**Mutual Solace**

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Explicit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Graphic Depictions Of Violence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>M/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Hockey RPF</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Jamie Benn/Tyler Seguin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Jamie Benn, Tyler Seguin, Claude Giroux, Jordie Benn, Patrick Sharp, Sidney Crosby, Evgeni Malkin, Dion Phaneuf, Steven Stamkos, Phil Kessel, Jason Demers, Alexander Ovechkin, Logan Couture, Marc-Andre Fleury, David Backes, Joe Thornton, Brent Burns, Candace Seguin, Jackie Seguin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2016-03-13 Completed: 2017-02-03 Chapters: 12/12 Words: 108331</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Mutual Solace**

by [Cigarettesandchocolatemilk](http://archiveofourown.org/users/Cigarettesandchocolatemilk), [TheNaughtyVirgin](http://archiveofourown.org/users/TheNaughtyVirgin)

**Summary**

Excitement, adventure and sexual awakening await Tyler Seguin, a young gentleman from the Toronto elite, out in the Canadian West.

"The cowboy buried his nose in Tyler’s brown hair and gathered him in his arms, lifting him up into a sitting position. Jamie caressed Tyler’s broad back with opened palms and whispered in his ear, “It’s you and me, Tyler. You and me forever.”"

**Notes**

See the end of the work for [notes](http://archiveofourown.org/works/6238957#notes)
The Arrival

Chapter Summary

*Tyler wanted to speak up, but he suddenly felt Benny's big hand on his arm, giving it a bit of a warning squeeze. It sent a jolt down Tyler's spine. He managed to bite back a gasp that threatened to escape.*

Chapter Notes

Revised and betaed by Leyna ([leyley09](mailto:leyley09)).

*Autumn 1868*

Tyler Seguin tapped his knee nervously. He'd been on a train for a week, heading west. Gold had been found in the British Columbia colony, and Tyler's father, Paul, was eager to claim his stake in the new wealth. Normally, Tyler's father would send paid men to prospect, but this wasn't the case this time. Tyler was different, not what Paul expected in his growing son. He was barely passing his classes, losing interest and not applying himself.

Tyler lurched in his seat as the train groaned and hissed to a stop. He'd probably packed too many things, but he didn't know what to expect. He'd been reading books during his long trip, but reading about something and actually doing it was very different. He didn't know anyone out West. Tyler only knew that it was full of thick forests and mountains and bears. And now another gold rush. It'd only been a couple of years since the first craze. Tyler just didn't understand why his father was so keen to get involved now.

The train whistled at the station. Tyler peered out of his private compartment (a godsend for this terribly long trip) and watched as a rush of bodies tried to exit at once. He waited until he saw a clearing and grabbed the bags he had with him. He'd have to collect the rest once he got off the train.

The first thing Tyler noticed was the mud. It seemed like the streets were just mud paths, flattened down by horses and boots. It was loud. People were shouting at each other as they bustled about. It was a lot to take in. Tyler was sore, fatigued, and hungry. He wanted a hot meal and a cold drink. Tyler went to retrieve his heavy bags from the train attendant and quickly realized that he had no way to transport them to his next destination. He knew he stood out in his clean, expensive clothes. Tyler had a feeling he'd be ignored.

Just as he was motivating himself to hire some random person for assistance, he was approached by a slightly shorter, slender ginger man.

"What do we have here? You look a bit lost there." The ginger had a wide smile. He was missing a tooth and looked a bit like a shark, but Tyler was just thankful someone was acknowledging him.

"Uh, yeah. I need to find a place to get something to eat," Tyler responded. "Do you think you could point me out in the right direction?"
Of course. See, down the road? There is a saloon that always has room to rent. Why don't I help you out? You head on over. I'll have my friends help with all your baggage."

Tyler's shoulders sagged in relief. He could carry his smaller bag with him without any problem. That had all his money, notebooks, and a few articles of clothing. His larger bags had the rest of his clothes and two spare pairs of boots. "Thank you, Mr--?"

"Just call me Giroux. I'll meet you down at the saloon, yeah?" Giroux winked and smiled that gappy grin again.

They shook hands, and Tyler headed off towards the direction of the saloon, looking forward to sitting stationary for a moment. He heard the loud piano music long before he saw the saloon. It was bursting with noise; there was a small crowd around a table of men playing poker. There was a small table free in the back, and Tyler could ignore the shouting. It was better than the monotonous clicking of the train.

Tyler sat down and waited for someone to come and take his order. He really didn't know how things worked out in the West, but he was tired and hungry. Hopefully Mr. Giroux would be able to see him behind the poker players.

A slightly dressed, young, blonde woman walked to Tyler's table and batted her lashes at him. She smiled and languorously swayed her hips from side as she approached Tyler. She wore a tight red corset, a garter belt, and a long skirt open in the front to show her shapely legs clad in stockings.

"Hey, there, pretty boy," purred the young woman as she bent over the table Tyler was sitting at and looked at him with hungry eyes.

"Oh, good afternoon, miss," Tyler replied politely. He couldn't help thinking that the young lady was attractive. The girls Tyler knew would never dress so provocatively. He was surprised by the forward attitude of the people around him. It was noisy in the saloon; everyone talked so loudly and laughed grotesquely. This place was far from the balls Tyler was invited to back in Toronto, where fine ladies would dress in silks and talk in low voices.

"You need a room, handsome? Or you just want a quick one with me?" the blonde asked, licking her bright red lips seductively. Tyler found himself blushing a little at such an outrageous thought.

"Oh, no, miss. I assure you, I am just in need of refreshment, a meal, and a place to sleep," Tyler said in his deep voice, keeping the calm and restraint of a proper gentleman.

"Ah, but you sure you don't want to fuck me?" The girl asked teasingly.

Tyler huffed, clearly insulted by such a proposal. No young lady had ever spoken to him so bluntly before.

"I beg your pardon, miss, but I am not interested in such things!" Tyler took off his maroon derby hat and raked a hand through his light brown curls, his brows knitting in confusion and his mouth dropping in shock.

The girl only laughed and moved even closer to Tyler, her face only inches from his and devouring him with her eyes.

"I'd let you do anything you want to me, pretty boy," she said seductively, her sparkling blue eyes locking with Tyler's bright, brown eyes.

Suddenly, the wooden doors of the saloon banged abruptly open, and Mr. Giroux strode up to the
bar. He was accompanied by two burly guys with leather jackets and coarse cowboy britches.

Tyler turned himself away from the girl and stood up from his chair. The ginger haired man clearly didn't have Tyler's baggage with him. He was laughing with his two friends and asking the bartender for a strong shot of whiskey. Tyler gathered his courage and headed towards the counter. He could not believe the audacity of Mr. Giroux! He had a sinking feeling that his bags were not just waiting outside for him.

"Excuse me, Mr. Giroux, but I believe you have my bags." The laughter ceased between all three men. Giroux raised an eyebrow, but went back to taking his shot as if Tyler hadn't spoken.

Tyler was not in the mood for this! After being stuck on a long train ride, the last thing he needed was to search a town he didn't know for the rest of his belongings. He noticed that Giroux had one of his expensive silk handkerchiefs stuffed in the dirty breast pocket of his shirt.

"Are you suddenly deaf? I'm talking to you!" Tyler stood up straight, drawing himself to full height. "Listen to me, you no-good ginger rat!"

Giroux put down his shot glass and turned his attention to Tyler. His cronies all did the same, and Tyler realized how outnumbered he really was. Except for Giroux, both men were taller than him and burly, like they'd been working with their hands all their lives. "What did you just call me, pretty boy?"

"Listen, I don't want trouble. I just want my belongings and I'll be out of your way," Tyler promised, not looking for a fight his first time in town. He wished he was back at his table with the propositioning young woman.

"I think you best be sitting back in your little corner. You don't know who I am. I haven't seen your face before." Giroux suddenly reached out and grabbed Tyler by the collar of his shirt, pulling him close to his face. "Now sit your ass back down. I happened to find a few expensive bags full of fancy clothes and new boots. The boys here will enjoy trying them on."

"Giroux!"

Tyler was quickly released and watched as a big man, tall and muscular, sauntered up to them. His boots clanked heavily with each step. The man wore a long leather coat and a cowboy hat pulled low over his eyes. Tyler could only make out a few facial features, but Giroux seemed to recognize him instantly.

"Leave that guy alone, Giroux."

"And why should I, Benny boy? He's starting trouble with me! He needs to learn his fucking place!"

"Save it, Giroux. We've seen people like him before. He'll be gone tomorrow once he sees what it's like here. City folk never last."

Tyler wanted to speak up, but he suddenly felt Benny's big hand on his arm, giving it a bit of a warning squeeze. It sent a jolt down Tyler's spine. He managed to bite back a gasp that threatened to escape.

There was a slight pause before Giroux spoke again. "Fine, just get him outta my sight! Don't you have some horses to tend to?"

Tyler was pulled to the back of the saloon where a table was free. Tyler didn't know if Giroux would keep his word to stay away. It was unlikely. Giroux was probably waiting until he left to follow him
outside and jump him.

"This is my table," Tyler said dumbly, mind still reeling from the conversation between Giroux and Benny. "I mean, thank you." He sat down and realized how badly his legs were shaking. "My name's Tyler Seguin, by the way."

Benny reached over the table to shake Tyler's hand. "Jamie Benn. Nice to meet you, Tyler. I just wish it was in better circumstances. What in tarnation were you thinking? Giroux is one of the biggest trouble makers out here!" Jamie really only planned on heading to the saloon to see if he could find his brother. Instead he found Giroux and his boorish friends harassing someone who was in obvious need of help. Giroux had a notorious reputation and people rarely stood up to him. Except this new comer.

"He stole my belongings! I don't care who he is!" Tyler spat out. "Now I'm stuck here with one bag, no place to stay, and I still haven't had anything to eat yet."

"I think it was pretty courageous sticking up for yourself," Jamie praised. He smiled at Tyler. "Giroux gives everyone trouble. Why don't you come back and stay with me on my ranch? You won't have to deal with the likes of Giroux and his idiot followers."

Tyler was a little hesitant. He'd already trusted a stranger, and it hadn't ended well for him. But there was something gentle about Jamie's face. Something more trustworthy than Giroux's missing tooth. His only option was staying at the saloon, which looked like Giroux's second home.

"You seem like an okay guy. I'll come with you," Tyler gave in, biting his bottom lip. "So you live on a ranch? Do you have horses? Cows?"

Jamie let out a throaty chuckle that warmed Tyler up. "Yes and yes and yes. I promise you'll be safe with me. Give me your bag. Have you ridden a horse before, Tyler? I only live a few miles away. I have a place for you to sleep and I'll cook some steaks for us. Beats the slop they serve here, anyway. I only came in town to check on my brother."

"I have ridden a horse before, but we should search for your brother," Tyler said. There was something about Jamie that really pleased Tyler. It probably was these immense, warm brown eyes.

"Nah, he'll come back eventually. You're hungry, and we should go back to my place," Jamie answered with a smile. "Jordie knows what he's doing."

Tyler stood up, and so did Jamie. He was so tall and imposing… Wide in the shoulders with long legs. Tyler could see how the fabric of Jamie's pants stretched against his strong thighs. The cowboy was only slightly taller than Tyler, but there was an aura of confident power surrounding him.

Jamie smiled brightly and said: “Let’s get moving before sundown.”

Both men made their way out of the saloon, and Tyler noticed Giroux looking at him with a smirk on his lips. Tyler ignored him and followed Jamie out. Jamie was carrying his bag, and Tyler felt he was finally treated like a true gentleman since his arrival.

It was hot outside, but the sun was less strong at this advanced hour of the afternoon. Tyler couldn’t help staring at Jamie’s powerful back. Tyler wondered what Jamie looked like without his black cowboy hat. He deeply desired to learn more about Jamie. Tyler accidentally walked into a mud hole and stained his fancy white and black boots. He muttered under his breath but didn't complain. Tyler followed Jamie to the side of the building where there was a place to tie horses to wooden poles.

“Unfortunately for you, Tyler, I only have one horse,” Jamie said with a little smile playing at the
corner of his full, red lips.

“What is that supposed to mean, Mr. Benn?” Tyler frowned in confusion. His button nose was wrinkled and his brows were knitted together.

“You know damn well what it means, Tyler! And please, call me Jamie. No need for formalities,” Jamie said in his sweet voice.

Tyler laughed, his eyes crinkling, as he understood what was to come. He’d have to mount the horse behind Jamie.

“I-I am not…” Tyler protested weakly but Jamie was already smiling warmly at him with eyes filled with mirth. He tugged Tyler closer with a warm hand against the soft fabric of the young man’s beige dress coat.

“C’mon, it’s the only way you’ll get your steak.” Jamie laughed as Tyler pouted and admitted his defeat.

“Fine, fine! I give up,” Tyler said with his hands held in front of him. He could feel hunger gnawing at his stomach, and the idea of a steak had his mouth watering.

Jamie untied his horse and smoothly mounted the animal. He definitely was at ease as he sat on the saddle, his powerful thighs on each side of the horse’s flanks. The cowboy extended his big, wide hand for Tyler to grasp and hoist him up.

Tyler felt a blush creep on his cheeks as his dexterous, narrower hand grasped Jamie’s hand and he got his boot on the stirrup to mount the horse.

"This here is Lindy. He's a fine ol' stallion. He's been with my family for a long time. It won't be a rough ride. I swear."

Tyler awkwardly mounted the horse and looped his arms around Jamie's waist. The man was firm and muscular. Tyler had never been that close to another man before. He couldn't help but let out a giggle. "This has been one crazy day!"

Jamie gently tugged on the reins, and Lindy started off in an easy trot. "You're lucky I found you," Jamie teased. "Giroux would be waiting for you to leave. Julie tipped me off. She was your waitress and knew right away you were from out of town. I hope she didn't give you a hard time. She's a nice woman. She doesn't put up with Giroux's nonsense."

Tyler made a mental note to give Julie a big tip if he went back to the saloon. "Yeah, I am lucky." He subconsciously tightened his arms around Jamie. "I can't believe I fell for Mr. Giroux's trap."

"Well, I'll tell you one thing. He ain't no mister. He'd be able to charm the pants right off of you if he said the right thing! You're safe with me. Don't worry. I am curious though. What brings you out here? You look and sound like you belong in some fancy university, not stepping in mud and hanging around saloons."

Tyler felt his cheeks heat up. Was it that obvious he didn't belong? "Those fancy universities are boring. Father sent me out here to find gold. It's more of a form of punishment. I don't even have all the tools I need. I think he just wanted to send me away."

Jamie turned his head to catch Tyler's eyes for a brief moment. "I hate to speak out of place, but that's not right. It's dangerous out here. You could be killed. I suppose you don't even have a gun or any means of defending yourself, now do you?” Jamie paused and heard Tyler’s hum before continuing: "Didn't think so. It would be safer for you to go out looking for gold with someone… My brother,
Jordie, sometimes goes out to the mines and streams. I'm sure he can help you out if you want."

Tyler scowled. "I really don't have much of a choice. Father gave me limited funds. I should be okay for awhile, but he says I have to earn my way back home. He'd like to see a big profit made, too."

"Well, don't worry about your room and board. You can stay with me for however long you'd like," Jamie offered. "You may change your mind. My place isn't fancy, but it's home. It's just me and my brother here now. Jordie's always out and about as soon as he's done with his chores."

"I can help! I haven't been on a ranch before, but I can help you out. Just tell me what to do. I don't want to be a burden." Tyler wanted to repay Jamie for his kindness. So far, he and Julie had been the only decent souls in this god forsaken town.

Jamie let out a deep chuckle that vibrated through Tyler's whole body. "We'll see about that, if you're willing to learn, I'm willing to teach. I can always use an extra hand around."

Tyler was thankful that Jamie wasn't looking at him anymore. Not even a full day in town, and Tyler already had a rotten mind. He knew that if he said anything out of line, Jamie wouldn't be so welcoming. He had always been taught that it was a sin to even touch himself. What he was feeling towards Jamie already would certainly send him down the path to hell.

"I won't let you down. You've been such a great help to me. I'm so tired from all the traveling, and I had high hopes that I would be able to rent a room at the saloon and sleep," Tyler said, trying to distract his mind from wandering.

"We're almost home. I'll show you to your room, and you can get washed up. I'll fill the basin up with fresh water. Food shouldn't take that long, either. There's some leftover pie Julie baked if you want something sweet afterwards, too."

Tyler was so hungry that he'd even eat Lindy if the horse was offered! Hell, he could even eat a whole pig! "Thank you, Jamie." He hoped that they could talk more over dinner. He still didn't know much more about the mysterious rancher who rescued him.

"We'll see how much you thank me when I put you to work!" Jamie let out another big laugh that Tyler loved so much. Perhaps it wouldn't be as difficult as he thought.

The trip to Jamie's ranch didn't take much longer. Time had flown by while they were talking. It wasn't quite the prairie Tyler had imagined a ranch to be on. Trees had been cleared around Jamie's property, and there was a huge house and barn. Tyler could see mountains in the distance. It was such a beautiful sight. He could hear cows mooing. It was almost surreal. They passed through the front fence and slowly trotted to the barn.

"Home sweet home. Hop off, Tyler. You're closer to the ground than you think." Jamie's sweet, tender voice, so different than how he had spoken to Giroux, pulled Tyler out of his thoughts.

Tyler managed to get off the horse in one piece. He still felt a little wobbly, but Jamie was there with a steadying hand to assist. Tyler hadn't even seen him get off the horse!

"This place is incredible. I'm serious. It kind of smells, but you get used to that, right?"

Jamie grinned. "Indeed you do. Let me put Lindy up, and I'll show you the house."

Soon enough, Jamie was leading the way towards the house. It was a lot more comforting than the saloon and not as stuffy as Tyler's house back in Ontario. Jamie gave him a quick tour and dropped Tyler's bag in a guest bedroom.
"Jordie's room is across from yours and mine is down the hall," Jamie explained.

It was a simple room, but it had a decent sized bed and that was all that Tyler cared about now. There was a small dresser that would hold what meager belongings he had now. A basin and pitcher sat upon the dresser.

"I'll come back with water for you. You might want to change into something more comfortable," Jamie commented, eyeing the young man up and down. He certainly approved of Tyler's attire, but it wasn't feasible on a ranch. He left Tyler to his thoughts and went to fill up the pitcher. Jamie knew he would be in trouble soon. It was hard to take his eyes off of Tyler.

"Just come to the kitchen when you're done," Jamie instructed, wanting to give Tyler space.

He had fresh meat that he'd butchered before he went into town and put it in the cast iron skillet to cook on his wood burning stove. He put some potatoes near the fire to bake, guessing how hungry Tyler was.

Jamie then went outside to fetch some water from the well. He couldn't stop thinking about Tyler - his gorgeous face, his barely stubbled chin, his brown curls, and most of all his eyes that possessed a spark of playfulness anytime he glanced at Jamie.

In the meantime, Tyler was removing his many layers of clothing. He was so tired that he threw everything carelessly on the bed; his father wasn’t there to reprimand him. He was far from home, but at least he was free. Tyler removed his beige jacket and let it fall on the floor. He unbuttoned his maroon waistcoat and threw it on the bed. Tyler loosened his cream silk cravat and also sent it flying with his waistcoat. Next piece of clothing to be shed was his white shirt which he unbuttoned hastily.

Tyler was now naked from waist up, his sculpted physique on full display. He was lean and perfectly muscled, soft skin enveloping his chiseled muscles. He had an arch in his back, a narrow waist and a round, firm behind. Above the curve of his ass, Tyler had a little dimple that emphasized the heft of his cheeks. His britches were sinfully low on his hips, and he was acting all innocent.

Tyler could never have known that Jamie was standing just outside the slightly opened door.

Jamie couldn’t take his eyes off the expanse of Tyler’s sculpted back. There were a few beauty marks on the skin, and Jamie only desired one thing at this moment - to kiss all over them. Jamie felt himself harden just at the thought and had to repress the urge to moan. He would never have expected Tyler to have such a divine body. He had never seen anything quite like this before. Jamie's body was muscular and athletic, the product of the hard manual labor he was subject to everyday. He was naturally built like a stallion. But his physique wasn’t as refined as the finely honed muscles of Tyler's body.

Jamie felt his cock push insistently on the front of his britches. He was already starting to fantasize about what the front of Tyler’s body looked like. Jamie imagined Tyler’s cheeky smile and the mischief in his eyes as he would look right back at him, knowing full well the effect he had on him. Jamie had to take care of himself before things turned out of hand. Without thinking further on it, he set the bucket on the floor with a fairly loud sound that startled Tyler.

When Tyler turned around, Jamie was gone, but he could see the bucket through the slightly ajar door. He frowned and went to retrieve the bucket. As he approached the door, however, he heard another door down the corridor closing with a creaking sound. Tyler was very curious; he cautiously pushed the door further open and walked down the corridor to what he thought was the door leading to Jamie’s room. The closer he approached, the more Tyler could make out the sounds coming from the room.
In his bedroom, Jamie had his back pressed against the wooden wall next to the door with his britches shoved down his long legs. He was breathing heavily and had a loose grip around his impressive cock. He moaned low in his throat, the sound feral and lusty. Jamie gave himself a long, decadent stroke...only thinking about Tyler and that sinful body of his. He twisted his hand at the flared head of his cock, a little “ah” of pleasure escaping his lips. Precum dribbled from his slit as he pumped his hand.

With one big hand wrapped around his cock, Jamie shivered as he accelerated the pace. In his mind’s eye, he could see Tyler’s pale, naked body laid all for him to use and ravage on the hay of the barn. Tyler had that playful, little smirk on his lips and that high blush on his cheeks. So pink and innocent yet so naughty and knowing. Jamie could see him so clearly that he couldn’t repress a deep growl.

Jamie cradled his heavy balls as the Tyler of his fantasies squirmed and begged him for his cock. “Yes, Mr. Benn! Take me,” Tyler pleaded. His curls lay in disarray on his forehead. He looked utterly debauched, panting with that little button nose high in the air, the long column of his throat barred, and his back arched off the floor of the barn.

“Make you feel so good,” Jamie whispered as he tugged on his shaft, precum now streaming continuously from his cockhead. He was so close to cumming with only the naked image of the young gentleman from Ontario flashing through his mind.

Outside Jamie’s room, Tyler was standing at the door with a flushed face. He was ridiculously turned on, and he bit his full bottom lip as he struggled against the urge to touch himself. It was so, so wrong yet the other young man, that cowboy Tyler had met hours ago, was doing just what he’d been taught his whole life never to do. Tyler wondered who made Jamie act so obscenely. He crept closer to the door, desperate to hear more of the sounds Jamie was making.

Tyler’s pants were awfully tight. He could hear soft words and moans and could just see Jamie’s big, plush lips forming words. He pressed a little closer and to his horror, the door swung open.

Jamie was concentrating on the smooth skin of Tyler’s back. He squeezed his hand around his cock and bucked his hips, fucking into the tight ring of his fingers. He let out a low groan and suddenly...

The door creaked open, and Jamie's eyes widened as he saw Tyler with a pink blush spread all the way down to his chest. The front of his britches was tented, and Jamie just couldn't help it. He came hard, hips jerking, and semen dripped down his fingers. The humiliation he felt was worth seeing the curious desire in Tyler's eyes.

Tyler turned and ran back to his room. He shut the door and fell against it, heart beating rapidly in his chest. He had never seen a man reach completion like that. Tyler felt stupidly jealous of Jamie's hands. He wished he could be the one to touch Jamie like that.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid," Tyler muttered to himself as he knocked his head against the door. Just the thought of his father's cold disapproval made his own aching desire melt into nothingness. He would be disowned. He would blacken his family’s name if anyone knew what he wanted.

Tyler didn't know how long he waited. He heard Jamie leave his room and walk towards the kitchen. Figuring it was safe, Tyler opened the door and grabbed the water and filled his pitcher. He'd just act like nothing happened. Good enough, right? He took his time washing up and changed into a loose-fitting shirt, the collar much too large for his frame, exposing part of a collarbone.

It was time to face the music. Tyler slowly made his way to the kitchen where Jamie was preparing their supper. It looked and smelled delicious. Tyler's stomach let out a loud growl, and he blushed.
"Well, someone's hungry." Jamie's cheeks were still pink, but he seemed to take the unspoken cue of forgetting what Tyler had witnessed.

"Starving," Tyler admitted, licking his lips. "I haven't had a proper meal in ages."

"Good. Steak and potatoes. I don't know how 'proper' it is, but it'll be filling. I have some tea or some whiskey if you'd like."

There was an air of awkwardness, but if Jamie was willing to keep things quiet, so was Tyler. After all, he'd been the one invading Jamie's privacy.

"Tea would be lovely."

"I might even have some sugar I can give you, too." Sugar was a prized possession, but Jamie was willing to sweeten Tyler's cup if he wanted. "Sit down at the table in the den. I'll bring you the food."

Jamie was still feeling dizzy from the force of his orgasm, and he was ashamed of what had happened. He didn't want Tyler to think he was a brute without any control over his sexual desires.

Tyler was sitting at a wooden table next to a large window. The window panes were a little dirty, but the view was still gorgeous. The sun was slowly making its way down to the horizon, a soft orange light bathing the room. The sunset warmed Tyler's heart, and he gazed with dreamy eyes at the green hills and wildflowers swaying in the wind.

He didn’t hear Jamie come in, lost in his thoughts of what he had seen. The image of Jamie's big hand tugging on his cock, jutting from a nest of jet black hair, overwhelmed Tyler's mind. He had never seen a cock quite as impressive in any of the medicine textbooks back at the university. It reminded Tyler more of a stallion’s cock than anything else. Tyler felt ashamed, cheeks burning, as something other than hunger, more like molten fire, twisted deep inside of Tyler’s stomach.

Jamie placed the plates on the table, sat down, and smiled shyly at Tyler.

Tyler was stirred out of his indecent thoughts and blushed all the harder when he met Jamie’s warm eyes. “I’m so sorry,” he said in a low voice. Tyler took his fork and knife and lowered his eyes on his plate. “I’m so indecent. I should never have intruded your privacy. It’s...it’s improper, and I’m just so...”

Jamie gently cut Tyler off, reaching across the table to grasp Tyler’s forearm. “No, please, don’t be, Tyler. It’s all my fault... I, uh, never should have done that,” Jamie managed to say with a high blush of his own on his pale cheeks.

“That’s fine, Jamie. I was just a little surprised, that’s all,” Tyler whispered. “I hope you aren’t angry at me.”

“Look at me, Tyler,” Jamie commanded gently. Tyler's gaze connected with Jamie’s.

This time, Tyler took his time to look at Jamie’s face properly. The short strands of his dark brown hair were gathered to the side, and his beautiful red lips were a little shiny with spit. He had a fairly short nose, but it fit perfectly with his manly yet young face. However, what Tyler loved the most about Jamie’s face were his large, doe shaped eyes; Tyler lost himself in their depths. His heartbeat picked up speed, and he felt the tip of his ears turn red. It was just so wrong. How could he be so shameless? God forbade men to lust for one another. It was a terrible sin, and yet, Tyler felt himself burn for the cowboy, longing singing underneath his skin.

Jamie was also looking at Tyler intensely, his eyes catching on the young man’s long neck and part
of his collarbone jutting from under the hem of his shirt. He was so desirable with his pale brown curls across his forehead and his creamy skin. Jamie just wanted to suck on his plump lower lip and tell him everything was alright with more than his words. The attraction he felt for Tyler was strong and more powerful than anything he had ever felt for anyone before.

“It’s ok, Tyler. I’m not angry at you,” Jamie said in that sweet voice of his. “Now, let’s eat,” he concluded with a soft smile.

Tyler’s face brightened despite the contradicting emotions that waged war in his head. Jamie had a way to put him at ease; he had only met him hours ago, but out here, in this wild country, the need to count on someone created bonds in so short of a time. Tyler smiled back at Jamie before directing his attention to the plate of food his new friend had so kindly prepared for him.

Tyler had the feeling that there was so much more than gold to be discovered out west. Perhaps, it was here that he would find his way.
Chapter Summary

*Tyler shook his head. “No. Stay, Jamie.”*

*Jamie’s heart missed a beat. He tried not to look too flustered by the idea and simply watched as Tyler took off his jacket. He took the garment off and placed it on the stool. Tyler looked at Jamie intensely as he unbuttoned his waistcoat. It seemed as if Tyler was giving Jamie a show. Undressing just for him. Jamie had his eyes fixed on Tyler’s long, dexterous fingers working the buttons open.*

Chapter Notes

Revised and betaed by Leyna (leyley09).

Tyler woke up, his eyes lazily blinking open and his arms stretching on each side of his head. He had slept well because he had been terribly exhausted, but his mind had been constantly occupied by what he had seen Jamie do.

Jamie’s reddened cheeks, his hooded eyes, his big hand around his… Tyler blushed and felt a shiver run up his spine with only the thought of it. The size of the cowboy’s cock left Tyler wondering what it would feel like in his hands. He felt his heartbeat accelerate when he remembered the white strings of seed that had basically burst out of Jamie’s cock when he had seen him.

Jamie had been pleasuring himself but thinking about whom? Tyler felt his cheeks heat up and wondered how he’d be able to go down and eat breakfast with Jamie. He’d been able to face him for dinner yesterday, but it had been so… *intimate*.

Tyler barely knew the young cowboy, but somehow he made him feel weak at the knees and all fluttery inside. He felt like such an idiot - even more ridiculous than his sister Candace when she had fallen in love for the first time. Tyler recalled the drama with a smile. The thought of his sister filled his heart with affection and got him springing out of bed.

Tyler saw the rags lying beside the bed and didn’t feel like putting these on. He knew he had to work, but he had to go back in town to get himself some proper cowboy clothing. Tyler was also a little shy to put his fancy clothes back on because they didn’t have a place out here.

After pondering what to do for a few minutes, Tyler concluded that it was better to look good than miserable.

Tyler could hear Jamie and other men laughing and talking loudly downstairs. He put on his cream colored attire from yesterday and his fancy black and white boots. His derby hat was sitting on his head, his pale brown curls over his ears and framing his face. Tyler brought a hand to the corner of his mouth and felt stubble growing. For all his young adult life, Tyler had wanted to grow a beard. He smiled when he felt the hairs on his chin and walked down the last few stairs.
Jamie had been awake before sunrise, despite tossing in bed as he thought of his new house guest. He made coffee and went about his daily chores. Jordie stumbled outside shortly after, looking rough from a night of drinking. Jamie knew that his brother's fur trapper friend had arrived back in town from an excursion, so he didn't mind Jordie's lateness. The Benns’ most loyal ranch hand, Patrick Sharp, had also shown up just in time to start chores.

Sharpy was a few years older than Jamie and Jordie. Their father had hired him, and he'd been a great help to the family. He was a hard working man, but still had a spark of cheekiness that made a workday fun. He had a charming way of getting anyone to talk, so it didn't take long for Jamie to tell him about Tyler.

After the chores were finished, Sharpy was entertaining the Benn brothers with stories of his children. He was never short of stories to tell and rather loved the attention. Through a round of laughter, a creak was heard from the stairs. "Well, how wonderful that the famous Mr. Seguin has decided to grace us with his presence!" Sharpy couldn't keep the comments to himself.

Jamie wasn't going to have it. "Sharpy, leave him alone." He turned his attention to Tyler and smiled. "Tyler, I'm so sorry. Please, excuse the villain. This is Patrick Sharp. He's worked on the ranch for years. Too long, actually," Jamie grumbled. "Would you like any coffee?"

Tyler stopped in his tracks once he was addressed. He'd never seen the dark-haired stranger before and could easily guess from the same large brown eyes and stubborn chin that the bearded fellow was Jamie's brother. He instantly felt a little insecure, like he didn't belong on the Benn ranch. He was glad that Jamie stuck up for him again.

"Yes, Jamie, thank you," Tyler responded, tugging on the bottom edge of his waistcoat. "Nice to meet you, gentlemen."

Despite himself, Jamie felt a stab of jealousy when Tyler seemed to have his eyes linger on Sharpy. It was no secret that Sharpy was a handsome man with an outgoing personality. Half of the town seemed to fall in love with Sharpy. It wouldn't be novel for Tyler to join them. He barely knew Tyler, yet he couldn’t repress his attraction for him and his desire to have him. Jamie shook the thoughts away and focused on pouring Tyler a cup of coffee instead.

"Good to see you this morning," Jamie said softly, his sweet voice just for Tyler's ears. Jordie was leering over at them, but Jamie ignored him. "Ignore all of them. You have every right to sleep in as long as you want. Jordie promised Sharpy that he would help out with chopping some wood." Jamie's voice was back at his full volume. "What would you like to do today?"

Tyler sat down at the table, next to Sharpy and in front of Jamie, and lifted the cup to his lips. He drank and then answered, "I was thinking of going back to town. I need some proper clothes to work on your ranch." Tyler’s eyes were focused straight on Jamie’s face.

Jamie smiled, but his eyes had a fire in them that made Tyler sweat a little. The cowboy was looking at Tyler as if he was the only man in the room; all his attention was on him. "I'll come with you," Jamie replied in a low voice.

Jordie waggled his eyebrows suggestively and told Sharpy with a smirk, "Seems like our friends here have a plan."
Sharpy only huffed and gave Tyler a charming smile. “Jordie’s always been a massive asshole. Don’t let him bother you.”

Tyler only laughed, his bright smile illuminating his face and his eyes crinkling. The young gentleman didn’t know what to answer. He wasn’t used to such casual behavior, but he was enjoying it immensely. Tyler was far from the breakfasts with his family where everyone had to eat in silence.

The men laughed and ate at the same time - they were all having a good time. Tyler told his new friends a little bit more about himself. He was twenty-three years old, he was from the great city of Toronto, and he avidly played the new sport of hockey. The Benns were quite intrigued by the sport, but Sharpy knew what it was; he had seen people play it back in his hometown of Winnipeg.

After breakfast, Jordie and Sharpy went back to work. Tyler and Jamie both got a horse and headed out towards the town of Kamloops. On the way, Tyler had ample time to talk with Jamie.

“So, have you been living out here your whole life, Jamie?” Tyler asked curiously, looking at Jamie, on his left, riding Lindy at a slow pace. He wore his black hat and a long leather coat of the same color. It was getting colder as autumn was arriving in British Columbia.

“Yeah, I have. This ranch was my dad’s.” Jamie said without looking at Tyler.

Tyler held on to his horse’s reins and noticed that Jamie’s mood had considerably darkened at the mention of his dad. It was as if a thick, black cloud had descended above his head.

“Is your dad still around?” Tyler asked cautiously. He wanted to learn more about Jamie but also didn’t want to upset him.

“It’s a long story, Tyler. I don’t feel like talking about it now,” Jamie answered abruptly, still looking at the horizon and ignoring Tyler at his side. Jamie was definitely dwelling on a painful topic, and Tyler felt worried and sorry for his new friend.

Jamie gave Lindy a little spur and got the horse accelerating its pace. Tyler did the same and off they went towards Kamloops. As they rode, Tyler got caught up in the majestic landscape all around him. The mountains with their snowy peaks, and the tall trees all around them left Tyler in awe. The crisp air on his cheeks, the strain in his thighs against the horse, a pleasant warmth inside him… It felt like when he played hockey only there was something more. Something that made Tyler’s heart beat faster and his skin feel too tight. He felt free - the sensation was exhilarating.

****

The town was bustling with noise again. Tyler had thought this would be a small, quiet town, since most of the official residents would live on distant ranches or prospecting claims, but the streets were quite crowded with people. Now refreshed from a night's sleep, Tyler could take in the town much better.

"I know it's not a lot, but it's home," Jamie spoke up, following Tyler's eyes around the main street. "I know the perfect place for you to get some clothes. I'll show you around after. We can get something to eat at the saloon if you'd like. Giroux shouldn't be allowed back in, but he'll sneak in eventually." Jamie nudged Lindy and set out towards a small store on the left side of the road, and Tyler followed.

_Sidney's Alterations_ had caused quite a commotion when it first opened. A lot of locals thought it wasn't necessary to have such a store around, and it was a target for vandalism. Windows were often
broken and hateful messages were left on the door. Jamie had first gone to Sid's store to get clothes for a horribly sad occasion. It was a hard time, but Sid had helped the Benns find something affordable but still tailored to their measurements.

Jamie tied Lindy's reigns up and helped Tyler get down, offering him a hand even though he knew Tyler didn't need it. It was just in his nature. There was something about the twinkle in Tyler's eyes that made Jamie's heart race. He took care of Tyler’s horse too.

"This is the best place to go. Sid's a great guy. You'll like him," Jamie explained as he led the way to the front door. He opened it and ushered Tyler inside.

Sid had been new to town, just like Tyler. Jamie didn't know too much about his background, other than he was from the East and loved to read. He was friends with the group of Russian workers, and women often fawned over Sid, but he was absolutely clueless about their advances.

Tyler didn't know what to expect, but the storefront was very similar to stores back in Toronto. The inside was pristine, a far cry from the messy saloon. Clothing and material were neatly hanging in the corner. He could tell just by looking that some of the fabric was high end quality. He turned to face Jamie with a surprised expression.

"Jamie! I'm so glad to see you!" Sid said as he emerged from a back room. He was wearing a fitted black suit and a top hat. Sid had bright brown eyes, ruby red lips, and long fluffy curls of dark brown hair. Jamie had plump lips, but Sid’s were even fuller - the shop owner truly was an appealing and desirable gentleman.

Tyler couldn't help but grin when Jamie called him his "friend". It meant a lot to him, especially since they’d only met yesterday, even though it honestly felt like he'd known Jamie all his life.

Sid shook both of their hands. "You certainly came to the right place." Turning to Tyler, he continued, "I can tell Tyler enjoys nice clothes. I hope you'll be happy with my selection. I'm sorry that Giroux has wronged you. He did the same to me when I first came to town." Sid frowned. He didn't want to dwell on foul memories. "Jamie, will you show Tyler to the fitting room? I'd like to take some measurements, but I may just be able to use my eyes. I'm really not that busy at all, so I can probably have things done by today. What are you looking for?"

Tyler felt a little better that he wasn't Giroux's only target. Sid seemed like such a nice guy. It really irked him that scum like Giroux amused themselves in harassing polite gentlemen. "I'm looking for more casual clothing. I'm going to help Jamie on his ranch. I'm supposed to be looking for gold too."

"Oh! You came out west for gold, didn’t you?" Sid asked, and Tyler nodded. "I invite you to accompany me to tomorrow’s meeting with Sir Phaneuf and other prospectors of the region," Sid continued. "The meeting is at five o'clock in the afternoon at the city hall."

"How interesting! I have heard of Sir Phaneuf’s great wealth and reputation as a successful businessman. You can be certain that I will be there, Mr. Crosby.” Tyler assured the shopkeeper. That was exactly the kind of meeting he was looking for to implicate himself in the search for gold.

“Very good! Now, about your clothes…” Sid had a thoughtful expression on his handsome face. "Let me see what I can find for you. I'll meet you gentlemen in the fitting room."
"Thank you, Sid," Jamie said, giving a nod. Without thinking too much on it, he placed his hand on the small of Tyler's back and guided him over to the fitting room. Tyler trembled slightly, and Jamie, out of fear of having stepped over bounds, removed his hand. They walked to a small, private room in the back. It had a stool and big mirrors, perfect for measuring customers. There was a window on the wall opposite to the mirrors which gave the room a soft, peaceful and relaxing ambiance.

