"Don't be. He shares everything with his friends."

"Not everything." When Hoser smiled his mask rode up on his face. He adjusted it. "So? Do I look like the Phantom of the Opera?"

"Better." Leave-em kissed the exposed part of Hoser's mouth, knocking masks. "This place is really romantic."

"It's the candles." Hoser encircled Leave'em's waist and drew him close. "Ha...right?"

"Shut up and kiss me."

"Fuck!" Stud thrust his hips in and out of that hot, wet mouth and held tight to Blaze's shoulders. He wanted to come but riding the edge was so nice. Yes, he could have Blaze anytime, but why did risqué places make it more exciting?

"Mm!" Blaze gripped Stud's hips, allowing Stud to orally fuck him.

"Fuck...oh, fuck." Stud gave in and came, closing his eyes and focusing on the intense pleasure in his groin.

A man's voice from behind said, "You have to be kidding me."

Stud tried to get Blaze to disconnect, but instead of letting go, Blaze gripped the base of Stud's cock and drew hard suction. Stud looked over his shoulder and found a young man's smile, a clear eye mask tied with white silk ribbons on his face.

"Is this the line, Blaze? Am I next?"

Stud didn't know for certain whom the young man was. He was familiar with most of Blaze's father's friends, but not all. "You're not next." Stud snarled, trying to shield the act. "He's mine now."

"So possessive!" The young man laughed. "Yours? Like in, you bought him for the night?"

"Who the fuck are you?" As Stud grew angry, he backed away from Blaze's mouth and closed his pants.

"Why? What are you going to do, Lieutenant? Shoot me?"

Blaze stood, knocking into the hangers of an empty coatroom, wiping his chin, holding onto Stud tightly.

"I asked you who you are!" Stud showed his teeth in fury.

The man didn't answer the question.

Stud asked Blaze, "Do you know him?"

Blaze hung onto Stud as he took a closer look. Biting his lower lip, Blaze shook his head. "I'm not sure."

That was all Stud needed to know. He grabbed the young man by the front of his shirt and snarled. "You say one more nasty thing about my lover, and you'll be very sorry."

The young man wrenched Stud's hands off his shirt and sneered. "Yours for now, the rest of West Hollywood's tomorrow."

Stud drew back to punch the man. Blaze held him back and the young man walked away.

With a deep sigh, 'Been-Rescued', hugged his tall lover from behind. His joker mask pushed against his face when he did.

"You already tired?"

"No, just love leaning on you."

"Come 'ere, ya rascal." Rescue-Me gathered his lover up and put his arm around his shoulder. "We should take a dip in that pool. That would wake you up."

Been-Rescued looked up at his lover's mask. It completely covered his face and was shiny gold. "You're too handsome to be hiding under that."

"I thought that was the idea. Hiding."

Been-Rescued stared at the glistening pool. "I agree about the swim. It's warm enough. Did the invitation say to bring a bathing suit?"

"Why? Do you miss your red life-guard trunks?"

"Ha. Ha." He glanced around at the crowd. Men. Men in black. Men with masks. Drinking. Getting drunk. Enjoying life. "Where's the host?"

Rescue-Me gave the terrace a good once over. "I keep losing him in this crowd."

"He's the one with the feathers."

"There are a few with feathers."

"The stunning one with feathers."

Rescue-Me chuckled. "You have the worst schoolboy crush on him."

"Always did, always will."

"I know he's flattered."

"Where's his son?"

"Silver half-mask, right?"

"Yes. I don't see him or Stud out here."

"Well, if anyone is going to get laid at this affair, it's going to be Blaze."

Been-Rescued blinked, his long lashes hitting the eye slits. "Can I get laid?"

"Uh oh. No. I didn't say that."

"So I can't get drunk and play with you?"

"Joshua..." Rescue-Me shook his head.

"You can't use my real name. And I'm getting drunk!" He released his hold on his lover and trotted over to one of the bartenders.

"Who on earth is that man in black leather?" A-List asked Forever-Gay.

"Who?" Forever-Gay gulped the remainder of his tequila shooter into throat.

"He's there. He looks like a Dom."

Forever-Gay broke up with laughter. "Who knows who he is? The guy with him looks like his sub." He leaned against A-List and whispered, "You know Pretty-Man is into it now."

"Maybe that's his master." A-List grinned wickedly as he escorted Forever-Gay to the bartender.

"Whip me, beat me...take my BDSM cherry." They joined the small line to get alcohol.

