

LOVE'S LANDSCAPES



Don't Read in the Closet 2014

KNIGHT IN SHINING COWBOY BOOTS

Thianna D

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Love's Landscapes

An M/M Romance series

KNIGHT IN SHINING COWBOY BOOTS

By Thianna D

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love's Landscapes* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

What Is Love's Landscapes?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what these authors do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love's Landscapes*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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KNIGHT IN SHINING COWBOY BOOTS

By Thianna D

Photo Description

Both wearing jeans and bare-chested. Man on the left is kissing the man on the right's cheek. Man on the right is glaring into the camera while he keeps a tight hold on hands that are at his hips.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

How the hell did this happen, again?

It was just supposed to be a summer job as a ranch hand, something to get him by before he started his last year of college; and yet here he was half-naked, his cheek being caressed by a velvet tongue, and staring questioningly at the man who had forced him into this mess to begin with.

The ranch foreman licked his lips as he watched them through the viewfinder of the camera. He took note of the restraining hand that was keeping the other man from caressing the one watching him with hooded eyes. He remembered the day that the bright eyed freshman with a brand new tattoo had come to the ranch looking for an "internship". Damn city-folk and their hair-brained ideas, but the kid hadn't given up. So the foreman had given in this year, on one condition...

I'm not picky. PWP, fluff, angst. Whatever you wanna do with it. (Please ignore the text on the the picture, I couldn't find a version with no text >.<)

Sincerely,

Ava

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: cowboy, drag queen, in the closet, flamboyant characters, adult film, "turning a straight guy gay"

Content Warnings: dubious consent

Word Count: 5,806

Author's Note

When I received this wonderful little prompt, I had a slight idea of how the story would go. But as always happens when I start a story, the characters have their own ideas. What started out as a small story quickly built into a novel. At over 100k, it is not finished. Realizing I would not get it done and edited within the span of time needed (as when I write a novel it gets put away for three months before I can look at it and start re-writing), I elected to take one of the scenes from the novel and write it in a different POV. So, once the novel comes out, you can find out Corrigan's take on this scene.

KNIGHT IN SHINING COWBOY BOOTS

By Thianna D

Stumbling into the small closet that passed for his bedroom in the run-down building reserved for ranch hands, Tyler Campden tossed the bag aside and crashed onto his bed, staring at the wall in front of him in dismay. This could not be happening. Not again. Biting the inside of his cheek hard to stop the tears that threatened to escape, he forced himself to take a few deep breaths to calm down.

This isn't the end of the world, he tried to convince himself. It was nothing. A once-off. And yet... Tyler had the feeling Carlos had no intention of it happening only the one time. But that wasn't even the worst part. No, the nastiest part was it was all captured on camera for the second time in his life. Kyle kissing and touching him, his boner when the sensations became too much, and the pinnacle was Corrigan coming to his aid.

“What the hell was that?” he hissed, shoving his face into his pillow. Tyler wasn't a prude. At the age of twenty-one, he'd had a fair number of sexual partners. But all female. Never had he let a man touch him like he'd been touched today. Never had he thrust and let a guy...

Shuddering, he pulled the pillow out from under him and pulled it over his head, as if doing so would muffle the recollection of the last hour. One hour that would haunt him for years to come, he was sure. Unable to stop the images coming to mind, he sunk into the memory.

“Tyler,” Carlos called.

Looking up from tossing the new hay bales into the back of the truck, Tyler raised an eyebrow at his boss, Carlos Fuega. In his mid-fifties, Carlos had the look of a man who had spent his entire life outside. Deeply tanned, weathered face, brittle brown hair, and an expression Tyler knew well. It said he wanted to get the hell out of here.

“Yeah, boss?” Working at Summerland Ranch had not been Tyler's first choice, but they had offered enough money for sixty days work that it had been

worth his while to step out of the city and into the tall grasses that reminded him a little too much of home.

“Need your help in the old barn.”

A tremble went through Tyler as he knew something odd was happening over in the old barn. Other ranch hands had made teasing and somewhat lewd references to it and as his gut clenched, he knew he should refuse. But if he did, would he lose the job? He truly needed the money this summer position would bring him. It would support him enough that he wouldn't have to work for his entire senior year in college. Instead, he could study for the LSAT and apply and interview at the law schools he wished to attend.