"Here. Um, so do you want me to stay here with you? Otherwise, I can wait outside," Jamie offered, not wanting to intrude.

Tyler licked his lips. "Please stay," he requested, voice deep and thick like molasses. There was something sensual in the timbre of his voice that made Jamie feel warmth bloom in the pit of his stomach.

Jamie couldn't say no. He wanted to do things to Tyler that he never thought he would want. He was now going to have the chance to see more of Tyler's chiseled body. The moment was abruptly broken by Sid arriving. "Did I miss something?" he asked, looking between the two men.

“Yes, I will need boots," Tyler said. Jamie helped Sid with the clothing that he was holding in his outstretched arms. Sid shook his head and produced a pair of dark brown cowboy boots from a bag he was holding by a rope at the crook of his arm.

The articles of clothing consisted of a crisp, white long sleeved shirt, a leather waistcoat and a pair of nicely fitting black pants. Sid had also brought a nice dark brown cowboy hat with a bird feather to adorn it. “Now, Mr. Tyler, you will have to try these on and call on me if there is anything I can help you with,” Sid said with a smile.

The sound of heavy boots could be heard on the wooden planks and the “ding ding” of a bell - Sid turned back to his store. “If you could please excuse me, gentlemen… Someone rang the bell, I must go check on them.” Off Sid went, with a quick step and the air of a very busy man.

When he was gone, both Jamie and Tyler giggled. There was something absolutely adorable and endearing about Sid. He seemed to always be on a mission.

Jamie still had the clothes in his arms and looked at Tyler with a question in his eyes. “Do you want me to leave while you change?”

Tyler shook his head. “No. Stay, Jamie.”

Jamie’s heart missed a beat. He tried not to look too flustered by the idea and simply watched as Tyler took off his jacket. He took the garment off and placed it on the stool. Tyler looked at Jamie intensely as he unbuttoned his waistcoat. It seemed as if Tyler was giving Jamie a show. Undressing just for him. Jamie had his eyes fixed on Tyler’s long, dexterous fingers working the buttons open.

Tyler let out a low exhale as he pushed the waistcoat off his shoulders and then opened up his shirt. He loosened his cravat but kept it on. Jamie’s mouth watered as Tyler’s chest was revealed; the well defined pecs, the thin trail of hair dusting the middle of his chest, and his rosy nipples. The skin was pale, creamy - Jamie wanted to see it turn a soft shade of pink in all the right places, down the elegant neck and spreading across his chest like a raging fire.

Tyler fumbled with some of the buttons but eventually shrugged the shirt off his shoulders and looked back at Jamie with a seductive flame in his golden eyes. He licked his full lower lip as a discreet blush blossomed on his cheeks. Tyler was now standing in front of Jamie, naked from waist up with only a silk cravat loosely tied around his neck.
Jamie didn’t know what to say. His tongue felt too thick in his mouth, his heart felt jittery, and his pants felt too tight. Jamie had dreamt of what the front of Tyler’s would look like, and now that he was bare, he only wanted to feast on him. He looked like an Adonis sent straight from the heavens, hard abs and narrow waist an absolute tease. There wasn’t an inch of fat on him - all firm and taut muscles. The cowboy could see the golden brown curls of hair that crept up into a delicious line to Tyler's abs. Jamie wanted to lick every bump of Tyler’s abs, wanted to hold him down and make him squirm in bliss.

Jamie was standing there, stupidly, looking at Tyler with the clothes hanging in his arms.

“Are you, um, are you going to…” Jamie didn’t want to ask Tyler to take his pants off. It was far too forward and embarrassing.

Tyler walked up to Jamie, getting closer with a knowing glint in his eyes, like he knew what he was doing to Jamie.

“I’ll try the shirt and waistcoat first,” Tyler hummed as he took the clothes from Jamie’s arms. The cowboy’s deep brown eyes were slightly hooded as he watched Tyler take a few steps back. Tyler didn’t waste a second to try on the shirt and leather waistcoat, excited as he was. He bunched up the sleeves at his forearms and adjusted the waistcoat - it fit perfectly. Tyler turned around and looked himself over in the mirror; he could feel Jamie’s eyes on him the whole time.

Jamie approached and stopped behind Tyler. He looked at him in the mirror and then placed the dark hat on Tyler’s head. God, did he look mysterious and fine! The hat was perfect for him - it complemented Tyler so well. “It looks so good on you.” Jamie couldn’t keep the words to himself, his voice a little hoarse.

Tyler’s cheeks heated up at the praise, and he turned around to face Jamie. “I’ll take the pants.”

Jamie didn't want to step away from Tyler, but he knew he had to. Sid wouldn't appreciate Jamie molesting Tyler in the fitting room. He almost stumbled as he went to grab the pants, too distracted by Tyler's gorgeous body. He handed Tyler the pants and made no secret of watching him with want in his eyes.

Tyler flashed Jamie a smile. He felt Jamie's hot stare on his body, and it emboldened him. He felt empowered just knowing that Jamie couldn't take his eyes off of him. He took the pants and ran his finger along the waist. Sid had impeccable taste. Tyler turned around and bent over to take off his boots before turning back to face Jamie. With deft fingers, Tyler unfastened his pants and slowly tugged them off, one leg at a time.

Jamie couldn't help but let out a little soft noise as he watched Tyler strip. He was wearing white drawers that stopped at the curve of his knees. The lighting of the window left no room for imagination; Jamie could see the shadow of Tyler's soft dick nestled in the thin fabric of the drawers.

Soon enough, Jamie's wonderful view was obscured by Tyler putting on his new pants. The black material formed perfectly around his shapely legs and slender waist. Sid had a great eye when it came to fitting people. Once again, Tyler bent over to put on his cowboy boots.

"You're very quiet. Don't you like the clothing?” Tyler asked when he straightened up, even though he did know the answer. But that didn’t stop Tyler from teasing Jamie.

Jamie dragged his eyes up to Tyler's face, clenching his hand into a fist at his side. He wanted to do more than just observe. "Sorry, Tyler. You look really good. The pants fit nicely." He walked up to Tyler and looked in the mirror at the two of them. Jamie was taller and much more massive than
Tyler was; his frame was thicker and more imposing, rugged and virile. Tyler was more slender and delicate despite his hard muscles. He was a gentleman, refined and polished like a gem. Jamie couldn’t help but like the contrast and think that they complemented each other well.

Tyler leaned against Jamie's chest for a second, watching their reflections. Being so close to Jamie made him feel hot all over, especially after what he had witnessed the night before. "I'm glad you brought me here, Mr. Crosby really knows how to dress people! It's like he knew my measurements by just looking at me." Tyler was amazed.

"He's great. He really helped me out when, um, I needed it." Jamie clamped his mouth shut. They'd already touched briefly on his father's tragedy. He didn't want to bring it up again. He wanted to tell Tyler the whole story, but now wasn't the time. "He's a really nice fellow."

Tyler smiled, all dimples. "He sure seems like it. Let's go and pay. I think you mentioned getting something to eat?" Tyler knew that there were dark events in Jamie's past and ached to learn about them. He hoped that it would all come in time, but he could not stop how impatient he felt.

"I did, didn't I?" Jamie smiled, his mood lightened. "I'm glad you're pleased with the clothes. I know Sid works hard. He'll be happy to hear it." He placed a large hand on the small of Tyler's back, gently rubbing for a minute. "Let me grab your old clothes. If you want, I can put them in the saddle bag and you can wear your new garments if you'd like."

They left the fitting room, Tyler wearing his new clothes and Jamie following behind. The cowboy couldn’t stop his eyes from wandering to the curve of Tyler's ass. Something deep and possessive bloomed inside his stomach - Jamie just wanted to grab handfuls of that plush ass. The pants were tight, nicely fitting and accentuating every single one of Tyler’s delectable assets and charms.

In the store, a tall and imposing dark haired man was talking to Sid in a heavily accented voice. The man was even taller than Jamie and had broad shoulders and long legs. He was incredibly handsome and had an undeniable charm. His voice was very deep, and he didn’t seem to have a very good grasp of the English language. He was much taller than Sid and looked at him with adoring heavy lidded brown eyes. His lips were plump and red, just like Sid’s and his skin was very pale. He had a fairly large nose that looked a little like a turnip but fit perfectly with the rest of his manly face.

“Oh, Geno! You know I’ll be there,” Sid was telling the man. He was completely in love with Geno. When Sid spotted Jamie and Tyler, he hurried to present them to Geno. He had a bright smile on his face as he told them about his friend.

“This, here, is Evgeni Malkin! He’s a dear Russian friend that I met at a workers meeting, over two years ago.” Sid exclaimed proudly as he encouraged Jamie to shake Evgeni’s hand.

They both shook hands and smiled warmly at each other. Tyler was next and told the Russian: “I am most honoured to meet you, sir. I am Tyler Seguin from the city of Toronto.”

Evgeni smiled brightly, a playful glint in his dark eyes as he shook Tyler’s hand. “You call me Geno. I’m like best,” the Russian said in his heavily accented voice.

“Alright, Geno,” laughed Tyler. The tall Russian’s laugh was contagious. Tyler already felt at ease with only a few words exchanged between them.

While Sid looked over the fit of Tyler’s new clothes, Jamie told Sid how talented he was and offered to pay for the clothes for Tyler. Of course, Jamie’s new friend protested vehemently.

“I can pay for my clothes, Jamie. You have already offered me so much more than necessary,” Tyler insisted with a look of undeniable determination on his face.
"But I want to buy the clothes for you, Tyler. Because you…" Jamie was turned Tyler's way, his neck slightly bent and a blush forming on his cheeks. He couldn't bear to look Tyler in the eye; he'd just ruin everything.

"Because?" asked Tyler, with a curious glint in his brown eyes.

Jamie was at a loss for words. He couldn't possibly tell Tyler that he liked him. That was the truth, but it was sure to alarm the young gentleman.

"I, uh. Because you… You’re my friend," Jamie finally blurted out as he fished for money in his leather jacket and laid the bills on the counter.

Sid had been watching the whole discussion and couldn't help but feel light hearted. Love in the air, thought Sidney with a smile. It all reminded him so much of the first moments he had spent with Geno.

Jamie paid the clothes and Sid was kind enough to lower the price - the cowboy didn't want him to, but Sid insisted that it was his pleasure to serve friends.

Thanking Sid for his generosity and promising him he’d be there for the meeting, Tyler left the shop with his new clothes, Jamie following closely behind.

"We'll leave Lindy and the other horse here. Sid will bring them an apple," Jamie explained once they stepped outside. He quickly packed Tyler's old clothes in the saddlebag. He was once again getting the perfect view of Tyler's pert ass. It was pure torture, and he was positive that Tyler was aware of his desires. "We don't have many dining options here, but I think we can go to the saloon. Julie should be working; she won't let anyone bother us." Jamie would probably hear a little teasing from her, but it wouldn't be bad.

"Mr. Crosby is a nice man. He seemed to be quite fond of the Russian," Tyler commented casually as they made their way to the saloon.

Jamie couldn't help but smile. "Yes, he is. From what I've been told, Sid helped Geno learn English. It's been an ongoing lesson. When they first met, Geno was the only thing Sid would talk about." Jamie could relate. He was a little obsessed with Tyler, but how could he not be?

"I think they're a cute couple," Tyler boldly said. He did not know if it was appropriate to speak about such things, but he couldn't keep the words back.

Jamie wondered if Tyler thought of them that way. "They are, but I do not think they have consummated their relationship."

The tips of Tyler's ears turned pink. "I see. I do not know how..."

Jamie swallowed thickly. His sweet Tyler was so innocent, yet could act so coy! "It's a private moment between two lovers, but Sid would not be able to keep it a secret," he replied hoarsely, hoping that Tyler wouldn't ask for technical details. It was certainly bad timing. "Look, we are almost to the saloon. I hope you're hungry."

Tyler licked his lips. He could picture Geno's large frame pushing Sid against the counter of his store. They would kiss passionately, and Sid would grip the front of Geno's shirt, because he would be weak at the knees. It would be like in those forbidden books Tyler's sister swooned over. Would Jamie take control of him like that?

"Yes, I'm so very hungry," Tyler said, his voice deep and full of longing. He didn't have food on his
Thankfully, Jamie was saved from replying as they entered the saloon. Piano music was tinkling from the back, and there was happy chatter filling the room. The poker players had not come in just yet.

Julie waved at them as they found a spot in the back. Jamie already knew what he wanted. The table was small enough that their knees brushed against each other once they were seated in front of each other. Jamie tried not to think too much about that.

"Well, hello, boys! I see the country hasn't scared you off yet, huh?" Julie greeted, winking at Tyler.

Tyler felt a little bolder than he did the day before. He winked right back at Julie. "No, ma'am, but your smiling face certainly drew me back!"

Jamie watched the tables turned as Tyler charmed Julie. "He's had a good night's sleep and new clothes from Sid. I think he's ready to face whatever is thrown his way."

Julie smiled. "You're certainly a favourite of mine. Jamie, you know how to find them. Anyone who stands up to that damned rat Giroux is a hero in my eyes."

"Julie, I have you to thank for this," Jamie said sincerely. "You pointed me in Tyler's direction. Giroux isn't used to people telling him off. Who knows what he'd try."

"Mhm, I see. I'm glad he didn't scare you off. Do you know what you boys will like? It's on the house. And before you protest, Jamie, this is a one time thing. You deserve it after yesterday."

"What's good here?" Tyler asked Jamie, trusting the older man's opinion.

"Let's have some grilled salmon," Jamie suggested. "You'll like it."

"Sounds good to me. Are you sure it's appropriate to give us the food?" Tyler couldn't help but ask, not used to kindness in this manner.

"Hush, you. I wouldn't offer if I thought it was wrong. I'll bring you gentlemen some ale, too." Julie winked again. She gave Jamie's shoulder a squeeze as she headed over to get their order in.

"That okay with you? Julie's real sweet. I think she's grown fond of you. Giroux, uh, gives her a hard time," Jamie explained and hoped Tyler didn't ask for more details.

"Yes, she's nice. I'm glad she seems to like me," Tyler said, sounding a bit bashful. He stretched his leg and found his foot brushed against Jamie's shin. Almost immediately, Jamie's eyes flashed, and he sat up straighter in his seat. Curious, Tyler did it again, this time deliberately slow.

Jamie almost jolted the first time he felt Tyler's foot. He was positive that it was a mistake until Tyler did it again. The little imp! Jamie felt his cock fatten up in his pants and was thankful they were sitting down. He could feel the smooth sole of Tyler's boot run across his leg. He felt the hair on his arm prickle up. "Yes, I've known her since childhood. Um, she's a good friend."

Tyler licked his bottom lip and locked eyes with Jamie. "Is she a better friend than I am?"

Oh, Lord! Jamie was going mad! "No, Tyler. I think our friendship will be different. I hope you'll stay long enough for us to get to know each other better." Perhaps Jamie had been alone too long, but he despared the thought of Tyler going back to Toronto. What he said the previous night was sadly true. Most people didn't stay once they satisfied their curiosity of the west.
“Has Julie ever been more than a friend to you, Jamie?” Tyler asked with a flame burning in his eyes.

Jamie felt himself blush. Indeed, Julie had been Jamie’s first and only love. “Yes, Julie was my sweetheart and companion. I loved her very much, but things took a wrong turn. I don’t approve of her occupations.” Jamie said in a low voice.

Tyler could sense that something was amiss, but his mind went on a totally different road. His thoughts were getting more corrupted by the minute. Tyler couldn’t get the obscene images of Jamie and Julie having sex out of his head. He could see it all so clearly and vividly - Jamie’s muscular body pining Julie to a door, his plump lips on the skin of her neck and his big male hands cradling her delicate face and plunging into her cascade of golden hair. He didn’t want to think about Jamie with Julie; he only wanted Jamie to do the same thing to him. In his naughty mind, Julie’s feminine frame was replaced by his masculine physique and his features… Tyler squirmed a little in his chair, knocking his knee against Jamie’s.

Tyler’s pants were getting tighter on his crotch; he felt so blindingly hot. He had to stop thinking about these things! What was wrong with him? Was he perhaps becoming one of those sex addicts who could never quite get enough? Tyler reassured himself that he’d never had any of these intense and sinful impulses before meeting Jamie. It must be directly related to the handsome cowboy; there was no other explanation.

“Oh, I see,” Tyler only said, barely a whisper under his breath. He was relieved when he saw Julie arrive with the two plates of grilled salmon. She made her way to their table, in her emerald dress and with her legs encased in black stockings. The thought of Jamie with her only added to the mix of desire and jealousy twisting in his stomach. He felt repressed and caged by his manners that forbade him from thinking or doing anything inappropriate and un-gentlemanly.

Julie placed the dishes on their table and smiled at them. “You boys are both so very handsome,” she said in a husky voice.

Jamie and Tyler thanked Julie and laughed a little at her compliment. She left them with a smile and an added sway to her hips.

“She didn’t used to be like that. When our friendship started to develop into something more, she was all shy… But she always had that passion in her,” Jamie said dreamily.

Tyler was feeling ravenous and attacked his meal. When he tasted the delicious, smoky flavour of the salmon, he moaned in pleasure. The sound shook Jamie out of his reverie. He couldn’t help but glance at Tyler. His lips wrapped around his fingers, manners forgotten and eyes closed in delight. There was something wild and fiery about Tyler - Jamie wanted to touch him so badly and feel the heat and desire burst out of him.

Jamie took a bite out of the salmon and groaned low in his throat; it did taste good. There was a touch of maple syrup in the sauce coating the fish. Jamie’s eyes wandered across the table to Tyler and saw some of the sauce at the corner of his mouth, making its way down to the stubble on his chin. Jamie’s whole body felt on fire as he leaned towards Tyler and applied his thumb to the corner of his mouth and caught the sauce.

Tyler lifted his head and looked at Jamie; the desire in his eyes reflected the lust evident in the cowboy’s gaze. Jamie never broke eye contact with Tyler as he brought his thumb back to his ruby lips and into his mouth.

Tyler gasped; he couldn’t stand it anymore. His left hand wandered under the table and brushed
against Jamie’s thigh. The act surprised Tyler, and as soon as his hand felt the heat radiating through Jamie’s britches, he removed his hand in haste.

“I’m sorry,” he mumbled, a raging blush spreading across his cheeks and his breath coming short. To distract himself, Tyler shoved a large bite of salmon in his mouth.

“Don’t be, Tyler,” Jamie murmured in a deep voice full of want. The small, hesitant touch had sent a thrill down his spine and a twitch through his cock. He just wanted to be alone with Tyler and finally show him how much he desired him. Make him feel pleasures he had never ever felt before. Touch him, kiss him, hold him… Possess him.

The intimacy settling between the two men was abruptly cut short when the saloon doors flung open and a familiar, nasty individual announced himself.

The red headed, coarsely dressed man was none other than Giroux! He didn’t notice Tyler and Jamie as he hollered, “Ladies and gentleman! If you’re looking for fancy shit, I’ve got it all waiting for you.” Giroux flashed his ugly smile and continued, “Selling the gentleman’s pretty underthings and expensive handkerchiefs for their true worth… To wipe your asses with!” He laughed meanly and stepped out of the saloon with a dozen interested individuals.

Tyler’s face was red for a whole new reason. How dare that filthy rat sell his precious belongings! Before Tyler could think about what he was going to do, Jamie lifted himself from his chair and walked out of the establishment with a perfectly calm step. He didn’t even look at Tyler because he was boiling with a terrible rage.

Jamie couldn’t believe the audacity Giroux had to show up at the saloon after last night. He had tunnel vision. He couldn’t stop himself. He let the doors slam behind him and marched right up to that smirking bastard.

"Oh, it's the baby-faced Benn boy," Giroux sneered. He did not back down, not even when Jamie stood face to face with him. "What the hell do you want? Thinking about buying some luxury items? They're fresh off the train from Toronto!"

"You're a despicable lowlife scum," Jamie spat. "I'm sick of you stealing and lying and spreading your poison around." He didn't wait for Giroux to reply. He drew back a fist and swung towards Giroux's ugly face. He heard a satisfying crack. It wasn't until he felt hot sticky blood drip down his knuckles that he realised the crack was Giroux’s nose.

Jamie saw red. He could hear Giroux yelling at him, but he could not make out the words. It all sounded like he was underwater. He grabbed Giroux by the dirty lapels of his jacket and threw him to the ground. The fact that Giroux had had his greasy fingers all over Tyler's fine clothing irritated Jamie.

"Jamie! Jamie!"

Tyler and Julie had followed Jamie out of the saloon when they realised he wasn't going to stop. Tyler hadn't expected the physical altercation to occur. He couldn't take his eyes off of Jamie dominating over Giroux, viciously punching his face. Giroux managed to get a punch in, but it didn't seem to faze Jamie at all.

Julie has a victorious smile on her face as she watched the fight. She knew Jamie could probably kill Giroux (to her extreme satisfaction), but it would bring him a whole lot of trouble with the law.

The blonde woman nudged Tyler in the ribs which made him realize that he had to step in. He ran up
to Jamie and pulled him off of Giroux. A small crowd had formed around the fighting pair, and Tyler knew that Giroux had cronies probably lingering around.

Giroux scrambled to his feet and spat out blood, wiping away the mess with his sleeve. "You're fucking crazy!"

Jamie licked the blood off his lip and calmly picked up Tyler's bag. "Don't mess with us," he warned Giroux. He turned to Tyler. "Let's go."

Tyler was stunned. He never would have suspected the seemingly sweet tempered cowboy had a mean streak in him. It honestly made Tyler feel a raw ache of want. He followed Jamie over to Sid's store where Lindy and Pavs, the other horse, were waiting patiently for them.

"Jamie, stop," Tyler pleaded. "Look at me, please. You're bleeding."

Jamie had walked over to the horses without really thinking. He turned and faced Tyler, who was staring at him with wide eyes. He suddenly felt ashamed that he had acted like such an animal in front of Tyler. "I am so sorry, Tyler. Please, don't think any less of me."

Tyler reached out and wiped blood off of Jamie's plush lips with his fingers. "Don't apologise, Jamie. That was heroic." A blush blossomed high on his cheeks. "It was quite thrilling. Once again, you stand up for me when no one else does. Next time, save a punch for me, okay? I deserve to give that rat a smack."

Jamie's shoulders relaxed, and he couldn't help but chuckle. His lips tingled from Tyler's touch. "Hopefully he stays away from us, but you can take the first swing next time. Let's go back to the ranch. I suppose I should wash my face."

Tyler laughed as well. "Yes, that sounds like a good plan. You should show me around the property."

Jamie tied up Tyler's bag on the back of the horse. "I can definitely do that." He patted Lindy's rump. Jamie was looking forward to the seclusion of his ranch with Tyler in tow. "Let's go!"

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When the two men arrived on the hill overlooking Jamie’s ranch, the sun was making its way down the horizon. There was a soft wind blowing through the trees and tickling their cheeks. Jamie stopped Lindy and Tyler had to tug on the reins of his horse to slow it down.

The cowboy dismounted his horse, and so did Tyler. Jamie had splashed water on his face before they had left town. There was only a slight cut on his full lower lip that testified he had been in a fight.

Tyler sat down on the soft, green grass, and Jamie followed him. They were both looking at the low sun illuminating the tall mountains surrounding the valley. Tyler turned his head to the side where Jamie was lying on his back with his elbows supporting his upper body.

“Thank you, Jamie,” Tyler murmured, his whole body itching for something physical to happen between them.

Jamie turned to look at him and sat back up. He couldn’t stop himself anymore; he cradled Tyler’s jaw and leaned in to kiss him hesitantly on the lips.

Tyler jumped at the touch, but his hands went to grab at the lapels of Jamie’s leather jacket -
demanding, wanting more. He opened his lips to grant access to Jamie and moaned low in his throat. His heart was hammering in his chest, want coursing through his veins, and eyes closing in bliss. Tyler felt his hat tumble down to the grass; so did Jamie’s. He took the opportunity to thread his long fingers in Jamie’s velvety hair.

When Jamie felt Tyler’s lips yielding and opening up, he twirled his tongue inside his mouth. Tyler tasted so sweet and syrupy. Jamie’s mouth watered. His plush lips latched onto Tyler’s; the kiss deepened and became more passionate and less uncertain. Tyler’s tongue explored Jamie’s mouth, caressing and sending shivers down his spine.

Tyler pushed forward, getting on his knees and bumping his nose with Jamie’s. He couldn’t stop himself anymore - lust inflamed his senses, and the next thing he knew, he was straddling Jamie’s muscular thighs and pushing him down into the grass. Eventually, they had to break the searing kiss and take a deep breath. Both men panted against each other’s flushed faces, their foreheads resting against one another. Tyler could feel Jamie’s big cock pushing insistently against him where their crotches touched.

“Jamie,” Tyler gasped. He could hear the cowboy’s rapid intakes of breath and the soft wind whispering in the tall fir trees all around them.

“Tyler,” Jamie groaned, his large hands settling on Tyler’s narrow hips. His dark eyes were devouring the man on top of him. Tyler’s cheeks were ablaze and reason was slowly overpowering his senses, dissipating the haze and bringing him back to reality.

Tyler hastily pushed himself up and left Jamie lying on the grass with his mouth slightly opened in disbelief. “What are you doing?”

Tyler couldn’t look at Jamie anymore and made his way to a small copse of trees. He swiftly walked into the shade and braced himself with a hand against the bark of a tree. He took several deep breaths and tried to clear his mind of what had just happened between him and Jamie.

It wasn’t long before Tyler felt strong arms wrap around his torso and a hot body press against his back. Tyler gasped when he felt the cowboy’s bulge against his behind. “Why are you teasing me like that, huh?” Jamie whispered in a warm puff of air against Tyler’s ear. Jamie let his tongue lave Tyler’s sensitive earlobe. The younger man squirmed in Jamie’s powerful arms, his ass wiggling against Jamie’s aching cock.

“I-I didn't mean to, I just… I don’t know, Jamie,” Tyler stammered, a furious blush making its way down his neck. He’d never been held like this before. It was so intimate; Tyler felt vulnerable and helpless in the most delicious of ways.

“Oh, I think you do know, Tyler,” Jamie whispered and kissed a spot just behind Tyler’s ear that had him moaning and twisting in his arms. “Can you feel how hard I am for you?” Jamie said in a rough voice, licking Tyler’s earlobe and pushing his hips against Tyler’s plush ass.

Tyler was overwhelmed by the sensations and could feel his own cock obscenely tent the fabric of his brand new pants. He let out a soft cry as he felt Jamie's hard bulge press against the crack of his ass. It was almost like he couldn't breathe for a moment. He could smell the earthy tones of the outdoors mixed with the musky scent that was Jamie. The wet feeling of Jamie's tongue on his ear made Tyler squirm against him.

"You've been teasing me all day," Jamie continued with a growl in his throat. "I couldn't close my eyes without thinking of you last night. Did you think of me, too?" Jamie planted soft kisses along the nape of Tyler's neck. He couldn't control his desires any longer, but he was going to be gentle
and patient with Tyler. Until he asked for more.

Tyler let his head fall back against Jamie's broad shoulder. He felt like Jamie was completely surrounding him. "Yes, Jamie," Tyler admitted, feeling the power of uttering the words aloud. "I can't take my mind off of you."

It was all Jamie needed to hear. He let his hand slide down Tyler's chest and gently cupped his hard cock through his pants. He wanted to taste every inch of the younger man. "Have you ever touched yourself here, Tyler?" Jamie asked, kissing Tyler's long neck again.

Tyler blushed under Jamie's lips. "Never... It's a sin."

Jamie's heart broke. "I was told that as a boy, but out here in the wild, it's sometimes the only pleasure you can get from another person. They call it mutual solace. I'll take care of you," Jamie promised. He was so hard and aching in his pants, but he would take care of Tyler's needs first. He pulled away from Tyler and took his hand. "Do you trust me?" Jamie lifted Tyler's hand and kissed his knuckles.

Tyler bit his bottom lip. He was nervous and afraid, but he didn't want Jamie to let go. His desire and longing burned throughout his body. "Of course I trust you, Jamie."

Jamie tugged Tyler back to the clearing. They had a perfect view of the mountains and ranch. Jamie took off his jacket, waistcoat and placed his shirt on the ground to give them a little comfort. "Good. Come sit with me," Jamie invited as he sat down.

Tyler greedily took in the wide expanse of Jamie's chest once he took off his shirt. The cowboy was strong and muscular, all dominance and pure power. "I want to touch you," he blurted out.

Jamie beamed. "Good. I want you to touch me, too, but first I want to show you what feels good." He patted his thigh, and Tyler hesitated for a split second before sitting on Jamie's lap. His legs were bent at the knee to each side of Jamie's waist.

The two men were face to face; everything seemed to narrow down just to them and their desire for one another. Tyler could feel Jamie's hard cock press against his crotch. He was glad he wasn't standing, because the rush made him feel so dizzy. "What do I do?"

Jamie kissed the shell of Tyler's ear and started to unfasten his pants. "Let me show you. We can do it together and then you can touch me, too." Tyler's cock was hard as Jamie gently pulled it out of his drawers. The foreskin was descended enough that the shiny pink cockhead peeked out. "Wow, look at you, Seggy," he breathed, the nickname rolling off his tongue with ease. He retracted the foreskin further back so that the head was free and rubbed his finger against Tyler's slit, collecting the precum beading up.

Tyler was assaulted by sensations, not realising his hips were humping the air until he felt Jamie's other hand give one of them a squeeze. "Jamie, Jamie, Jamie," Tyler chanted, "please don't stop." He
couldn't even imagine how Jamie's mouth would feel down there.

"That's my boy. So eager for my hand, aren't you? Relax and let me pleasure you," Jamie instructed. He tightened his fist and stroked Tyler a little more aggressively, loving the reaction he was getting.

Tyler’s hands, which had been resting against Jamie’s broad shoulders, buried themselves in his thick mane of dark hair. He tugged on the strands and arched his back. Tyler had never felt anything like this before. His skin felt too hot, and his cock was so sensitive.

“Jamie! Can you show me how to do it?” Tyler managed to ask in his deep voice. He was fully dressed except for his cock jutting out of his drawers, long and proud. The silky skin was a soft shade of pink, just like his cheeks, neck and ears.

Tyler’s shirt sleeves were bunched at his elbows, revealing his strong forearms. With the angle they were in, tugging on Jamie’s hair, a sinuous vein stood out from the delectably soft flesh of his inner arm. Jamie wanted to trace the vein with the tip of his tongue and feel Tyler’s pulse hammering.

Tyler gasped and scrunched his eyes closed as Jamie whispered against his ear: “Now, just give it a little twist.”

Tyler did as he was told, and his cock spurted precum. He blushed in embarrassment, and had to bite his lip and turn his head away from Jamie’s devouring eyes. As soon as he did, Tyler felt a warm hand cup his stubbled jaw and force him to look back.

“Look at me, Tyler. I insist,” Jamie said in a stern voice that sent thrills up and down Tyler’s spine. It reminded him of the inner beast Jamie had unleashed against Giroux moments ago.

Tyler locked eyes with Jamie and held on as he felt every tug on his cock bring him closer and closer to a poignant conclusion. Tyler didn’t know what it was, but the more Jamie urged him to stroke his dick, the more he felt his breathing accelerate and the hot current in the pit of his stomach twist.

“You saw me reach completion yesterday...” Jamie growled in his sweet voice gone rough with passion. “Do you want to know how it feels?”

“Oh!” Tyler whined, his body aching and his cock feeling as if it was about to burst. “Yeah, I really, really do.” He felt so wanton and desperate for it. “Please, let me feel it.”

Tyler’s drawn out “please” assaulted Jamie’s senses. He laced his fingers with Tyler’s around his
long cock. The untouched skin felt burning hot. Jamie licked his lips and watched with hungry eyes as Tyler’s cock gave a twitch in their joined hands. Tyler was chanting something under his breath, but Jamie couldn’t hear it over his groans. He stilled their hands which elicited a whimper from Tyler.

“I want you to let go of everything. Let your body do the talking,” Jamie purred. Tyler's body was twitching with pleasure. With his free hand, he reached out and rubbed Tyler's left nipple and then the right through his shirt until they were rock hard nubs.

"Jamie!" Tyler felt like he’d been dunked in cold water after sitting on a hot beach all day. He gasped for air and felt his body give in to Jamie's demand. He tilted his head down and watched spurt after spurt burst out of his cock. Jamie didn't stop moving their hands until Tyler was squirming and his dick was softening.

"So perfect, Tyler. You have no idea," Jamie praised. He rubbed his thumb against Tyler's cockhead, smearing the cum around. He leaned forward and kissed Tyler tenderly. They had so much more to do, and Jamie hoped he'd stay for a long time. "You did so well, babe." Jamie made sure Tyler was watching when he popped his sticky thumb in his mouth and cleaned it off.

Tyler let out a feeble moan as he watched Jamie taste it. He was curious about the taste, but too far gone to try. Maybe he could taste Jamie's? He looked down at the cowboy's crotch and blushed. Jamie's dick was obscenely hard. "Can I touch you now?" Tyler couldn't help but feel a little selfish.

"Yes, Tyler, you can. Just take me out like I did to you," Jamie instructed, running his hands down Tyler's arms.

Tyler stuck his tongue out in concentration as he unfastened Jamie's pants. Unlike himself, Jamie didn't wear drawers, so Tyler had access right away. He couldn't help the gasp that escaped his lips. Tyler pulled out Jamie's cock; it was so thick and hot in his hand. Jet black hair covered Jamie’s groin, and his cock sprang up from that coarse nest. The hair on Jamie’s groin only made him look more untamed than he already was. His cockhead was messy with the clear liquid that Jamie seemed to like to play with, so Tyler did the same thing. He smeared it around Jamie's cockhead and then licked his thumb. It wasn't a bad taste at all. He looked up at Jamie. "Can I...?"

"You can do whatever you want to me, Ty. Just keep touching me. I won't last long," Jamie admitted. He leaned forward and captured Tyler's lips into a kiss. "Go ahead and play with me."

Tyler hesitantly started moving his hand up and down Jamie’s big cock. He looked at Jamie intensely and moaned when a little “ah” of pleasure escaped the taller man’s plump lips. His hand was a little unsure and trembling with the intensity of the act he was performing. What really had Tyler’s heart jumping in his chest though was the look on Jamie’s handsome face; his pale cheeks were a beautiful shade of pink and his wet lips were opened in pleasure.

“I'm doing it right, yes?” Tyler asked as he jerked off the man of his wildest dreams. He leaned against Jamie, resting his forehead against his shoulder and accelerating the pace. Tyler breathed shakily against the damp skin of Jamie’s long neck and sucked a bruising kiss on his flesh.

Jamie groaned as Tyler swiped his thumb over the sensitive skin of his cockhead. He couldn’t believe how good Tyler’s hands felt on him - it was as if they were made for each other.

Jamie’s cock was throbbing in Tyler’s hand, precum leaking continuously from the head and easing Tyler’s strokes. His hand had stopped shaking, and he was getting more audacious by the second. Tyler could feel the veins on the underside of Jamie’s cock pulsing.
Jamie was overwhelmed by all kinds of sensations, his heart beating frantically in his chest and his toes curling in his boots. Tyler’s dexterous hands were pure sin on his skin. “Tyler. You’re so good, babe.” Jamie moaned low in his throat, eyes closing tight. He was so, so close to completion. Jamie couldn’t believe how such an inexperienced young man could make him feel so good.

“C’mon, Jamie.” Tyler murmured deeply in the crook of his neck. Out of pure instinct, one of his hands grabbed onto Jamie’s heavy balls and rolled them gently in his palm. Tyler felt powerful as he heard Jamie groan underneath him.

A tug of Tyler’s hand underneath the head of his cock and a wet, sloppy kiss against his collarbone, sent Jamie tumbling over the edge. He came so hard and powerfully that Tyler jumped in surprise. Tyler’s eyes were riveted on Jamie’s swollen cock as he watched pearly ribbons spurt out of its head and all over his waistcoat. “Yeah, Jamie. That’s it.” Tyler moaned as he milked Jamie dry. “So much of it.” His eyes were thorn off the sight of Jamie’s cock when he heard a harsh breath leave Jamie’s lips. The sight of Jamie’s face as he reached the peak of his pleasure, the stern features going slack, was even more striking than that of his cock. He was absolutely mesmerizing, dark eyebrows arched up.

“Oh, fuck.” Jamie gasped and buried his hands in Tyler’s curls and held on as the wave of orgasm washed over him. His vision blacked out, and the next thing he knew, he was lying on his back with Tyler all over him. Tyler was looking at him with loving eyes and a soft smile on his beautiful lips. His spent cock was right against Jamie’s, and both of their foreheads were touching.

It took a moment for them to catch their breaths, and they stayed there, sprawled in the grass. Tyler had rolled to Jamie’s side and was looking at the side of his face in the golden light of the sun. His massive chest rose, bits of dark hair showing through the opening of his collar. He looked powerful and masculine even as he dozed off, mind no doubt as hazy as Tyler’s was from such a passionate release. His jaw was rugged and his so attractive to Tyler, and he couldn’t resist reaching out to gently thumb at the sharp edge of Jamie’s jaw. This roused Jamie slightly, and he turned his head Tyler’s way, dark charcoal eyes sparkling in the rapidly fading light of the sun.

"Did you like it?” Jamie asked, his voice sounding raspy and thick even to his ears. Tyler giggled a bit to himself, and smiled back at him, golden brown eyes so stunning and beautiful. Expressive, mischievous, intelligent. Jamie found himself thinking that he would never tire of seeing these eyes looking at him like that.

“Yes, I did, Jamie,” Tyler whispered. “It felt so good. Thank you for showing me.” He leaned in closer and captured Jamie’s lips into a soft kiss, more like a press of lips as they once again rested their foreheads against one another’s. Jamie let his hand wander down Tyler’s back, tracing the curve of his spine through his waistcoat. Tyler melted against him, burying his face against his neck and nuzzling sweetly.

The sun was almost completely gone by now. The fresh autumn night settled around the two lovers. Tyler wanted to stay like this with Jamie forever. He never wanted to let go.
Chapter Summary

There was no way Jamie could control himself all day from acting on his aching desire. He was going to reduce Tyler to a moaning, begging, shivering mess. With what had happened yesterday, it was as if a rushing river had broken the ice of winter and nothing could stop its wild frenzy. Reluctantly, the cowboy released his hold on Tyler’s wrists and turned back towards the gate.

Chapter Notes

Revised and betaed by Leyna (leyley09).

Jordie arrived back not too much longer after they did. They spent a few hours chatting and laughing, but they needed their rest. Tyler felt like Jordie would just know that he and Jamie had touched so intimately, but he did not notice any changes. He was still his joking self. He hooted with laughter when Tyler told him what happened between Jamie and Giroux.

Falling asleep was easier than Tyler thought it would be after his romp in the woods with Jamie. While part of his curiosity was sated, he only wanted more. He ached to be in Jamie's bed, but he went to his own without protest.

The next morning, Tyler was up with the first crow of the rooster. While he knew that Jamie would not fault him for sleeping in, he made a promise to help out on the ranch. Tyler knew they could get things done before the meeting in town. He could hear movement from the kitchen and wondered how early Jamie rose.