"If you're going to make an orgasmic expression, let me see it." A-List raised up his lover's white satin eye mask.

"Eh!" Forever-Gay swatted his hand away. "Anonymous feels good for a change. The paparazzi wear me down."

"You'll say that until we're not hounded anymore. Then you'll wish they would notice us." A-List told the bartender in the tuxedo and black eye mask, "Two tequila shots please."

"I'm intrigued. After we get a good head buzz, I want to ask that man to tell me what he does to submissive men."

"Really?" A-List handed him a drink. "You want to be a love slave?"

"Aren't I already yours?"

"Forever mine."

A-List held his shot up for a toast and both men drank theirs down.

'Sub-verted' sipped his ginger ale, staring into the depths of the pool.

'Born-to-Rule' cuddled against him from behind. "You okay, babe?"

"Yeah. Just fuckin' amazed how much money some people have."

"It's just stuff. You can't buy love."

"Sure, keep telling yourself that." He reached back to squeeze Born-to-Rule's leather covered thigh.

"The pool looks inviting. These pants are hot."

"Told ya you'd cook in those."

"I get off on pain and discomfort."

"Of others." Sub-verted laughed. "Funny thing is, the mask is the worst part of the outfit." He pushed on it and heard his own exhale against the papier-mâché.

"You will obey..." Born-to-Rule teased.

Sub-verted gazed at his lover. Born-to Rule's mask was leather, just covering his eyes. The urge to kiss him became overwhelming.

"I'm getting more food."

When Born-to-Rule moved away, Sub-verted frowned under his mask...until a hand was held out for him sweetly. Sub-verted reached for it, and fell in beside his man to eat the gourmet food.

"Does it look as though everyone is having a good time, Steven?"

"Top-Dog. Christ, Pretty-Man, you made the rules about names and masks, now you're breaking them."

"True. But I always said rules were made to be broken."

Z replied, "You never said that. You did everything by the rules."

"Bollocks." Pretty-Man stuck out his tongue at Z.

"If you ask me," Hot-Lips said, "Everyone looks bored." He sipped his wine.

"I wasn't going to say it." Top-Dog shook his head. "We should have hired a stripper."

"Like you don't see enough cock," Pretty-Man rolled his eyes. Then he had a thought. "Speaking of...where is my only son and the bane of my life?"

"He headed off someplace with Stud. Didn't you see him?" Hot-Lips tilted his head in the direction of the sliding doors to the interior of the reception hall.

"Uh oh." Top-Dog cracked up. "See. So bored they went to have sex in a closet."

"He'd better not." Pretty-Man tried to keep track of Blaze though with so many men in similar masks, it wasn't easy.

A loud splash startled Pretty-Man as well as the men around him. When he looked into the pool, he found a naked young man, still with a mask on his head, treading water.

Pretty-Man could tell by the length of the young man's hair who it was.

"You asked. There he is." Top-Dog tried to cover his laughter, cupping his hand over his mask.

Blaze beckoned to Stud, refreshed and uninhibited to be naked in a pool with so many men watching. "Swim with me."

Stud glanced around nervously.

"Keep your mask on."

Stud began shedding his clothing.

"Yes!" Blaze pumped his fist.

As Stud stripped Blaze licked his Lips hungrily. Several men began to get the same idea, leaving piles of black clothing as they revealed their physiques.

Stud made sure his mask was in place, then descended the half-moon shaped steps into the water.

Blaze walked to the shallow end, meeting him. Though Stud was twenty years older than he was, Blaze thought he had never seen a more beautiful man in his life. And on Stud's upper arm was a tattoo ring of black interwoven with Blaze's real name.

They drew together and kissed. The crowd of men whooped and whistled around them.

Several splashes occurred close by, but Blaze never bothered to look. He had his lover in his arms, naked in a pool, kissing and claiming him for the world to see.

"I don't bloody believe this!" Pretty-Man choked.

"Finally!" Top-Dog began shedding his attire.

The moment he did, Z and Hot-Lips removed theirs.

Pretty-Man blinked from under his feathery mask and nearly fell over as he witnessed all his good friends, naked, jumping into the pool to roughhouse and play.

Before Z did a flying jump into the fray, Pretty-Man held him back. "Can I be sued by the place, Jackie?"

"Oh, hell no. They provided the private venue with a pool." Z held Hot-Lips' hand and they jumped in.

"Are you coming?" Top-Dog stood naked, gesturing to Pretty-Man who was soon becoming the last clothed man.