Looking to his left, he grimaced at the strange grin on Tommy Larson's face. “What's with you?” he asked, and Tommy just snickered and turned back to the hay. Straightening up, Tyler pulled off his gloves and walked across the field. The walk to the old, rarely-used barn would take a good thirty minutes, and he needed it to convince himself that whatever they needed him for, he could do. There was something strange going on here. He had noticed from his first day. The men working this ranch weren't your typical ranch hands. They were pretty boys, flirts, and most of them—if he was any judge—were gay.

Firmly in the bi-closet ever since he realized he was as attracted to men as he was to women, Tyler never let anyone know of his same-sex attraction. His father and the cowboys he had worked with growing up had taught him one thing. Being gay was an abomination, and they would beat the shit out of anyone they found with that particular disgrace. As he was also attracted to women, he was mostly able to put his own needs aside. But the testosterone and sex that practically oozed through the air out here in the middle of fucking nowhere was too much to ignore.

With nowhere to point his frustration, he tended to use his time in the shower wisely.

Coming up on the barn that, as far as he knew, wasn't used for anything useful, he felt his heart speed up. The expressions on the guys' faces when they left the barn were usually a mixture of euphoria and horror. At least the first time. Just what happened in this building? As he walked up to the door and stopped, he knew he was about to find out. The question was, did he want to? His gut told him that if he walked across the threshold of the barn, his life would change. Tyler just wished he knew if it was a change for the better or the worse.

Sliding the door open, he stepped out of the noonday sun and into the cooler air of the barn, inhaling hay and the old scent of horses. Looking around, he spotted none, so he assumed that it was just one of those scents that once it got into the wood, it was there for good. Standing in the middle of the barn in front of two neatly stacked bales of straw was Kyle Petherly in all his shaved-head glory. Tyler was barely able to control his grimace. He really didn't like Kyle. The man was a suck-up, a tease, and had made a pass at almost every man on the ranch as far as he could tell. If he was any judge, though, Kyle had a thing for Carlos which made Tyler wonder if he and Carlos were in this together.

The door shut behind him, making him jump as he swung round to come face-to-face with the foreman.

"Made good time," Carlos grunted, walking past him and Kyle. Tyler's mouth dropped open as he watched the older man pull a tarp off a video camera and tripod. Turning back, Carlos smiled, a piece of straw between his teeth. "So, Tyler, about time you were initiated into Summerland Ranch."

"Meaning what?" Tyler asked, walking forward incredibly slowly but still keeping his distance from Kyle.

Ignoring the question, Carlos grabbed a small bag and unzipped it, walking over to him. As he spread open the top, Tyler's eyes fell on the bundle of money inside of it, a small moan escaping his lips. With that kind of money, maybe he could live rather than just exist this year.

"It's simple," Carlos said, rezzipping the bag and walking back behind the camera. "You want this? You perform on camera."

"Perform?"

Kyle grinned. "A little kissin'. Some touchin'. Nothin' big."

Tensing as he realized what they were saying, Tyler shook his head, even as his eyes stared at the bag of money.

He couldn't.

"It's nothing," Carlos said in a soothing tone. "You can even keep your pants on if that makes you feel safer. Kyle can touch you, fondle you, kiss you above your clothes or on bare skin."

"Why the camera?" Tyler searched his mind for why this was a bad idea, but the money was clouding out all judgment. Maybe he could even pay for plane tickets to visit law schools instead of driving long distances.

“Artistic merit,” the older man said with a shrug. “We have plans to use this place in the future, and this allows us to learn more about lighting and camera work. Nothing big or bad about this. I promise.”

A little voice in the back of his head was screaming “No!” After all, he had hidden his sexuality for five years. This was heading into a gray area, an area he had dabbled in only once before as a freshman. Surely this couldn't be a good idea?

And yet, that money would be wonderful.

“How long?” he asked, fighting a throat that wanted to close up in protest.

“Forty minutes,” Kyle said in his flirtatious tone, making Tyler grimace again. He really didn't like Kyle. Maybe that would be a good thing. His distaste for the man should preclude any sexual reaction.

“And I don't have to do anything, right?” he hedged.

“Just accept my touch.”

Glancing at the camera, Tyler took a slow breath even as his eyes drifted to the bag. “So, I have to let you touch me for forty minutes and you'll give me that money? No questions asked?”