Tyler washed up and changed into his new work clothes. They fit so comfortably. He'd never worked with his hands before, but he knew Jamie would show him what he needed to do. As he made his way down the stairs and into the kitchen, he heard somebody pouring coffee into cups.

"Jordie! You're up early!" Jamie hollered as he turned around. As soon as he saw that it was Tyler, he beamed. "Tyler! Hi! You could've slept in later. I wouldn't have minded."

Tyler ran a hand through his hair, cheeks pinking. "Well, I did promise to help out, Jamie. The rooster said it was time to get up. I won't complain if you give me some coffee, though."

Jamie chuckled. He'd been up for an hour now, getting breakfast ready. He wasn't the best cook, but they couldn't start a work day on an empty stomach. "Please, sit. I'll get you coffee. I made some eggs and biscuits."

Before Jamie could make Tyler a plate, he needed to get something out of his system. He walked up to Tyler and tilted his chin up with his fingers and kissed him gently. "Good morning. Seeing you bright and early really makes my day."
Tyler smiled. He wasn't expecting such a sweet kiss from Jamie. He loved the two sides of the cowboy - the fierce fighter and the caring lover. He sat down at the table. "I can say the same thing," he replied, licking his lips, wishing to taste Jamie more.

"Here's what I think we should do. Feed the animals, then take a head count of the cattle and see if any babies were born overnight. Do a little cleaning. I'll give you a better tour once we get out there," Jamie explained, putting the plate of food and coffee in front of Tyler. He sat across from him with his own drink and food. "How does that sound?"

Tyler smiled, all dimples in his cheeks. "It sounds great, Jamie. Can I ask you something?"

Jamie couldn’t take his eyes off Tyler’s bright smile. It was the most beautiful smile he had ever seen - he wanted to have the chance to see that smile for the rest of his life. "Yeah, sure. What is it you want to know?" Jamie asked as he took a sip of coffee.

With a playful glint in his pale brown eyes, Tyler knocked his foot against Jamie’s leg under the table. "I want to know why you called me “Seggy” yesterday. Is it some special name you came up with just for me?" Tyler said with a wink, his tongue at the corner of his lips.

Jamie laughed at Tyler’s playful teasing. He loved that Tyler felt comfortable enough to tease and express himself. Jamie had known it was lurking under the surface and that is what had drawn him to Tyler in the first place... Along with his incredibly irresistible appearance, of course.

"Well, it’s a thing we cowboys do. We call each other by our last names and when we especially like someone, we add our little twist to it. It’s like Patrick Sharp; I call him Sharpy,” said Jamie as he watched Tyler dip a biscuit in his coffee cup. “You’re Seguin, so I call you Seggy.”

Tyler chuckled. No one had ever called him this, and he’d never heard of such a custom. His friends and sisters called him “Ty” all the time but “Seggy”... That was a new one. Tyler liked it; he liked the fact that Jamie was the only one to have ever called him this. “Is it going to be a little thing just between you and me?” Tyler asked as he nibbled on his biscuit and gave another gentle push to Jamie’s leg.

“Yeah,” Jamie breathed out. “Just between you and me. How about babe? Do you like me calling you babe?” It was Jamie’s turn to tease Tyler. He had a smug smile on his face when he noticed a blush spreading high on Tyler’s cheeks.

“I like it very much, yes,” Tyler managed to say in his deep, rumbling voice. Jamie made him feel like nobody else had ever made him feel - jittery, lusty, needy.

“How did you feel when I called you babe?” Jamie pushed further, leaning against the table with his elbows resting against the wood.

Tyler inhaled sharply. “It made me feel all hot and bothered,” he said seductively and licked his lips. Tyler was getting bolder with each passing day. He had so many naughty ideas on his mind that he desperately wanted to share with Jamie.

Jamie loved hearing Tyler voice his feelings. He knew that under that naïvety, Tyler had an adventurous streak in him. He wanted to unlock it all in time. Jamie could only imagine the dueling emotions rushing through him. They were raised in completely different environments. Jamie had never known the finer things in life and didn't understand the strict expectations Tyler's father seemed to impose.

"Good, I think I like you all hot and bothered," Jamie said in a low voice. "There's so much I want to
do to you.” The young cowboy’s burning brown eyes were locked with Tyler’s lighter gaze. “I’ve never felt this way before.” His voice was a little hoarse when he added: “There’s still so much of your body that is aching to be touched and pleasured. You're my babe, right, Seggy?"

Tyler squirmed in his seat. "Yes, I’m your babe. And you're mine." Tyler couldn't imagine Jamie courting another. "What do you want to do to me? I’d like to feel your naked body over mine."

Jamie licked his lips. "Yes, I want that, too. I want to pin you against my bed. I want to feel you under me." He swallowed thickly. At this rate, they would never make it out of the kitchen. "I wanna be inside you."

Tyler almost choked on his biscuit, but managed to control his actions. "I want all of that, too," he replied in a throaty voice.

"Let's finish up eating. We'll need the energy." Jamie said with a wink. He couldn't stop thinking about being intimate with Tyler, but there was work to do.

Tyler blushed furiously as he thought about Jamie having his way with him. They finished their breakfast in silence, both imagining what it would feel like to be naked and in the throes of passion together. Tyler felt himself harden in his britches when he thought about Jamie getting inside him. Heat twisted in his stomach as he realized he had no idea how Jamie would fit in him but thirsted for it to happen no matter what.

Jamie wasn’t thinking about anything less obscene as he ate up his eggs. He could see Tyler’s perfect body all bare and squirming on his bed with his head thrown back and his eyes scrunched closed… His legs pulled up against his chest and that sweet ass exposed for him to claim as his. Jamie shivered and felt his cock push against the fabric of his britches. He had to stop thinking about this, but it wasn’t easy with Tyler so near to him. The cowboy finished his breakfast and stood up in a rush, hoping Tyler hadn’t seen his growing erection.

Unluckily for Jamie, Tyler was the kind of person who noticed every single detail around him. So, he clearly saw Jamie’s bulge but restrained himself from letting his thoughts wander or focusing too much on it. Their whole discussion had been indecent and shocking… But still so, so pleasing. Tyler was truly going to burn in hell, but he didn’t give a damn because all of this was just too good - to want and to be wanted.

Tyler stood up and followed Jamie with his plate and cup which he left on the wooden counter. Both men made their way to the front door and out into the open air.

The sky was a mix of soft blue with white clouds, the air was crisp with the pure scent of autumn, and a slight wind was blowing through the trees. Harvest time was near, and there would be a lot to do on the ranch for the next weeks. The landscape all around the ranch was a magnificent, untouched wilderness that Tyler wanted to discover alongside Jamie. The tall fir trees crept up the hills and formed a thick forest around the valley. In the distance, far behind the property, immense mountains seemed to keep watch on the secluded farm. It was as if no harm could ever come to this place because it was so well defended by the natural elements.

Little did Tyler know that dark events had transpired on the Benn ranch. The tall mountains and the impenetrable forest hadn’t been able to hold back disaster and suffering.

Tyler watched Jamie’s strong back and wide shoulders as they walked towards the barn. The barn was a long structure made out of wooden planks with a slightly inclined roof. Tyler followed Jamie inside the lean to. It smelled a little rank, the smell strong with humidity and mold. Tyler coughed but did not stop; he continued his way down the corridor, looking at the wooden walls and the low
ceiling. Lost in his thoughts and curiosity, Tyler didn’t notice that Jamie had stopped in front of a door, so he bumped into his back.

Jamie turned around at the contact and saw Tyler’s smaller frame in the filtering light of the tiny windows. Without any warning, Jamie took hold of Tyler’s wrists, on each side of his body, and pushed him against a wall. His tall, broad body crowded Tyler in. Heat radiated from both men’s bodies, and Jamie’s hot mouth latched onto the skin of Tyler’s neck. A drawn out moan escaped Tyler’s parted lips, and he arched his back when he felt Jamie’s strong grip pin his wrists above his head.

“Jamie,” Tyler moaned low as his neck was showered with wet, sloppy kisses. Jamie was ravenous and demanding, pushing against Tyler’s crotch insistently. Tyler was so turned on by all of this dominance, sheer power, and insatiable lust. When Jamie stopped sucking kisses on Tyler’s skin, he backed off slightly and looked down at him with his immense, doe-shaped eyes. His lips were so full and spit slick, and Tyler couldn’t help but wonder where else these lips would feel good.

“Better watch your step, Seggy,” Jamie said in a rough voice. He caressed the soft skin of Tyler’s inner wrists with his thumbs. Jamie could feel the younger man’s pulse hammering under his touch. The barely repressed hunger in Tyler’s gaze was evident as he locked eyes with Jamie. There was no way Jamie could control himself all day from acting on his aching desire. He was going to reduce Tyler to a moaning, begging, shivering mess. With what had happened yesterday, it was as if a rushing river had broken the ice of winter and nothing could stop its wild frenzy.

Reluctantly, the cowboy released his hold on Tyler’s wrists and turned back towards the gate. Jamie took out a set of rusty keys from his pant’s pocket, inserted one of them in the lock, and pushed the wooden door open with a creaking sound.

Jamie tried not to shake. The passion he felt for Tyler was burning deep in his chest. He’d been alone for awhile now, and Tyler’s muscular body was so much different from Julie’s soft curves. He was glad that his brother was late to rise, because Jamie knew he would humiliate himself, unable to resist touching Tyler.

The horses were happy to see Jamie enter. Light flooded into the old barn through windows and cracks in the planking. Jamie and Tyler were greeted by whinnying and stomping. "We'll feed the horses and send them out to the pasture to enjoy the sunshine," Jamie explained. Thankfully, his breathing had returned to normal. "There's a back door over there, and it leads right out to their enclosure. I don't like keeping them out at night because there's wolves and other predators."

That made sense. Tyler hadn't thought about the other wild animals in the area. "So do we feed them in here, or do they eat outside?" His neck still felt hot from Jamie's mouth.

"Today is your lucky day! There's already a hay bale out there. We'll just open the stables and let them go." Even though Tyler volunteered to help, Jamie didn't want to wear him out on his first day, especially when he had a meeting in the evening in town. "I'll show you how to open the doors."

Jamie led Tyler to the first horse and gave it a rub on the head. He could tell the horses were a little impatient. "Here, just lift this latch. The horses won't trample you. They'll wait until you've moved out of the way."

Tyler nodded. Jamie didn't have a lot of horses, just five, but Tyler did know there were a lot of cattle. He copied Jamie's actions of greeting each horse with a gentle pat or rub and soon enough, the horses were on their way out.

Jamie walked up to Tyler and wrapped an arm around his waist. "Not bad, right? We'll brush them
later and check on their shoes. I'll leave the stable cleaning to Jordie since he decided to sleep in."
Jamie couldn't help but chuckle. Served Jordie right.

"It doesn't smell as bad as I thought it would," Tyler admitted, a little thankful he wasn't about to
clean the stable, although he knew he'd eventually have to.

"You're such a liar," Jamie said with a loud laugh. "You will get used to the smells around here. And
if you really need a break, just step aside and take in the fresh air."

"I'll keep that in mind," Tyler replied, playfully scrunching up his button nose. He hip checked Jamie
and bounced a little on his heels. "So what's next?"

Jamie swatted at Tyler's ass. "Should've taken yourself out West sooner," he said, almost feeling a
little wistful at the idea of meeting Tyler sooner. "We need to feed the chickens. I only have a few
and mainly use them for eggs. C'mon, let's go out the back door." Jamie nudged Tyler along and
couldn't keep the grin off his face. Even doing menial chores seemed so much better with Tyler
around. He grabbed the bucket of feed for the chickens and followed Tyler out.

Tyler could see the chicken coop as soon as he stepped outside. It was obviously made by the Benn
family and looked like it could use a remodel. A few of the boards seemed to be a little rotted. Tyler
hoped he could help fix it. A few of the chickens were pecking at the ground, looking for food.

A sudden high pitched whine stole Tyler's attention away from the chickens. He'd never heard the
sound before, but couldn't ignore it. He followed the sound to the side of the barn and saw a small
creature, curled up into itself and whining pathetically. Tyler instantly dropped to his knees and
scooped up the animal. It was a fox, with a bushy tail and little legs, still very much a kit.

"Tyler, what are you doing?" Jamie had the bucket of feed in one hand and had to look around for a
second before he found Tyler, crouched over something.

Tyler gently rubbed the fox's back, and it quieted, but was still making soft snuffling noises. "I found
an abandoned fox, Jamie! Look! He's so cute."

Jamie bit his lip. Tyler looked so happy holding the little fox, but all Jamie could see was the fox
growing up and eating his chickens. "Its mom is probably looking for it."

Tyler couldn't help the pout that formed on his lips. "No way! He's so cold, Jamie, and so hungry.
We can't just leave him here."

Jamie felt himself caving in quicker than he ever would've imagined. "He's your responsibility now. I
don't want him eating my chickens."

Tyler jumped up and kissed Jamie, careful not to squish the fox between them. "Thank you, Jamie!
I'll take care of the little guy. He'll guard your chickens, not eat them!"

Tyler's happiness was worth it, Jamie decided. His smile was contagious. "I'm holding you to your
word. We'll get some fresh milk so you can feed him, okay? But let's get these cockneys fed first.
That fox is so small that the chickens might be the ones to eat him first!"

Jamie went inside the coop while Tyler waited outside with the little fox curled against his chest, one
of his big hands gently caressing the soft fur of the baby animal. Tyler smiled when the fox nuzzled
at his chest.

When Jamie came out of the small enclosure, he found his heart melting at the sight of Tyler with the
baby fox. Tyler's eyes were filled with love as he was petting the animal and telling him adorable
nonsense. “Yeah, I’ll take care of you, little guy. You’ll see, everything’s going to be alright. Cause I’m here. Daddy’s…”

“Here!” Jamie finished, as branches cracked in the undergrowth and a man dressed in all furs emerged from the forest.

“Salut, les amis (Hello, my friends)” He exclaimed enthusiastically in his language. As he made his way towards Jamie and Tyler, he whistled a happy tune.

Tyler couldn’t help but frown as he took in this mysterious man. He wore a thick bear fur that extended up to his shaggy head. The bear’s ears stood out on his head, and gave the man a ridiculously endearing appearance. The rest of his body was covered in patches of fur and leather from various animals. The man had sparkling turquoise eyes and a straight nose that emphasized his narrow face. A brown beard covered his chin, giving him a wild look, but his wide smile was full of kindness.

Jamie gathered his friend in a powerful hug and gave him a few pats on the back. The man dressed in furs smelled no better than the bear he had killed to make his extravagant garment. “Daddy, I’m so glad to see you!” Jamie said, moving at arm’s length and making the presentations: “This is Tyler. He’s come all the way from Toronto in search for gold.”

“Hey, I’m Jason. He calls me “Daddy”, but you better don’t know why. Better to keep it a secret.” He laughed and extended a rough hand with a dirty bandage around it. “Enchanté (nice to meet you)”

Tyler didn’t even feel disgusted by Daddy’s nasty hand and gave him a proper handshake. “Nice to meet you! Are you from “la belle province”?” Tyler asked with a good hearted laugh.

“Ben, oui (of course)” Daddy smiled, clearly proud of the fact that he was from Québec. “I came out here for fur trapping.”

“Oh, you’re a fur trapper! I should have known with all these furs. How did you kill that bear?” Tyler was intrigued, but noticed that Daddy was eyeing the little fox against Tyler’s chest.

“That’s a story I have to tell you for lunch,” he winked. “It’s quite dramatic,” Daddy added and then pointed at the fox: “Where did you find that little guy?”

“I just found him behind the chicken coop. He seems pretty sick. But I’ll take care of him,” Tyler said as he patted the fox’s head.

Daddy smiled warmly: “Un beau p’tit renard (a beautiful lil’ fox). When I came out here, years ago, I also had a fox. He was my only friend for many months,” Daddy said with his French Canadian accent. He spoke quite clearly and remarkably well for one of his folks. Most of them didn’t know a word of English and wouldn’t venture out of their province. Daddy was very courageous to have left Québec all by himself.

“That’s incredible! You must have a few tricks up your sleeve.” Tyler said.

“Sure thing! I’ll help you out,” Daddy promised, but was cut short when his stomach gave a low grumble. “I’m quite hungry. I haven’t eaten anything else than stinking bark for the past days... I’ve been in lots of shit.” Daddy muttered and gave a nervous glance towards where he had came from. “Maudite marde (damn shit),” he muttered under his breath.

Jamie knew that Daddy, like most of his people, often kept most of his personal thoughts to himself. The cowboy had also noticed worry settle in on Daddy’s face. He was biting his lower lip, and his
hand had instinctively gone to his knife. “There’s something you’re not telling us, Daddy.” Jamie started in a suspicious tone.

“Um, I, I don’t think I should be staying here,” the fur trapper mumbled with furtive eyes. His countenance had changed in a matter of seconds. “I don’t want to disturb you gentlemen.”

“At least stay for a little bite,” Tyler said innocently. “It would do you good to get some energy.”

Daddy turned his head in Tyler’s direction and smiled. It was as if he had shaken off his trance. “I might just stay for a few minutes,” he answered and then gave Jamie a strange look. “Is Jordie here?”

“Yes,” Jamie replied. “Let’s get moving.” The cowboy seemed so cold and stern suddenly. Tyler could sense the tension in Jamie's posture.

A low cloud covered the sun, and a sudden wind shook the branches of the trees. Something was amiss. Jamie was troubled and wished for Daddy to leave as soon as possible. As much as he liked the fur trapper, Jamie had a bad feeling about all of this.

The three men walked back to the house, Tyler and Daddy chatting all the while. When they arrived in front of the gate, Jamie told Tyler to wait for them in the house because he had to talk with Daddy alone. Tyler didn’t ask any questions, but he was disappointed that Jamie didn’t want him to know what the problem was. He made his way toward the door with the fox cradled in his arms and a frown on his face; he didn’t like having information kept from him.

When the young man was out of hearing distance, Jamie turned Daddy’s way with his hands on his hips. “Now, tell me what’s going on, Daddy,” He commanded with an unyielding stare.

Daddy shook his head, the bear’s ears flapping wildly and whispered-screamed: “Someone was sent to kill me.”

Jamie felt like he had a bucket of ice water dumped on his head. “Please, tell me you’re joking,” he hissed out. Daddy was known for telling stories, but there was something in his eyes that made Jamie think it was the truth.

"Oui, someone attacked me on my way back into town," Daddy replied solemnly. "I promise you it happened. You don’t want to see how my hands look. Completely mangled, tabarnak." Daddy swore as he looked at one of his injured hands. The bandage was dirty, but at least no blood had gushed out of the wound.

The Québécois continued his tale with wide eyes: “I was heading back with my latest load of furs when this big man jumped out at me, brandishing a machete. I thought this would be a robbery, as sometimes happens, but he wasn’t interested in furs. He did not say a single word. He started slashing at me. Câlisse, it was insane!”

Daddy’s tale was truly dramatic. It was as if he was reliving the moments, swinging his arms around and mimicking his assailant’s movements. “I dropped the heavy pack I was carrying, and I think it took him by surprise. He paused, so I grabbed the knife from that dirty bastard’s hands! But he still sliced me up very badly.”

Jamie’s mind was racing. "This doesn't seem like it was a random attack, Daddy..."

"Indeed! He seemed to be on a mission." Daddy let out a deep sigh. The fur trapper recalled the son of a bitch leaving in a hurry after he had brandished his hunting knife at the assassin and shouted insults at him in his very colourful language. The French Canadian swear words penetrated one’s ears like blades: the harsh syllables testified that the person uttering them was truly furious. Fleeing
without looking back had been the big man’s only option. He had been sent to kill Daddy without a fight, to attack him from behind and leave him for dead, but he had failed.

Jamie was filled with worry. He couldn't help but think of his father and now Tyler. Whoever had been sent out to murder Daddy could've easily followed him to the ranch. He watched Tyler walk into the house. He had to keep the young gentleman safe, but he didn't want to constantly hover around him. "I'm glad you're in one piece. Let's go inside; I'll make some food. Maybe take another look at your hands. Jordie should be up soon."

Despite the attack, Daddy seemed to have his spirits lifted at the mention of Jordie. "Oh, good. I look forward to talk with him! Hopefully your cooking has improved since I've been gone."

Wounded or not, Jamie still shoved him. "Go on, get inside. I'm going to get a little milk from the cows for the baby fox. Don't scare Tyler, either! Tell him some of your legendary stories. I'm sure he'll be happy to hear those."

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When Jamie came back with the fresh milk, his mood had lightened considerably. Spending time with the cows always made him feel better and at peace with his mind. The young cowboy heard laughter and even singing coming out of the kitchen. Daddy’s strong voice and foot tapping made Jamie smile as he entered the kitchen.

The three men were sitting around the table and seemed to be having one hell of a good time. Jamie noticed that Tyler’s little fox was curled up in the comfy box Jordie had built for Shadow, the beloved cat the family had adopted back when their dad was living on the ranch. Jamie’s chest felt tight as he remembered the days where everyone was happily together.

“Hey, Chubbs! You gotta listen to Daddy’s fight against the bear,” Jordie laughed loudly and Tyler joined him in the general hilarity.

Jamie told them he would listen as soon as he got the milk in a little bowl for the kit. When he was done, Jamie sat with the other men around the table. A light hearted mood settled in the kitchen, and Jordie got smoked salmon and a bottle of whisky out of the pantry.

The afternoon went by and a few minutes before three o’clock, Tyler had to leave the pleasant gathering to prepare himself for the meeting at five. He climbed up the stairs to the upper floor, walked down the corridor, shut the door, and stood in the middle of the guest bedroom with his hands on his hips. He was still perplexed by Jamie’s behaviour and Daddy’s radical mood changes. There was something he didn’t know, and it irritated him.

Tyler eyed his bag on the side of the bed and decided it was time for him to change clothes and stop thinking about the information being kept from him.

Tyler stepped towards his bag and lifted it from its place on the floor to settle it on the bed. It was a large heavy bag, filled with many of Tyler’s fine clothes and accessories. He rummaged through the bag and took out a long, dark grey frock coat. The expensive coat had been folded tightly to fit in the bag alongside the other clothes. Tyler particularly loved this coat; it had been given to him by his mother Jacqueline.

He unfolded the coat and placed it on the bed. Tyler then took out a steel blue waistcoat, a pair of grey plaid pants, a shirt of the matching pale grey colour, and finally a silk cravat. Every piece of
clothing was tailored to perfection with impeccable care. The buttons on the waistcoat were made of precious pearls, and the lines on the plaid pants were the exact same shade of blue as the waistcoat.

Tyler took off his cowboy clothes and placed them on the bedside table. When he was in nothing but his drawers, the young man hesitated. He remembered Jamie not wearing anything under his trousers and felt a rush of arousal heat up his senses. Tyler's breath came short, and he couldn't help giving his cock a hesitant touch through his drawers before lowering them down.

Tyler dressed himself with his elegant clothes, the soft fabrics clinging deliciously to his naked body. Every article of clothing emphasized his irresistible charms and made him look like a prince. When Tyler was done adjusting his pale gray cravat, he searched through his bag to find a stingy brimmed steel blue hat. Tyler placed the hat on his head and couldn't wait for Jamie to see him like this. He felt so good and at ease in his clothes.

The waistcoat made his waist look narrower and emphasized the width of his strong shoulders. He knew the pants were snug on his ass since he could feel the fabric stretch against his bare skin. Tyler felt so very naughty as he trailed his hands down his clothed body and imagined Jamie's burning brown eyes devouring him from head to toe… Touching him through his clothes and making his mind spin with lust.

Tyler could feel the fabric tighten against his hardening cock. He couldn't help but gasp at the feeling. A high blush rose on his cheeks as he thought about Jamie seeing him like this: wanton and unable to restrain his intense sexual needs. He jumped out of his reverie when he heard the sound of the door creaking behind him. Tyler turned around swiftly and was greeted by the sight of Jamie's tall, broad frame and handsome face.

Jamie had intended to tell Tyler of Daddy's tale, but as soon as he saw the other man, his mouth went dry and all rational thought escaped his mind. Tyler was wrapped up like a gift. He looked so dashing in his fine clothes, and part of Jamie wanted to undress him right there.

"Oh, hello, Jamie," greeted Tyler, his heart beating rapidly in his chest. He reached out and placed a hand over Jamie's heart, unable to keep a smile off his face.

"Hello, Seggy. Wow, look at you," Jamie replied huskily. He grabbed Tyler by his hips and pulled him flush to his body. Passion was racing through his blood. He kissed Tyler's lips and pulled away after giving those lips a nibble. He felt jealous because he knew that the town's highest ranking members would be feasting on the sight of Tyler.

"Mhm, Jamie," Tyler breathed once the cowboy pulled away. He clutched onto Jamie's shirt, clinging to him. "What brings this on?"

Jamie's hands moved from Tyler's hips to his ass, giving it a firm squeeze. Tyler's muscular ass fit so perfectly in his hands. "You're mine, Tyler. I don't want you to forget it." Jamie tilted his head down and trailed kisses along Tyler's jawline. "I wish I could be with you at this meeting, but I have work to do." He ran his fingers down the crease of Tyler's ass, pressing ever so slightly on his hole.

"Ahh, Jamie," Tyler moaned, losing focus. He was going to be late if he didn't pull away from Jamie, but it was so damn hard. He pressed tighter against Jamie's strong body, gasping when their hard cocks met.

"You'll always remember my name," Jamie promised. He kissed his way to Tyler's earlobe and gave it a gentle bite before kissing his way up the shell of his ear. "I'm going to miss you when you're gone," he whispered.
Tyler shuddered at the ministrations to his ear and the feeling of Jamie's hot breath whispering so close. He wanted Jamie's hands everywhere.

"I hate that those pompous assholes will be looking at you," Jamie continued, cupping Tyler's ass. He wanted to tie Tyler's hands together with his cravat and keep him in the bedroom. "It will be a bore, but you will learn things." Jamie moved one of his hands off of Tyler's ass and took his hand in his. The cowboy pressed Tyler's big hand against his covered cock. "You'll be thinking of this."

Tyler licked his lips and let his fingers close in on Jamie's cock, getting a good feel of the hard flesh he could never forget. "Jamie, you're not playing fair..."

"I know, and I apologise. I just like it better when you're by my side."

Tyler couldn't fault Jamie on his sweet words. "I like it better, too, but you have so much work. I've already held you back today. You must be behind on chores. And you'll need to feed the baby fox again."

Jamie pulled Tyler into a kiss. "I like how sensible you can be. Daddy showing up took time from my day, but you didn't. You're learning." He wrapped his arms tightly around Tyler. "If you see Giroux, keep your mouth shut, because I really don't want you to get hurt. I was in a blind rage when I fought with him." Jamie was looking at Tyler with concerned eyes. "I hope he won't target you and Sid; he really dislikes Sid."

Tyler frowned. He thought Sid was a talented, sweet soul. He remembered that Sid seemed to deflate when Giroux was mentioned at his shop. "I won't try and start something, but I will not be defenceless if he does anything to upset us. Besides, I think Geno might be around, and you'd have to be a fool to try and jump him."

Jamie felt a hum of pride rush through his heart. Tyler was so caring and determined. He knew that Sid would appreciate having a friend who would stick up for him while they were out. "Just be careful," was all Jamie could say, thinking back at what happened to Daddy. He was just glad that Tyler wouldn't be going out alone. "You really do look so amazing, Ty - I've never seen anyone look this good in clothes ever before."

"I'll be careful," Tyler promised. He placed his hand over Jamie's heart. "I'll come home and laugh at all the silly things, too. Won't that be something? I'll make you laugh more than Daddy does."

Jamie was already chuckling at Tyler's competitive streak. "Daddy's jokes are crazy, but I'm sure you'll make me laugh more."

"See, you already know." Tyler winked at Jamie. His heart was still beating hard in his chest. He didn't know how it was possible for anyone to dislike Jamie.

"I already do. Now turn around. Lemme really look at this outfit!" Jamie wanted to take in the whole picture now. Tyler laughed and bowed. "Your wish is my command," he replied, turning around so Jamie could get a complete view. "Still like it?"

Jamie couldn't take his eyes off of Tyler. "Very nice. Of course I still like it," Jamie swallowed hard. The pants were so sinfully tight on Tyler's ass, the fabric teasing the cowboy. Jamie just wanted to rip the fine fabric open to reveal the soft, pale skin. He still hadn't seen Tyler's ass and thirsted to put his hands all over the bare flesh.

Tyler rolled his eyes, but still had a playful grin across his face. He felt a little shyness creep up, out
of the blue, but it didn't stay with the happy look on Jamie's face. "Thank you, Jamie. Will you help me get Lindy ready to ride?"

"Of course. Let's go. You don't want to be late." Jamie took Tyler's hand and tugged him out of the room. "Think about what you want to name the fox. It might think its name is just Fox."

"I won't let that happen. I'll think of an amazing, adorable name. You'll wish it was your name, too," Tyler insisted.

Jamie gave Tyler's hand a squeeze before dropping it. "We'll see. I'm not easily impressed." He nudged Tyler to get him to start going down the stairs.

"You're such a liar, Jamie Benn!" Tyler laughed and headed down the stairs with Jamie hot on his trail.

Tyler was looking forward to the meeting in a strange way. He still had a longing to please his father. Perhaps he would find so much gold that he could just live with Jamie. Hire more ranch hands to give him a break. He could even start a small hockey club! There was so much that could happen. Tyler was just glad that Jamie was with him… But he’d like his mother and sisters to be close by. He was already starting to miss them a little.

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The town hall was definitely the most beautiful building in the town of Kamloops. It was one of the only structures made out of brick, and it had a clock tower on its roof. There was a well kept rose garden at the left of the building, and the sight made Tyler a little homesick. It all reminded him of his mother’s beloved garden with its flower pots and sweet smelling plants.

For a moment, Tyler got caught up in the vision of his mother in her simple dark brown dress and her blonde hair tied in a bun, sitting amidst her flowers and raking through the dirt, humming a song under her breath. Jacqueline was Tyler’s dearest friend, and he told her everything from his joys to his pains. Her reassuring face would break into one of her bright smiles, much like Tyler’s, or she’d hug him close to her heart and tell him she would always be there for him. Jacqueline loved her son more than anything in the world and never criticized or reprimanded him for being who he was.

Tyler adjusted his hat and took a deep breath; he had business to attend to. With a determined look on his face, the young man walked down the small Rocky path that lead to the doorway. A massive fir tree stood on the left side of the building and vines crept across the bricks and stones of the structure.

Tyler pushed the heavy door open and was greeted by a clerk standing in the lobby. Tyler was obviously expected for the meeting and the clerk offered to show him the way to the salon.

A great chandelier made out of the finest crystal hung from the ceiling. Tapestry decorated the walls in luxurious burgundy shades. On the walls, portraits of important men and eminent figures in the search for gold were displayed in neat order. The wooden floor creaked underneath Tyler’s fancy boots as he followed the clerk. Down the corridor they went, and soon, he was shown to two massive double doors made of polished wood.

“There is the entrance to the salon, Mr.” The man said as he gestured to the doors. He stepped forward and cautiously pulled on the golden door knob, opening the door and announcing Tyler in a sweet and polite manner.

A clear and authoritative voice responded that he could enter. Tyler was used to these kinds of orders
and complied as soon as the words were uttered.

The salon was luxurious and furnished with exquisite taste. The walls were a dark shade of green with tapestry adorning the edges in glorious patterns of gold. There was a fireplace with a wooden mantle at the right hand side of the rectangular room. Horses and flowers were sculpted in the mantle with the utmost talent and precision. Over the mantle hung a moose’s head, most definitely a hunting trophy. A large window bathed the room in a soft glow, black draperies hanging from the sides and framing the glass.

An imposing table made of dark wood stood in the middle of the room, and around it sat three men. A fourth one was standing with his back turned to Tyler, facing a small velvet covered chair.

Tyler smiled brightly when he noticed Sid sitting at the table. He hadn’t spotted him at first, due to his observation of his surroundings. Sid’s ruby lips stretched into a beautiful smile when he caught Tyler’s gaze. Sid was dressed in dark blues. Always elegant but restrained - dark, simple, and without any unnecessary garments.

The blond man sitting on Sid’s left was the complete opposite in fashion choice. “Extravagance” was the first word that came to Tyler’s mind when he looked at him. A long, fluffy white scarf with a huge pink gem pinned in the fabric was wound around his neck. His tailcoat was made of a rich velvet of the purest black and the buttons were sparkling tourmalines. This man was the definition of a “dandy”. He seemed to have an urge to decorate himself with the flashiest of garments. To impress? To provoke? To seduce, perhaps? Tyler didn’t know at this point.

His face was rather flat in appearance and round in shape. His eyes were blue, small and nestled deep inside his head. It really gave him a tired, bored look even though he might not have been feeling any of these emotions at all. His nose was long and pointy which made him look like a weasel, and his lips were thin.

The man sitting at the blond’s left was chubby and jolly. He had a big grin on his face, and he welcomed Tyler in a surprisingly high pitched voice: “Hey, there! Must be Mr. Seguin, eh?” Manners clearly weren’t his forte. The man probably had been educated minimally and must be one of these “self made” success stories. Many of the men out west were just like him: without any proper formation and in search of profit and glories.

Tyler politely answered that he was indeed Mr. Seguin. He greeted the man and decided to take place at Sid’s right side. Tyler observed the fat man more closely; his hair was short and blond, his face chubby and rosy. He had sparkling blue eyes that were much different from the dandy’s uninterested gaze. He wore a fine burgundy jacket that was way too tight for him. At his belly, the pearly buttons were struggling to keep the jacket closed.

Tyler’s eyes zeroed in on the various stains at the top of the jacket, not far from the man’s bearded chin. He clearly loved to eat, and the evidence was all over him. The cravat that he wore was a tasteless dark green and was crumpled underneath the collar of the jacket. The mismatched outfit was completed with a golden pocket watch attached to one of the straining buttons and peeking out of a shallow pocket.

The man with his back to the group finally turned around. Tyler knew at once that this man was important. The first thing Tyler noticed was that the man had a black silk eyepatch covering his left eye. His unaffected eye sat underneath a heavy brow. The man had a strong jawline and a straight nose that curved slightly in. He wore impeccably fitting trousers and a waistcoat with gold buttons. He had a blue silk bow tie around his neck, tucked under his sturdy chin. The man wore a light long coat that was well-tailored. A monogrammed silk hanky was tucked into the pocket of his waistcoat with the letters "DP" in a shining blue calling out for everyone to notice.
"Good evening, gentleman," the man greeted. He looked over the group of people, his good eye studying everyone's attire.

"Good evening, Sir Phaneuf," the blonde dandy greeted instantly, almost sounding a bit eager.

Tyler was glad that Sid was with him. Were these the men that were involved in gold mining? None of them looked like they did manual labor at all, apart from Sir Phaneuf; judging by his stature, he was a strong man who wouldn't shy away from getting his hands dirty.

Sir Phaneuf smiled a little, but Tyler couldn't tell if it was a true smile or not. "I see that we have a fresh face joining us today, thanks to an invitation from Mr. Crosby. Please, do introduce yourself," he directed at Tyler.

Tyler stood up and gave a little bow. "Well, first off I'd like to thank you for allowing my presence to grace this meeting. My name is Tyler Seguin. I'm from Toronto, and my father has sent me west to stake a claim on the gold out here." Tyler sat back down, hoping he said the right things.

Sir Phaneuf put his gloved hands together for a soft clap. "Perfect. I have heard much of your father's business. I also lived in Toronto for a while before I moved here. I'm a man from Edmonton, Alberta. I thought it would do me some good to come back closer to home."

The businessman took a few steps towards the table and added, "Mr. Crosby was correct in inviting you to our meeting. You have the right upbringing for this group. As you can tell, we are different than the other residents of this flea-bitten town. We are the ones that run all the proper businesses, and we are the ones that help organize young investors like yourself with the equipment and manpower to start mining for gold." He paused before adding, "As you can see, it is a very lucrative business."

Tyler thought of Jamie's smiling face back at the ranch. He wondered what Sir Phaneuf thought about the hard working ranchers and farmers that provided horses, cattle, and fresh food to the finest of gentlemen in the room.

"Yes, sir, I am honoured to be here," Tyler responded when he felt that Phaneuf had stopped talking. "I feel as if I have a lot to learn. I don't really know much about gold mining at all."

Phaneuf's brown eye seemed to light up. "Ah, I see. For a small amount of money down, I can set you up with the finest of men who will show you what to do. I, like you, needed assistance and look where it brought me! I am the wealthiest man in this part of the country. I've inspired many men to move out here and earn their riches."

Tyler vaguely remembered his father mentioning Phaneuf before. He planned on writing to his mother to catch her up on his life in the West. Perhaps Tyler would drop Sir Phaneuf's name to see if it struck her memory. Tyler wasn't eager to blindly hand out his money, but the weight of his father's expectations was heavy on his shoulders.

Thankfully, it was Sid that spoke up. "You are quite generous, Sir. I will inform Mr. Seguin of the expectations, and we will come to you for the proper paperwork."

Phaneuf's lips formed a tight line across his face. "Of course, Mr. Crosby. That would be most appropriate. Have you finished my jacket yet?"

Sid straightened up. "Yes, you may pick it up after the meeting. I did not want to bring it and have it wrinkle."

"Indeed. Now, let's discuss about that syndicate matter that has been bothering us lately." Phaneuf
said as he sat down in his wide chair at the end of the table. The chair looked like a throne, the dark wood perfectly polished and the comfy cushions made of rich green fabric.

“It is outrageous,” muttered the dandy. “These workers must be punished for their capricious behaviour!”

Phaneuf turned his head in the blond’s direction. His gaze locked intensely with the younger man’s, and he addressed him in a stern voice. “I agree with you, Mr. Stamkos. These fools have to be taught a lesson before they gain too much power.”

In a cold voice, Sir Phaneuf continued without breaking eye contact with Mr. Stamkos. The blond squirmed a little in his chair and bit his lip.

“I have been thinking about how to deal with the incident last week at Tranquille Creek. We will have to silence the growing syndicate by taking care of its leader.”

Mr. Stamkos exclaimed in an eager voice, “Yes, we must put an end to it! Most of my fortune comes from this place. Tranquille Creek is my responsibility, and I will not see it fall into the hands of miserable rats!”

The fat man, who hadn't spoken yet, huffed a laugh. “What are they even complaining about? They have everything they need: lodging, food and even rewards for the most hardworking. There is no risk of death in what they do.” The fat man continued with a smirk, “Hell, they just need to bend over and pick up what they find. Bunch of lazy bastards, if you ask me! Hehe, would do them good to get a nice kick in the ass.”

Mr. Stamkos snorted. “It has been too long since they have gotten a proper beating.”

Sir Phaneuf, sensing that the situation was getting out of hand and by no means wanting to scare the young gentleman from Toronto, added in a diplomatic tone: “Gentleman, please do calm down. We aren’t savages, here. Violence is unnecessary and should be avoided at all costs.”

Sid felt sick at the stomach and looked a little pale. He was relieved when Sir Phaneuf put an end to the two men’s cruel plans. Sid knew that Geno was part of the communist brotherhood and that one of his comrades, Alexander Ovechkin, was the leader of the group.

“What will you do to stop this nonsense, Sir Phaneuf?” Mr. Stamkos asked earnestly and with a sparkle in his blue eyes.