"This is bloody ridiculous!"

Top-Dog tilted his head suggestively at Z and Hot-Lips, trying to recruit them for his deed. They climbed out of the pool and stalked Pretty-Man.

"No. You're joking! You will not throw me in!" He backed up, holding up his hands.

"Strip." Z crossed his arms over his broad chest.

The final hold out in over a dozen men, Pretty-Man was now the center of attention. The group in the pool began egging him on.

The sight of sixteen men all naked but for masks on their faces was surreal. Pretty-Man got stage fright.

"Fine." Top-Dog walked away, jumping into the pool, raising his mask, dipping under, and pulling it over his face again.

Hot-Lips asked, "You're not seriously going to be the only man not swimming."

Z shrugged following Top-Dog's lead and jumped into the pool.

"You suck, Dad!" was yelled from a young man in a silver mask.

"Be quiet." Pretty-Man stared at Hot-Lips. "Will you stand in front of me whilst I undress?"

"Of course, gorgeous."

Pretty-Man's hands shook as he removed his clothing. Yes, he'd posed nude once for a UK erotic gay magazine, with a mask

on, but that didn't do anything to conceal his identity. Within cyber-seconds of the release, his image went viral online and every caption stated his name.

One of the hunky bartenders was eying him hungrily. Mark paused in his disrobing and rubbed his face under the mask.

The noise of men splashing and laughing became a hum in his ears.

"When did you get that?" Top-Dog poked Stud in his tattooed upper arm. "Seriously? You got his name tattooed on you? Are you out of your mind?"

"No. I'm not out of my mind." Stud rubbed his fingers over the design. "Are you?"

Blaze laughed, bobbing in the water. "Wanna see mine?"

Top-Dog choked. "You didn't!"

"Did." Blaze floated to his back and showed off a gold police lieutenant's badge with his lover's name on the top, and 'forever' written under it.

"Your father is going to kill you." Top-Dog tried to avoid ogling Blaze's cock.

Blaze sunk under the water, holding Stud around his neck. "That chicken can't even take off his pants to skinny dip."

Top-Dog felt bad for Pretty-Man and spun around with intentions to comfort him. When he spotted Pretty-Man walking to the pool, his hand cupping his enormous endowment, Top-Dog smiled. "If I had that between my legs, I'd show it off."

"Tell me about it." Hot-Lips walked down the pool's steps to meet Z.

"Fine!" Pretty-Man stood still at the ledge of the pool and held his arms out to his sides.

Catcalls and whistles came from the wild men in the water.

Pretty-Man bowed, and appeared to relax.

"Can we get a one-man show?" Been-Rescued asked.

"We'll leave that up to you," Five-Oh answered.

Top-Dog walked up the underwater steps to meet Pretty-Man. "Your son has a tattoo"

Pretty-Man gasped and Top-Dog could see his green eyes grow wide under his plumed mask. "No! First he gets his nipple pierced, now this?"

"A lieutenant badge with, you-know-who's name on it." Top-Dog led Pretty-Man down the stair. "Come look."

"I don't want to see it. I don't want to know about it."

"Is this going to turn into an orgy?" A-List asked Forever-Gay.

"We can instigate it."

"Can we?"

Forever-Gay leapt onto A-List, locking his ankles behind his back and kissed him.

"Wow." Been-Rescued blinked behind his joker half mask. "Can we do that?"

"Do what?" Rescue-Me looked at where Been-Rescued was pointing. "Is that who I think it is?"

"Yes. Wow. I'm in heat."

Before Rescue-Me could reply, Been-Rescued jumped on him, making Rescue-Me stumble into Hoser and Leave-em.

"I knew I shouldn't have let you get me drunk." Leave-em grabbed onto Hoser as he stumbled in the water.

"Orgy time?" Hoser asked, looking around as several men began kissing and getting naughty under the cover of masks and now water. Hoser tapped Leave-em and gestured to another couple deep in a swoon.

"Looks like our LAPD lovers have already decided." Leaveem watched for a moment, then said, "What the hell. Give me some of that hose, Hoser."

"You got it, Leave-em. And leave me satisfied." They embraced and locked lips.

"Who'll be the first one to come in the pool?" Z chuckled as he observed the surroundings.

"When did it go from splashing and dipping to sucking face and humping?" Hot-Lips blinked as he looked around. "Got very quiet."

"I think Pretty-Man is about to have a coronary." Z tilted his head to the long-haired supermodel.