“No questions asked,” Carlos agreed. “Though you will have to sign a piece of paper saying you accept the money for modeling.”

Modeling. That didn't sound bad. Law schools wouldn't have issues with a guy modeling. They would never have to know what he did, or what was done to him to procure the money. “All right,” he whispered.

“Step into the circle,” Kyle encouraged, pointing out a chalk circle that ran around him and the bales of straw. “As long as you stay in here, the camera can see you.”

“Lose the shirt,” Carlos added as Tyler stepped over the outline. A telltale red light came on, and Tyler tried to ignore it as he tossed aside his hat and unbuttoned and removed his shirt, pulling his undershirt over his head quickly and tossing them both on the straw. Quickly, he pushed back the hair that always fell into his face when he wasn't wearing something to hold it back. Tyler supposed he should get it cut, but he rather liked his hair a little disorderly.

“Ooh, baby,” Kyle said, licking his lower lip. “You are hot!”

Pleased that he felt grossed out by the words pouring from Kyle's lips, Tyler stood in front of him, his eyes turned toward the camera. At least this way he didn't have to watch. Two warm hands landed on his hips and instinctively he grasped them, holding them still as soft warm lips pressed against his cheek. He felt like a wooden statue standing there as Kyle kissed him, warm feathered lips ghosting down his cheek and across his mouth. When a very wet tongue slid along the crease, Tyler clenched his lips together. A low chuckle resounded in Kyle's chest.

"Give it up, baby," he said, nuzzling Tyler's chin. "All men want it. And you will, too. Just let go. Feel. Touch me." Pulling his hands out of Tyler's grip, they slid up Tyler's back, leaving long tendrils of ice in their wake. One hand slid back down and grabbed the back of his jeans, yanking him close. He could feel Kyle's aroused state.

Bile slowly rose up Tyler's throat, and he fought it back. Just forty minutes. Forty minutes and he could leave with that money. Surely he could put up with forty minutes of this?

Holding Tyler's body, Kyle pressed his knee in between Tyler's legs and as he thrust his cock up against Tyler's thigh, his thigh came in contact with Tyler's dick.

"No!" Tyler shouted, jumping back, fighting back the severe nausea threatening to expunge what little he'd had for breakfast this morning.

Raising an eyebrow, Kyle just grinned. "Come on, baby. Stop thinkin'. Just feel." Reaching out, he grasped Tyler's hand too hard to pull away from and steadily, yet firmly, pulled him back within the chalk outline. Kyle placed Tyler's hands on his hips. "Touch me. It'll help," he murmured, his lips already drifting across Tyler's chest.

But Tyler didn't want to touch him. He didn't even want Kyle to be touching him! Glancing at the money one last time, he knew what he had to do. "I can't," he said, starting to back up and glaring when Kyle wrapped his arms around him and held him close.

"Yes, you can," Kyle murmured into Tyler's ear. "Think of all that money. Surely that's worth a grope or two? Just relax, baby. After your first orgasm, it's easier. Never been with a man before?"

"No," Tyler replied woodenly.

“Best fuck of your life. I promise. If you’d let me suck your dick, you’d get over this shyness right now.”

Startled, Tyler stared at him wide-eyed. Of course he wanted a blow job. What man wouldn’t? But not from this sad excuse for a man. Besides, he was keeping his pants on. Turning to look toward the money, all the air left him quickly as Kyle grasped his dick through his jeans, rubbing lightly.

“Fuck off!” he yelled, pushing Kyle hard enough that he fell backward into the straw. “The money ain’t worth it,” he managed to say, gulping back the bile in his mouth.

“Sure it is,” Carlos said in an encouraging tone. “I know you need it. Tell you what. Let’s make it easier on you. Sit on the straw and let Kyle blow you. This is just nerves. It doesn’t have to be a big thing. And this way you get a really good blow job out of it. Because, believe me, Kyle knows what he’s doing. And then you and the money can walk out of the barn.” He lifted the bag and hung it out where Tyler could see it.

Damn, he wanted that money, but he didn’t want to be touched by Kyle. Even the thought brought up more bile. If only it was somebody else. Anyone else except for one man, really. He was the only man on the ranch besides Kyle that Tyler found repulsive.