“I will not discuss these matters anymore. I will take care of this in all diplomacy. You must not worry, Mr. Stamkos. The situation will be better for every party involved when I have reached common ground with the leader of the group.”
With that said, Sir Phaneuf turned Tyler’s way and asked him: “Have you been thinking of a spot in particular where you would like to invest?”

Tyler straightened himself and raked a hand through his curls. “Well, I haven’t thought about any spot in particular, Sir, but I have heard about the merits of the search at Hill’s Bar,” Tyler began but was abruptly cut short.

“Oh, but haven’t you heard?” The fat man exclaimed in a squeak. “There has been shit happening down there. French pigs raped an Indian girl.”

Sir Phaneuf raised one of his gloved hands as a signal for the man to shut up. “Mr. Kessel, no need to alarm the gentleman. The Royal Marines have been sent by Governor Douglas to clean up the mess. The mining activities will resume as soon as British authority has been reinforced in the area.”

Mr. Kessel coughed into his dirty sleeve and excused himself in a babble. A slight line of saliva hung from his bottom lip, but he was quick to swat it away in annoyance with his chubby hand.

There was a knock on the massive wooden doors, and the clerk’s head peeked through as he pushed one of the doors open. “The tea and assorted desserts made by Chef Antoine are ready, Sir. May we come in, Sir?”

Phaneuf grumbled his approval, and the doors were pushed open. Four men entered, each carrying a platter. A plate of delicious desserts, fine silver utensils, porcelain cups and a tea-pot were all placed with care on the table. As soon as the dessert plate touched the wooden surface, Mr. Kessel extended his arm and dragged it in front of him. Without further ado, he clumsily picked up a choux à la crème between his fat fingers and stuffed it in his gaping mouth.

Sir Phaneuf frowned at such unrestrained greed and hunger. He watched as some of the cream escaped from Kessel’s mouth and stuck in his blond beard. Sir Phaneuf secretly wanted to see Mr. Stamkos stuff himself and moan in delight. His face slightly heated up, but reason screamed at him that such homosexual thoughts were sinful and terribly unacceptable.

“Mmmhh, damn! Those taste so good,” Kessel breathed out grotesquely and as soon as his mouth was half full, he stuffed another choux down his throat.

Mr. Stamkos reached to his right, ever politely, and snatched one of the pastries from the plate. He delicately bit it in half and licked the excess cream from his thin lips. As he ate the pastry, he looked at Sir Phaneuf intently. The older man caught his gaze and watched as the dandy sucked on a finger covered in cream; it was easy to mistake the cream for something else in Phaneuf’s dirty mind.

The businessman turned his head away from sin and frowned at the loud lip-smacking noises Kessel was making. "Perhaps you could afford to employ Chef Antoine's talent someday," he commented dryly. He was disgusted by Kessel's rude, piggish way of talking with his mouth full of food. He also knew that Kessel could never afford to have a private chef. "Mr. Stamkos, do tell me about your latest business venture..."

Tyler let the conversation wash over him. He really didn't know what to do and didn't know if he felt quite welcome yet, either. The men reminded him of his father's business partners -- absorbed and intensely passionate about the thought of profit. Money to be made, deals to be struck, and yet more money to be made.

"Will you be ready to go soon? The meeting will be over shortly. It never lasts long when the tea is brought out. There will be at least another fight. You mustn't leave early, though, because Sir Phaneuf is one who holds grudges," Sid whispered, leaning close to Tyler.
Tyler smiled behind his hand. "So, you even have to ask?" As interesting as the conversations were, Tyler wanted to be back at the ranch. He knew he'd have to make a decision soon regarding his father's wishes, but he didn't want to get stuck in a situation that he would be miserable in.

Thankfully, as Sid predicted, the meeting wrapped up after a few loud conversations and half-hearted plans. The "great news" was that Mr. Stamkos was beaming and had an excited spark in his eyes; he had been invited for tea at Sir Phaneuf's property. The blonde dandy had lost the perpetual look of boredom that he seemed to have glued to his face. He was bright as the sun.

Before Tyler could walk out the door, Phaneuf stopped him with a firm grasp to the shoulder. The gloved hand on Tyler's shoulder felt cold, impersonal, and devoid of any camaraderie.

"Again, Mr. Seguin, it's been my pleasure meeting you today. I think we will get along wonderfully during your stay here in the Wild West. Not quite the same as back home, but you'll manage. I'd like to speak with you again. I'll leave some information with Crosby, as you two seem friendly. He has things for me that I need, anyway."

Tyler felt obligated to be polite. "No, the pleasure is mine. I'm sure you'll be able to educate me about gold mining, as I have a lot to learn. I'm actually enjoying it out here. Nice, crisp air. Good for the lungs. Good evening, Sir Phaneuf."

"Stop by my shop later," Sid added, even though Phaneuf had acted like he wasn't there. Sid pushed Tyler out of the door and away from the club.

"It's not normally that bad, although I'm getting tired of all of that," Sid said as they made their way back to his shop where Tyler's horse was waiting.

"They seem to be successful. They are the kind of men my father wishes me to be like," Tyler lamented.

"Don't worry. You'll find your own way. You're a bright young man. I would just be careful with your money," Sid warned. "Once that runs out, Sir Phaneuf won't be as friendly."

"I figured as much. Thank you for inviting me, Sid. It's good to meet the other people here and get to know them. Now I'm just ready to go home."

"To Jamie?" Sid asked with a smirk.

"Yeah," Tyler said with a shy smile, lowering his eyes. He waved at Sid once they made it to the horses. "I'll see you soon."

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It was getting quite dark by the time Tyler arrived at the ranch. Part of him hoped that Jamie would be waiting up, even if he had to wake up early the next morning. The whole meeting had Tyler mentally exhausted. He missed being around Jamie and ached to touch him just one more time before he fell asleep.

Luckily, Jamie was up; he was finishing up a cup of coffee in the kitchen. The whole house was silent. Tyler didn't say a word at first when he walked in, he just headed towards Jamie and hugged him tightly from behind.

Jamie startled a little bit, but knew it was Tyler when he smelled his unique, fresh scent mingled with his delicious honey spice perfume. He quickly turned around and gathered Tyler in his strong arms. "Hi there," he greeted. He ran his fingers up and down Tyler's back and kissed him soundly. "How
was the meeting?"

Tyler made a face. "Let's talk about that tomorrow. Tell me how your evening has been."

Jamie smiled. "Well, Jordie and I counted fifteen babies. We fixed the chicken coop. Picked some fresh vegetables and fruit from the garden. Jordie decided to make dinner, and he just went to bed not too long ago. It was very exciting."

Tyler laughed. "Sounds like a great way to spend your night. There were some snacks served at the meeting, but nothing appetizing."

"Oh. Well, I picked some strawberries and prepared some cream if you'd feel up to it," Jamie offered, hoping Tyler would agree. He'd spent the evening obsessing over the thought of touching Tyler again. He wanted to devour him. "I've been waiting for you."

Tyler couldn't help but make a soft little noise of want. "I thought of you during the meeting," Tyler admitted. He needed to change out of his clothes and into something more comfortable. Or nothing at all. Tyler's heart beat sped up at the thought. "Let me wait for you in your room. I need to change out of these clothes."

Jamie kissed Tyler. He wanted Tyler comfortable, although he hoped the clothes would come off soon. "I can do that, babe." He dropped his arms from around Tyler and kissed him softly, wondering what they were going to do.

Tyler had a plan forming. He could tell how much Jamie missed him. The strawberries and cream were just a little bonus. He rushed up the stairs and went straight into his own room to change, closing the wooden door behind him. He didn't exactly have leisure clothes in mind.

Tyler opened up his heavy bag of clothing and rummaged through it. He let out a soft sigh when he found what he was searching for: a pair of knee high white socks and a pretty red ribbon. Tyler's breath came short, heat twisting in the pit of his stomach as he stroked the soft cotton of the socks.

Swiftly, Tyler undressed himself completely and left his clothes strewn across his bed. He then put the socks on, all the way up to his knees and encasing his calves. Tyler bit his lip and felt himself harden instantly at the thought of Jamie seeing him like this. The young man moaned low in his throat as he took hold of his long cock, gave it a few teasing tugs, and then tied the ribbon in a perfect bow around it.

His little outfit completed, Tyler pushed the door open and hurried down the corridor to Jamie’s room. He threw himself on the soft furs covering Jamie’s bed. Jamie’s bedroom was different from his smaller guest room; it had a bigger window, a bigger bed with sturdy wooden posts, and a big chair next to a chest where Jamie kept his clothes. Everything was bigger; just like Jamie.

Tyler stretched himself languidly on his back, in nothing but his socks and the bow around his cock. He felt incredibly excited; his heart was thundering in his chest. Thankfully, he didn’t have to wait long for Jamie to push the door open and come in with a bowl of strawberries and cream.

Jamie closed the door behind him and froze on the spot. His mouth hung slightly open as he took in Tyler waiting to be ravished. The soft glow of an oil lamp on the bedside table made Tyler’s pale skin look slightly golden. Tyler’s long legs were spread lazily open, his gorgeous skin on full display and his erect cock curving towards the nest of golden curls covering his groin. There were no words to describe how unbelievably desirable he looked. The more Jamie looked at him, the more Tyler blushed. Soon his cheeks and neck were deliciously pink. Jamie couldn’t take his eyes off Tyler’s cock wrapped up like a gift with a bright satin bow. The delicate fabric of the stockings contrasted so
beautifully with the soft covering of hair on his legs - a reminder of his virility.

Jamie’s cock was getting harder and harder as he watched Tyler moan wantonly and twist against the furs. His burning brown eyes caught the sight of Tyler’s toes curling in his socks, and it was all too much for Jamie. He strode up to the bed, left the bowl of strawberries on the rudimentary bedside table, and pounced on the younger man.

Tyler’s pale brown eyes were filled with want as he gazed at Jamie. Jamie's strong thighs bracketed Tyler’s hips, and his big, warm hands took hold of his wrists and pinned them above his head in a swift motion. Jamie’s raven hair fell forward, tickling Tyler’s heated cheeks. Jamie’s eyes were immense and smoldering as he looked down at his lover. Next thing Tyler knew, Jamie’s plush lips crashed into his; the searing kiss punched the air out of his lungs. Jamie licked inside Tyler’s mouth and could taste the sweet desserts he had eaten at the meeting. Jamie felt a wave of possessiveness overtake his senses as his tongue battled for dominance against Tyler’s.

Jamie gave a slow grind of his crotch against Tyler's bare cock. Both men moaned into the kiss, their lips sliding against each other and saliva collecting on their chins. Jamie could feel Tyler’s stubble scratch against his skin, and it sent thrills up and down his spine. When they broke the kiss, Tyler tried chasing after Jamie’s lips but couldn't since Jamie was holding him down, making him feel his strength. His muscular biceps strained against Jamie’s powerful hold on his wrists. Tyler whimpered desperately and pushed his cock against Jamie’s bulge.

“Please, Jamie,” he begged for no reason at all. His skin felt tight. His mind was reeling, and he felt dizzy with the intense arousal coursing through him.

Tyler’s begging made Jamie’s cock twitch in his britches. He teasingly bit Tyler’s full bottom lip and said in a hoarse voice against his mouth, “Look at you, Tyler… All mine to do whatever I want to.” Jamie sucked kisses on Tyler’s jaw and licked the spot where Tyler had an adorable beauty mark.

Tyler felt himself melt at the words and the demanding kisses on his skin. “Do you like what you’re seeing?” He asked shyly, batting his eyelashes at Jamie and biting his lip.

Jamie let go of one of Tyler’s wrists and buried his large hand in his lover’s soft brown curls. He massaged his scalp and murmured against Tyler’s ear, “What do you think, you tease? Of course, I do. It makes me want to mark you up as mine.”

Tyler’s cock gave an eager twitch, and he moaned deeply. He couldn't believe how possessive Jamie was, and it only made him want to lose control. “What are you going to do to me, Jamie?”

“I’m going to eat you out. Wanna know what that is, huh? I bet you do. You’re always so curious.” Jamie teased in his sweet voice, a smirk tugging on his lips as he watched Tyler blush even harder and squirm under his burning stare.

“Yeah, Jamie. I really wanna know. Please, show me,” Tyler murmured low and deep.

Jamie moved at arm's length. The hand he had buried in Tyler’s hair trailed down the younger man’s long neck, over the chiseled muscles of his chest, and softly caressed his taut abs before scratching at the trail of hair that led to his cock. Tyler moaned so loudly that Jamie had to let go of his grip on his wrists and silence him with a broad palm over his parted lips.

“Shhh, as much as I love to hear you moan, you’ll have to keep it down. Wouldn’t want to wake up Jordie, hmm?” Jamie whispered hotly as he continued to deliciously torture Tyler with his searching hand. Tyler nodded and moaned an affirmative, his lips opening under Jamie’s hand and giving his palm a few tentative licks with his tongue.
Jamie growled as he felt wetness against the inside of his hand. Jamie replied just as naughtily by thumbing at the head of Tyler’s cock and smearing the precum around, knowing full well that it would drive him crazy. Jamie stroked the length of Tyler’s cock with his thick index finger, feeling the flesh pulse with want and the satiny red ribbon around it.

“So goddamn pretty,” Jamie praised in a voice filled with devotion. Under Jamie’s warm hand, Tyler issued a muffled cry and scrunched his eyes closed. “You’ll have to turn over for me... On all fours,” Jamie instructed and gave a sloppy kiss to Tyler’s button nose. Tyler let out a little “uh” of surprise. He was so desperate to do just as Jamie wanted, and he was so curious to find out what would happen when he’d be bent over and exposed for him.

Jamie sat back on his heels and nearly came on the spot as Tyler got on his hands and knees. His pert ass was sticking in the air, and his long legs, encased in socks, were spread for Jamie. His erect cock and balls hung between his legs, exposed and on full display. The backs of his thighs were straining, and the tendons behind his knees stood out from under the milky skin.

Tyler’s ass cheeks were so firm and round that Jamie couldn't help but grab at them with hungry hands. It was the first time that he had gotten the chance to see his bare ass. Jamie’s mouth watered as he massaged the cheeks, feeling the soft skin and the hard muscles underneath. “Oh, Seggy,” Jamie breathed out in awe. “You’ve got the most gorgeous ass I’ve ever seen in my whole life. Is there anything not perfect on you?” Jamie added huskily as he spread Tyler’s asscheeks to reveal his most private area.

Tyler wanted to bite out something snarky, but his brain wasn't processing anything other than the feeling of Jamie's breath on his skin. He felt a shock of shyness shoot through his body. It was so raw and intimate.

Jamie smirked. He'd been waiting so long to see this side of Tyler. He ran his finger slowly down Tyler's crack, pressing slightly against his hole, and them tracing the rosy line down his taint with the tip of his finger. Just because he was eager didn't mean Jamie had no time to play.

"I want you so badly," Jamie declared, unabashed. He kissed the tops of both cheeks. Knowing that no one had ever seen Tyler like this before filled Jamie with a possessive glee. He slapped Tyler's ass hard and suddenly, leaving a red hand print. Jamie quickly licked a path down Tyler's ass with his tongue, the hungry fire in his soul burning bright.

Tyler's hips jerked at the abrupt sting of Jamie's hand. He let out a gasp and looked over his shoulder, but Jamie's eyes were glued to his ass. He could see how passionate Jamie was, his handsome face etched with emotion. The sting on his skin felt good, but seeing Jamie so enraptured felt even better. "Please, don't tease me," Tyler pleaded, aching to feel more. He pushed his hips back, getting his ass closer to Jamie's tongue and face.

Jamie pulled his face back just to reply. "Babe, that's one promise I can't keep." Jamie wasn't going to stop, not even if they woke up Jordie. He spread Tyler's cheeks as wide as they could go and kissed Tyler's inviting pink hole. It just took one soft touch of his lips, and Jamie was hooked. He pressed against the tight opening with his tongue, massaging the muscle and getting a direct taste. Jamie licked at the soft hair on the inner sides of Tyler’s crack before resuming his attention towards the center of Tyler's pleasure. Jamie couldn't stop the moan that ripped out of his throat, muffled by Tyler's skin.

"J-Jamie!" Quietness be damned; Tyler was going to have a hard time keeping quiet. Jamie's tongue was a shock of warm wetness that had Tyler's cock dripping precum onto the furs below him. His skin tingled where Jamie's tongue touched, and he wanted more.
Jamie pulled back enough to admire his handiwork. Tyler's pucker was sloppy wet, shining with his saliva. He reached over Tyler and collected some of the cream on his finger and painted Tyler's hole. Jamie dove back in as if he were starving, curling his tongue against the tight muscle. The sweetness of the cream mixed with Tyler's musky taste. Jamie stiffed his tongue and slowly pressed into Tyler's hole, tasting him there. He thrust his tongue in and out, fucking the cream into Tyler.

“Oh, Jamie! Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Tyler cursed, his body tensing and his hands gripping at the furs. His composure was totally gone as he felt Jamie lick greedily at his most private of areas. A burning mix of arousal and shame twisted inside Tyler’s stomach. He felt his balls drawing up tightly and tears of pleasure spilling out of his scrunched up eyes.

Jamie thrust his tongue a few more times inside Tyler’s heat and then proceeded to suck filthily at the rim. He felt Tyler tremble at the lewd kiss and push his ass against his face as his arms gave way. Tyler was so desperate, wanting more but still ashamed to ask. Forehead pressing against the furs, his lips parted in bliss, and his breath came out in punched out whines.

Jamie pulled away to rest a warm hand against the small of Tyler’s back. His lips were puffy and shiny with spit. “You’re so tight and delicious, Seggy. I can’t believe I have you all to myself,” Jamie breathed out harshly and gave a small squeeze to one of Tyler’s asscheeks. His little hole clenched on nothing, and the sight made Jamie growl and his cock ache with want.

Jamie removed his hand from Tyler’s skin and unfastened his pants hastily. He shoved the pants down his thick thighs and all the way off his legs. Jamie’s massive cock bounced against the fabric of his shirt. His breath came short as the air struck his sensitive skin. Jamie felt hot, so he unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his muscular chest and stomach. He kept the garment on his shoulders and bunched the sleeves higher up his strong forearms. Jamie moved forward and pressed his cock, dripping with precum, against Tyler’s crack. He wanted his younger lover to feel how much he desired him.

“Oh, Ja-Jamie,” Tyler babbled, shaking his head. “Jamie.”

“I’m so hard, Tyler. All because of you,” Jamie murmured as he pushed harder against Tyler and reached for a strawberry in the bowl. When he had the little fruit between his fingers, he pushed it into Tyler’s mouth. The juice squirted onto his fingers but Tyler sucked it up, his lips wrapping perfectly around his fingers.

“Yeah, that’s it. So good for me,” Jamie hummed as he gently tapped on Tyler’s full bottom lip and picked another strawberry from the bowl. Jamie didn’t feed that one to Tyler, but instead pulled away from him and got his head hovering above Tyler's ass.

Jamie bit the strawberry in half and then rubbed the juicy end the whole length of Tyler’s crack. Tyler moaned loudly, and Jamie wondered if Jordie could hear him. “Tyler, you have to be quiet,” Jamie huffed as he buried his face between the round mounds of flesh, flattening his tongue and lasciviously licking at Tyler’s tight hole. The little ring of muscles clenched eagerly around his tongue as he plunged it inside and sucked on the rim. Jamie’s cock was aching and throbbing with pleasure. He closed his eyes as Tyler’s exquisite taste invaded his mouth.

“Ah, Jamie! I’m so, so, oh… I-I can’t take it anymore,” Tyler stammered, lifting himself back on his forearms and hiding his face in the crook of his arm. The young gentleman had seen nothing yet. When he felt a large finger push against his entrance, his whole body shuddered as he fought to restrain himself from spilling all over Jamie’s bed. His cock was so heavy, leaking between his legs, that he wondered if it was about to burst.

Tyler was too dry, so Jamie decided to withdraw his finger and suck on it. Jamie wrapped his lips around his own finger and moaned as he tasted the musky flavor of Tyler mixed with the sweetness
of the strawberries and cream. When his finger was slick with spit, he resumed his fingering of
Tyler's incredibly tight ass. He thrust his index finger in and out a few times, loving the desperate
whimpers that were drawn out of Tyler as he did this.

When he saw Tyler's hole clenching hard, Jamie couldn't repress his desire to smear more of the
strawberry juice all over Tyler's rim and get his mouth back on it. He let go of Tyler's left asscheek
and gave him a little pat on the hip. "Turn around, Tyler. I wanna see your face," Jamie hummed,
withdrawing his finger to help Tyler turn around on his back.

Tyler let out a whimper at the loss of Jamie's finger. He missed the feeling instantly, but knew there
was only more to come. Tyler felt a little boneless, but the desire in Jamie's voice sent a jolt through
his body. He rolled over and propped himself up on a pillow. Jamie looked completely wild, his eyes
large and gleaming and his dark hair tousled. "Kiss me," Tyler demanded.

Jamie didn't have to be told twice. He swooped down and hungrily attacked Tyler's lips. He knew
that Tyler would be able to taste himself. One of his hands came to rest around Tyler's throat,
grounding him, claiming him and applying a slight bit of pressure. Jamie broke the kiss when they
both needed to take a breath of air.

Jamie kissed both of Tyler's perky nipples, teasing his tongue out to get a better taste. Seeing Tyler
underneath him, hard and eager, drove him mad. He pulled away and started to paint Tyler's nipples
and abs with the sticky strawberry and cream. He could tell how close Tyler was to spilling, but
Jamie wanted to drag it out.

"I haven't had dessert yet," Jamie said, licking his lips. "Only got a taste." He kept his eyes on Tyler
as he worked his tongue down Tyler's chest and abs, lapping off all the sweetness. When he got to
Tyler's cock, Jamie couldn't help but stop to admire. Tyler was elegant and strong in every aspect of
his body. Jamie gave Tyler's cock a squeeze before untying the pretty ribbon and wrapping his lips
around the head, getting direct taste.

Tyler had been holding his breath, but he let out a loud moan when Jamie's plush lips surrounded his
cock. He'd never felt a sensation like that before. Tyler's hand jerked down and grabbed onto Jamie's
locks, trying to hold on. He couldn't move much and felt like he was going to explode. "Jamie...

Jamie heard Tyler call out his name and smirked around his hard, aching flesh. He used one hand to
hold down Tyler's hips and relaxed his throat, easing all of Tyler's cock down in a smooth motion.
Jamie wasn't an expert, but he knew how to please someone. He sucked around Tyler's cock, tasting
precum down his throat and wanting more.

Tyler could only watch in amazement as inch by inch of his cock disappeared into Jamie's mouth. He
clutched Jamie's raven hair tightly and tried to last longer, but when Jamie started to suck and move,
he was gone. He let out a little cry, scrunching his eyebrows as he came and involuntarily jerking his
hips up into Jamie's face. Tyler moaned with abandon as he felt his cock twitching hard, and his cum
bursting out to fill Jamie’s mouth.

Jamie moaned and swallowed down all that Tyler offered. He kept Tyler in his mouth until he was
soft and cleaned off any trace of cum that was left. Tyler's release tasted much better than any fruit
Jamie had ever eaten. Jamie bit Tyler's hip hard enough to leave a mark that he would feel for a few
days, no matter what he would be wearing. Satisfied and a little possessive, Jamie sat back on his
heels and watched the quick movement of Tyler's chest as he breathed heavily; he had done that to
him. He was certain that if Jordie had not been home, Tyler would've screamed his voice hoarse by
the end of the night.

Jamie wrapped a hand around his own cock and moaned softly at the sensation. He was so fucking
hard that he knew it wouldn't take him long. He could still taste Tyler's cum on his tongue. He jerked himself off quickly and roughly, leaning over Tyler when he was close. He captured Tyler's eyes in an intense stare and shot his cum all over Tyler's abs. Jamie groaned and rubbed the mess into Tyler's skin with his free hand, marking him with an animalistic urge. He kissed Tyler deeply, sucking on his pouty bottom lip. He ached to be inside of Tyler, but he wanted their first time to be special and sacred to them. He wanted to have the house to themselves to hear all the noises Tyler would make.

Breathless and sticky with sweat, Tyler let Jamie manhandle him into lying with his head on Jamie's broad shoulder. He was too exhausted to move on his own. He could still feel Jamie's mouth all over him. Sleep was urging his eyes closed, but then Jamie spoke up, catching Tyler's attention.

"I meant to tell this to you earlier," Jamie said, his voice a little rough, "but I was distracted." He kissed Tyler's forehead, letting him know it wasn't a bad distraction at all. "Things are going to happen soon, and I don't think it'll be good. Someone was sent to kill Daddy. He's well known in the fur trapper circle, and most townsfolk love hearing his stories. I just want you to be careful, okay? I know you're adventurous, but let myself or Jordie or Sharpy know if you decide to head out by yourself. Whoever is behind the plot to kill Daddy is worse than Giroux could ever be." The guilt of letting Tyler go out to that meeting alone was heavy in his stomach. The last thing Jamie would ever want was for him to get hurt.

It was a lot of information to take in. Tyler was suddenly a little more awake now. He'd never met someone who'd been almost killed before now. "We can't let them get away with that," Tyler vowed. "You think someone would go after me?"

Jamie's hold on Tyler tightened. "I honestly do not know. People are rough here and live by their own rules. It could've been a rival trapper that attacked Daddy or it could've been the person who lives on the other side of the ranch. I didn't want to drag you into this. I'm sorry."

Tyler couldn't believe that Jamie was apologizing to him. The only person to blame was whoever was hurting Daddy. "Stop speaking like that. It's nothing that you should be apologizing for. You saved me, remember? I could be living out in the streets right now, robbed penniless by Giroux. I'm going to help you out as best as I can, okay?"

"You're our guest here. You shouldn't be having to help us," Jamie insisted. He couldn't stop thinking about the loved ones he lost. He didn't want Tyler to join them.

The words weren't the softest in meaning. Tyler had stopped feeling like a guest on the first night. After his and Jamie's many intimate meetings, Tyler thought that he was more than just a guest at the Benn ranch. How could Jamie hold Tyler in his arms and call him a mere guest? When Tyler finally caught his breath, he couldn't help but jab his elbow as hard as he could into Jamie's side. "I just offered to help you out and then you call me a guest? I'd hope that if I got this far, you would think of me in different terms."

Jamie felt his face heat up in shame. "You're right. I'm sorry. I'm just worrying about everything. You do mean a lot to me." He tucked Tyler closer to him and kissed him again. "I really don't want you to get hurt. I don't want to see you leave the ranch. Jordie already likes you more than me anyway," Jamie added, trying to lighten the mood.

"Just don't say things like that, Jamie. I mean it. I know I wasn't raised here, but I can handle myself. I want to be a part of this ranch. My dad didn't believe in me back home. My teachers didn't either. I thought you did," Tyler admitted. He couldn't let go of Jamie, even if he did feel a little raw now.

"I do, Tyler. I really do. You're incredible, and it was insensitive of me to brush your offer off like that. We'll work together, okay? That's the best way to do this." Jamie rubbed Tyler's hip. "I don't
mean to make you feel like you can't help us. You belong here, Seggy."

"Good. I feel like I belong here, too." Tyler stretched out his legs and curled closer to Jamie. "Can we sleep now? There's still chores to do in the morning."

Jamie laughed. "Now you're sounding like me. Will you tell me about your meeting?"

Tyler shook his head. "Oh, God no. That's going to be a conversation for the morning. Imagine the drama."

"Now I might have bad dreams. Thanks, Ty." Jamie yawned. Tyler was right about the chores. They needed to sleep. "Night, Seggy. Sleep well."

Tyler was starting to drift off. A smile slowly spread across his face. "You'll sleep better with me here. I promise. Good night, Jamie."

Tyler snuggled closer, seeking Jamie’s warmth. He rested his head on Jamie’s chest and threw one of his legs over Jamie’s thighs. Jamie sighed contently, wrapping his arm around Tyler’s hips. Tyler felt safe and optimistic in Jamie’s embrace; it was only the beginning of their relationship, and there was still so much more to discover about each other. Tyler, eager for the morning, let Jamie’s steady breath lull him to a much welcomed slumber.
Words felt thick on Jamie's tongue. He wanted to tell Tyler how much this meant to him, but he remained silent. It was too soon. "We should get back to the house," Jamie said at last. He cupped Tyler's chin and kissed him deeply. "Jordie will be back soon, and I'm sure you'll want to tell him how your shooting lesson went today."

Tyler didn't want to move but slowly stretched and pulled away from Jamie. He could still taste the man on his tongue. "Thank you, Jamie. Your brother will be so jealous, he'll start asking me for lessons."

This morning was so much different from all the previous mornings in Tyler’s life. For the first time, he woke up with his leg thrown over a strong body. Tyler noticed that he no longer had his socks on and that the skin of his stomach and chest had been carefully cleaned. Jamie must have done it after he had fallen asleep.

Tyler sighed in contentment and blinked his eyes open. His right cheek was resting on a pillow next to Jamie’s head. They were so close to one another that some of Jamie's dark locks of hair tickled Tyler’s nose. He smiled lazily and couldn’t resist placing his big hand over Jamie’s heart.

Tyler could feel Jamie’s heart beating steadily underneath his palm. A powerful heart filled to the brim with courage... and love and passion. Tyler softly caressed the warm skin as a wave of emotion flooded over him. The words of last night assailed his senses: “You're our guest here. You shouldn't be having to help us,” Jamie had told him initially, but had reassured him later that he was more than a “guest” to him and had apologized.

But what was he if he wasn’t only a “guest”? A rapid conquest? A plaything for Jamie’s sexual needs? Did Jamie really love him or was it just a passing thing? Tyler knew for sure that Jamie desired him intensely, but did he want their relationship to develop into something more?

Tyler wondered about the matter with a heavy heart but still couldn’t bring himself to be angry at Jamie. He loved him too much. He loved him... That was the word - love. Tyler hadn’t had any doubts on Jamie’s feelings towards him until last night's discussion. It was the look in the cowboys wide brown eyes, that look of complete devotion and admiration but also of unabashed passion. That gaze had reassured Tyler that he was way more than a guest on many occasions.
Enough thinking! He decided it was time to wake up Jamie with a kiss just over his heart. It felt so sweet and intimate, and as Jamie opened his sleep heavy eyes, Tyler smiled brightly. “Hey, there.” Tyler said with a playful push of his hips against Jamie’s side.

Jamie’s lips were a little puffy, but just as plump and kissable. His large eyes had a lazy glint in them, and his hair was tousled. He looked so young like this. Jamie was only three years older than Tyler, but he seemed so much more mature and experienced in life.

“Hey. Slept well, Seggy?” He asked with a smirk and looped his arms around Tyler’s broad shoulders and hugged him closer to his naked body. Tyler gasped as he shifted on top of Jamie and felt the taller man’s morning hardness right against his soft cock. Tyler blushed instantly but was relieved when he saw color rise up on Jamie’s pale cheeks too. “I dreamt about you last night,” Jamie whispered right against Tyler’s ear. A full body shiver shook Tyler’s frame, and his skin broke in goosebumps.

“Oh,” he simply said, low and deep, and added teasingly “And what was it about?”

Jamie rolled Tyler over on his back and settled on top of him, pushing his crotch against his and with his muscular forearms on each side of his head. Jamie’s eyes were smoldering and dark with desire. “It was about you and me. I was touching you all over and making you moan so loudly that everyone could hear. You were so, so loud. Much louder than last night,” Jamie confessed with the blush on his cheeks deepening.

Tyler’s breath came short as he felt himself harden against Jamie’s erect cock. They had chores to do and so much to take care of, but damn it! Tyler just wanted them to act on their mutual desire. He felt so naughty, and he couldn’t repress the urge to push Jamie further: “And…? What happened next?”

Jamie captured Tyler’s lips in a teasing kiss, barely touching him, but then sucking hungrily on his bottom lip briefly. He buried his nose in Tyler’s curls and inhaled the scent of him. Tyler squirmed under Jamie, inadvertently pushing against his cock. Both men moaned deeply.

Jamie’s fair degree of maturity kicked in, and he pushed himself away from Tyler with one last tender kiss on his forehead. “You’ll have to find out for yourself,” Jamie said playfully, and his smile turned smug when he heard Tyler whimper. Jamie got up and off the bed in a smooth motion. He turned around and went over to search through his chest for clothes.

Tyler was spread on the bed with his eyes hooded and his face flushed a bright pink. He couldn’t take his eyes off the cowboy’s powerful body. Tyler’s gaze trailed up the length of Jamie’s impossibly long legs to his firm ass.

Jamie heard Tyler moan lowly, and that’s when he realized he was standing completely naked. It was Jamie’s turn to blush as he bent over, opening his chest and searching through it. Jamie could hear Tyler’s rapid intakes of breath behind him, and wondered what he was doing. Jamie turned around with his clothes to find Tyler grabbing at the bed sheets with white knuckles and his eyes screwed shut. He was desperately trying not to touch himself, and the sight made Jamie’s heart miss a beat. His aching need told him they had to take care of themselves because their erections wouldn’t go away if they continued their little game. But Jamie wanted to wait; it would make it all the more intense later.

Jamie ignored Tyler’s wanton state and dressed himself instead. He looked out the window to distract himself as he pulled tightly fitting dark pants up his legs. He gasped as the fabric pressed snugly across his crotch. He used his considerable willpower to stay on track as he buckled his leather belt. He then put on a white shirt and left several buttons open at the neck. Jamie rolled up his shirt’s sleeves to reveal strong forearms and completed his attire with a dark leather waistcoat.
“I’ll be waiting for you in the kitchen, Ty,” Jamie said a little hoarsely. “I’ve got some stuff I want to show you today.”

Tyler whimpered his agreement and heard Jamie open and close the door behind him. It was time to take care of himself…

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After dressing for the day, Jamie ran into his brother as he was heading out the door to count the cattle. It was something Jamie liked to do to keep his mind busy, but with Tyler around, he really didn't need it. Waking up with Tyler was enough for him, and he wished he'd done it sooner. Things were really starting to feel as if Tyler had been around Jamie all his life.

Daddy's assault was just a reminder that there was a lot about Jamie's past that Tyler didn't know. He needed to be positive that Tyler could protect himself. A plan was quickly forming as Jamie made coffee.

Tyler finally came down the stairs with pink cheeks. The coffee had been finished and poured in a mug for him. He flashed Jamie a smile. "I'm starting to look forward to you making coffee in the morning." Tyler lifted an eyebrow teasingly at Jamie. “Last night was nice.”

It was Jamie's turn to feel a little hot. "Very nice," he agreed, "we’re only getting started, Tyler. But I want to talk to you before we head out to feed the chicken."

Tyler didn't like how this was sounding. Jamie didn't seem to regret their actions last night. His eyes scanned the kitchen before finding the little fox curled up asleep and felt a little better. At least something had not happened to his furry friend. "Sure, what's going on?" Tyler asked, his voice deep and steady for so early in the morning.

"Okay, good. It's nothing bad. Well, it could be bad, but I hope it doesn't seem bad to you.” Jamie felt tongue-tied and took a drink of his coffee. "I've been thinking a lot of what happened to Daddy, and I think it's best if we spend some time, however long it takes, making you feel comfortable shooting a revolver and protecting yourself." Life on the ranch meant that guns and knives were often used. It was just part of life. Jamie didn't know if Tyler would be used to that.

"I've never shot a gun before," Tyler confessed. His father had guns in the house, but Tyler had never handled them. "If you have the patience to teach me, I'm willing to learn."

Jamie felt more at ease. "Good. I would've made you learn how to defend yourself in some way eventually. It's rough out here in the countryside and even rougher in some places in town. When you're done with your coffee, we'll feed the animals. And you still need to name your fox."

Tyler didn't know how well he'd shoot a gun, but he was determined to learn. He didn't want to disappoint Jamie.  “I don’t want to disappoint you, Jamie. I’ll try my best.” Tyler said. “As for the fox, I’ll call him Cash. Everyone here seems to be looking for money. I'm hoping he'll be my good luck. If not, he's just lucky he's cute.”

"If not, he'll be protecting the farm, and I’ll be your good luck," Jamie corrected, a smile tugging on his lips. "Stay here. I'll be right back, okay?" As Jamie walked past Tyler to leave the kitchen, he kissed him.

Jamie went straight to his bedroom. He pulled a small box out of the chest at his bed. It was his father's old Smith & Wesson. Jamie had only used it once since the tragedy, but it had been kept in pristine condition. His father loved that revolver dearly, and Jamie felt like it would be best in Tyler's
He tucked the box under his arm and headed back down the stairs and into the kitchen. Tyler had abandoned his coffee and was on his hands and knees, playfully growling at a newly named (and freshly woken) Cash.

Jamie couldn't help but admire the view for a minute before calling out, "I guess I can't leave you alone for five minutes!"

Tyler jumped up and turned around to face Jamie with a grin. His eyes immediately came to rest on the box Jamie had. "I'm stimulating Cash's mind! Keeping him active. What's that?"

Jamie wasn't surprised by the answer. Tyler had such a big heart. "I'll show you after we feed the animals. Are you ready to head out?"

Tyler stuck his bottom lip out. He hated to wait for surprises! "Okay, okay. Yes, I'm ready. Let's go! Cash is going to follow us out."

"Jordie's already started the chores, so we're in luck today. C'mon, Seggy. Chickens are hungry."

The chickens were not frightened by little Cash hopping around the place. They were just happy to get their feed. Tyler didn't need any help getting everything ready; Jamie was proud.

"Now we're going to head way back to the edge of the property and practice shooting, okay? We might want to put Cash in the barn while we do so. I can't imagine he'd be happy with the loud noises," Jamie suggested, nodding to the little fox.

"That's a good idea." Tyler scooped up Cash and he and Jamie started to head towards the barn. Tyler was a little nervous because he was attempting something new, but he couldn't beat back his competitive feelings. He wanted to prove to Jamie that he wasn't some clueless city kid.

Cash didn't seem to mind being shut in the barn. He dove into a hay pile, chasing after a mouse. The barn was much better than getting picked up by an eagle or something else. But now without Cash, the atmosphere seemed heavy. Jamie did not say much. He just took Tyler's hand with his free one and led him past the barn, past the house, and out to a line of old trees and a wooden fence. They were far away from any other living soul.

"We should be safe out here. Jordie doesn't come back here often but if he does, he'll hear us. We used to shoot out here when we were younger." Jamie pulled the box out from under his arm. "I don't think I need to give you the lecture about guns not being toys, right?"

"Yes, Jamie. I know not to be foolish with the gun. I know what they're capable of," Tyler replied dryly, resisting the urge to roll his eyes. Jamie was cute when he was being cautious.

"Seriously, Ty." Jamie opened the box and gazed down at the gun. He tried not to look at it too much because it always brought back memories. Seeing it in Tyler's hand would hopefully bring happier thoughts. "This was my dad's, but it's in perfect working condition. If you're comfortable using this, I think you should keep it. But we can always go into town and purchase something newer, if you want."

It was an old Colt with a magnificent wooden grip. Tyler was surprised that Jamie wanted him to use something so personal to him. It looked to be well cared for. The wood was a little worn from use, but that was the only thing Tyler could see.
"Thank you, Jamie. I don't know what to say. I'm touched and honoured that you trust me with something so precious," Tyler gushed, smiling at Jamie. "I promise to keep it in its wonderful condition."