"Oh well. Ya can't beat em." Hot-Lips leapt onto his big, brawny blond and pressed their mouths together.

"Yes...oh yes..." Blaze spread his legs wider as he used Stud's hand to jack himself off.

Stud kept watch of who noticed. "Babe, your grunts are attracting attention. He tried to stop fisting Blaze, but Blaze kept his hand trapped around his huge cock.

"Let me see it," Pretty-Man said to Blaze, appearing angry.

Stud released Blaze's cock instantly, and stepped back.

"See what? Stud giving me a hand-job?"

"Alexander!" Pretty-Man glared at him.

"Blaze, Dad. Blaze. Your rules."

Pretty-Man looked back at Top-Dog who was standing behind him. "I can't deal with him right now," Pretty-Man said.

"Blaze, show your father your damn tattoo," Top-Dog ordered.

Stud gave Blaze a stern look. "Show your dad."

"Help me float, L-T." Alex grabbed onto Stud and raised his lower half to the surface.

"Holy Christ, Alex!" A-List said as he gasped when Blaze's erection stood like the Empire State Building out of the water's surface. Heads turned his way and soon the men were sharing the gossip around the pool.

"See?" Blaze pressed his erection against one side of his abdomen, trying to show off his tattoo.

Pretty-Man shook his head. "I'm so upset about this."

Blaze sunk back down, holding onto Stud. "Go take a valium."

"Did you know he was going to do that for you?" Pretty-Man asked Stud.

"No. But I did too." Stud showed Pretty-Man his tattooed arm.

"You've both lost your mind." Pretty-Man made a one hundred and eighty degree spin, slamming into Top-Dog and his stiff hard-on. "Good God!"

"Shut up and do something about it." Top-Dog hunted for Pretty-Man's hand and planted it on his cock.

"Was that because of my son's erect penis?"

"No. There are nearly twenty naked men in this pool and I'm losing my mind." Top-Dog slid the full-face mask to the top of his head, the only man revealing his 'identity', as if it were hard to determine who was who for the group of close knit friends.

"Steven," Pretty-Man said softly, drawn closer.

"Get over here, Richfield." Top-Dog dug his wet fingers through Pretty-Man's hair and urged him into a kiss.

"It's playtime, boys!" Been-Rescued threw up his arms and dove on Rescue-Me, knocking him into Hoser and Leave-em, who were standing nearly on top of Five-Oh and Fuzz.

Forever-Gay parted from A-List's mouth to say, "Finally, the party is fun!"

"Shut up and keep kissing me." Forever-Gay looped his arm around A-List's neck.

Born-to-Rule pinned Sub-verted to the side of the pool, grinding their cocks together. "Don't say I never take you anywhere fun."

"Jesus! Do all the celebrities do this?"

"Only the ones who I like." Born-to-Rule cupped Subverted's jaw mashed their lips. When the mask got in the way, Born-to-Rule grew frustrated. He spun around and made a loud announcement. "All right, men! Listen up."

The large group parted from the kissing long enough to see what he had to say.

He yanked the mask off his head and yelled, "On the count of three! Expose yourself!"

In unison the group counted down, "One! Two! Three!" The masks were tossed into the air and fell to the pool and surrounding patio like confetti.

A huge cheer went up and the fun continued.

Standing behind the alcohol display and watching the action with a bartender, who was about to jack off where he stood, the man in the clear mask held a small video camera low, watching his monitor as he took movies of the event.

Under his breath he said, "And the L.A. Masquerade continues." He shook his head. "Hello, World Wide Web. Have I got a news flash for you."

The End

*All the characters in this short story are based on the men in the *Action! Series*. Do you know who is who?*

About the Author

Award-winning author G.A. Hauser was born in Fair Lawn, New Jersey, USA and attended university in New York City. She moved to Seattle, Washington where she worked as a patrol officer with the Seattle Police Department. In early 2000 G.A. moved to Hertfordshire, England where she began her writing in earnest and published her first

book, In the Shadow of Alexander. Now a full-time writer, G.A. has written over sixty novels, including several best-sellers of gay fiction and is an Honorary Board Member of Gay American Heroes for her support of the foundation. For more information on other books by G.A., visit the author at her official website. www.authorgahauser.com

G.A. has won awards from All Romance eBooks for Best Author 2010, 2009, Best Novel 2008, *Mile High*, and Best Author 2008, Best Novel 2007, *Secrets and Misdemeanors*, Best Author 2007.

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