“How are we doing?” As if he had magicked the horror into the barn, Tyler turned and stared at Corrigan Summers who was standing just outside of the chalk circle with a bright smile on his face. Being found in this situation was bad enough. That it was by the biggest queen in the place made it a million times worse. Dressed in tight, red shorts that left nothing to the imagination except where the fuck he tucked his rod and a tight black T-shirt, Corrigan looked like he belonged on stage somewhere. Not on a working ranch in Washington State. The addition of heavy black eyeliner and bright red rouge on his cheeks just made it worse. But with all of that dressing, the part that Tyler couldn’t quite get was the man’s boots. How the hell did he keep them so shiny with all the dust?

“What do you want, Corrigan?” Carlos grunted.

“Well, since you’re getting Tyler into the action, I thought I’d come and lend a hand... if you know what I mean,” Corrigan added suggestively.

Something was wrong here. Corrigan was a queen, just the kind of guy Tyler was never attracted to, and yet compared to Kyle, he suddenly felt like a

better option. And Tyler wasn't quite sure what to think of that. He hated queens.

Grunting, Carlos shrugged. "You don't get anything from it."

Raising an eyebrow, Corrigan ran his gaze down and back up Tyler's body. "Honey, I'll be getting a lot from it."

Standing up, Kyle glared at the newcomer but walked out of the circle to stand next to Carlos. Tyler could see him whispering in the older man's ear but couldn't hear a word. A hand landing on his shoulder made him jump, and he turned, coming face to face with the queen. "Hey," he grunted, his stomach tensing in a strange way.

Corrigan looked over at the camera and gave it a slow, lazy grin, before wrapping his arms around Tyler's shoulders and pulling him close. His lips grazed Tyler's ear making him tremble. In a voice so low the two at the camera probably didn't even realize he was talking, Corrigan whispered, "We can get through this, Tyler. I promise I won't let anything bad happen to you."

Tyler had a brief moment of "What the fuck?" The voice in his ear was deeper, firmer, more commanding than he had heard from Corrigan up to this point. His hold was friendly, warm, and comforting. "What's going on?" he hissed as quietly as he could.

"Just go with it. We can give them what they want without you having to let slack-jaw over there suck you."

Snorting at the term, Tyler fought a desire to smile. Corrigan Summers had a sense of humor. A real one. Who knew?

"And I promise," Corrigan's voice deepened even further, "that the video they're shooting won't leave this ranch."

Tyler relaxed, resting against the slightly older man's chest. Corrigan might only be twenty-five, but right now he seemed older, and in this moment, Tyler felt he could be trusted. And Tyler really needed someone he could trust. "Okay."

"Just follow my lead."

A warm, slightly-calloused hand lightly touched his cheek as warm, velvety lips trailed along his chin. "Just think of me as a woman," Corrigan encouraged with a definite hint of humor in his tone. "I am dressed like one."

Spluttering a laugh, Tyler looked into Corrigan's warm eyes. They were a pale green, like a golden delicious apple, and for the first time since they met, Tyler wondered if there was more to Corrigan than his queen persona.

His thoughts derailed when the man in front of him leaned in, drifting his lips softly along Tyler's upper lip and continuing their path along his lower. Soft tufts of breath drifted across his skin, and Tyler inhaled cinnamon and mint mixed with a little chocolate. Corrigan's lips followed a path up over his nose and to his forehead, drifting along every inch of his skin, leaving heat in his wake.

Without consciously thinking about it, Tyler wrapped his arms around the man in front of him, one hand gripping the shirt at his upper back, the other lying lightly right above the swell of Corrigan's buttocks, his fingers drifting along a sliver of skin. As arms tightened around him, Corrigan's lips once again drifted over his; and as Corrigan softly sucked his upper lip between his own, Tyler moaned. A shiver travelled up his spine, spreading out through the rest of his body. Instinctively, his lips parted, and Corrigan took what he offered, covering his mouth and sliding his tongue inside.

Tyler had frenched girls before, but had never had someone do it to him. This man knew what he was doing. Their tongues danced lightly against one another for a few minutes as hands reached down and grasped his buttocks, pulling him forward gently. This time, as a thigh came in contact with his dick, it made his heart race and his hands grasp.

"Shh," Corrigan whispered, pulling back enough to speak, keeping his lips right in front of Tyler's. "There's no reason to hurry, Cowboy. And don't forget, you're on camera." The warning had Tyler's eyes flashing open. He'd forgotten that small detail for a moment. And as Corrigan's thigh pressed gently against his budding stiffy, he forgot again. Damn, this felt good. As his breathing sped up, Corrigan covered his mouth again, licking along each curve and sucking Tyler's tongue into his own mouth.