Jamie was pleased that Tyler seemed to like the gun. "It's old, but it was new at one point, right? This was one of Dad's prized possessions. Watch me load this for you, and I'll shoot off a round before I let you."

Tyler nodded. "I'll do whatever you say. You're the expert." He felt a little nervous still, but he trusted Jamie's steady hands.

"This will take six rounds," Jamie explained, packing bullets into the cylinder. "This is probably the hardest part. It takes too long." Once done, Jamie handed the gun to Tyler and put the box on the ground. "Just feel the weight in your hands. You'll have the most power a man could wish for."

Once satisfied that Tyler was holding the gun properly, Jamie started looking for the last piece they needed for a successful shooting lesson. He found a wooden crate by a fence post. It was deteriorated from the elements, but Jamie only needed what was inside. He pulled out three bottles and set them up along the top rail of the fence.

"Is this a good idea?" Tyler asked dubiously, looking over the set up. "Won't the glass hurt us?"

Jamie smiled and walked back over to Tyler and slipped an arm around his waist. "We'll be okay. If you feel better, we can start shooting this old dead tree over there. But we'll stand a ways back, so there shouldn't be anything hitting us."

"I'm not scared, if that's what you're implying," Tyler protested with a pout. "Just show me what we're going to do."

"Alright, babe. Sorry. I just wanna make sure you're comfortable. Here, hand me the gun back and follow me," Jamie instructed. Once the revolver was back on his possession, he led Tyler about seven meters away from the target. "You might want to cover up your ears until you get used to the noise."

Tyler almost didn't cover his ears at first, not wanting to seem weak, but he gave in after a look from Jamie. He stood a good arm's length away from Jamie and covered his ears with his hands. "Go!"

Jamie winked at Tyler and positioned himself to get a good shot at his target. He picked the bottle furthest to the right. He drew the hammer back and squeezed the trigger. A loud bang erupted followed by the shrill sound of shattering glass. Jamie quickly shot the other two bottles. Smoke trailed out of the gun, and Jamie nodded at his work and turned to Tyler.

The sound of the gun firing startled Tyler, but the sight of Jamie with such a powerful weapon made his knees feel a little weak. "Wow, that was amazing! Crazy. I hope I don't have to ever actually shoot someone, but I'm glad you're teaching me. Do you want me to try now?"

"Only if you feel comfortable," Jamie replied, taking in Tyler's expression on his face. "I'll be right here with you, and I'll show you how to hold it again."

Tyler nodded. "I think I'm ready to try. Thank you for teaching me, Jamie. I really like it here, and I want to help you in any way I can."

Jamie was so pleased with Tyler's maturity and determination, even though he quite enjoyed Tyler's playful side as well. He often wondered how a father could cast his son so far away like Tyler's did. "Don't thank me, Seggy. I should be the one thanking you. So, thank you. Stay here - I'm going to..."
set up three more bottles, and I'm going to grab the gun box. There's three more rounds in there, so you should be able to attempt to hit all three bottles. We'll see how it goes after that."

Jamie didn't give Tyler time to respond. He swiftly walked back to the fence line, grabbed three more bottles, and placed them neatly along the top beam of the fence. It didn't matter how well Tyler's aim was. Jamie just wanted Tyler to know how to properly shoot if needed. He planned on working with Tyler repeatedly until he was comfortable. Jamie grabbed the gun box and walked back up to Tyler, who was patiently holding the gun.

"Okay, I'm going to help get you into a good position to shoot," Jamie said, gently grabbing Tyler's hips. "Which one do you want to aim for first?"

"The one in the middle," Tyler replied, trying to get a good look on the bottle. "That's easiest, right?" Tyler had been a little too transfixed on how powerful Jamie had looked shooting the targets to actually see which one he chose first.

"We'll see. Now remember, there's three more bullets in there. You'll be able to try more than once," Jamie encouraged. He planted a kiss on Tyler's neck. "You'll be just fine. Better than Jordie. He once shot at a squirrel but missed and hit a tree. Bark went flying everywhere. He still hates squirrels to this day."

Tyler had to giggle. He stored that piece of information away. It was definitely something he could tease Jordie with later. "I'll try to be careful. Don't laugh at me just yet!"

Jamie grinned. "I promise I won't laugh, babe. You'll want to cock the hammer first before you shoot. Just relax and keep a very firm grip on the gun after that. Keep your arm extended but still have a little give because of the recoil. It'll try and jerk you back; stand strong and don't give in. Keep your eye on the target." Jamie moved Tyler's hips so they were squared with his shoulders and stood next to him.

Tyler repeated Jamie's instructions in his head, trying to remember the order of everything. It seemed simple enough, but Tyler didn't want to mess it up. He pulled back the hammer and closed one eye to concentrate. The bottles were gleaming at him in the sunlight. Tyler steadied himself and pulled the trigger. The bottle shattered and the bullet ricocheted and took out the bottle to the right. The sound was more of a shock than the force of the gun going off.

"Wow, not bad!" Jamie was rather impressed. He waited until Tyler lowered the weapon before coming up to him. "You really didn't stagger back once you pulled the trigger. I thought you would," Jamie admitted with a playful grin.

The glass of the bottle still gleamed at Tyler, but this time they were twinkling in pieces across the ground. "Hey, give me a little credit!" Tyler protested when his brain finally caught up with what Jamie had said. "I listened to what you told me. I know you're used to Jordie and that's a hard concept for him to grasp, but I'm different." Tyler stuck his tongue out at Jamie. "It was louder than I remember when you shot it. I kind of forgot to react to the force, but I kept my arms like you said, and it didn't hurt or anything. So how'd I do?"

Jamie chuckled. "Well, I hate to break it to you, but your aim is a little off. Rotate the barrel to the next chamber and try to shoot that last bottle. Keep your aim a little more centered." It was pretty exciting seeing Tyler's undaunted approach to firing the revolver. With each passing day, Tyler was fitting in more and more. The best part of everything was that Tyler's spirit never dimmed; he refused to give up.

Tyler got the revolver ready for the next target. At least he wasn't aiming for a squirrel! He felt a little
guilty for laughing at Jordie now but not enough to really feel bad. Now Tyler had a story to tell about his first time shooting. The last bottle was all he had to do now. He was lucky with his crazy first shot. He drew back the hammer and focused in on his target. Tyler could hear Jamie's breathing pick up and bit his lip. He couldn't let his mind wander now. He pulled the trigger and watched as the bottle exploded from the middle, perfectly on target. Tyler turned to Jamie. "Told you I'm determined."

Jamie swallowed thickly. There was nothing more alluring than a confident Tyler. "Yes, you are." He marched up to Tyler and gently took the revolver away and secured it back in its box. He then grabbed Tyler by his shirt and kissed him hungrily. "I think you actually have a better aim than Jordie. Do you want to shoot some more, or would you like to head back to the barn and check on Cash?"

Tyler's mind went down a filthy road. His hands and lips felt a little tingly after shooting and then being kissed so passionately by Jamie. Jordie would be out counting cows for a while still. "We'll try again tomorrow. I hope your dad is proud of the way I handled his revolver."

Jamie's heartbeat picked up speed. "He is," he said firmly. "I'm proud of you, too, Seggy. Now c'mon, let's go. I don't know what little foxes do, but I can imagine they can cause trouble."

Tyler laughed and followed Jamie back up to the barn. "You know he's cute!"

Up the dirt path they went and under the trees starting to shed their green leaves for their autumn colors. Both men entered the lean to, and soon enough Jamie was pushing open the door that led to the barn proper.

There were no animals in the barn - Jordie must have been the one to let them out. There was only Jamie and Tyler… And the little fox curled up in a bunch of hay in a corner.

Jamie placed the gun box on the floor, leaned against a wooden wall next to the door and watched Tyler with dark eyes. Both of his wide hands were placed flat against the wall on each side of his body. "You did so well, Tyler," Jamie began in a low voice. "I can’t believe how fast you’re learning."

Tyler smirked mischievously. He walked up at arm's length from Jamie and without any warning whatsoever, he fell down to his knees in front of him. Tyler looked at the taller man with a lusty gleam in his hazel eyes. "How about I show you something else I’ve learned?" The young gentleman asked innocently, licking his lips.

This was like a punch to Jamie’s gut. His breath came short, and his whole body felt as if it had been set on fire. He suddenly felt very hot, a raging blush spreading on his cheeks. "Y-yeah, you can show me, Seggy," Jamie stammered and bit his lip hard as he watched Tyler’s dexterous hands work open his belt and the buttons of his britches.

Tyler’s tongue was at the corner of his lips, and his eyes were devouring Jamie’s crotch as every centimeter of his pale skin was revealed. He pushed Jamie’s britches slightly down his gorgeous thighs and eagerly took out his half hard cock. Tyler heard Jamie's sharp intake of breath and smiled up at him. He wrapped his big hand around Jamie’s girth and gave it a teasing squeeze. “I’ll get you so hard, Jamie,” Tyler groaned in an impossibly deep voice. He punctuated his promise with a long, slow stroke of his hand. The skin felt velvety soft underneath Tyler’s palm, and he could feel the veins pulsing on the underside as more blood went down to Jamie’s cock.

The cowboy couldn’t take his eyes off the sight of Tyler on his knees for him with a seductive smile tugging at his lips. He was irresistible, sure of himself and determined to make Jamie feel good.
Tyler looked up at Jamie and felt his own cock harden in his pants. The pupils of Jamie’s doe-shaped eyes were wide with arousal, his lips were spit slick, and his cheeks were a discreet pink. He was so hot like this, stunned by what Tyler was about to do. Tyler gently eased the foreskin down Jamie’s shaft and then gave a few short strokes of his hand until Jamie’s cock was almost all the way hard. Tyler wanted to feel Jamie's length grow to full size in his mouth, so he bobbed his head down and teasingly sucked on Jamie’s cockhead.

“Oh, God!” Jamie moaned under his breath. One of his large hands left its place on the wall and buried itself in Tyler’s golden brown curls. Tyler hummed in pleasure as he sucked the tip of Jamie’s cock deeper in his mouth.

The younger man was feeling confident as he watched Jamie toss his head to the side and groan his appreciation. Unfortunately, that groan soon turned out into a hiss as Tyler’s teeth inadvertently scraped the sensitive skin of Jamie’s cock. He immediately released Jamie’s shaft from his mouth and let it bounce off his full bottom lip. He gave a few strokes of his hand, up and down, and looked up at Jamie with concern in his eyes. “What is it Jamie? Did I hurt you?”

Jamie’s eye lids felt heavy with the desire coursing through his veins as he looked down at Tyler. He gently massaged Tyler’s scalp to reassure him as he said, “Just cover your teeth, babe. You’re doing so good.”

Tyler felt a shiver trail down his spine at Jamie’s praise. He resumed his work without breaking eye contact with Jamie. Tyler gave Jamie’s cock a few tugs until it was all the way hard and standing tall and proud in front of his eyes. Then, Tyler closed his pretty lips around Jamie’s cockhead and swirled his tongue around the flared tip. Jamie moaned, and his hand tightened in Tyler’s hair. He couldn’t resist the urge to tell Tyler how heavenly his mouth felt. “Oh, fuck. Tyler! So damn hot. Yeah, so hot.”

Tyler blushed furiously at such a comment, and it only encouraged him to ease Jamie’s cock deeper into his mouth, lips stretched around Jamie’s impressive girth. He felt himself gag a little, so he pulled back to use more of his tongue. It was the first time he had ever fit something so big and wide in his mouth, but he was going to give his everything to Jamie. Tyler experimentally hollowed his cheeks, pulling a drawn out gasp from Jamie’s parted lips.

“Oh, yeah. Just like that, babe,” Jamie said in a voice thick with arousal. He opened his eyes and looked down at Tyler’s blissed out expression. Tyler’s eyes were closed in pleasure and his sharp cheekbones were all the more prominent as he hollowed his cheeks. He moan as he sucked Jamie a bit deeper into the wet heat of his mouth. Jamie also caught the quite obvious bulge in Tyler’s britches, the fabric stretched obscenely over Tyler’s erection. Jamie’s heart felt as if it was about to burst out of his chest as a most naughty thought came to his mind; Tyler was enjoying this.

“You love sucking my cock, don’t you, Ty?” Jamie teased and smiled smugly and a little lopsidedly at Tyler.

Tyler's eyes flew open, and his cheeks heated up even more. He seemed to always get so damn pink, and Jamie loved it more than anything else. Tyler was blushing just for him. He ached to discover what made Tyler blush the most.

Tyler's mouth was full of Jamie’s cock, so he had to withdraw to answer his question. As he pulled off, a thin line of saliva stayed connected to Jamie’s wide cockhead and to his puffy lips. Tyler’s eyes were smoldering and seductive as he gathered his courage and answered, “Never had anything better in my mouth.”

Something hot twisted in Jamie’s stomach, and a thin jet of precum spurted out of his slit, landing
right on Tyler’s stubbled chin. He growled and tugged a little on Tyler’s soft curls.

The desperate desire evident on Jamie’s handsome face encouraged Tyler to confess one of his dirty little secrets. “You know, Jamie… I touched myself when you left me alone in your bed,” Tyler said all low and deep like rich buttercream. His hand resumed its stroking of Jamie’s shaft as he continued to talk: “It felt so damn good… Dirtying your sheets with my cum. I only wish you could have seen me.”

Jamie’s breathing accelerated as images of Tyler rutting against his bed filled his mind. He could see it all so clearly; Tyler’s opened, pink lips as he fucked the tight ring of his fingers… Muffling his moans underneath his own palm so that no one would hear him in the throes of passion.

“Next time, you’ll have to show me, yeah?” Jamie said hoarsely, his fingers caressing the shell of Tyler’s ear. The skin was burning hot underneath his fingertips. Jamie caught Tyler’s gaze and held on. Tyler's eyes were filled with unrestrained lust as his tongue darted out of his mouth and lapped at Jamie’s slit, making him tremble.

The precum tasted salty on Tyler’s tongue, but he didn’t mind; it was the evidence that Jamie was enjoying himself thoroughly. He was moaning and groaning continuously by now and applying pressure on the back of Tyler’s head with his long fingers.

“Yeah, Jamie. But you won’t get to touch; you’ll just watch… You’ll just watch your “guest” pleasuring himself,” Tyler challenged, a hard and fiery look in his eyes. He opened his mouth and stuck his tongue out at Jamie. The cowboy took the cue to thrust his hips forward and enter the warm wetness.

Jamie let out a ragged moan as soon as his cock entered the warmth of Tyler’s mouth. He could see how his cock stretched Tyler's lips. The thought of Tyler alone in his bed, touching himself, filled Jamie with jealousy. He wanted to be the one to give Tyler release, even if the mental image was almost too arousing to think about. Right now, he could only think about the hotness of Tyler's mouth.

Tyler didn't know why he waited so long to finally get his mouth on Jamie. His desire to taste and please Jamie overcame the initial feeling of choking. He wrapped one of his hands around the thick base of Jamie's cock and pulled off with a suck. He couldn't help the moan that escaped him. Jamie's cock was gorgeous; thick, veiny, and with a wide cockhead revealed as Jamie's foreskin retracted. Tyler couldn't resist lapping at the tip again, collecting the precum like morning dew on the grass. Jamie’s fingers tightened in Tyler's hair as he worked.

"Fuck, Tyler, so good," Jamie hummed, tugging on Tyler's curls. He couldn't stand the teasing lick of Tyler's tongue. He wanted to feel more. "Please, put me back in your mouth." 

Tyler liked the control he was gaining over Jamie. "Is your guest earning his keep?" Tyler asked sweetly, forming a loose fist around Jamie's hard cock. "What will you have me do for next month's rent?" He stroked Jamie lightly, keeping a teasing touch. He leaned forward and kissed along the thick vein on the side of Jamie's cock.

"Tyler! Yes, whatever you say! Just yes!" Jamie tried not to lose his cool, but failed. He'd asked nicely, and Tyler was still playing with him! Jamie tightened his hold on Tyler's hair and pulled him down, his cock bouncing against Tyler's closed lips. He didn't think of Tyler as a guest, but now he would be teased in more ways than just one.

Tyler looked up at Jamie with bright eyes. He thought about teasing him further but couldn't bring himself to be so cruel. He wrapped his lips around Jamie's cock and bobbed his head, sucking him
Tyler had an idea. He slowly pulled off Jamie's dick and admired the sight in front of him. Jamie's cock was flushed a deep red where it had been in Tyler's mouth. "I want to taste," Tyler replied boldly.

"Seggy, I'm not going to last long," Jamie warned, panting heavily as he looked down at Tyler's head bobbing down in front of him.

Tyler moaned around Jamie's cock and reached down to adjust his own aching dick. It was pressed awkwardly in his britches, but Tyler was determined to make Jamie submit first. He relaxed his throat and felt his eyes water when Jamie's cock nudged the back of his throat. He quickly swallowed around it, feeling a fresh wave of precum. Tyler's other hand cupped Jamie's heavy ballsack as he sucked, adding to the stimulation.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes." Jamie chanted under his breath as his cock gave everything it had. "So perfect for me." White ribbons streaked Tyler's reddened cheeks, his button nose, and his stubbled chin. He was so hot like that, the young man from Toronto’s elite on his knees for the modest cowboy with seed all over his gorgeous face.

Tyler’s eyes were very dark as he looked up at Jamie. He licked his lips and moaned a little brokenly when he pressed his open palm against his painfully restricted cock. The expression on his face turned to one of desperate need when he felt his cock jerk underneath the damp fabric. “Can I hump your thigh, Jamie? Please,” Tyler managed to say in a low rumble, swallowing hard. There was now a pleading glint in his beautiful brown eyes as he looked up at the strong cowboy.

“I got you, Tyler. I got you,” Jamie murmured, caressing Tyler’s back with the hand that wasn’t holding onto Tyler’s. The cowboy moved his hand to cup Tyler’s face and gently clean up the cum with his fingers. Tyler's tongue darted out and laved the pads of Jamie’s fingers. Jamie’s breath caught in his throat at the action. “You can’t get enough, can you?” He teased sweetly.

“I, I, Jamie…” Tyler couldn’t finished his sentence as he closed his lips around Jamie’s thick index finger and sucked lazily on it. At the same time, he squeezed Jamie’s hand and pushed his dick against the soft skin of Jamie’s thigh. Both of them groaned breathlessly at the contact. Tyler’s chest was flush against Jamie’s, and he could feel the thumping of his heart. It was in a whole different
state than when he had laid his open palm against it when they woke up together in bed. Tyler melted as he realized he wanted to wake up with Jamie at his side for the rest of his life.

Jamie’s finger was released from Tyler’s mouth with one last swirl of his tongue. Now, Jamie could move his arm across the younger man’s shoulder blades to hold him tighter against him. One of Tyler’s arms wound around Jamie’s waist and held on. Tyler whined, his forehead thumping against the wooden wall at the left of Jamie’s head. Jamie turned his head to the side and tenderly kissed Tyler’s temple. He whispered in his sweet voice: “I’m here for you, baby.”

Tyler’s heart stuttered in his chest, and he gave a squeeze to Jamie’s hand. Jamie moved his leg in a better position so that it was now exactly between Tyler’s legs and pushing up on his erect cock. Tyler wailed at the pressure on his sensitive balls; it felt as if molten fire was twisting inside his stomach. Tyler closed his eyes, lips parted in bliss as he started humping Jamie’s perfectly defined thigh in earnest. The tickling sensation of the fine hairs covering Jamie’s thigh had goosebumps breaking on his skin. Tyler shivered convulsively, his grip on Jamie’s hand tightened, and his balls drew tight. He murmured right next to Jamie’s ear: “I’m so, so close, Jamie. Oh, Jamie. Jamie!”

Jamie smiled smugly as he realized the only thing Tyler could now say was his name. Tyler was reduced to a moaning, shivering mess and letting his sensations overrule his reason. It was so intimate having Tyler rut against him like this… Giving up yet still desperately searching release.

Tyler’s cock was so slick with precum that it slid easily against the warm skin of Jamie’s thigh. His flushed cock seemed to produce a never ending amount of precum that eased his movements as long as he needed it. Jamie gasped as a most naughty thought came to his mind. He knew that if he probably said it to Tyler, it would send him over the edge. Jamie bit his lips and turned his head to rest his forehead against Tyler’s soft brown curls.

“I wonder what it would feel like to be inside you…” Jamie teased in a warm puff of air against Tyler’s pink ear. The hair on Tyler’s neck pricked up, and a long rope of cum oozed out of his reddened cock slit.

“Oh, God! Jamie, oh. Oh, fuck!” Tyler swore mindlessly, his whole body tensing, his cock spurting its load up Jamie’s thigh, dirtying his skin and the edge of his waistcoat. The sexiest moan Jamie had ever heard was ripped out of Tyler’s throat as he held on. Jamie could feel Tyler’s cock throbbing hotly on his leg as he continued to hump, milking himself dry.

Tyler felt so dirty at the mere thought of having Jamie’s cock inside him. He had seen it from up close, had stroked it to full size, and had gotten it in his mouth. Tyler could feel his face heat up in a mix of arousal and shame at the thought of Jamie’s massive length penetrating his most intimate of areas. Tyler hid his face in shyness and breathed out shakily.

They stayed like this for a moment, just holding each other and breathing in the musky scent of sex around them. Tyler was heavy in Jamie’s arms and completely spent. He lazily nuzzled the cowboy’s neck and moaned low in contentment. His body still thirsted for Jamie to utterly claim him but, for now, he was satisfied.

Words felt thick on Jamie’s tongue. He wanted to tell Tyler how much this meant to him, but he remained silent. It was too soon. “We should get back to the house,” Jamie said at last. He cupped Tyler's chin and kissed him deeply. "Jordie will be back soon, and I'm sure you'll want to tell him how your shooting lesson went today.”

Tyler didn't want to move but slowly stretched and pulled away from Jamie. He could still taste the man on his tongue. "Thank you, Jamie. Your brother will be so jealous, he'll start asking me for lessons."
Jamie laughed, shoved his spent cock back in his pants, and straightened his clothing. He tenderly helped Tyler do the same before tugging on Tyler's hands and leading him out of the barn. Cash followed, prancing behind them. There was still a lot Tyler needed to know, but at least he was learning how to defend himself. "You're right. As always. Before we go in, let's look at the garden. We should be able to pick some vegetables."

"Always back to work," Tyler teased, a smile on his lips. "Your guest forgives you."

"I'll make sure to move your room to the chicken coop. That's where my guests go," Jamie threatened Tyler, nudging him. "Your pet can stay for free."

"You are so kind, my dear Jamie. I thought my skills had earned me a place in your bed," Tyler said, batting his eyelashes.

Jamie groaned and chuckled. "Alright, knock it off. Let's go pick some vegetables. If you behave, I promise something good."

Tyler winked, and together they went out to the garden. He didn't tell Jamie that there was nothing better than what they'd done in the barn because he knew that they had to keep working. Later they could play.

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Sir Dion Phaneuf pulled out his pocket watch and checked the time. It was half past five in the evening, and he was expecting company soon. Dinner was not ready; the table was not set. It was a meeting of a different sort. Perhaps he would have the maid make tea later, but that was the least important thing on Phaneuf's mind.

Steven Stamkos had been invited by letter earlier in the morning. He had required his messenger to wait for an answer. It hadn't taken long. Stamkos often followed him around like a lost puppy, so eager to please. At times, it could be incredibly distracting with how gaily Stamkos dressed, like a peacock wooing a mate. The boldness of the colors made Phaneuf's blood boil in ways he did not want to think about. He wanted to fine Crosby for possessing such fabrics. They were always so tantalizing, too rich for this town made of dirt.

Phaneuf wanted Stamkos over for a reason, and it wasn't to discuss his expensive silk waistcoats. Through a trusted adviser, he had learned of a few crucial things that Stamkos should've told him right away. The newest addition to their monthly meetings, Mr. Seguin, was indeed as wealthy as Phaneuf had expected. What Stamkos failed to inform him about was their shared connection through university. It seemed that Seguin lacked discipline more than Stamkos did. Seguin had a notorious history with authority figures in the school, and Phaneuf didn't trust him. He only wanted Seguin's investment. Whether or not gold was actually found was of little interest.

Phaneuf checked his watch again. His maid had been instructed to show Stamkos into his study. He poured himself a glass of expensive brandy and took a sip. Documents needing a signature were stacked neatly upon his grand desk. Stamkos would be leaving with them and would return with them signed by Seguin, along with the collected deposit.

Soon, Phaneuf could hear footsteps echoing down the hallway. He took another drink of brandy and straightened himself up. A soft knock was heard. He always employed the most polite people.

"Come in," Phaneuf ordered.

Stamkos entered, and Phaneuf's lip curled at the sight of his dress. Pristine black trousers clung to his
muscular legs. He wore a crisp long-sleeved white linen shirt under a pink and purple patterned silk waistcoat. A black cravat, matching the trousers, was tied loosely around his neck. Phaneuf was suddenly filled with the desire to rip it off and gag Stamkos with it, despite the silence between them.

"Thank you for answering my call so promptly, Mr. Stamkos," Phaneuf greeted, giving Stamkos a bored look-over. The color of his waistcoat seemed to brighten the golden locks on his head. "There are a few things I wish to discuss with you. Sit down." Phaneuf pointed to the chair in front of his desk. He didn't plan on keeping Stamkos sitting for long.

Steven sat obediently. He'd been anxious since he received the invitation to a private meeting. Perhaps Sir Phaneuf had finally picked up on his advances. However, there was only one glass of brandy. "You're very welcome, sir. What do you wish to discuss?"

"Young Mr. Seguin is an interesting man. I'm disappointed you didn't inform me of your familiarity with his character before," Phaneuf said, his voice heavy with disappointment.

It took Steven a minute to decipher what Phaneuf was hinting at. "Oh, I do apologize! I wasn't close with him. I have no insight that would benefit you."

Phaneuf raised an eyebrow. "And who determines that? You have no right to keep any information like that from me, especially when it comes to a possible investor. My sources found out that Seguin does come from a family of wealth. The oldest son and heir. However, it seems he can be rather disobedient. Don't you think that could give us some trouble?"

Steven widened his eyes. "Sir, with all due respect, he is still young. A troublemaker, but not a wanted criminal. He is alone out here, and it should be easy to secure his partnership."

"Is he alone? Surely, you are not this slow. He is already friends with the tailor, Crosby. I know he is not staying at the saloon or inn. He hasn’t bought any property. If you think it is so easy, then I am counting on you to get him to sign the appropriate documents. We will also need five hundred dollars as an initial deposit."

Steven felt assaulted by Phaneuf's quick tongue. Why did it matter where Seguin lived or how he acted in school? "I suppose I can seek him out and ask..."

Phaneuf shook his head. "There is no supposing. You will speak with Seguin, and you will get what I've asked for. You are the only one I trust to get this done. Crosby was supposed to talk to Seguin, but I fear he has become distracted. Do I need to retract my trust in you?"

"No, no, you can trust me, sir. I will make sure we have his consent and payment. I'm so sorry I've caused you trouble." Steven was proud of the trust Phaneuf had in him.

Phaneuf took another drink of his brandy. "That's what I thought. Thank you, Mr. Stamkos. You will be rewarded for your loyalty. However, rewards do not come before punishment. You have neglected to keep me informed, and now you must be punished. Stand up." Phaneuf pushed his chair back. "Walk over to me."

Steven was moving towards Phaneuf without thinking. He did not shy away at the prospect of being punished. He knew he deserved something, even if it was not his intentions to keep secrets. He kept his eyes on Phaneuf's rich red velvet waistcoat, not wanting to disrespect Phaneuf again.

"Now you know me, Stamkos. I'm an easy man to get along with. You are my right-hand man. You are the one I go to first when I need something. It shames me you could be so neglectful. Perhaps Seguin reminded yourself of your school days, because you have behaved like an insolent student."
You will be punished as such. Unfasten your trousers and pull down your pants." Phaneuf had been thinking of the appropriate punishment for Stamkos. Now, he had a reason to indulge. He reached for a thick wooden ruler on his desk.

Steven froze. "You..."

"Now, Steven, before I change my mind," Phaneuf said, tapping the ruler on his desk. It would sting, and Stamkos would squirm every time he sat down. He couldn't think of a better punishment.

Steven didn't hesitate again. His heart was racing as he pulled down his underpants and pants. Phaneuf spread his legs slightly, and Steven knew what to do. Cheeks blushing, Steven laid himself across Phaneuf's lap. His cock and balls were trapped between Phaneuf's thick thighs. Now soft, Steven knew he would not be able to control his reaction.

"Arms straight out in front of you," Phaneuf instructed. "I will show mercy this evening, but do not count on it again. You owe me only ten strikes with my ruler. I want you to count each one of them and thank me. When we are finished, you will take the paperwork and get it signed. Now start counting."

Phaneuf didn't wait for Stamkos' response. He immediately brought the ruler down on the milky skin. He heard Stamkos choke out words but was mesmerized by the hot pink stripe forming right before his eyes.

"One, sir! Thank you, sir!" Steven groaned out. While the pain was sharp, he couldn't stop his body from reacting. He was being truly dominated now, and his skin felt like it was on fire, arousal going straight to his cock.

"Good boy," Phaneuf purred out. He continued to spank Stamkos with his ruler, wishing he had more to punish him for. Halfway through, Stamkos had tears streaming down his face, and his ass was brighter than any of those poisonous waistcoats he'd ever worn.

Steven was a mess. With every downward strike, he rocked forward against Phaneuf's strong thigh. His cock had slowly engorged with blood, hard and dripping now, right on Phaneuf's floor. He could feel the bulge in Phaneuf's trousers pressing against him, and it only made Steven want more. He had only five more strikes to go before it would be over.

Phaneuf was feasting his eye on the bright pink ass in front of him. He ran his hand up and down the curved muscle; the skin was hot to the touch. He did not let his touch linger; Stamkos was sin to him, and the younger man knew it. Phaneuf slammed the ruler down hard across Stamkos' cheeks. This time, he could see blood bubbling up on a fresh cut.

"Six, sir," Steven panted, body twitching. "Thank you, sir."

Phaneuf did not praise Stamkos again. He gave him four more lashes, with each strike more violent than the last. Now bruises were forming, presenting a rainbow of colors on Stamkos' ass; he would never forget his lesson.

The last strike had the most effect on Steven's body. He jerked hard, and his cockhead brushed against Phaneuf's leg. He felt an orgasm hit him hard, strings of cum painting the floor. He was too overwhelmed to move, shame and arousal rushing through his mind.

Phaneuf wanted to bend Stamkos over his desk and fill his slutty hole with his seed but held back. He wanted to utterly claim Stamkos; only then would he truly be his. "While that was not the ending I expected, it is not unwanted. Get up and fix your clothes. Here is the paperwork. I'll give you until
the end of this week to get it taken care of. You won't like the next punishment," Phaneuf promised.

"Uh, yes, sir. I'll take care of this." Steven could see the hard outline of Phaneuf's cock through his trousers, but it wasn't his place to ask questions. He gingerly pulled up his underpants and trousers, hissing as the fabric caught on the little nicks in his skin.

"Good." Phaneuf handed Stamkos the documents. "Apologize to my housekeeper as you leave. She will be the one cleaning up your mess. You are dismissed."

Steven blushed hotly. He grabbed the documents and left without a backwards glance at Phaneuf. He felt ashamed but incredibly pleased at the same time by what had transpired between the two of them.

“Don’t ever disappoint me again, Steven.” Phaneuf said sternly as Stamkos pushed the heavy wooden door open and rushed outside the study.

He passed the maid on his way out and quickly apologized, not waiting for a response. He knew his duty. He would check with Crosby first, to see where Seguin was. Steven just hoped Crosby would not notice the state he was in.

Steven felt as if iron claws were gripping at his heart. He wanted so desperately to please Sir Phaneuf and prove to the great man that his loyalty and devotion knew no bounds. Steven knew that he would do absolutely anything that Phaneuf would ask of him.

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In the back of his store, Sidney was at work in his workshop, highly focused on the task at hand. He was sitting at a sturdy wooden table carefully sewing the golden buttons on a waistcoat of a pastel green colour. Sidney bit his lip in concentration, his strong forearms bulging as he worked with his agile fingers.

He was a true perfectionist, and he often lost himself in his work, forgetting everything around him as he obsessed over each little detail. In fact, he was so engrossed in what he was doing that he jumped in surprise when the bell at the counter rang, almost stabbing his middle finger with the needle. He swiftly stood up, adjusted his crisp white shirt, bunched at the forearms, and tightened his black cravat. He then raked a hand through his lush dark brown curls and cleared his throat. A moment later, he strode up through the door and into the shop where a very special man awaited him.

Geno leaned against the counter, a smile tugging at his full lips. His gaze was intense as Sidney made his way behind the counter. The burning stare had Sidney blushing adorably and averting his eyes in shyness.

“Oh, hello, Geno! What may I do for you on this lovely evening?” Sidney asked a little shakily, twisting his hands behind his back and looking back up at Geno. The Russian man was so much taller than he was, and it made him weak at the knees. Geno was more than a head taller than Sidney.

“Nothing. I’m come only to see Sid’s pretty face,” Geno said in that impossibly deep voice of his. It was like a low rumble that penetrated Sidney’s very bones. The rich Russian accent was like liquid sex to Sidney’s ears.

“Oh, I, um,” Sidney stuttered in disbelief. He shook his head, his curls bouncing. He couldn't believe it - he was dreaming for sure, and sooner or later he would wake up drenched in sweat. This couldn’t be happening. “I have work to do Geno. You, um, came at a bad time.”
He blinked a few times and was about to leave when Geno strode around the counter and grabbed ahold of Sidney’s wrist. Geno’s huge hand engulfed it, pulling Sidney off balance. He steadied himself on the counter, his fingers digging into the wood and holding on.

Geno licked his upper lip, his big tongue darting out. His hooded eyes were burning Sidney’s skin and making him feel dizzy with the rushing arousal that coursed through his veins. It had been too long. Years and years of longing and need. Geno pushed himself against Sidney which had his plump ass pressing against the hard counter.

“Sid not leave. Sid stay with me. I’m come for Sid,” Geno said low and secretly as his hold on Sidney’s wrist eased. Geno then let his warm palm trail up Sidney’s bare forearm, goosebumps breaking on his skin. Sidney could feel his heartbeat accelerating frantically in his chest as the man of his wildest dreams bent his lean torso and captured his lips in a searing kiss.

Both men had full lips, soft and hungry to taste each other. Geno took control of the kiss, deepening it and thrusting his tongue to explore the inside of Sidney’s mouth. They moaned deeply into the kiss. Sidney grabbed desperately at the lapels of Geno’s long leather coat. The Russian’s huge hands moved over Sidney’s wide shoulders, down his strong back, and further still to palm at his impossibly round ass.

They had to break the kiss when Geno’s hands settled on Sidney’s ass because the he lost his breath and trembled in need. The tailor’s plush behind had always concerned him; it was so big, and no matter how much he had tried to muscle it, it still felt like it could bounce in Geno’s hands.

“Best ass in world. Want so bad, Sid. Wait so long,” Geno murmured, his plump lips kissing their way up to Sidney’s reddened ear to suck sloppily on his earlobe.

The words had Sidney squirming and blushing so hard that he wondered if he would faint from the intensity of them. His cock was almost all the way hard, and Sidney couldn’t help looking at Geno’s crotch. The taller man caught Sidney’s lusty gaze and took the opportunity to bring their bodies flush together. Sidney couldn’t repress the embarrassingly high pitched whine that escaped his parted lips.

“What Sid say about that? Sid feel how big I am?” Geno asked with a smug smile, looking down at Sidney and giving his ass a good squeeze; it was so plump that it barely fit in Geno’s huge hands.

Sidney felt as if his knees would soon give way. He could feel Geno’s cock against his own aching member, and the sensation was beyond arousing. Lust burned inside Sidney’s stomach as he imagined Geno’s cock unleashed from the confines of the fancy britches it was trapped in. Before he made a move to free Geno’s massive dick, Sidney said in a low voice: “I want to see it, G. I want to see how big it is.”

Sidney finished his request with his tongue darting out to lick his lips. He shot Geno a seductive look from underneath his long lashes. His much smaller hands traveled up Geno’s neck to his jaw, up to his cheeks, and against his temple to tip off the beret he had on his head. The hat fell to the floor so Sidney could now bury his hands in Geno’s soft dark hair. His hair was shorter than Sidney’s, but it didn’t feel any less good underneath the tailor’s fingertips.

Sidney then got on his tiptoes to chastely kiss the scar on Geno’s left cheek. He whispered reverently in Geno’s ear while tugging a little on his curls: “Anything for you, G. Anything…”

Geno was pleased by Sidney’s unrestrained desire and felt his cock twitch inside his britches at his friend’s words. Soon, Geno felt Sidney’s hands move down the sides of his face, over his body to finally rest at his crotch. Sidney bit his bottom lip in concentration and popped the buttons open with his agile fingers.
“Sid,” Geno simply said breathlessly and moved his huge hands to rest above the curve of Sidney’s ass. Sidney felt hot all over as he pushed Geno’s pants down his powerful thighs. The fabric was perfectly tailored to the Russian’s lean, hard, muscled body. After all, Sidney had been the one making the black pants for Geno.

Geno issued a ragged moan, looking down at Sid’s small hand holding his cock. Geno could feel how unsure Sid was, and he swallowed hard as the tailor’s eyes curiously inspected his quite massive erection. Geno’s cock was so thick that Sidney could barely close his fingers around it. The veins pulsed underneath Sidney’s fingertips as precum made it’s way down the impressive girth. Sidney tentatively eased the foreskin down Geno’s cock and hummed as the bright pink cockhead was revealed. It was shiny with precum, and Sidney only wanted to get on his knees and suck the tip in his mouth.

Sidney looked back up at Geno’s handsome face and smiled shyly. Geno’s brown eyes were so dark with the intense need he was feeling. He wanted to finally show Sidney how much he desired him. “I’m want Sid turn around. Surprise for Sid,” he said in his heavy accented voice.

Sidney’s heart jumped in his chest, and he let go of Geno’s big cock. Geno growled and turned Sidney around with a good hold on the meaty part of his hips. Sidney’s aching, trapped cock pressed against the hard surface of the counter and had him whining in need. He could see the windows and the door that his customers came through, and reason screamed at him to have them move somewhere more private.

“Geno,” Sidney choked out, the Russian’s hard length pressing against his ass. “We should, um, we…” Sidney’s mind was engulfed by a fuzzy haze, and he seemed to no longer be able to form logical sentences; he was overwhelmed by Geno.

Geno didn’t let him finish his sentence and assaulted the soft skin of Sidney’s neck with sloppy kisses. He rested his wide hands on the smaller man’s crotch and popped the fancy buttons open. “Sid stop worrying. Let me take care. Want to wreck Sid,” Geno said thickly as he finally pushed Sidney’s pants down his legs, his erect cock bouncing against his shirt and leaving a wet spot.

Sidney wailed, tossing his head to the side and inadvertently giving Geno better access. The kisses on his sensitive neck were sending thrills throughout his body. The tailor gripped the counter with white knuckles, arched his back, and pushed his now bare ass against Geno’s cock.