Each movement he made was seductive, and yet Tyler didn't think it was put on. The man truly knew what he was doing. Who knew how many men he'd been with? Tyler kicked that thought out. He didn't want to think of Corrigan with other men. One hand left his buttocks and slid around to his front, palming his cock over his jeans.

"Oh my god," he moaned as Corrigan grasped the back of his head and held him still, pushing Tyler's tongue back into his mouth and sliding his own tongue in and out between Tyler's lips.

The pressure of the hand at his crotch combined with the amazing tongue-fucking he was getting made Tyler lose all sense of reality. He bucked against Corrigan's hand again and again, the pressure building quickly. He wanted... he wanted... His brain couldn't seem to make a connection with what he indeed wanted. At the moment, Tyler wasn't even sure. All he was sure of was that he wanted it with the man holding him tight.

The long, sure strokes over his jeans-covered dick slowed down until, with almost a lazy flick, the hand left, moving back to rest against Tyler's lower back. Pulling his tongue out, Corrigan leaned his forehead against Tyler's as the two breathed roughly against one another. "Don't stop," Tyler whimpered softly.

Kissing him with the softest of caresses, Corrigan moved his mouth to Tyler's ear and whispered. "Not in front of the camera. You deserve more than to cum for these two assholes to see. If you want... I'll come to your room later where we can do this in private. Or not. Your choice." Pulling back, Corrigan kissed him one last time before releasing him, his hands grasping Tyler's arms as if to steady him. Once Tyler stood up straight, Corrigan let him go.

Almost instantly, the queen persona came back. Turning to the camera, Corrigan waved his arm around and bowed. "And that's how it's done. Give him his money," he said with a laugh. There was something in the laugh that caught Tyler's attention—a steely note that spoke more of his feelings for the two men watching them than about the money. In that moment, Tyler realized Corrigan didn't like Carlos or Kyle. For all he knew, Corrigan hated whatever they were doing with the camera. Or there might be more.

The red light on the camera went off, and Carlos shook his head. "One of these days, Corrigan, you're gonna fail."

"Not possible," Corrigan replied, putting his hands up in front of his face while looking at his nails objectively. "Honey, I hope you don't need me for the rest of the day. I need to go into town. These nails need a new buff and shine. All this cowboy work is horrible for them."

"Don't get your knickers in a twist," Kyle said with a sneer.

Grabbing a piece of paper, Carlos beckoned to Tyler who took a cautious step forward. "Sign and the money's yours."

Taking the contract and the pen, Tyler glanced back at Corrigan, the first man he'd ever actually made out with, trying to come to terms with his feelings

about the whole thing and hoping the man behind him would give him some indication if signing was a good thing. Corrigan's eyes narrowed, but he didn't make any comment. Quickly signing his name to the bottom of the form, Tyler handed it back, relieved when Kyle tossed him the bag.

Without waiting for anything else, he turned and ran out of the barn, high-tailing it to his room.

Groaning, Tyler lifted the pillow off his head and flipped around, lying on his back. Only once before had another man turned him on as much as Corrigan Summers, and at that time he hadn't gotten close enough to touch, let alone anything else. But now he was confused. Did Corrigan like him? It seemed like he was in on the filming thing, and yet he didn't like Carlos or Kyle at all.

Even at the thought of the man, his cock came back to life. "Shit," he hissed, unbuttoning and removing his jeans quickly. He didn't have the time to go to the shower, and this was his own room. As his hand wrapped around his cock, the first image that came to mind was of Corrigan in those hideous shorts and T-shirt. His interest sagged until he thought of the wonderful green eyes and soft, velvety lips. After a low moan left his throat, he spit into his palm and quickly moved his hand up and down his shaft. He needed completion. Damn. Corrigan stopping so close to when he was about to cum had been torture. True, Tyler was glad he had. Coming on camera would have been hideous once the realization hit him.

But... ungh! Remembering how good it had felt for another man's hand to rub along his dick, using just the right amount of pressure, understanding where his most sensitive areas were. Not to mention being tongue-fucked for the first time in his life.

His breathing sped up, as did his hand. Harsh breaths filled his room as he raced toward what he needed. He never heard his door open. Tyler's first indication that he wasn't alone was a low moan from across the small space. Turning his head, Tyler froze as he stared at Corrigan, who was staring at Tyler's cock. "Fuck!" he hissed, grabbing the blanket and tossing it over his lap.

Blinking as if coming out of a trance, Corrigan grimaced. "Sorry. I didn't realize you were busy." His tone was deep again. In fact, even though he was still wearing the offensive outfit, it no longer looked right. Corrigan stood with

his weight firmly planted on both feet, his back straight, head up. There was no queen anywhere in his attitude. "Look," he said gently, "I just wanted to apologize about the barn. I hate what they're doing and just wanted to get you out of there without pissing Carlos off. Not an easy feat. But I didn't actually mean to go so far." Pausing, he ran his hand through his hair, the first indication he was nervous. "I know you're straight. I'd never try to turn a straight guy gay."

"Bi," Tyler blurted out for the first time in his life. "I'm bi, not straight." For some reason, it seemed important to explain that to the man standing across the small amount of floor space.

Startled, Corrigan stared at him for a moment before his lips quirked into a semi-real smile. "So you weren't thinking of a hot girl with big tits while I kissed you?"

Amused, Tyler shook his head. "Nope."

Taking the one step forward that was needed, Corrigan slowly sat down next to Tyler. "Look," he said in a quiet voice. "The guys think you're straight, and that's why Carlos wants you for his films. He has this strange fixation about turning a straight guy gay." Shrugging, he stretched his back, causing his shirt to ride up a little. Tyler's eyes fastened on the thin line of hair going from his outie belly button straight down, a trail to whatever was hiding in those shorts. Clearing his voice, Corrigan added. "I've got a vehicle. I suggest if you don't want that cash disappearing, that I take you into town where you can deposit it somewhere. After all," he said, his voice raising a little in tone as he stood up and the queen made another appearance. "I have to get my nails done. They're a fright."

Staring at the man in front of him, Tyler shook his head. "Who are you?"

With a raised eyebrow, Corrigan shook his head. "An anomaly."

"I suppose so. I'll meet you by your truck."

"Don't take long," Corrigan said in a sing-song voice as he opened the door. "If you need to cum, I'd be mighty glad to help in the truck. You'd be amazed what this tongue can do." With a wink, he sauntered out of the room leaving Tyler staring at him wide-eyed and slack-jawed.

His cock throbbed in complaint as he stood up and quickly pulled his jeans and boots back on. For all he knew, maybe he could get Corrigan to give him another hand job. If he didn't look at the clothes, Tyler could almost forget the

man was a queen. Grabbing the bag of money, he quickly made his way out of the building, catching up to Corrigan who was just climbing into the cab of his truck. As he hopped in next to him, Tyler's eyes fell to the man's boots and he found himself blurting out, "How do you keep those things so shiny?"

Bursting out laughing, Corrigan backed up the truck and headed into town. "It's skill, Honey. Just skill. I like things clean." Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a container of handi-wipes. "They come in handy for all sorts of things."

Shaking his head as Tyler seriously didn't get how Corrigan could be a firm, comforting man one moment and an annoying queen the next, he lifted his boots up and put them on the dash. "Do you think that's the end of Carlos trying to get me in front of the camera?"

"Hell, no," Corrigan said, shaking his head. "The man wants you bent over and either swallowing cock or being fucked by one. Or even better for him, both at the same time. But don't worry," he said in a teasing tone as he glanced over and winked before turning back to the road. "I'll come save ya."

"Great. Just what I needed. A knight in shining cowboy boots."

The burst of deep, heartfelt laughter next to him made Tyler grin. Just maybe he'd made a friend. And if he wanted to, Tyler had the feeling there was even more than friendship possible. Would he? Could he? Only time would tell, but Tyler had to admit to himself that he looked forward to getting to know more about the man next to him. He had never considered a summer fling as even a possibility, but maybe... just maybe Tyler Campden was ready to be flung. It might be the deep end he was diving into, but he had the feeling, as long as nobody else found out about it, that this affair would be something he would be able to look back on with fondness for the rest of his life.

The End

Author Bio

Thianna D is a writer of both M/M and M/F erotica and erotic romance. She loves reading and writing stories with strong men who each have a past and through each other are able to heal. In the majority of her work, some form of D/s is usually apparent.

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