Geno groaned deeply as he looked down at Sid’s pale ass cheeks. Sidney was blushing so hard, the tip of his ears turning even redder when he heard Geno’s words: “I’m never see ass this pretty. Everything perfect on Sid,” Geno praised against Sidney’s jaw. “Красивый (beautiful)…”

The Russian word was like rich honey in Sidney’s ears and had him squirming against Geno’s precum slickened dick. Geno took the cue to grab at his length, moaning low at the touch and positioning his cock between Sidney’s ass cheeks. His right hand was still gripping tightly at Sidney’s hip, steadying him and soothing him with the pressure of his fingers.

Months of dancing around the subject had not prepared Sidney for how Geno took control of the situation. Although Sidney was very familiar with Geno’s body and measurements, it was nothing like having the man pressed against him so intimately. Geno’s cock felt very heavy against his ass, as if Geno could just sink down into him and pin him against the counter. "What are you doing, G?" Sid asked, his voice cracking. He could feel stickiness from the tip of Geno’s cock as it slid against his flesh.

"You see," Geno said, leaning down to whisper in Sidney’s ear. "Relax. I'm not hurt you." He looked back down to where his cock was secured by Sidney’s round cheeks. He took his hand off
Sidney's hip and used his hands to spread Sidney's cheeks open for him. It was a mouth-watering sight. Sidney's hole was a beautiful dark pink, like a bullseye drawing him in. Geno nudged Sidney's legs further apart with his knee. "Да (yes)," Geno purred. He drew up some saliva and let it drip out of his mouth, landing on his cock and Sidney's hole. He watched in utter devotion as Sidney's hole quivered from the contact.

Sidney bit down on his forearm to stifle any noises that would attract unwanted attention. Anyone could come into the shop and hear them. He only wanted Geno to hear his noises and only when they were in private. Sidney felt utterly debauched, marked with Geno's spit and pinned like a butterfly in a display case.

Geno wanted to hear every little moan that escaped Sidney’s lips. He kissed Sidney's clothed shoulder and started to rock his hips. He watched as his cock slid up and down Sidney's crack, encased by the plush cheeks, fucking between them. "Mine," Geno growled out, pressing closer to Sidney, cock constantly rubbing against his sensitive hole. "Feel how big."

Sidney let out a loud gasp, forgoing his intentions of keeping silent. His cock ached, and every forward thrust from Geno sent it bumping against the counter. He could feel Geno's cock press against his hole, with a slightly firm pressure that made Sidney buck against him, wanting more. "I want..." God. What was he even asking for? He just wanted to be used by Geno.

"Sid like," Geno said, his voice deep and gravely. "Sid take what I give." He stilled his actions and grabbed his cock, slapping it hard against Sidney's hole just to remind him who really was in charge. He rutted against Sidney savagely, wanting to possess him.

Sidney let out a sharp cry. "Geno! Please!" He couldn't move his arms to touch himself. “I-I want... Please, touch me.” He begged, overwhelmed with need.

Geno let out a satisfied hum and reached a long arm around them to take hold of Sidney's cock. "Cum with me," he demanded, stroking him with quick movements. Geno could feel how tense Sidney was and wanted to relieve him. His cock was sliding between Sidney's cheeks with ease. The spit and precum seemed to work as a makeshift lubricant. Geno couldn't wait to add his cum to the mess.

Sidney let out a low moan at Geno's words. He didn't know where his filthy tongue came from, but he loved it. It made Sidney feel so dirty. Geno's hand was large and calloused from the manual labor he did, creating a sensation that took Sidney's breath away. "Geno," Sid moaned. He pushed his ass back against Geno's big cock, craving friction.

Geno slid his other hand up the back of Sidney's shirt as his hips continued to work. He raked his nails down Sidney's spine and bit down on the meat of Sidney's shoulder, hard enough to leave a dark bruise. He pulled away and pinned the smaller man against the counter, dropping his hand off Sidney's cock.

Ignoring Sidney's whine of protest, Geno took his own cock in hand and stroked himself off with short and quick tugs. Cum beaded up, and Geno aimed his dick against the winking smile of Sidney's hole, painting it with thick globs of cum. He didn't stop until he was completely spent.

Sidney was in shock. The sudden sharpness of the bite took him by surprise. Only his dick could react, twitching pitifully without any direct stimulation. He felt instantly claimed and owned. Geno had used his strength to pin Sidney down and the feeling of Geno's cum, hot at first and now slowly cooling, made him feel naughty.

"I'm not forget you," Geno said, spitting into his hand. He hooked his chin over Sidney's shoulder,
still sore from the bite, and cupped his cock. "Pretty just like ass," he complimented. He started a slow stroke, from root to tip. Sidney was panting and sweating again, until he picked the pace up.

It didn't take long for Sidney to come. He tossed his head back, colliding with Geno's wide left shoulder, and came hard with a shout. Sidney had never felt an orgasm hit him this hard. It was heaven compared to the times when he was all alone, touching himself and thinking of Geno. The tailor’s heart stuttered in his chest as he watched his cum streak Geno’s big hand and the counter.

He didn't even realise that he was half naked until Geno started to dress him, soothing him with low Russian whispered in his ear and caressing him with his warm palms. "I'm messy," Sidney admitted shyly, watching Geno tuck his softening cock into his pants. Sidney's spent dick looked so delicate in Geno’s hand.

"Good look on you," Geno said with a wink. "We do this again and again. Never stop, but now not good time." He pointed to the front window of the shop. A blond man was walking towards the shop. He wore a long black frock coat and a derby hat of the same colour decorated by a bright pink feather and was carrying a thick leather folder underneath his left arm.

Sidney's cheeks burned red when he spotted Stamkos hurrying towards the shop. Geno's cum was already starting to feel tacky in his pants. "Please behave," Sidney begged the Russian. The tailor quickly grabbed a piece of silk hanging on the edge of the counter and covered the mess streaking the wooden surface.

Steven let the door slam behind him as he entered Crosby's shop. He was immediately assaulted by the smell of sweat, and he wrinkled his nose. Crosby was not alone. He was with Malkin, one of the Russian workers. No more than an uncivilized brute and well below Steven's class, but he wasn't here to socialise. Both men had wrinkled clothing, pink cheeks, tousled hair and reddened lips.

"Good evening, Mr. Crosby. I don't mean to intrude. I just want a few moments of your time," Steven said politely, briefly tipping his head in Geno's direction. "Mr. Malkin."

"You aren't wanting to order another vest, are you?" Sidney asked warily. Stamkos always took a lot of his time, but at least he paid. Phaneuf was another story.

"No," Steven responded quickly. "You arrived to the last meeting with Mr. Seguin. I just wanted to know if he was around, or if you knew where he was staying."

Sidney felt a little suspicious. "He's not here. He's up with a rancher. I'll let him know you're looking for him."

Steven frowned. "Well, do keep in mind that this is urgent. More urgent than your illicit coupling."

Sidney choked a little at the words, and his eyes filled with a dangerous glint. He replied coldly: "Excuse me, Mr. Stamkos? You have no right to talk to me like this!"

Stamkos looked incredibly flustered and huffed, "I'm not the one who should excuse myself for crude behaviour, Mr. Crosby! I expected more of you. I never would have thought you and the Russian would mingle with each other so inappropriately!"

It was Geno’s turn to intervene. Although he didn't master the English language, he understood much of Stamkos' words and definitely noticed the flushed state the blond was in. "I’m think Mr. Stamkos’ red cheeks tell much. What he do before he come here?" Geno asked in his deep voice, without any emotions showing whatsoever.
Steven swore under his breath as he felt his body reacting to the memory of what had happened between Sir Phaneuf and his good person. The mere thought of the spanking almost had him harden on the spot. Heat rose up all over the blond’s face, and he bit his lip violently. He wanted to scream in outrage at Malkin's face for reminding him of the event.

“How dare you!? I’d be careful if I were you, Russian, or you’ll be on the next ship towards your rotten, stinking shit hole of a country!” Stamkos said threateningly, his blue eyes cold as ice and his finger pointing in Geno’s direction. “Learn your place and keep your tongue behind your teeth.”

Geno boiled with rage. Sidney could feel him tensing next to him. He was about to launch himself at Stamkos and punch the pretentious smirk off his face when Sidney steadied him firmly with a hand on his forearm. “Leave, Geno. Let me deal with this gentleman,” Sidney said diplomatically and added under his breath. “I don’t want you to get in trouble.”

Geno understood what Sidney meant. Even if he only wanted to beat up Stamkos, he was smart enough to hold back his rage. The Russian nodded Sidney’s way and turned around to exit through the back door. He threw one last threatening, murderous glance Stamkos’ way and left the shop.

Now that Crosby and Stamkos were alone, it was time for them to discuss the matter at hand. Both men looked at each other coldly, but Stamkos was the first to make a move towards compromise. He walked up to the counter and said, “Sir Phaneuf wants me to get Mr. Seguin’s signature on these documents. I need to know where he is.”

Sidney’s eyes blazed, and he sighed in annoyance. “I told you I would seek him out and tell him about it. Where would you like to meet?”

Steven replied sternly, “At the saloon. Four o’clock tomorrow.” He owned the place, and he had heard about Mr. Seguin’s rather grand appearance at his establishment. He had been seen with a tall, dark haired cowboy known as Benny. A fight had broken out between the rancher and one of the saloon’s most loyal customers, Mr. Giroux.

Sidney waved his hand. “Very well, I’ll inform Mr. Seguin of the time and place to meet with you.”

Stamkos didn’t even thank him; instead, he turned his back and walked out the front door. Sidney couldn’t help noticing that the blond walked weirdly, as if each step he took pained him.
I Love You

Chapter Summary

He had a feeling that Jamie had burned as much as he had while they had been parted. There could be no better time for Tyler to put his seductive plan into action. When he was done eating his food, Tyler stood up and walked to Jamie’s side of the table. He leaned in, his right hand on Jamie’s wide shoulder and whispered hotly in his ear, “I want you to fuck me, Jamie.”

Chapter Notes

This chapter was betaed by my best friend, VelvetPaw! <3 Thanks a lot, my dear. You cleaned it up and made it so much better. :)

Five days later

Tyler stared at the large bonfire in front of him. His legs and feet had fallen asleep a while ago from his perch upon a log. There was a prospector with a banjo, howling old songs in between gulps of his alcohol. He had a good following of people sitting around him and slapping their knees in time with the song. They were blindingly happy—or drunk. After dark, the hard working men turned into a rowdy bunch. It was nice at first. Tyler, in his new work clothes, fit in.

Stamkos had finally met with Tyler the previous week. It was time to put his father's plan into action. He paid a hefty deposit, and Stamkos took him to the gold miner's camp. Tyler signed a contract, promising a percentage of the wealth he found to Phaneuf. He figured that it was typical business. His deposit would finance workers, both wages and food.

Looking back, Tyler wished that he would've left the ranch on better terms with Jamie. When he came home with the news, Jamie wasn't excited. He went to bed early without inviting Tyler, and the next morning, he demanded to come with Tyler to Tranquille Creek. The days leading up to Tyler's departure were strained and awkward. They worked together on the ranch, but never brought up the trip. The morning Tyler left, he half expected Jamie to avoid seeing him off but was surprised. Jamie had kissed him passionately, deeply, and promised that they would talk when Tyler returned. Jamie tucked the gun into Tyler's bag and walked him to the barn.

That was five days ago. Tyler had ridden into town and met with Stamkos before heading out. Tyler would be camping out, and Stamkos promised that he would teach him how the business ran. For the investors, Tyler found out later, there was a private cabin. The workers slept outside or in makeshift tents.

As it turned out, Tyler was mostly left on his own. Stamkos would disappear for hours if Phaneuf showed up. Stamkos and Phaneuf had shown Tyler around on the first day, giving him a brief tour of the grounds and operations and showing him his cot in the cabin, but they had left him alone afterwards.
It was a full moon out. In the morning, Tyler would head back into town. Jamie had promised to meet him when he arrived, and it was the only thing he was looking forward to. It was beautiful at Tranquille Creek, even more so with the bright glow of the moon illuminating the land, but it wasn't home. It wasn't the Benn ranch, with the distant callings of the cows or the chickens clucking like mad. There wasn't a curious little fox getting into trouble. There wasn't Jamie, Tyler's handsome cowboy.

Tyler stood up and stretched his back. The man next to him was slumped over backward on his log, stinking drunk. The musical act was still going on, but with each song, the words were becoming more slurred, and Tyler knew that no one would miss his company. The moon provided enough light that Tyler was confident he wouldn't get lost. Besides, the fire was still raging.

Tyler had spent most of his time around the main camp, but now alone, he decided to look around. He couldn't keep his mind free of Jamie and how he wished that he'd agreed and forced Stamkos to allow Jamie to come along. He was looking forward to finally seeing Jamie again. He remembered how delicious Jamie tasted in his mouth, and Tyler wanted to pleasure him again. He wanted to stay locked up in his bedroom for a week.

Suddenly, Tyler was ripped out of his enchanting thoughts. A strong, foul stench invaded his nose, stopping him in place. It was disgusting. Tyler leaned over and gagged, trying to catch his breath. He'd walked a good distance away from the camp and had no idea what he was smelling. It was like a large, rotting animal but unlike something Tyler had ever smelled before.

A shine from the ground, a few meters away caught Tyler's eye; something was gleaming in the moonlight. Perhaps someone dropped coins or something precious. Wanting a distraction from the stench, Tyler headed over to where he'd spotted the shine. A golden chain was peeping out from under the earth. Tyler used his boots to kick away enough dirt to pull it out. The chain led to a pocket watch. Despite the dirt, it was in good condition. Tyler checked the time and was happy to see it was still accurate. He slipped the watch into his pocket and decided to just figure out what the smell was.

Tyler continued forward through a thick wooded area. The trees had a clearing, and there was a huge pit dug up. Curious, Tyler moved closer until he could peer in. He almost fell in and felt vomit rise in his throat at the horror that greeted him.

Staring back up at him were a dozen lifeless faces. Bodies in various stages of decay were thrown into the pit, stripped naked of all clothes and possessions. The bodies were male and by the state of the fresh ones, were workers. Animals had torn apart most of the bodies, but what was left was horrifying enough. Those people had families. There was no way anyone would be happy rotting in a pit in the middle of nowhere.

Tyler slowly backed away. He was going straight to the cabin and would wait until it was time to leave. Tomorrow morning couldn't come soon enough.

The young gentleman felt a violent terror grip at his heart and broke into a cold sweat when he heard a laboured breathing sound coming from the pit. This couldn't be happening; Tyler’s panicked mind was making that up.

Yet, a feeble wheeze that was nothing like the moaning of the trees could be heard from underneath the lifeless bodies.

Tyler, persuaded that his imagination was at work, turned around and ran as fast away from this dreadful place as he could.

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On this advanced day of autumn, a cold wind blew through the trees and shook the signs announcing the city of Kamloops. The sky was darkened by low clouds, and there was a chill in the air that penetrated a man’s very bones.

Jamie, all in black and wearing a low cowboy hat, was waiting for Tyler. The tall man mounted Lindy, his valiant horse, and was scanning the horizon for any signs of his friend. The cowboy was waiting at the northern entrance of the city where most travelers came through. Jamie was impatient to be reunited with Tyler; he had grown very fond of the young man and greatly desired to hold him in his arms.

Jamie’s heartbeat sped up as he noticed a mounted figure moving toward the city. Down the dirt path and through a small copse of trees, the traveler was making his way. As he approached, Jamie became more and more certain that it was Tyler’s lean, wide-shouldered frame. In his cowboy clothes, leather waistcoat, and feathered hat, Tyler looked even more manly and confident. There was an undeniable aura of virility and power surrounding him when he rode Pavs, his horse, and made his way through the wilderness.

When he got close enough to Jamie, Tyler brought his horse to a stop, a bit unsure of his welcome.

“Well, well. Look who we’ve got here? Isn’t it the wealthy Tyler Seguin from the great city of Toronto?” Jamie mocked gently with a small smirk playing across his lips.

Despite Jamie’s less than warm welcome, Tyler dismounted his horse and held on to Pavs’ bridle. He walked up to Jamie and looked at him with a fiery determination in his brown eyes. The cowboy looked down at him and couldn’t resist the temptation to dismount Lindy, walk the small distance between them and gather Tyler in a big hug.

Jamie’s hug was so powerful and strong that it punched the breath out of Tyler’s lungs. The younger man held on, his arms wrapping around Jamie’s neck and squeezing tightly. Tyler nuzzled at the cowboy’s neck and breathed him in, smelling his musky odor mixed with the sweet smell of soap. Tyler almost felt tears at the corners of his eyes as he realized he had missed Jamie so, so much… More than he could have ever imagined.

When the men broke their heartfelt embrace, they moved at arm’s length and looked deeply into each other’s eyes. Jamie’s dark brown gaze was filled with adoration as he met Tyler’s lighter eyes. He leaned in the few last centimeters and kissed his man tenderly, his tongue sweeping inside Tyler’s hungry mouth. Tyler moaned low and deep, the sound rumbling through Jamie’s chest. They were flush against each other and in the heat of the moment, Tyler’s heart stuttered from the intense longing coursing through his veins.

When they broke their passionate kiss, Tyler and Jamie both breathed against each other’s flushed skin.

“I’m sorry, Jamie.” Tyler murmured against Jamie’s plush lips, his eyes looking down in shame. He was mad at himself for refusing to bring Jamie along with him. Tyler had hurt his lover’s feelings, and he hoped that Jamie wouldn't think he was a selfish jerk.

“It’s fine, Tyler. Don’t ever apologize to me. You know I’m...” Jamie said in a low voice but didn’t finish his sentence. Beyond anything, he wanted to say, “You know I’m on my knees for you. I’d do anything for you.” But Jamie couldn’t say that now. It wasn’t the time to say it. Not yet…

“Jamie,” Tyler simply said and hid his face in the burgundy scarf Jamie was wearing. He felt strong hands soothing him and moving over his back.
“Let’s go back to the ranch, Tyler. I’ve missed you so much.” Jamie breathed out as he felt his whole body heat up at how wantonly he had spent his nights pleasuring himself and thinking of Tyler. He felt like an animal and guilt overwhelmed him as he realized, once more, that his intense desire to possess Tyler was coming back to the surface.

Still, Jamie was persuaded that he wanted Tyler this badly because he was more than obsessed with him...

Because he loved him.

****

When they arrived at the ranch, Tyler and Jamie headed toward the house for a good meal. Jamie decided he would prepare his speciality for Tyler—steaks.

While Jamie was cooking, Tyler went upstairs to his bedroom. On the day he had met with Stamkos, Tyler had stopped at Sidney’s shop so that he could talk briefly with his new friend before his departure. Sidney had given tips and advice to him and had presented him with a special gift. Tyler had enough room in his bag for the garment and had brought it along with him.

Now, in his bedroom, Tyler took the fancy piece of clothing out of his bag. It was a beautiful pastel green waistcoat with golden buttons and a perfect cut that would emphasize his narrow waist. Tyler wanted to wear something absolutely dashing for Jamie; he wanted the cowboy to undress him like he would unwrap a gift.

Secretly, Tyler wanted Jamie to do more than just touch him all over. Alone in his cabin at Tranquille Creek, Tyler had been thinking about Jamie finally claiming him. His mind had been filled with visions of Jamie’s broad body over him, simply taking what was his. Tyler had entertained many fantasies as he had jerked off in the wilderness, but one in particular was more vivid than any other, and Tyler was going to whisper it in Jamie’s ear.

Dressed in his brand new waistcoat, white dress shirt, and black pants, Tyler walked downstairs to the kitchen. His heart was thumping in his chest; he was so eager to see how Jamie would react. Deep inside, Tyler wanted Jamie to grab at the collar of his waistcoat with both big hands and bring him flush against him.

In the kitchen, Jamie was finishing the plates of steaks, potatoes and carrots. When he heard footsteps, he turned around and was greeted by the sight of Tyler. As it was always the case, Jamie’s heart missed a beat, and he felt suddenly very hot. “Hey, Seggy! Don’t you look fine,” Jamie said after swallowing thickly. He wanted to jump on Tyler and undress him on the spot. Jamie wanted to reveal some of that creamy skin and kiss every inch of it. All these days separated from his lover had been way too long for him.

Heat rose on Tyler’s cheeks at Jamie’s unabashed compliment, and his chest filled with pride; his outfit had the desired effect on Jamie. He averted his eyes demurely and smiled. He loved the way his new nickname rolled off Jamie’s tongue too; it made him feel special because Jamie was the only one who had ever called him that. He met Jamie’s dark eyes and took a seat at the sturdy table. Jamie approached with the plates, served him, and looked at him as if he was a true prince.

They ate their food while Tyler recounted his trip to Jamie. Jamie asked many questions and seemed intrigued by the whole business. The way he smiled almost smugly, and his eyes smouldered when Tyler told him how much he missed him, was not lost on Tyler. He had a feeling that Jamie had burned as much as he had while they had been parted. There could be no better time for Tyler to put his seductive plan into action. When he was done eating his food, Tyler stood up and walked to
Jamie’s side of the table. He leaned in, his right hand on Jamie’s wide shoulder and whispered hotly in his ear, “I want you to fuck me, Jamie.”

Jamie almost swallowed his own tongue when he heard Tyler's request whispered into his ear; it went straight to his cock. He had imagined taking Tyler apart during the nights they were separated. The tightness of his fist could not amount to how incredible Tyler would feel around him. "Yes, Seggy. Anything you want," Jamie replied, dropping his fork. He stood up and kissed Tyler urgently, biting down on his bottom lip.

Tyler moaned into Jamie's mouth and pressed closer to him, wedging his knee against the growing bulge in Jamie's trousers, teasing him. He could feel how firm and hot Jamie was, and he couldn't wait to take him to bed.

Jamie gave Tyler's ass a good squeeze. "Tease," he accused, voice rough. "Bedroom, now." He turned Tyler around and pushed him toward the stairs. They had waited long enough, and now Jamie could finally claim Tyler in the most intimate of ways.

Tyler led the way to the bedroom with Jamie close behind. He could hear Jamie's breathing getting heavier the closer they got to the bedroom. It was thrilling. Once in the bedroom, Jamie shut the door loudly behind them and gathered Tyler into his arms.

"Do you know how often I’ve thought of this moment?” Jamie demanded, tipping Tyler's face up for a kiss. His hands ran up and down the smooth material of Tyler's waistcoat. "You look delicious." Jamie unbuttoned Tyler's waistcoat, fingers clumsy in his haste. He let it drop to the floor. The white dress shirt seemed to highlight Tyler’s nipples, inviting Jamie’s touch.

"Thanks, Jamie," Tyler said shyly, biting his lip. He felt anticipation crawling underneath his skin, his stomach fluttering.

Jamie walked Tyler to the bed and pushed him down. "Don't move," Jamie growled. He walked over to his dresser and pulled out a small bottle of olive oil. It had been expensive, and Jamie had kept it hidden from his brother. It was only for Tyler. Jamie was completely inexperienced when it came to making love to another man, but he figured out that they would need something very slick. Jamie didn't want to hurt Tyler.

Tyler’s eyes lit up when he spotted the oil. It made him feel relaxed, knowing that it was much better than any spit. He knew it wasn’t easy to obtain and was touched beyond words that Jamie had it for them. "Don't make me wait any longer," Tyler begged. "I can't take it."

Jamie quickly returned to his spot by the bed. He placed the bottle of oil on the other side of the bed and leaned over Tyler. He pinched Tyler's nipple through his shirt and whispered, "You'll take what I say you'll take."

Tyler shivered from the pinch and Jamie's words. Jamie was completely in charge now. "Please," Tyler pleaded, his deep voice breaking around the edges. "I want you so badly, Jamie. Give me anything."

Jamie straddled Tyler's hips and kissed him passionately, tongue sweeping to taste every inch of his mouth. He kept his hands busy, trying to unfasten Tyler's shirt. Jamie managed to get half the buttons before ripping it off. Tyler shivered at the sheer animalistic desire Jamie was displaying and pushed himself upright so that Jamie could start to undress him.

Tyler wanted to curse Jamie for ruining his shirt, but he was at a loss of words. All Tyler could do was moan into Jamie's mouth. He was eager for the action. He wanted to feel much more than just
kisses. "Jamie, there's too many clothes," he managed to say when they broke apart for air. Tyler was proud that he sounded steadier than he thought he would.

Jamie seemed to finally become a little more civilized. He pulled away long enough to take off his own shirt. He didn't want to get off Tyler, but Tyler was right. Clothing needed to go. Jamie got off the bed and quickly shed the remainder of his clothes.

"I've been thinking of how you'll feel inside me," Tyler admitted, smirking like it was a dirty secret between the two of them... Perhaps it was. He took off his underpants and trousers, enjoying the sight of Jamie's naked body while he undressed.

Jamie's eyes narrowed. If Tyler kept speaking like that, there wouldn't be much of a show. "I need to be inside of you, now!" Jamie grabbed Tyler and positioned him where he wanted. Tyler was bent over the bed. Even though Tyler had only been gone a few days, he looked more trim and tanned. It looked good on him, but Jamie would rather see Tyler grow strong by stacking hay bales on the ranch, not sifting for gold.

Jamie grabbed the bottle of oil and poured it slowly, not wanting to waste anything. He poured a good amount on his hand and before placing the bottle on the bedside table, far away so that it wouldn't be kicked over. He had waited so long for this moment and instinctively, Jamie just wanted to bury his cock in Tyler's body, but he knew that wouldn't be pleasant. "Spread your ass for me," Jamie instructed, feeling dirty with the words he chose.

Tyler pressed his hips against the mattress and moaned at the friction against his cock. He refused to let Jamie fuck him like this, face down on the bed like a whore, but still moved his hands back to grip his ass cheeks and part them. His body seemed to react to Jamie's words without his mind. "Jamie, just hurry," Tyler begged. "Use your fingers and open me up."

Jamie moaned softly, eyes locked on the alluring sight of Tyler's pink asshole crying out for attention. He made sure his fingers were thickly coated with oil. "I'm going to take my time," Jamie said, rubbing his slick thumb across Tyler's hole. It would take time to loosen that tight muscle up for Jamie's fat cock. He pressed his thumb inside and breathed sharply through his nose as it sunk into Tyler's warm body. His cock throbbed insistently, but Jamie ignored it. He slowly pulled his thumb out. "Babe..." Jamie felt speechless, stunned by the discovery of Tyler's intimate area.

Tyler couldn't help but hold his breath as Jamie's thumb breached him. Just knowing it was Jamie made it easier for Tyler to relax around the intrusion. "Please, Jamie, don't tease me. I'm already at your mercy," Tyler pleaded, testing a clenching motion around Jamie's digit. "I need you." If Jamie didn't hurry, Tyler was tempted to do it himself.

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"Fuck," Jamie cursed, eyes wide. He felt a wave of possessiveness come over his body. "I'll take care of you. I promise." Jamie pressed his index finger against the tiny entrance and watched it sink in. He waited a second before starting to pump it in and out, adding a second finger, preparing Tyler for his thickness.

It was like a switch had been flipped in Tyler's body. After he got used to the first finger, the second one seemed a little bit uncomfortable, but soon Tyler started to crave the sensation. He wanted to feel full, and when Jamie pulled out both of his fingers, he felt so empty. Tyler let out a frustrated moan and pushed his ass back against Jamie. His cock was drooling all over the soft furs on the bed, creating a sticky mess.

Jamie took Tyler's reactions as positive and fucked in three fingers, watching how greedily Tyler's pucker clung to them. It was making Jamie dizzy. He curled them a bit, trying to stretch Tyler more. As he did so, Tyler suddenly shouted and clenched around him, shaking hard. "Are you okay?"
Tyler trembled with pleasure. Jamie's fingers seemed to light a spark inside of him. He quickly reached underneath himself and squeezed his cock. That, plus Jamie’s fingers, was almost enough to make him come on the spot. "Yes, I'm good. I think I've had enough. Let me get up."

Jamie backed away from Tyler and helped him up with his clean hand. "How do you want to do this?" Jamie asked, feeling awkward and slow.

"I want you to lay down and relax. I'll show you," Tyler explained. He felt hollow without Jamie's fingers inside of him. Once Jamie was in position, Tyler grabbed the oil and slicked up his hand before climbing on top of Jamie, mimicking their early position, now only reversed. Jamie's big cock was erect, swollen with blood, and demanding attention. Tyler took his time massaging the oil onto Jamie's cock, smiling at Jamie’s helpless moans. "Now I'm going to ride you like the cowboy you've trained me to be," Tyler promised, cupping Jamie's heavy balls.

Jamie's mind was spinning. He thought that he'd be the one on top of Tyler, but this was a turn in events that Jamie was now starving for. The mental image of Tyler using him like that made Jamie's cock twitch hard in Tyler's hand. It was hard to concentrate on Tyler's words when that large hand was stroking him. "You're still teasing me."

Tyler let out a bright chime of laughter and properly straddled Jamie's hips. He felt Jamie's cock press against the curve of his ass and moaned. Soon, he would have all of that inside of him. Tyler raised himself up on his knees and reached behind to line Jamie's cock with his hole. He sucked a deep breath and pressed back against the spongy cock head until his hole parted, and the head was completely inside of him.

It was already as thick as the fingers, and Tyler hadn't even gotten to the thickest part yet. "Jamie," Tyler panted, sinking down slowly. He willed his body to relax around Jamie's cock. Precome was steadily rolling out of his cock slit, creating a small pool underneath Jamie's belly button. After taking a few deep breaths, Tyler was fully seated on Jamie's cock but couldn't move. His body was locked up in a mix of pleasure dulled slightly by the pain of being stretched open this wide.

Tyler’s muscular thighs contracted as he experimentally lifted himself. He then pushed his hips back down but had to stop halfway through the motion. Tyler groaned in pain and screwed his eyes shut; it burned and it felt as if his rim was tearing apart. “Oh, God! It hurts, Jamie. It burns,” Tyler gasped, his eyes moist from the deeply intimate pain.

Jamie looked up at Tyler with worried, almost panicked eyes. He extended an arm and settled his warm hand against the soft, naked skin of Tyler’s hip. “We can stop this right now, Tyler. I can’t believe I hurt you. I’m so sorry…” Jamie said in a strained voice.

“No!” Tyler exclaimed with pure determination. “I don’t want us to stop, Jamie. I want you. I know we can make this so good. I know we can.” He tangled his fingers with Jamie’s, at his hip, and moved his other hand to rest in the middle of Jamie’s chest.

There was a fire burning in Tyler’s light brown eyes as he decided he was going to conquer this. There was no way he was ruining this moment.

Jamie caught his lover’s intense gaze and couldn’t repress the gasp that escaped his lips.

Tyler decided to try a new angle and arch his back to push himself forward. He hissed at the pain, but he would not give up easily. His fingers tightened around Jamie’s as he lifted himself back up, feeling the cowboy’s massive cock drag on his insides. Tyler then sat back down on his heels and fuck! There it was, that little bundle of nerves inside him. Tyler’s whole body shook as he felt Jamie’s cock apply an unrelenting pressure on his prostate.
“What is it, Tyler?” Jamie asked, still worried and uncertain about all of this.

“I found it, Jamie.” Tyler moaned as liquid want rushed in a heat wave all over his body. He had learned about the prostate in his anatomy classes at university, and he knew that if it was stimulated just right, it could lead to pure ecstasy. Tyler's chiseled abs contracted as he slid up and down Jamie’s cock. “Oh!” He gasped, his flushed cock twitching back in interest.

Jamie was mesmerized by what he had witnessed. It was as if Tyler's whole body had been shaken by a powerful jolt of energy. By the smile that formed on his beautiful lips and the moan that escaped them, Tyler was in rapture. His pain wasn’t as great anymore. “What did you find?” Jamie asked curiously. His hand moved up Tyler's upper body to stroke at the long column of his throat. The action automatically had Tyler melting and relaxing around his girth. He was so incredibly tight around Jamie; it was as if Jamie’s cock was held in by a vice like grip.

“My sweet spot,” Tyler breathed out as he gave a slow roll of his hips, grinding against Jamie and hitting his prostate full on. A long moan was ripped out of Tyler's throat, his cock engorging—very much ready to shoot his passion all over his abs. The hand he had against Jamie’s chest instantly went to grab at the base of his length.

“Oh, Tyler,” Jamie growled. The sight of Tyler in such a state of pleasure made his cock, buried to the hilt, throb. In response, Tyler squeezed him in, his walls closing on Jamie and punching the breath out of his lungs.

Tyler steadied his hips and looked down at his handsome cowboy. Jamie’s skin was flushed a bright pink, his lips were puffy from their kisses, and his dark hair was in a wild state. But what had Tyler’s heart stuttering in his chest was the look of pure amazement in Jamie’s large eyes.

“It makes me feel so good, Jamie. You’re so big,” Tyler groaned as he held onto his cock and gave a downward thrust of his hips, fucking himself deeper. Tyler's whole body shuddered when he felt Jamie’s hand trail against his heated skin to rest on one of his pert ass cheeks. Tyler still had his fingers intertwined with Jamie’s and wasn’t expecting in the least what Jamie told him, “I want us to touch where my cock is buried inside you.” The dirty words, said in Jamie's sexy, breathless voice, had a raging blush spreading all the way down Tyler’s chest.

Tyler and Jamie moved their joined hands right underneath the curve of Tyler’s ass. The younger man’s arm was awkwardly twisted behind him, veins standing out in his arm, but he still had access to where Jamie wanted him to touch. He tentatively touched, with the pad of his fingers, the thick base of Jamie’s cock. It was slick with precum and oil, hot and engorged with blood. Tyler gasped loudly, the tip of his ears turning even redder, as he let his fingers wander where they were so intimately connected.

Then, Jamie’s fingers joined Tyler’s and they both touched his tight, little hole stretched to its limits around Jamie’s girth. The cowboy even went as far as to stroke and push on Tyler’s pucker. It was so impossibly dirty that Tyler felt his balls draw up and his toes curl. Tyler's hand tightened around his cock; he was about to cum. “Oh, Jamie, fuck. I’m so close,” Tyler whined, his whole body on fire and his mind reeling.

“Let go, babe. I’ll make you cum a second time… I know you can,” Jamie said low and deep. He wanted to make Tyler cum so many times that they’d both be overwhelmed by exhaustion. Tyler’s delicious nipples stood out as yet another shiver wracked his frame. Jamie’s eyes zeroed in on his nipples. His hand that was caressing Tyler’s neck descended to rub against one of the pink nubs.

Jamie cupped Tyler’s pec, massaged it and then gently pinched his nipple between his thick index finger and thumb. The tears that Tyler had been holding from the pain, now tears of intense pleasure,
spilled from the corners of his eyes. Tyler’s face flamed as a mix of shame and arousal engulfed his senses. He was crying shamelessly, and when his eyes locked with Jamie’s awestruck gaze, Tyler turned his head away to the side.

“Look at me, babe. You’re so beautiful like this. Don’t be ashamed because you love this so much. I do too…beyond anything,” Jamie managed to say brokenly in between pauses where he swallowed thickly.

Jamie took in the sight of Tyler on top of him: an angel sent from the heavens. All of his pale skin was an arousing shade of pink. Tyler was so helpless to the feelings rushing through him. A thin sheen of sweat covered the sculpted muscles of his body. Tyler’s long neck was bared, his head tilted a little backward, and his handsome face was filled with bliss.

Tyler took a shaky breath and then moved downward, Jamie’s huge cock filling him completely. His ass was now resting against Jamie’s skin, and his sensitive balls were pressed upward by Jamie’s lower stomach. Tyler could no longer take the searing heat twisting in his stomach and decided to let go of his cock. Tyler’s length bobbed against his stomach, cum spurting out of the slit and landing all the way up his chest. A small hiccup of surprise escaped Tyler’s parted lips, and he watched as his cock stayed thick and upright through it all. The hand Jamie had against his ass, moved to his front and stroked his cock just right. Tyler moaned loudly as Jamie milked him dry and promised him he’d make him cum again.

Jamie was in the same state that Tyler had been in moments ago. He was so hard inside of Tyler’s ass that it hurt him. Tyler’s orgasm had made him contract around Jamie’s cock, and the tightness was so intense that it had nearly sent him over the edge. “Ahhh, Tyler. Can I…?” Jamie’s mind couldn’t form coherent thoughts anymore. He hoped Tyler would understand what he meant.

“Claim me,” Tyler simply said, his heart about to burst in his chest. His soft cock fell back limply, resting on his left thigh. Tyler rolled his hips, the muscles in his thighs working and his abs contracting as sparks of pleasure sizzled through his spent cock. He was overstimulated and the sensation was almost too much.

“Oh, yeah,” Jamie said in awe, both of his hands moving to cup Tyler’s pecs as his hips lifted up. Jamie planted his feet against the furs of his bed, his long legs now bent and providing more leverage for him to fuck inside Tyler—more leverage to truly wreck him and claim his virgin ass.

The new angle pushed Tyler forward, his hands holding onto Jamie’s neck and his back arching. Both men moaned in ecstasy as Jamie pushed his hips up and Tyler pushed his hips down. The friction was amazing and the force of the opposite thrusts had the lovers panting for breath. Tyler lifted himself back up, his half hard cock twitching excitedly. “Jamie, Jamie, Jamie,” Tyler pleaded with abandon.

Jamie growled possessively and pinched both of Tyler’s nipples at the same time. The action had Tyler’s cock blunting a mess of precum and his mouth dropping open in a mix of shock and pleasure. Jamie’s cock gave a jerk inside Tyler. "So sensitive," he breathed, delighted. It had to be one of the most erotic things he’d ever seen. He rubbed his thumbs against Tyler's nipples. He pinched one rosy peak, clamping it tightly. With his free hand, he gripped Tyler's hip hard enough to bruise.

Tyler gasped. The first sensation of Jamie pinching his nipples almost sent him over the edge again. Tyler ground himself hard on Jamie’s dick, wanting more, wanting it deeper. The nipple Jamie had pinched was tingly, sending shivers down his spine. "Please," Tyler begged.

Jamie smirked. He suddenly let go of Tyler's nipple and captured his lips in a heated kiss. He placed both hands on Tyler's face, holding him close and tight. Jamie started to rock his hips up, fucking
Tyler deep and hard. He adjusted until he felt the nub of Tyler's sweet spot rub against his cock. "You're so fucking tight," Jamie moaned after he broke the kiss. "I'm so close."

Tyler nearly screamed when Jamie let go of his nipple. All of a sudden, a sharp, hot sensation zapped through his body. He felt like he was on fire in a sinful way. Precum was now rolling down his dick, getting both of them stickier. His prostate was getting rammed repeatedly by Jamie's fat cock. "I want you to fill me up," Tyler demanded once his brain resumed working. He wanted to cum after Jamie and savour the sensation of being totally claimed.

Jamie didn't need any further motivation, although he wanted to continue making love to Tyler for eternity. He'd missed him so much while he was away. Jamie grabbed Tyler and rolled him onto his back, slipping momentarily free of his body. Jamie immediately grasped his cock, directed it toward Tyler’s quivering asshole, and thrust his hips forward, filling Tyler to the brim and punching the breath out his lungs. With a few hard pumps of his hips Jamie cried out Tyler's name and shook as he came. He was pressed as deeply as he could when he filled Tyler's ass with his seed. It took a moment for Jamie's dick to stop spilling.

Tyler sighed contently, a sated smile blooming on his lips. He'd watched Jamie reach orgasm before, but this was different. Jamie was inside of him. It didn't take long for Tyler to feel Jamie's hot cum fill him up. It was incredible. It felt utterly naughty having Jamie's release fill him, but it was satisfying. Tyler felt like he was floating, but Jamie's heavy weight was pinning him down. It then occurred to him that he was still hard. Tyler let out a soft moan and rocked up against Jamie.

Jamie felt like he ran up a mountain. He refused to leave Tyler's body until he was completely soft. He kissed Tyler, still leaning over him. Jamie could see the desperation building. He knew what to do. "Thank you for that gift, baby." Jamie felt honored that Tyler trusted him enough to share this moment with him. "You wanna cum?"

"Yes, Jamie, I need it. I still feel so full," Tyler responded. His dick was a dark red, desperate for relief. He didn't care what Jamie did to him; he just wanted to cum.

Jamie pressed his mouth to Tyler's chest and kissed his way to a nipple. He latched onto it and teased it with his tongue, sucking and flicking it. He slipped a hand between them and started to jerk Tyler off. Tyler's shaft was hot and hard in his hand, slick with precum. He popped his mouth off Tyler's nipple. "Cum for me, Seggy." He blew gently on Tyler's nipple and moved to the neglected one. Jamie took his time giving it the same teasing treatment, knowing Tyler was close.

Tyler's body shook when Jamie touched his nipple. He was torn between arching up into Jamie's hand or his mouth. Noises were spilling out of his mouth, and he felt like crying. He was so close. "Jamie, your mouth," Tyler choked out. He reached out and curled his fingers tightly in Jamie's dark mane. His hips jerked up and he came hard, eyes fluttering closed. His cock painfully spat out a few strings of cum, much less than his first orgasm.

Both of them remained still, listening to the rapid beats of each others' heart. It was Jamie who moved first. His cock, now completely soft, slid out easily. Jamie swallowed thickly. He kept his eyes glued to Tyler's tiny hole, now an angry red from being stretched and filled, as his cum slowly slipped out. They were both sticky and exhausted. Jamie knew that he should probably get something to wipe them up, but he needed Tyler in his arms. He moved up to a pillow and gently tugged Tyler close.

Tyler couldn't find the proper words to explain how he felt. Instead he remained silent, resting his head against Jamie's chest. His hole felt raw and a little sore, but Tyler missed the thickness of Jamie's cock; he felt so empty now. Jamie's fingers carded through his curls, and Tyler let out a happy sigh.
"That was amazing, Ty," Jamie said, his voice returning to its soft, shy tone. "How do you feel?"

Tyler let out a tired chuckle. Jamie was always so sweet. "I feel complete," he answered honestly. "I missed you so much. Every part of you. Your smell, your touch, and even your outdated jokes."

Tyler tilted his head up so he could look at Jamie's face.

Jamie’s pale cheeks were reddened from the exertion, his large eyes looking down lovingly at Tyler and his full lips stretching to form a heartfelt smile. “I want to keep you with me forever,” Jamie said reverently. “I hope I didn’t hurt you.”

“No, no! Of course not. I loved it beyond anything,” Tyler assured Jamie, kissing him on his jaw. “I… I love you,” he added in a whisper.

Jamie blushed deeply and felt his heart stutter in his chest. His whole world brightened as he locked eyes with Tyler’s hazel orbs. “I love you, too.”

Tyler lifted himself and touched his lips to Jamie’s. The kiss they shared was pure and almost chaste; a soft, sweet press and a sweep of Tyler’s tongue against Jamie’s plush bottom lip.

When they broke the kiss, Tyler snuggled against Jamie, his head resting on the taller man’s chest. Jamie threw an arm over Tyler’s broad shoulder and hugged him. They stayed like that for a while, basking in the afterglow and sharing the moment of truth between them.

Wood creaked and the wind blew against the window. It was a very cloudy day, and the room was left bathed in pearly light, the intimacy and darkness prompting Tyler to confess what he had seen during his time at Tranquille Creek to Jamie. He broke the silence in his customary low, deep voice, “I saw things, Jamie. While I was at the creek…I was…horrified.”

Jamie moved a little away from Tyler and scooted up the bed to sit against the wooden headboard. Tyler understood that Jamie wanted to listen carefully to everything he would say. The big man took hold of Tyler’s hand and squeezed it. “What happened? Tell me everything, Tyler,” Jamie urged, his brow knitting and his expressive eyes filling with worry.

Tyler started telling Jamie of his arrival at Tranquille Creek and of his dealings with Sir Phaneuf and Mr. Stamkos. Tyler told Jamie about his impressions of the operations and how strange he found it when Mr. Stamkos would leave for hours on end to join Sir Phaneuf in his cabin. Tyler felt like a puppet; his opinion didn’t matter—only his money did. Tyler finished his tale by telling Jamie about the horrifying pit where dozens of lifeless bodies had been thrown away like garbage.

Jamie felt sick just hearing about Tyler’s grisly discovery. He couldn’t accept such cruelty and felt rage overwhelm his senses. “This is outrageous! Who would do such a thing? And why?”

“I don’t know, Jamie. It’s horrible. I couldn’t believe it…I’m still shocked,” Tyler said in a surprisingly steady voice. He then added, “I picked up a pocket watch near the pit.”

A shadow seemed to pass across Jamie’s handsome face. The cowboy urgently demanded, “I want to see it, Tyler. Where is it?”

“It’s in my bag. I’ll go grab it.” Tyler left the bed and hurried to dress himself. He felt Jamie’s cum drip down his long legs, but he didn’t think too much about it as he rushed out of the bedroom to fetch his bag.

By the time he got back, Jamie had put on his pants and was waiting on his bed. His jaw was set and his eyes were unyielding. Tyler sat on the bed next to Jamie and presented his closed hand to his lover. Jamie watched as Tyler opened his fingers to reveal a golden pocket watch. Jamie grabbed at
the item and turned it around.

Jamie held back a cry as he read the initials inscribed in the back of the watch: R. B. His big brown eyes filled with tears and his breath came short. Tyler was automatically concerned by such a reaction and couldn’t help asking, “You know this watch, Jamie?”

“I do,” Jamie answered in a shaky voice. “It belonged to my father—Randy Benn.”

Tyler’s eyes widened at the news, but he didn’t understand why Jamie was crying. Tyler realized he still didn’t know much about Jamie’s past despite all they had been through. He watched as one stray tear slid down Jamie’s cheek. The proud cowboy swatted it away and stifled his sobs. He grasped the watch tightly in his large hand and groaned in pain.

“It’s the only thing left of him,” Jamie said brokenly. His shoulders shook with silent sobs. Tyler couldn’t stand seeing Jamie in such despair, so he gathered him in a big hug and soothed him by rubbing his hand against his wide back.

“It’s alright, Jamie. It’s alright; I’m here,” Tyler said in a low voice. He felt Jamie’s heart beat frantically against his own chest, and it hurt him to feel such intense pain torment his friend.

“He’s gone,” Jamie whispered. “I’ll never see him again!” He choked out, clinging to Tyler’s shoulders with both hands.

Tyler felt tears of his own threaten to roll down his cheeks. He held onto Jamie for a while, rubbing his back and reassuring him that he was there for him and that he always would. Tyler could feel wet tears soak the fabric of his shirt where Jamie’s face was buried at the junction between his neck and shoulder.

When Jamie calmed himself, he moved away from Tyler but gripped his hand forcefully. He locked moist eyes with his lover and said, “I have to tell you what happened, Tyler.”

And so begin Jamie’s tale… A heartbreaking tale.

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Randy Benn was a hard worker who cared about his family. Going into the gold mining business was supposed to be the opportunity for a better life. The Benns didn’t have much, a small ranch and too few cows to support them. Since money was non-existent, Randy worked as a laborer for one of the big mining outfits. He worked long hours with little food and sleep. After half a year, Randy returned with enough money to purchase more livestock. It seemed like a dream come true. Jordie, Jamie, and Sharpy could focus solely on working on the ranch, and they wouldn’t have to worry about making ends meet.

Since the first trip seemed so profitable, the family supported Randy’s decision to make another quick trip to the gold fields. Their cattle sales would barely be enough money to get them all through this year, so Randy planned to spend a couple of months, at the most, earning just enough extra that they could save in case the family found themselves on hard times.

Six weeks had passed and no one heard from Randy. Since neither son had gone with Randy to the mining location, they had very little idea where to even look for him. And that assumed he’d even gone back to the same site.

Jamie, Jordie, and Sharpy took turns scouring the area, hoping to find any sign of the elder Benn. They returned to town with little to show for their efforts. The next step was to try and find the owner of the mining operation. They had little interest in mining and had never actually met any of
the gentlemen involved with orchestrating the whole thing. They knew of Hill's Bar which was where Randy met the man who hired him.

“It was a nightmare”, Jamie declared with such conviction that Tyler ached for his lover. When the men visited the fort at Hill’s Bar, they spotted a man so richly dressed that Jamie knew he had to be involved in with the gold trade. He wore an arrogant look on his face, had a chiseled jaw and was a strongly built man, tall with wide shoulders. The ranchers demanded a conversation and were instantly turned away, but they refused to leave until authorities came. Jamie and Jordie were sent to jail and spent two nights before Sidney paid for their release.

Jamie couldn’t continue with his story. Tyler found himself holding Jamie now, comforting him as best as he could. Now Tyler understood why the watch pulled such an emotional reaction from Jamie.

It just wasn’t right. Exhausted from the sex and the tale, Jamie fell asleep first, leaving Tyler wide awake despite being exhausted. The physical description of the man that Jamie had met at the fort was eerily similar to Phaneuf. Tyler already had a bad impression of Phaneuf, and he had a feeling that the prospector knew what happened to Randy Benn. Perhaps, he even had something to do with his disappearance.
Chapter Summary

Tyler shivered. Even though the cloth was warm and soothing, the texture still felt a little rough against his sore hole. Somehow being cleaned and tended to like this was just as intimate as making love. Tyler could see how much Jamie enjoyed touching him from the redness of his cheeks to the swelling of his cock between his legs.

Chapter Notes

Immense thanks to my dearest friend, VelvetPaw for diligently going over this chapter. It was the last one that needed to be betaed, but now, hopefully everything is perfect about Mutual Solace. :P

It was a warm, wet cloth that woke Tyler up on this lovely day. It was frigid outside, but the bright sun illuminated the bedroom. Tyler was lying in a comfortable bed that had been warmed by the bodies of two men who had discovered so much about themselves the night before.

Tyler blinked his eyes open and couldn’t quite believe what he saw. He understood where the cloth gently caressing his chest came from, but he was still caught off guard by the sight in front of him.

Jamie, completely naked, was straddling his thighs and washing him with a cloth that he plunged into a bucket of hot water resting on the bedside table. He was absolutely irresistible, and Tyler felt his cheeks heat up instantly when his gaze locked with Jamie’s. Short strands of Jamie’s hair lay on one side of his face, his eyes devouring Tyler and his lips opening slightly.

The cowboy extended an arm and touched one of Tyler’s cheeks with the back of his hand. The heat radiating from the rapidly reddening skin had Jamie’s breath catching in his throat. He loved it when Tyler blushed for the smallest of things; it testified that Jamie had a strong effect on him.

“Good morning, Tyler. Are you sore from last night?” Jamie asked innocently, moving the cloth downward and against Tyler’s chiseled abs. The memory of last night had Tyler’s cock fill up with blood. He was getting rock hard simply with the thought of what had happened between him and Jamie.

“Y-yeah,” Tyler stammered. He was sore and could feel it down there. It had been a tight fit and Jamie’s cock...Tyler gasped, his eyes almost pleading as he looked at Jamie’s hand traveling to his left thigh. That big hand had touched him almost everywhere already, but there was still so much more of his body to be explored.

“Can you open up your legs for me, Seggy? I’ll go check that out,” Jamie said, a teasing glint in his dark eyes and a playful smile stretching his full lips. Jamie moved away from Tyler and left him some space to spread himself open.

Tyler, burning with curiosity and desire, opened up his legs and planted his feet against the furs. He
was propped up on some pillows, back pressed against the wooden headboard. Tyler’s breath hitched; he was being so easy, spreading himself like that for Jamie simply because Jamie wanted it. He could never get enough of Jamie and wasn’t about to refuse any of his advances.

“Spread yourself a little more for me…” Jamie said deeply. The steadiness of his voice betrayed the obvious arousal that was building up in his stomach. He felt his cock throb as Tyler did just as he was told. Tyler bit on his plump bottom lip and opened his legs as wide as they would go.

Jamie took a moment to admire the sight in front of him. Tyler’s endless legs, dusted by soft hair, were opened obscenely for him. Tyler’s erect cock lay in the nest of golden curls covering his groin, twitching when Jamie’s eyes lingered. Jamie’s warm hand moved to stroke the silky skin of Tyler’s inner thigh. He wanted to tease Tyler and hear him voice his feelings concerning their passionate coupling of the previous night.

“I discovered many things about you, last night.” Jamie began, his voice lowered as if he was telling Tyler a secret. “Why did you like me teasing your nipples so much?”

Tyler’s face flamed as he remembered the sparks that had traveled down his spine when Jamie had been giving attention to his nipples. They were so impossibly sensitive, and he couldn’t quite believe it himself. Tyler was all new to the pleasures of the flesh; he was discovering his body like he had never done before. “It made me feel so good, Jamie. I… It felt like I had shivers all over me,” Tyler said in a deep rumble. “Like my skin felt too tight and it just…it was so dirty, Jamie. I never…”

“You never imagined it would feel like this, huh?” Jamie murmured, leaning forward and kissing at the junction of Tyler’s collarbone and neck. The kiss had Tyler moaning and completely melting against the pillows.

“Oh, Jamie. I want you to show me everything,” Tyler said, his mind spinning with the rush of lust coursing through his whole body. He didn’t expect Jamie to back off and inspect him with heated eyes.

“You’re the one showing me everything, Seggy. There are so many things I’ve learned with you; you’re so sensitive and needy,” Jamie replied. He smiled seductively at Tyler and then his eyes resumed their devouring path down his lover’s pale skin.

Tyler’s cock and balls were flushed pink from his increasing arousal. Jamie, however, wasn’t looking at Tyler’s cock and balls; his eyes were glued somewhere even more vulnerable. Jamie was inspecting Tyler’s hole, but he didn’t seem satisfied with the view. The round mounds of Tyler’s ass were obstructing his most intimate area.

“I can’t see it,” Jamie huffed, gently but firmly grabbing onto Tyler’s ankles and forcing him to scoot down the bed and let his legs be lifted and spread wide. Now, Jamie had the ultimate view and his cock ached in response. The sight of Tyler’s previously untouched hole had Jamie’s mouth watering. It was still so very tight, only reddened by the stretch it had been through. With a smug smile, Jamie noticed that some of his cum had dried on Tyler’s hole and perineum. The soft hair dusting Tyler’s inner crack was slightly matted by Jamie’s release.

Looking at Tyler’s tiny hole, Jamie couldn’t believe he had fit his cock in there. Tyler was tall and strong, but his rosebud was a delicate, secret place that no one except Jamie had ever gotten the chance to claim. Jamie felt blessed to be loved by Tyler and to be able to share the pleasures of the flesh with him.

“God, Tyler. I can’t believe I ever fit inside of you,” Jamie said in awe. He hooked one of Tyler’s legs over his shoulder, pushed himself forward on his knees and reached with his free hand to touch
Tyler’s pucker. Jamie gave a sweet kiss to his ankle which made Tyler wriggle his toes.

Having held his breath in anticipation, Tyler let out a long moan that sounded more like a desperate whine. The way Jamie was looking at him made him feel weak everywhere. He was at Jamie’s mercy, and he was going to do anything for him. Tyler tossed his head to the side, his lengthening curls lying in disarray on his forehead. He closed his eyes tightly, shuddering as Jamie traced his rim with his index finger.

“So pretty, Seggy. So pink and perfect,” Jamie praised, mesmerized and enraptured by Tyler’s wanton state. Tyler was gripping at the bed sheets with white knuckles and was breathing sharply through his nose. He was desperate and too overwhelmed by the sensations to open his eyes and look at Jamie’s face.

“This is too much, Jamie. I just... I’m going to spill if you keep talking to me like this,” Tyler moaned, his heavy lidded eyes opening and looking at Jamie’s broad shouldered frame. The cowboy could hold him down and make him feel his strength without much effort. If he wanted to mercilessly tease Tyler until Tyler cried and begged him for more, he definitely could.

Jamie stopped caressing Tyler’s hole to take up the cloth lying on the bed; it was time to wash Tyler and spoil every glorious inch of him. He dipped the cloth inside the bucket of warm water and applied the wet fabric to Tyler’s pucker.

Tyler shivered. Even though the cloth was warm and soothing, the texture still felt a little rough against his sore hole. Somehow being cleaned and tended to like this was just as intimate as making love. Tyler could see how much Jamie enjoyed touching him from the redness of his cheeks to the swelling of his cock between his legs.

"Relax, babe. Just enjoy what I’m about to do." Jamie winked at Tyler. "You were so tight around me last night. I’m so honoured to share such a moment with you." Jamie took his time cleaning up the tacky, dried c off of Tyler's hole and inner thighs. He wrung out the cloth in the bucket and cupped Tyler's balls with it. When he was finished, he gently blew against Tyler's skin, watching it prickle up into gooseflesh with utter fascination. Tyler was just so damn gorgeous! How did Jamie get so lucky?

Tyler relaxed his body, trusting Jamie's hands. He was sore and even though he would love to take Jamie again, Tyler knew his body wasn't ready. He let himself float away with the feeling of the warm cloth and let out a startled noise when it was replaced by sudden cool air. “Jamie, so cruel you are to the one you love!” Tyler admonished lightly. It was too early and Tyler was too aroused to deal with Jamie's teasing.

"Forgive me, young gentleman," Jamie purred before lowering his mouth to Tyler's long cock and swallowing him down. He had to work hard on not choking. Tyler thankfully wasn't as thick as he was, but he wasn't small by any means. Jamie loved that about Tyler. He could taste precome and skin, just the essence of Tyler that made Jamie feel crazy.

Jamie felt Tyler's fingers lock into his hair as Tyler's hips flexed, shoving his cock deeper into his throat. He knew Tyler was close to coming and breathed hard through his nose, willing his throat to stay relaxed until Tyler reached his peak.

Tyler hadn’t expected Jamie's mouth on his dick. Jamie’s plush lips felt like pure sin around his shaft. Suddenly, his body's aches seemed very distant and much less important. He let out a low moan as he watched his entire length disappear down Jamie's throat. It was hard not to move at first; his cock was being caressed by a hot, irresistible tightness. Jamie was so good with his mouth—gentle yet demanding—and all Tyler could do was scrunch his eyes closed and pant.
Tyler could not hold back any longer. He felt his balls tighten, and in response, he gripped at Jamie's thick mane as pleasure swelled over him. His hips pushed his cock deeper until it hit the back of Jamie's throat. Tyler held onto Jamie's hair tightly as he orgasmed, spurting his semen down Jamie's throat. He collapsed back against the bed, breathing heavily.

Jamie swallowed everything down and wiped his mouth against the wash cloth. He ignored Tyler's weak attempts to bat his hand away and gently washed Tyler's still sensitive cock. "I didn't even touch your nipples this time," Jamie marveled.

Tyler propped himself up with an elbow. "What about you?" He nodded towards Jamie's crotch.

"I'm saving this for later," Jamie teased. "I was thinking of this position that we must try. I'll lay on my back and you'll get on top of me, except you'll be facing my feet. Then we can both pleasure each other with our mouths at the same time." Jamie's voice had grown a little raspier as he spoke of his fantasy.

Tyler let out a feeble moan. The mental image was too much to handle. "I swear I'll melt in this bed. Yes, we're going to do that! And everything else. I'm so happy to know that you love me."

Jamie grinned. "I feel like the luckiest man in the world knowing that you return my feelings," he said and then lowered his eyes, sadness taking hold of him. "I'm so sorry I lost it last night. Seeing that watch... It just tore my heart out."

Tyler felt instantly wide awake. "I don't want to hear you apologise for your emotions. I'm proud that you shared your pain with me. I admit that I can't forget your tale. Being at the gold mining site made me realise how safe I feel here on the ranch." Tyler could not hold anything back now. "I fear I know the man you told me about. He is still running the mining operations."

Jamie felt sick to his stomach. "I'll kill him," he growled, almost jumping out of bed. He was held back by Tyler's big hand against his forearm.

"It's not that easy. Phaneuf is his name and he has many powerful men around him. We have to plan, Jamie." Jamie sucked in a deep breath, ready to protest, but Tyler was right. "You want to be involved?" He asked, awed but also concerned.

"Of course I do!" Tyler said fiercely. "Jamie, I will never forget the tortured souls I saw in that pit. He may have taken something from you that he can never give back. I refuse to let you fight this alone."

Jamie looked deeply inside Tyler's soft brown orbs and could see pure determination in them. Jamie smiled warmly and grabbed both of Tyler's hands. Squeezing them tightly he said, "But Tyler... I don't want you to get hurt. You didn’t come here for this! I’m not worth it." Jamie lowered his eyes, not wanting Tyler to see his pain.

Tyler shook his head before letting go of Jamie's hands and cupping Jamie's face. "Don’t say that! You’re worth it a thousand times. I’ve never met anyone like you, Jamie," Tyler assured, rubbing his thumbs against the stubble growing on Jamie's jaw. He leaned forward and kissed Jamie's lips lightly. "I love you."

"Tyler, you can barely shoot a gun! How will you..." Jamie began to protest but was cut short when Tyler shushed him with a fierce kiss, this time fully applying his lips against Jamie’s lush ones. Tyler broke the kiss with a nibble on Jamie’s bottom lip. "We’ll do this together. We’ll find Phaneuf, and..."
we’ll show him that he can’t go on living without being punished for his crimes!” Tyler assured, meeting Jamie’s eyes in an unyielding stare.

When looking at the hard set of Tyler’s jaw and the look in his eyes, Jamie knew that there would be no way of changing his mind. Jamie gathered Tyler in his arms and vowed, “We’ll hunt that bastard down, and I’ll show him that I haven’t forgotten my father.” Jamie didn’t know what Phaneuf had done to his father, but he had a feeling that Phaneuf knew a lot about what had truly happened. He was involved in some way or another, and Jamie had every intention of finding the truth. He held Tyler, hands spread on Tyler’s strong back, and whispered in his ear, “I can’t thank you enough for wanting to help me, Tyler. We’ll find a way.”

“Of course,” Tyler answered, arms wrapped around Jamie’s neck. “We’ll find a way.”

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Phil Kessel nervously mopped his brow with a dirty handkerchief. He had finally gotten his hands on a concoction that would turn any man or woman into a pure sex beast. Of course, it probably didn’t work at all but the only thing that Phil needed was the idea…the idea that the potion could boost a person’s sexual drive to its maximum.

Phil always got nervous before one of his “tours”. It was always the same thing; he would travel through villages, selling his aphrodisiacs and gathering the miserable individuals around his caravan. But for some odd reason, he always felt as if he was being spied on. When Phil would give his performance in an open town square, he felt as if he had a target painted on his back for anyone who desired him dead.

Phil liked to call himself “a merchant and a successful one, mind you!” and was confident in his abilities. The only thing that made him terribly anxious, and even kept him awake at night, was his intense paranoia.

Phil saw enemies around every corner, and it seemed as if each passing day was making him even more afraid and wary. He had made a horrible mistake, and it was only a matter of time before Sir Phaneuf found out. His wrath would be unforgiving.

Phil was too poor to afford a personal driver, so he had to drive his caravan on his own. It was frigid on this late autumn day, but the merchant was sweating like a pig. Holding the two horses’ reins in one hand and loosening his bow tie with the other, he clumsily made his way toward the city of Kamloops.

In the distance, Phil could make out the north entrance of the city. A few minutes later, he stopped his caravan in the middle of the town square and exclaimed, “Ladies and gentlemen, gather round, gather round!”

Phil’s high pitched call instantly had curious individuals approaching. Painted in bright colors against the wooden side of his caravan, Phil’s aphrodisiac was depicted lewdly as a naked couple embracing in a bottle. “Let lust overwhelm your senses!”, it said in cursive, pink letters.

Standing next to his caravan with his arms extended and waving energetically, Phil announced, “Cold times are coming, ladies and gentleman. Winter and it’s harsh weather would overwhelm us all if we didn’t keep warm in our beds.” With a suggestive waggle of his eyebrows, he continued on, “What a better way to warm it up than getting your lady worked up?” He chuckled at his little rhyme, his belly shaking with the hearty laugh. The bright blue jacket he was wearing was tight on his body and he felt, to his embarrassment, a button give with a popping sound. Phil coughed and abruptly stopped laughing. He watched the individuals gathering around his caravan, mostly men,
but also a few intrigued ladies.

One particular richly-dressed man advanced through the small crowd. He wore a dark blue frock coat, a metallic gray waistcoat with pearly buttons, and gray and dark blue striped pants. The man was slim and elegant in the way he held himself perfectly upright. His long, black hair was tied in a ponytail with a blue silk ribbon. He had a narrow face illuminated by bright, playful brown eyes, and a thin-lipped smile. On the tip of his straight, slightly freckled nose, he wore oval glasses of a silvery color. This man probably had an important status in the city’s hierarchy.

Phil Kessel wasn’t used to members of the gentry presenting themselves at his gatherings. The man’s tall and perfectly slim figure made Phil incredibly jealous. Why did he have to be so fat? Why couldn’t he be as dashing as this man?

“For the modest price of twenty dollars, the solution to your wife’s lack of sexual drive during the winter months is yours!” Phil proclaimed, brandishing his arms in the air and smiling hugely.

A man of rather poor looking appearance exclaimed, “But this is a month’s pay!”

Phil, keeping his control, turned the man’s way and replied, “Are months of carnal pleasures worth a month’s pay? Think about it, gentlemen! This aphrodisiac is the solution to all your problems.”

To emphasize his point and with the hope of selling all of his supply, Phil opened the back of his caravan and produced a small bottle of pink coloured liquid. He then grabbed a small table and carried it out of his caravan. He placed the table on the muddy ground and the aphrodisiac on top of it. “Who wants to try and feel their blood warm under their skin? Who wants to feel the currents of lust fill their senses?”

The fine gentleman was the first one to volunteer. In a heavily French Canadian accented voice he said, “I want to try, mister.” As soon as he pronounced his wish, the man walked elegantly toward the merchant, careful not to dirty his expensive, pointy black and gray shoes.

Phil was instantly on his guard. This gentleman was far too bold and forward. “It’s all a masquerade, he was sent to trick me, oh Lord save me, I don’t want to die now, I didn’t even eat dinner yet, oh please Lord!” Phil panicked, the small voice in his head screaming to him that he was in danger and that this man was here to trick him. A fine individual like him would never so openly mix with the common folk and buy a supposedly sex enhancing potion in front of them all. Usually a fine gentleman like this would seek out his caravan in the dark of night, not wanting to sully his family’s reputation with such a public purchase.

Phil’s pudgy face blanched as the man stopped right in front of him and extended a slender, long fingered hand. Without thinking further on it, Phil tried to control the shaking of his hand and gave the gentleman the aphrodisiac. The man pulled on the cork and brought the bottle to his mouth, sipping carefully and then licking his lips.

“Mmm, not that bad, not that bad. Excellent, in fact!” He declared happily, smiling with his perfectly aligned teeth. A fine gentleman's approval always encouraged the small folk to follow along. Phil was relieved and almost sighed but refrained because it must not look as if he had been doubting his merchandise.

The French Canadian extended his hand and said with a laugh, “I am Monsieur Fleury. I will buy two of your magic potions.” Phil shook Monsieur Fleury’s slender hand and watched as the people rushed to his caravan, all asking for a bottle and searching in the dirty folds of their clothes for money.
“I will not disturb you any longer, good sir,” Monsieur Fleury said with a charming smile as he pulled the payment for the aphrodisiacs out of a fancy leather wallet. Phil couldn’t believe his luck and blinked a few times in amazement. He had never witnessed such a frenzy for his products. People rushed all about and even shoved themselves to be the first one to own a “gentleman approved” potion of potency.

When Monsieur Fleury had paid and had the aphrodisiacs in his possession, he turned around and went back where he had came from. In all honesty, he felt quite warm on the inside. Monsieur Fleury couldn’t wait to get somewhere private. The gentleman was a banker and had made quite a fortune because of the consistency, loyalty, and security he offered to investors.

Monsieur Fleury threw a look over his shoulder, and when he noticed no one was watching him, he hurried toward his bank. Frock coat and ponytail flying, he giggled to himself—he intended to drink the whole potion in one go.

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Tyler knew that it was wrong to head into town without Jamie, but he couldn't keep his lover's anguished expressions out of his mind. Phaneuf knew something about Jamie and Jordie’s father, and Tyler had every intention of finding out what the man hid under his dignified facade.

It was easier than expected to leave without Jamie fussing at him. Jordie and Sharpy were eating breakfast, and Jamie brought down the watch for them to look at. It wasn't Tyler's place to stay. He quietly excused himself and walked straight to the barn for a horse.

Tyler felt secure enough to ride alone, especially after being alone at the gold site. The ride was rough on him, though. Last night had been quite intense, and every little bounce the horse made had Tyler gritting his teeth. He was so sore; he could feel how sensitive he was in between his asscheeks and every little spark of pain was a reminder of what had transpired between him and his beloved Jamie. Tyler, to his embarrassment, was half hard throughout the entire ride.

Thankfully, it was a quick trip into town.

How many lives had Phaneuf ruined? Tyler wants to know. It sickened him to know that he was involved in the business. He truly did not know how much gold had been found, not even during his stay out there. Money meant nothing to Tyler, but there were so many poor families that sent away the head of household to find gold. How many never came back?

Tyler left his horse at Sid's shop. He felt bad for not stopping in for a chat, but he had other things on his mind. Thankfully Sidney seemed to either be busy or away and Tyler was able to walk away without being stopped. He would catch up with Sidney when he picked up the pair of athletic stockings he had planned on purchasing. He knew how much Sid meant to the Benn brothers and he was grateful that Sid had been there for them when no one else had.

Dressed in all black, with a dark cowboy hat perched upon his head, Tyler knew he would blend in. His boots hit the ground with a satisfying strong thud every time he took a step. With his gun at his side, Tyler truly felt like a cowboy.

There was a large crowd at the town square, and Tyler knew he would not find Phaneuf mingling around the common folk. He could hear a nasally voice call out to the audience, trying to entice them into purchasing whatever he sold. Tyler knew that he wouldn't be turned away from Phaneuf's private club.

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Phaneuf was seated at his desk when he heard two sets of footsteps walking up to his door. He had been expecting Stamkos, but it was far too early for their meeting. He called out, "Come in!" before his maid was able to answer the knock.

Instead of Stamkos, Tyler Seguin stepped into his room. Phaneuf couldn't help but feel pleasantly surprised. Seguin seemed to be a source of income that Phaneuf couldn't turn away.

"Mr. Seguin, what a pleasant surprise," Phaneuf drawled out, pulling himself fully upright in his chair. "Do sit down. Are you here to discuss business?" Fake politeness seeped from every word.

Tyler counted to ten in his head. He wanted to shout, but he knew that that would be foolish. Phaneuf thought himself to be a king, reclining in his chair and smirking, chin tilted arrogantly. "I don't have much time to sit, but yes, I would like to speak with you concerning business."

Phaneuf poured himself a glass of red wine. "Suit yourself. Go on, young man, tell me how I can be of assistance." He took a deep drink. "As I'm sure you know, it will take time to process all of the gold found. Stamkos should have informed you. I'll see to it that he is punished for his incompetence. You should expect to see your funds after that. Is that what you needed to know?"

Tyler clenched his fists at his sides. He couldn't believe the bold-faced lies that seemed to roll off Phaneuf's serpent tongue. "Thank you. No need for any punishment. Mr. Stamkos told me there would be a delay, which I understand. After visiting the site, I realised that the conditions the miners have to work in is deplorable!"

Phaneuf's nostrils flared. He was certainly not expecting that to come out of Seguin's mouth. Too caught up in financial gain, Phaneuf forgot to recall how much trouble Seguin apparently was. "I understand that you're upset, but as an investor, you're not expected to stay out there with them. They are workers for a reason and our company gives them employment. They are housed and fed on all the sites and if needed, we will transport them into town to see the doctor. I don't see why their conditions are any of your concern." Phaneuf finished off his glass of wine and poured himself another.

"You know that is a lie! Even as an investor, I felt uncomfortable. You do not have liveable conditions. These men are working themselves into an early grave! You know this!" Tyler did not mean to raise his voice, but he could no longer hold anything back. Phaneuf had no respect for human life. "I saw them. I saw the bodies you just tossed into a pit! Those people have names. Those people have family. What you're doing is immoral. You do not deserve your wealth."

Phaneuf could not believe what he was hearing. He stood up slowly. "Oh, you are a bold one. What will you do? Who will you tell? No one will listen to you, city boy. You do not belong here. If you know what is best, you will forget this conversation happened and forget what you saw. If you leave quickly, I'll consider still paying you."

Tyler wanted to punch Phaneuf in the face. If Tyler was wiser, he would have turned around. He just couldn't forget the pain in Jamie's eyes and how his voice cracked when he spoke of his dad. He could not forget the tears in his strong cowboy's eyes. "You're a fraud and a fool," Tyler said coldly, refusing to move. "Everyone will know it. I will make sure of it."

"You will do no such thing," Phaneuf spat out. He walked over to Seguin and gave him a shove. Seguin would be too much of a coward to try to hit him. Phaneuf was sure. "I think it's in your best interest that you leave the premises, Mr. Seguin. You are no longer welcome here. Remember where you are and who you are. I have some gentleman that will be happy to escort you out if you refuse to leave of your own accord."
What a coward! Tyler was seething. "Good day," he said, quickly turning around and letting himself out of the room. He could feel eyes on him as he left the building. How could Phaneuf be so selfish? It made Tyler ache. He planned on exposing Phaneuf immediately, but he needed to talk with Jamie beforehand.

The caravan had left the town square by the time Tyler was walking past it. Now, it was quiet as a church mouse—almost eerie. Tyler couldn't wait to get to Sid's shop. Perhaps the tailor could give him some advice.

Tyler was walking with a determined step and had all of his thoughts occupied by what had transpired between him and Phaneuf. He still couldn't believe how heartless the rich businessman was. Tyler replayed the scene over and over in his head as he walked toward Sid’s shop. As he turned the corner of the city’s bank, Tyler was violently shoved against the brick wall of the establishment.

The hand holding the collar of his vest clamped hard and practically tore the material. Tyler lost his footing and was thrown brutally against the wall. The air was punched right out of his lungs from the impact, and the next thing he knew, his assailant was landing a solid punch to his nose. All Tyler could feel was searing pain and blood pouring down his face as he heard the bones of his nose break.

Rage instantly took hold of Tyler's confused mind, and he valiantly tried to hit the big man in front of him. Tyler’s assailant was easily two inches taller than he was and far outweighed him. He was bulky and very strong, taking every hit and barely flinching. The man had a cold, expressionless face as he watched Tyler trying in vain to push him away.

Soon enough, the man grabbed Tyler’s arm in a death grip. Tyler screamed in pain when the man twisted his arm behind his back and shoved him mercilessly to the ground. The big man straddled Tyler’s waist, continuing to hold his arm tightly. He dared to push it up even higher as a warning of the agony that would come if Tyler continued to struggle..

Tyler felt his shoulder pop out of its socket and his muscles screaming like they were being torn. He had never felt such pain and felt tears gather at the corners of his eyes. The man on top of him grabbed a handful of his curls and tugged his head sharply to the side. Tyler grunted and said in a hoarse, broken voice: “Get off me, you fucking coward!”

The big man simply laughed and tugged harder on Tyler’s hair and on his twisted arm. Tyler tried to wriggle free and escape the torment but found his attempts futile as the man gripped harder on his curls and uprooted a handful of hair. Tyler could only gasp at the horror of it all, blood pouring freely from his scalp and trickling down to his neck.

“Stop it, Backes! Don’t hurt him too much, we haven’t even gotten started,” called a voice that Tyler knew all too well… Giroux’s voice.

Backes only chuckled and resumed tugging harshly on Tyler’s hair. The pain was so immense that Tyler wondered if he could pass out from it. His broken nose was throbbing, his arm was numb, his shoulder felt as if it was being torn apart, and his scalp was bleeding freely.

Tyler could see out of the corner of his eye two set of boots approaching. Giroux’s associate, a horse-faced individual, squatted down next to Tyler, grabbed viciously at his other arm and knelt down with all his weight on it. Tyler screamed in agony, twisting and thrashing to get away from the pain. The horse-faced bastard took out a sharp knife and held it against Tyler’s ear.

“He’s got big ears, eh, guys? Wouldn’t do him any bad if we shortened them up,” he laughed cruelly.
Both men chuckled and snorted their agreement. Tyler was pinned down to the ground, unable to move. He tried kicking with his legs, but the next thing he felt was a threatening nick to his ear. The pain was sharp, burning against the sensitive skin and sending Tyler’s mind spinning. To Tyler’s ultimate shame, he was at the mercy of Giroux and his two filthy goons.

Giroux approached and tied Tyler’s ankles with coarse rope. “Like a pig waiting for slaughter. Where is the fine little bitch who called me a “ginger rat”, hmm?” Giroux asked as he straddled the back of Tyler’s thighs and stroked his clothed ass with faux gentleness.

Tyler’s whole body tensed and panic rushed through him. He had heard horrific stories of men being raped. He really didn't want this to happen to him, so he ignored his injuries and thrashed with all his might. From every angle, pain burst in hot waves, but Tyler’s adrenaline was pumping full on. He’d rather die than get raped by Giroux.

“Fuck you, you disgusting bastard!” Tyler spat with all the hate and anger he could muster. The coward sitting on his arm gave a flick of his wrist causing the knife to slice across Tyler’s cheek; blood trickled down his face.

“You can’t do anything against me, Tyler Seguin. You’re no longer the rich gentleman from Toronto… You’re my bitch, now. Say it,” Giroux chuckled as he violently cut through Tyler’s dark pants, revealing his asscheeks. The fabric was torn from the middle and exposed Tyler completely.

“Never! You piece of shit, get off me! Don’t you dare!” Tyler screamed, hoping to draw attention to his situation…but it seemed like he was all alone in the world. There wasn’t a mysterious, handsome cowboy to help him this time.

“Couture, cut off his ear if he refuses to answer me,” Giroux said with a thrill in his voice. He was getting so hard from all the power he had over Tyler. He was going to ruin him and get his revenge on Jamie Benn.

Tyler’s face blanched and he was already feeling Couture’s knife digging in. Fear took hold of Tyler’s senses and he cried out, “No, no!! Not this, no!”

“Then answer me… Are you my bitch now, Seguin?” Giroux taunted, his dirty nails digging in the skin of Tyler’s ass.

“Y-yes, I’m your bitch,” Tyler answered with rage seeping out of every word. He was trembling with anger, horror and frustration. He couldn’t escape the three men, and when he realized it fully, Tyler’s heart sunk in his chest.

“Good, very good. So, tell me, bitch… Did that filthy Benny claim your sweet ass, already? He’s such an animal,” Giroux growled, raking his nails down the soft, pale flesh and feeling hot blood pour out of the cuts. Tyler grunted at the burning pain and closed his eyes shut, tears spilling down his cheeks. Backes chuckled and licked his lips as he felt his own dick chubbing up in his pants at the helpless sight of Tyler.

“Answer me, Seguin! How did he fuck you? Like a little whore, face down in the hay with your pretty ass in the air?” Giroux asked roughly, unbraiding his belt and popping the buttons of his stained britches.

“Go to hell, you miserable shit. I prefer dying than answering you,” Tyler choked out, his heart bursting in his chest as he thought about Jamie. He’d probably never see him again…or if he did, he would bear the shame of this disgrace.
The more Tyler thought about the possibility that he could die, the more images of his life assaulted his mind. He could see his mother and sisters’ smiling faces and felt an intense wave of guilt wash over him; he hadn’t even had the time to write them a letter since his arrival in Kamloops…the town that would get the best of him and would leave his lifeless, mutilated body sprawled on its dirt streets to rot.

Tyler promised himself that if he survived, it would be the first thing he’d do. He hated himself for his stupidity. Tyler had been too enraptured by Jamie and had failed to be on his guard and ever alert like he had assured his dear mother before his departure.

“When I’m done fucking your spoiled ass, I’ll let Backes and Couture have their turn filling you up,” Giroux grunted, taking hold of his hard dick and bruising Tyler’s hip viciously with his other hand. “I never had anything pure to ravage… Benny boy made sure of that. The fucking pig! He stole my Julie and now I’ll steal you from him. I’ll destroy your life, Seguin.”

Tyler screamed at the top of his lungs in one last desperate attempt to escape the horror of what was next to come. His last act of defiance earned him a harsh pull on his twisted arm from the strong Backes. The agony was so overwhelming that Tyler felt vomit rise in his throat. His mind was sent spinning, and he nearly lost consciousness.

Surprisingly, the next thing Tyler felt was nothing at all. His tormentors were gone and barking like a bunch of dogs. Giroux scrambled to his feet, with his dick half shoved in his filthy pants and his hand reaching for his gun. At his sudden release, Tyler hurriedly got to his feet, trying to pull up his torn jeans as he went.

From his huddled position against the wall, Tyler watched as a trio of large men speaking what sounded like Russian, one hit Giroux solidly in his nasty face with the handle of his axe. Another man fired his gun at Backes, shooting the big man straight in the throat. A fountain of blood gurgled out of his mouth, and then, he fell to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

Tyler distantly heard another shot being fired and saw the horse-faced jerk fall right next to him, twisting in pain and grasping at his bloodied arm. Tyler felt a surge of hatred and adrenaline fill him and threw himself against Couture. Tyler’s dislocated arm was limp at his side, but his other hand, large and strong, gripped fiercely at the man’s throat.

Couture tried to punch him away but was too dazed and surprised to realize what was happening to him when Tyler closed his teeth against the man’s throat. Tyler tasted coppery blood in his mouth but held on and relished the horrified screams Couture was making. Tyler felt Couture’s pulse beat in his jugular and bit hard, his teeth digging deeper into the flesh.

Couture thrashed violently and tried to grab at Tyler’s hair with his uninjured hand but was stopped dead in his tracks when he felt all his breath punched out of his lungs. Tyler’s anger was blinding and unstoppable as he tore Couture’s jugular vein right out of his throat.

A powerful jet of blood poured out of the terrible injury. Couture’s lifeblood spilled from his opened lips which had him choking and gasping for air. Soon, Couture stopped his violent thrashing and laid perfectly still on the muddy ground tainted by his blood. Tyler was surprised at how much savagery he was capable of, but he didn’t care; he had done what was necessary to save himself from death.

Tyler laid on his back, next to his dead enemy, breathing heavily and groaning in pain. One of his saviours was alerted by his state of distress while the two others shouted in their language and broke into a run. Tyler guessed hazily that the men were running after Giroux. The coward! He felt a surge of hatred grip his heart at the thought of Giroux. He vowed that he would get his revenge on him if the Russians failed to capture him.
The man who squatted next to Tyler had piercing blue eyes and a crooked nose. His face was strong and angular, his jaw perfectly squared and his pouty lips slightly twisted as he inspected Tyler’s badly broken nose. His hair was shaggy, brown and streaked with silver. His beard was in the same wild state, contributing to the overall savage appearance of the man. However, there was no malice in him, Tyler recognized, only a powerful and remote aura of wilderness.

“Don’t move. I fix nose. Badly broke. Broke nose hurt, I fix,” the man said in a deep, heavy Russian accent. Tyler stopped moving and tried to stay still as one of the man’s large, calloused hands delicately pinched the bridge of his nose.

Tyler bit his lips hard as the Russian gave a slight twist and placed his nose back in its place. Hot currents of pain traveled up Tyler’s nose to his head. It throbbed in his skull and only added to the horrible headache he was feeling.

“Thank you,” Tyler managed to say in a weak voice.

“Is fine, glad I help. I’m Alexander Ovechkin.” The man presented himself, smiling reassuringly and revealing a missing front tooth. There was a benevolence and determination in Alexander’s gaze as he added, “You call me Ovie, if want. I fix shoulder now.”

Tyler tensed and groaned. He wasn’t so sure about all of this. The agony he was feeling in his shoulder had jolts of searing pain coursing through his body. He had to protest when that “Ovie guy” took a firm hold on his dislocated arm.

“Oh, w-wait, mister… Um,” Tyler stammered, panic seeping from every word, his disorganized mind forgetting the Russian’s last name. “Ovie, wait.” “Ovie” was the only name he could remember because it was silly.

“Need to fix shoulder. Not worry; I’m doctor in Imperial Russian Army,” Ovie assured, ripping a piece of cloth from the bottom of his dark blue armiak, a traditional Russian long coat. He stuffed the fabric in Tyler’s mouth and instructed him to bite on it.

The strong Russian did not let anticipation or worry settle in Tyler’s mind and pulled sharply on his arm. Tyler screamed in pain and almost lost consciousness but thankfully, Ovie was done and had been precise in his procedure. Tyler closed his eyes and felt a velvety darkness envelop his senses.

Shortly afterward, Ovie’s friends came back and announced that the red-haired rat was gone and nowhere to be found. Giroux had deserted the area and had gone back to his filthy den.

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If Tyler had been paying attention when he left the gentlemen's club, he would've recognized a familiar gap-toothed smile framed by crazy ginger curls.

Sir Dion Phaneuf was fuming. He couldn't believe that Seguin had dared to argue with him! Over complicated things that Seguin knew nothing about! He waited until he heard the front door shut before walking down to the main den area. His goons were all drinking ale, enjoying the finer products Phaneuf's club provided.

"Follow Seguin," Phaneuf barked at once. "Do what you wish to him, but don't create any long-lasting damage. I still need him and his pocket book. Go!" Phaneuf couldn't help but yank Giroux out of his seat. "Go, you damn idiot! And you will be paying me for every glass that touches your greasy lips!"

Giroux scowled. "Calm down, mister. I won't have a problem adjusting Seguin's attitude."
Phaneuf rolled his eye and said in a threatening voice, "Then leave! The next time you tell me to calm down will be the last time you have a tongue. Good day!" With utter satisfaction, he watched Giroux nervously scramble out the door. He'd let trash deal with trash.

"Matilda, bring me a bottle of wine," Phaneuf demanded, turning his heated gaze to his maid. She was young, perhaps sixteen or eighteen, but with a petite body and a full bosom. She had rich red hair that looked nothing like Giroux's ratty ginger locks. When she brought him what he wanted, Phaneuf stomped back to his study.

Phaneuf needed to calm down, but in all his rage, he realized that his dick was hard, pressing against his britches. He checked his pocket watch. Stamkos was supposed to show up, and Phaneuf knew the young gentleman would lighten his mood. Stamkos was only five years his junior, but Phaneuf saw Stamkos as a boy. He poured himself another glass of wine and sat down. Phaneuf rubbed his cock. It was long and thick with a wide head, fitting awkwardly in his pants. It was truly a pity that Seguin was a rotten egg. His mother must have been a harlot because there was no way a child born into wealth would act so horrendously. No wonder his father shipped him across the country!

Phaneuf stopped touching himself to drink some wine. Seguin was pitiful because he had the physical attractiveness that would make him a perfect houseboy. Stamkos was getting older and blonds tended to show their age quicker. Perhaps after Seguin learned his lesson, Phaneuf would be able to show him proper punishment and reward.

There was the sound of the door being opened, and Stamkos' sweet, nasally voice hit Phaneuf's ears. He quickly finished off his wine and straightened himself up at his desk. He fussed with his ledgers so that we would appear to look busy when he heard Stamkos knock.

"Enter!"

Stamkos was once again dressed outrageously. This time, he was wearing a white shirt and black dress pants. On top of the shirt, he wore a leather corset, wrapped and bound tight. It was decorated with bright golden buttons. To complete the attire, Stamkos also wore a fluffy black cravat around his neck ornamented by a large ruby on a pin. A bright smile was spread across his face, and Phaneuf wanted to tear it off just like the cravat.

"Good to see you, Sir. I hope I'm not too late!"

Phaneuf wasn't in the mood for Stamkos' sunny disposition. "No, Steven. You're on time. It appears we have a few things to discuss." He raised himself from his chair and walked over to Stamkos. Steven’s eyes trailed down until they rested on the bulge in Phaneuf's pants. He swallowed thickly. He ached to taste that delicious cock, but he wasn't sure what would take place. Sometimes Sir had him sit and read the Bible in silence. There were a few times where Steven had had to sing hymns until Phaneuf was satisfied. "What is there to discuss, sir?"

"You have greatly disappointed me, Steven. Your carelessness may cost us a client and more importantly, the client's finances. I thought I was to reward you for your recent behavior, but it seems you long to feel the roughness of my touch."

Steven couldn't even remember what he had done so carelessly. "Sir, I promise you that it wasn't my intention to—"

"Enough! You're foolish to think I care about your intentions. You've been extremely negligent in your duties, and you must be punished. I want you to strip down and brace yourself against my desk. I will not ask this again. Leave your boots and this monstrosity of a corset on."
Steven reacted without saying a word. He knew that Sir would tell him what he did wrong in between punishments. He quickly stripped down until he was naked except for the boots on his feet and the fine linen shirt and black leather corset. His cock started to fill, but Stamkos ignored it.

Phaneuf watched Stamkos undress. There were fading bruises all over the his back, ass, and thighs. He vowed to never let a mark fade again. He wanted Stamkos to be permanently reminded of whom he belonged to.

"See, I’m very upset because I had an unexpected visitor show up right before you did." Phaneuf thought about his options and grabbed his whip that had displayed on the wall. He let it crack through the air and watched how straight Stamkos' spine went at the noise. "It was Tyler Seguin. It appears he had ample time by himself to explore the camp. He thinks the workers deserve luxury. He also managed to stumble upon our disposal pit." Phaneuf tried to remain calm, but it was hard. Anger surged through his body as he recalled the conversation with Seguin. He marched up to Stamkos. Phaneuf grabbed him by his blond hair and yanked his head backward so that he could look into his sky blue eyes. "Were you supposed to settle Seguin in at the camp?"

Steven gasped and tensed up. Sir was twisting his hair so tightly. He did not know if he was expected to answer until Phaneuf yanked on his locks again. "Sir! He was in a constant good mood. He never once complained to me. I apologize for being neglectful."

Phaneuf dropped his hand and pushed Stamkos back against the desk. The apologies felt like ants in his ear. "You’re to be punished until I’m too exhausted to punish. You knew Seguin could be trouble, and now he is. He is threatening to report us. He’s having his own taste of punishment as we speak. Brace yourself, Steven. I’m very displeased with you."

Steven knew the whip would hurt, especially with Sir's foul mood. He had never been permanently scarred but suspected that was going to change. He deserved every lash. Steven hung his head.

Phaneuf stepped back and admired the view. Steven was gripping the desk with a tight hold. He spread his stance, fully exposing himself. His round ass was on display, and his balls peaked between his long legs, dusted with a discreet covering of pale blond hair. Phaneuf certainly had the finest taste in the West. "This is only the start." He raised his whip and with a loud crack, it connected with Stamkos' left ass cheek. It left a welt immediately.

"Look at you. Bent over my desk," Phaneuf said, breathing heavily. "Wearing that corset like some dandy whore." He wasn't going to admit that he found the corset appealing. The black leather was a stark contrast from Stamkos' rosy skin and blond hair. Phaneuf pulled his arm back, and the whip cracked down on Stamkos' neglected cheek. Another welt formed before Phaneuf's eyes. He watched the rapid rise and fall of Stamkos' back as he steadied his breathing. It was infuriating. "I don't think you realize how grave this situation is." Phaneuf quickly whipped Stamkos in the same spots as before, bursting the welts. Blood beaded up as the flesh opened, and Phaneuf watched with a greedy eye. "You may speak."

Right on cue, Stamkos started to talk in a pained voice. "I'm so sorry, Sir! I truly didn’t know there would be a problem!"

Phaneuf growled. He was done with hearing Stamkos talk. "Well, there is a problem. Punishing you won't solve it, but it'll make me feel better." Phaneuf walked over to Stamkos and placed the whip on his desk. The older man wanted to see the blond's face, so he stepped aside to look at it. Stamkos' face was a nice shade of pink, and his blue eyes were filled with unshed tears. Phaneuf snatched off the fine cravat from Stamkos' throat and promptly gagged him with it, leaving the ruby to shine from its spot hanging off his bottom lip.
Phaneuf grabbed a vial of oil, mostly for his own comfort. He had fucked other men dry before, but it hurt his cock. "I'm going to fuck your slutty boy hole," he spat. "I'm going to stuff you so full." He settled behind Stamkos' spread legs and unfastened his trousers to free his cock.

A sudden feeling of generosity came to Phaneuf. He lowered himself to his knees and placed the oil on the floor next to him. Phaneuf spread Stamkos' cheeks, making sure to dig his fingers into the marks from the whip. The younger man moaned in a mix of pain and lust behind his gag. Phaneuf spat on Stamkos' tight pink hole and pressed his face close, tongue running along the rim. He plunged his tongue in and ravaged Stamkos, licking, tasting, and sucking on anything he could touch. The hunger was growing. Whimpers were escaping from the gag, and Phaneuf pulled away, irritated. He grabbed the oil and stood back up.

"A gag can't even keep your whorish sounds quiet. Maybe next time I'll stuff your mouth with my cock," Phaneuf whispered into Stamkos' ear. He quickly used the oil to slick his length enough so that he wouldn't get hurt. He kicked Stamkos' legs further apart and slid up behind him. He let his cock rub against Stamkos' bruised and bleeding cheeks before guiding it in.

Steven whined through his gag again as he felt Phaneuf entering him. He was surprised by the oil and let his body relax. Phaneuf's thick cock hurt him but also felt good at the same time. The mix of pain and pleasure never failed to arouse Steven. His ass cheeks stung from their abuse. Every time Phaneuf slammed into him, he felt blood drip from his welts.

"Your greedy hole wants more, doesn't it, Stamkos?" Phaneuf panted heavily as he spoke. Sinful thoughts were racing through his mind. "I'm going to fill you with my sperm. Make you full of me because you belong to me," Phaneuf growled deeply.

Steven felt his body twitch at Phaneuf's words, and he willed himself not to spill without permission. Phaneuf's thrusts were getting choppy and rougher, meaning he was close. It was as if he was stabbing Stamkos with his cock.

"Greedy slut!" Phaneuf fucked into Stamkos as hard as he could. He used Stamkos' hole, abusing it with sex. He knew that Stamkos loved every second of it. He wished that he could be on the other side, watching Stamkos gasp around his gag. A quick image of Seguin gagged and bound flashed through his mind. It didn't take him much longer to spill deep inside Stamkos with Seguin on his mind instead. When he was done catching his breath, he pulled out and tucked himself back in his trousers.

Phaneuf calmly walked over to his desk and collected a few items before returning behind Stamkos. He knew that Stamkos wouldn't try to look and was right. He lit a match and melted the tube of wax he used for paperwork. "You're going to remember you're mine. Your fate is sealed with me." Phaneuf lowered the wax to Stamkos' left asscheek.

Steven was sobbing through his gag when Phaneuf pressed the wax against his asscheek. He wasted no time and pressed his ringed seal against the wax, leaving yet another mark on Steven's flesh.

"Never forget your place! God has put you on this earth to do my bidding!" Phaneuf yanked Stamkos' head back, and he pulled out the gag. Phaneuf grabbed Stamkos by the hips and pulled him around the desk. He sat down and pushed Stamkos on the floor. "Service my boots and I'll allow you to come."

Stamkos seemed suddenly energetic. He got to his knees. His cock was an angry red, hard and leaking, between his legs. He immediately bent down and kissed the toes of each boot. He felt Phaneuf's hands in his hair but this time a little more gently than before. Encouraged, he extended his tongue and cleaned each boot, taking his time to make sure every inch shined. Phaneuf's come had
dropped down onto the boots, and Steven hungrily lapped it up. He was so desperate to come and loved the attention.

"Good," Phaneuf said, feeling lazy from his own orgasm. He poured himself a glass of wine while Stamkos cleaned his boots. "You may come when you want now."

"Thank you, sir, for punishing me appropriately," Steven breathed, voice still sounding so nasally after being gagged. He quickly stroked his cock with a shaking hand and shot little spurts of semen out, spilling over his fingers.

"Clean yourself off. Lick it, Steven," Phaneuf directed, taking a drink of wine. He watched as Stamkos immediately did so, shoving his dirtied fingers in his mouth and teasing Phaneuf with that tongue of his. "Get dressed and leave. I'll call for you in a few days."

Steven stood up on unsteady legs. "Thank you, Sir," he said, bowing his head briefly. When he walked over to his clothes, every step had him breathing heavily because of the stinging pain. His orgasm made his legs feel even heavier. He clumsily got dressed. "I'll look forward to hearing from you soon. I'm terribly sorry, Sir. You know I would never endanger our business."

"Just leave, Stamkos." Phaneuf didn't want to hear him speak any longer. He had a headache forming, and even though it might have been from the wine, Phaneuf was happy to blame Stamkos for it instead. He watched Stamkos bow his head once more before leaving. Phaneuf reached over on his desk and grabbed the cravat that was left behind. He watched the ruby glisten and mopped the sweat on his forehead with the silky fabric.

There was still much more to be done.

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Steven was crying.

No matter how aroused he had been and no matter how he had enjoyed Sir Phaneuf using him, he felt heart broken. Steven wanted more; he wanted Phaneuf to care about him.

Steven walked down the grand steps of Phaneuf's domain with difficulty. He was hurt everywhere and embarrassed deeply. He even felt guilty for what had happened between his superior and himself. Steven had failed to tell Phaneuf everything he knew in the hope that he would be punished again. To his ultimate shame, Steven realized he craved the punishments because Sir Phaneuf gave him all the attention he wanted in moments like these.

A coach was waiting for him and the dandy watched as the driver opened the door for him. Without a smile or a "thank you", Steven averted his eyes and hurried inside the coach. He hissed when he sat down, the injuries sending sparks of pain through him.

Steven had kept a terrible secret from Phaneuf. The impact of the tragedy would soon be felt by the businessman, and he would soon inquire about the matter; he hadn't received news of the proceedings at the mine for many days. Kessel was the man to blame in all of it. Last week at the mining operation at Tranquil Creek, Kessel was supposed to be supervising the digging of a test shaft in a hill thought to be potentially rich in gold. Instead, he was out peddling his snake oil, and left a younger, much more inexperienced man in charge. Unfortunately for Kessel, an ill-placed explosive at the operation had caused the whole shaft to cave in, trapping and killing many of the workers. The entrance was no longer accessible making further exploration impossible; it was a total disaster. When Phaneuf learned of the tragic financial loss, his wrath would be unforgiving.
Kessel was an idiot and a weakness in his enterprise. He had to be eliminated and what a better way for Steven to prove his undeniable loyalty than to take the matter in his own hands. Steven wiped the tears off his face; a cruel smile formed on his thin lips.
“You’re so brave and strong,” Jamie whispered in Tyler’s reddened and injured ear. Jamie chastely kissed Tyler’s ear, and then moved away to look at his beloved friend. Every praise was going straight to Tyler’s cock and making him embarrassingly hard in his britches.

“Jamie, keep talking to me like that,” Tyler demanded, his body aching with need.

Tyler groaned in pain. He was sitting next to Sidney in his open carriage. His shoulder had been set back in its place, but every bump on the dirt road had Tyler gritting his teeth. His physical injuries didn’t hurt as much as his wounded pride. The shame of what had happened to him filled him with a fiery rage. He felt pathetic and angry at himself for not having been more careful.

Sidney cast him a compassionate look and urged his two horses to go faster. He was a good driver and tried as best as he could to direct his horses smoothly to spare Tyler the pain. Sidney had been terribly worried when he had seen Tyler walk up to his store with his handsome face damaged by the vicious attack. The first thing Tyler had asked was to be taken back to Jamie’s ranch. Geno and his friends also came to explain the situation to Sidney. The burly Ovechkin had been quite insistent in his desire to drive Tyler back to the ranch, but Sidney would have none of it. Tyler was Sidney’s friend, after all. The tailor was a generous and kind soul who would never hesitate to come to a friend’s aid.

At the speed the horses were galloping, it wasn’t long before the young men reached the clearing where the Benn ranch was nestled. As soon as the sight of the autumn colours and the peaceful landscape caught Tyler’s eyes, he felt relieved beyond imagining. His heart filled with hope and comfort at the thought of being reunited with Jamie.

Sidney brought his carriage to a stop and hopped off to lend a hand to Tyler. He firmly grasped Sidney’s hand and tried his best to look dignified as he got off the carriage. When his boots touched the ground, Tyler’s body was wracked with pain. He felt horribly sore everywhere, and it was as if all his bones had been crushed. Tyler felt faint, but kept his back perfectly straight as he walked up the path that led to Jamie’s gate.

At this very moment, the front door of the home swung open, and Jamie came out in a hurry. He walked up to Tyler, stopping a few steps away from him. Jamie’s arms were limp at his sides and he had a look of disbelief on his face. Jamie was stunned by the sight of Tyler’s battered face.

“Tyler…? What happened?” Jamie asked in his sweet voice.
Tyler took a few steps forward and stopped at arm’s length from Jamie. In a burst of emotion, Tyler crushed Jamie against him despite the pain that coursed through his shoulder. The only thing that mattered at this very moment was Jamie’s strong body against him. The musky smell of Jamie filled Tyler’s nose as he hugged his friend tightly.

“I thought I’d never see you again,” Tyler said deeply, only for Jamie to hear.

Jamie gave a few pats on Tyler’s broad back and broke the hug reluctantly to salute Sidney. The tailor was drawing circles in the dirt with the tip of his boot and trying not to pay too much attention to Jamie and Tyler’s heartfelt reunion. He lifted his head, top hat low on his forehead, when Jamie greeted and thanked him.

“Hey, Sid,” Jamie said while he walked up to the tailor. He shook his hand and added: “Thanks for bringing Tyler back. I owe you one, buddy.”

“No need, Jamie. It is my duty as a friend. Take care of Tyler… He’s been through alot,” Sidney replied in all humility. He gave a squeeze to Jamie’s big hand and turned away with a smile and a tip of his hat.

Sidney climbed inside his carriage and left Jamie and Tyler together. Both men, standing side by side, waved at their friend as he departed. When Sidney was gone, Jamie turned his head to his left where Tyler was standing. Tyler turned towards him and looked into Jamie’s warm eyes. The gentleman took in the sight of Jamie and felt his heart in his throat.

The wind was blowing Jamie’s raven hair on the side of his head, and the descending sun spread a golden glow on Jamie’s pale skin. His plump lips were so enticing, and the way they were slightly opened made Tyler’s skin itch with the need to kiss them. But he did no such thing; he did not know if Jordie or Sharpy were looking on.

Tyler grabbed Jamie’s shoulder and gave it a little shake. “C’mon, let’s get inside, Jamie.”

He turned away towards the house, and Jamie followed closely behind him, his hand lingering at the small of Tyler’s back. The small touch had shivers traveling down Tyler’s spine. He was suddenly a little nervous; he knew Jamie would soon ask him about what had happened to him.

Both men entered the home, and Jamie told Tyler that both Jordie and Sharpy had gone off to town to buy supplies. Jamie and Tyler moved to the dining room where they sat at the spot by the window, the same spot where they had both eaten supper together for the first time. Jamie’s arms were crossed across his chest, powerful forearms on display, and he looked at Tyler insistently.

“What happened to you?” Jamie asked lowly. There was a pained look in his eyes as he noticed the cuts on Tyler’s porcelain skin and the dried blood at his shirt collar and further down. Tyler was dirty, and the shirt was tacky with dirt, blood and sweat against his body.

“Can you help me take off my shirt?” Tyler said and as soon as the words were out of his mouth, Jamie was on his feet and grabbing at the black fabric of Tyler’s shirt and popping the buttons open.

Jamie’s long fingers brushed against the warm skin of Tyler’s body as he gently eased the fabric off of him. Jamie swallowed at the sight of Tyler’s muscular, hard, lean body, and his memory was assaulted with all the times they had seen each other naked. Tyler looked up at Jamie with a look of pure affection.

“Thank you, Jamie. You always know what to do to make me feel better.” Tyler pronounced these words in his beautiful, deep voice, and it was all too much for Jamie. The cowboy got on his knees
in front of Tyler and cradled his head in his hands.

“Tell me what happened,” Jamie demanded, his eyes locked firmly with Tyler’s.

“It was Giroux,” Tyler said with an impressive calm in his voice. “I was attacked by some bastard on my way out of Phaneuf’s club house. He broke my nose and got a hold on me. He twisted my arm behind my back.”

“That fucking son of a bitch. I’ll kill him.” Jamie interrupted, his voice icy cold and filled with rage. The wide hands on Tyler’s face tightened.

“Giroux came next with another guy… If Geno and his comrades hadn’t shown up, I would have been raped.” Tyler continued, lowering his eyes in shame. “I’m such a worthless idiot. I was so focused on what Phaneuf had told me that I forgot to watch my back.”

Jamie forced Tyler to look back up with a hand gently holding his sharp jaw. “Tyler, listen to me. You are not to blame in this, do you understand? This is not your fault. You were taken by surprise.”

Tyler licked his lips and continued, his heart thumping in his chest at Jamie’s words of comfort. “I killed one of them. Tore off his throat with my teeth. It made me feel good.”

There was a flame burning inside Jamie’s eyes, and his thumb soothingly rubbed against Tyler’s rough beard and soft skin.

“It’s a good thing you did, Tyler. You can be proud of yourself. I’m proud of you,” Jamie assured Tyler. “You’re a fighter and… I love you.”

Tyler’s face flamed, and he felt his pulse quickening. His pink lips, bruised by the punches he had received to his handsome face, itched with want.

“Giroux told me he would rape me to ruin your life. He asked me if you had fucked me face down in the hay. I didn’t answer because I knew nothing was further from the truth. I told him to go to hell.” Tyler told Jamie in a voice full of promise for what was next to come.

Jamie’s desire kicked in full speed. Possessiveness was taking hold of his senses, and jealousy was making his blood boil. “Yes, Tyler. You and I, we’re so much more, aren’t we?”

“Yes. I love you, and I want you, Jamie.” Tyler said, one of his hand moving to touch Jamie’s plush lips with the tip of his fingers.

“You’re mine. All mine.” Jamie growled, moving forward to capture Tyler’s lips in a gentle kiss, careful not to hurt the younger man’s broken nose. The kiss betrayed the hungry passion that was burning inside Jamie. The cowboy moved his hot lips down the long column of Tyler’s neck and sucked the sensitive spot right underneath his ear.

“Yeah, Jamie,” Tyler moaned. He felt his cheeks heating up to the point where he knew they were bright pink. One of his hands buried itself in Jamie’s dark hair and tugged a little on the strands.

“You’re so brave and strong.” Jamie whispered in Tyler’s reddened and injured ear. Jamie chastely kissed Tyler’s ear, and then moved away to look at his beloved friend. Every praise was going straight to Tyler’s cock and making him embarrassingly hard in his britches.

“Jamie, keep talking to me like that,” Tyler demanded, his body aching with need.

“You like it, huh?” Jamie teased, his broad palm trailing down Tyler’s bare chest and hard abs to
grobe him through his pants. The touch had Tyler’s whole frame shuddering with want. His lips opened, his jaw slack, as he took in a shaky breath.

“I’ll give you a bath. Make you feel so good, I promise. And tomorrow, I’ll go kill that shit eating Giroux.” Jamie vowed, his eyes burning with intense hatred. “I’ll make him suffer for what he’s done.”

Tyler was basically melting at this point. All the pent up anger and frustration had converted into pure lust. He was horny beyond imagining and almost wanted Jamie to pin him to his bed and take him from behind. He knew, however, that this wouldn’t be a good idea with his injured shoulder.

“You turn me on so much when you’re like that, Jamie,” Tyler said seductively, licking his lips and moving his big hand to cover Jamie’s over his cock. “The bath sounds perfect.”

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Jamie was kneeling by the edge of the wooden bath, his sleeves bunched at the elbows and one of his strong forearms plunged inside the water. Jamie was concentrating on what he was doing; he was determined to make his beloved Tyler feel good.

Tyler’s head was resting against the edge of the bath, his brown eyes closed and his face slack with exquisite pleasure. His well defined chest was rising up and down in steady breaths. The gentleman's cheeks were bright red, and his curls were sticking to his temples. He was hot all over, and his rosy nipples were hard.

Jamie’s hand was wrapped around Tyler’s cock and lasciviously jacking him off. The pace was decadently slow and had the younger man’s toes curling. There was absolutely no hurry in Jamie’s movements: he was building a rhythm for Tyler to lose himself in blissful ecstasy.

“You’re so good for me,” Jamie whispered all low in his soothing voice. He was enraptured by the sight of Tyler’s perfect body glistening with rivulets of water. One of Tyler’s muscular arms was resting on the edge of the tub. He had promised Jamie that he would let him control the situation.

Tyler’s hand was gripping at the wood with white knuckles as he felt Jamie thumb at his cock head. His length was hard and heavy with arousal, and every touch had something deep in his stomach twisting. He opened his heavy lidded eyes and looked at Jamie.

Jamie had taken his time to wash Tyler up before giving him the release he so desperately needed. His large, brown eyes caught Tyler’s gaze and held on as his hand picked up speed.

“Do you like it, Tyler?” Jamie asked in all innocence. He watched as Tyler started panting, his chest heaving up and down and his hand tightening even harder on the edge of the tub. Tyler moaned lowly, the sound barely there, and tossed his head to the side.

“Yeah, Jamie. Just like that.” Tyler breathed out. His balls were drawn tight, and he was so close to cumming that it was hurting him. The pressure in the pit of his stomach was unbearable, and he wanted to let go so badly.

As Jamie sensed that Tyler was on the verge of orgasm, he stilled his hand and resumed his deliberately slow ministrations. Jamie had a predatory look in his eyes as he felt Tyler’s body tensing all over. His heart missed a beat at the wanton state Tyler was in.

The younger man groaned in a mix of pain and pleasure. Jamie’s hand was warm and big on his cock. It was wrapped so perfectly around him, and the rhythm was just right before Jamie decided to torture him even more. His hand moved all the way down to the base of his cock and slowly came
back up to twist just underneath the head.

It hadn’t been long since Jamie had started this little game, but Tyler was overeager and way too excited to make it last longer. His face flamed in embarrassment, his high cheekbones a bright red, and shuddered helplessly as his orgasm hit him full on.

Jamie felt Tyler’s cock twitch in his hand, and he knew the younger man was cumming when he heard his low, broken moan. Tyler was so quiet tonight: he was barely making a sound.

“Jamie.” Tyler whispered, licking his lips and letting go of all the pent up energy. He could feel Jamie stroking his long cock through his orgasm, milking him dry and making sure he was totally satisfied.

“That’s it, Tyler. That’s it.” Jamie reassured his man and jacked him off until he was soft in his hand. Jamie got his hand and forearm out of the water and stood up. He looked down at Tyler’s spread out, completely relaxed body and felt a rush of heat travel through him.

Tyler was so irresistible like this. His hard muscles were on full display, and Jamie just wanted to manhandle him out of the wooden tub and bend him over the chair in the corner of the room.

Jamie had seen the red scratches on the soft, pale skin of Tyler’s ass, and it had taken everything for him not to go out after Giroux right away. Jamie was filled with a destructive rage, and the evidence of what Giroux had tried to do to Tyler made him feel murderous.

The cowboy walked up to a chair and sat on it. He buried his face in his hands and sighed before raking a hand through his dark hair and speaking up: “I’ll beat the hell out of that bastard. He’s gonna learn the true meaning of pain, let me tell you this.”

“I don’t doubt it at all, Jamie. But save some for me. I want my revenge on that son of a bitch.” Tyler convinced Jamie, the post orgasmic haze dissipating as he was brought back to reality. The only true relief would come when Tyler finally got his hands on Giroux.

Tyler stood up from the bath in all his naked glory and then bent over to grab at the cloth neatly folded on the floor. He wrapped himself in the cloth and sat down on another chair next to the one Jamie was sitting on. Both pair of brown eyes locked with each other, and Tyler told Jamie about his meeting with Phaneuf.

“It wasn’t safe for you to confront him like that, Tyler. He won’t hesitate to eliminate you in cold blood now that he knows where you stand. You should never have gone to him,” Jamie concluded in a cold voice after Tyler had told him the whole story.

“I know, I’m so stupid.” Tyler sighed in defeat and buried his face in his hands.

“It’s fine. You can’t undo what has been done. We might even have to leave the ranch. Phaneuf knows where you live and if he doesn’t yet, let me tell you that he will soon enough.” Jamie continued, his face hardened by the prospect of the danger they all would be facing. “Let’s not forget that he knows who I am.”

Tyler felt horrible. He had messed up everything. His heart felt heavy in his chest, and a look of great sadness crossed his handsome face. At this moment, he wished he had never met Jamie.

“I caused you so much trouble. I wish you had never met me, Jamie. I’m a failure and a lost cause. I’m as good dead,” Tyler said in a pained voice. He couldn’t look at Jamie anymore; he stood up and turned around to leave the room.
In an instant, Tyler felt a powerful pressure on his shoulder and was forced to face Jamie. The look on the cowboy's face was one of hurt but also anger. It seemed as if he was about to lash out at Tyler. He stood strong and tall in front of Jamie, and had no intention to back down.

“Don’t ever say that again, Tyler Seguin.” Jamie simply replied in a stern voice. He was burning with a mix of rage and pain. Tyler’s words hurt him beyond imagining, and at this moment he was torn with the desire to punch him or to kiss him savagely. “We’re in this together till the end,” Jamie added. He wanted to tell Tyler that he was his and that he would never leave without him.

Tyler was without words. He just looked into Jamie’s eyes and felt his heart tighten. He nodded and tried to get away from Jamie’s hold but to no avail. The next thing he knew, Jamie’s burly and heavy body was pushing him straight against the opposite wall.

“Tell me you’re with me in this.” Jamie growled against Tyler’s ear. He was holding firmly on both of Tyler’s broad shoulders. His powerful body was flush against Tyler’s and crushing him to the wooden wall.

“I am… To the end.” Tyler pronounced firmly. His injured shoulder was hurting like a bitch, but he wasn’t about to show any weakness to Jamie. Tyler’s face was centimetres away from Jamie’s, and he could see the subtle color on the cowboy's pale cheeks.

Without further thought, Jamie pushed the fabric down Tyler’s shoulders and let it fall to the floor. Tyler blushed furiously and tried in vain to pick the fabric back up and cover himself. Jamie would have none of it: he took hold on both of Tyler’s wrists and pinned them above the gentleman’s head. Tyler squirmed, but without any true intention of getting away.

“I don’t ever want to hear you say that you wished we never met, understood?” Jamie breathed out, all low and deep. “The things I would do to you right now…”

Tyler felt stunned by Jamie’s words and the look of pure devotion on his face. At this very moment, Tyler had a feeling that if he let Jamie have his way with him, it would be rough and hard. Jamie was filled to the brim with anger and lust that made his cock harden in his pants.

“What would you do to me?” Tyler groaned. He wanted to hear Jamie voice his fantasies, but he didn’t feel like having sex. He was sore and hurt and the only thing he wanted was for Jamie to talk to him in that sweet, soothing voice of his.

Jamie’s thumbs moved over the soft inside of Tyler’s wrists as he spoke: “I’d start by sucking your cock. It’s so perfect in my mouth.” Jamie was hot all over just thinking about decadently torturing Tyler with his mouth and bringing him to tears.

“Surely you want to do more than this to me.” Tyler pressed on, his tongue darting out to lick his plush bottom lip.

“Yeah. You can’t begin to imagine how angry you made me. I’d punish you for it.” Jamie murmured, moving forward to bite teasingly at Tyler’s collar bone. Jamie could smell his musky odor mixed with honey soap. Both men were flush against each other, their muscular bodies touching at all the right places. Jamie felt Tyler shudder, and he knew it was because he could feel his hard cock against his lower stomach.

“Would you spank me? Or bend me over and fuck me so hard that I would cry?” Tyler blurted, color high on his cheeks, but without a sign of embarrassment in his voice. It seems he was emboldened by the evidence of Jamie’s desire. Tyler just wanted to tease his tall cowboy a little more.
Jamie took in a sharp intake of breath and moved away from Tyler, letting go of his wrists. Jamie was battling against his powerful sexual urges. He knew Tyler had been severely injured both mentally and physically. If there was one thing Jamie didn't want, it was to hurt him.

“How about we go cuddle in my bed?” Jamie proposed unexpectedly. He winked at Tyler and playfully slapped his ass. The young gentleman jumped at the touch and threw himself against Jamie, pecking him on the lips.

Tyler let out a small laugh, surprised by Jamie’s sudden change of behaviour. He smiled brightly and nodded. “Yeah, that sounds perfect, Jamie. Let’s save what we had in mind for later, hmm?”

It was Jamie’s turn to be stunned. His eyes were wide, and his plush lips were slightly opened in surprise. However, he quickly recovered from his state of amazement and smiled smugly at Tyler. “Of course, baby. You know I’ll make it up to you.”

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Claude Giroux was seated alone at a table in a far corner of the saloon. He was mesmerized by the sight of Julie in her royal blue dress. The satin looked sinfully soft to the touch, but not nearly as much as her cascading blonde hair. Giroux had been obsessed by Julie since his teenage years when he had moved out west with his family. He remembered Julie as a shy yet energetic girl who would never hesitate to get her hands dirty. She had always been very close to Jamie Benn, and she told everyone that he was her dearest friend.

The red haired man hated Jamie with a burning passion ever since he had spied on him kissing Julie. They had both been twenty years old, and Julie had been a tender girl of seventeen. It was after this day that Giroux had tried to befriend Julie with affectionate gestures. He remembered her smiling at him and thanking him with a kiss on the cheek.

These innocent kisses would always spark something warm inside the young man. His days would be occupied entirely by thoughts of her and how beautiful she was. How he wanted to touch her and make her his. His love for Julie bordered on obsession, and he made himself available anytime she needed help. Julie had developed quite a friendship with Giroux, laughing and sharing her secrets with him.

Giroux and Julie’s relationship changed dramatically on that fateful day where Jamie Benn left in search for his dad. Julie had been terribly worried by the disappearance of Randy Benn. Jamie’s father had been like an uncle to her: she had known him since childhood. Julie had been discouraged by Jamie’s departure, and this is when Giroux had taken his chance. He had been there to comfort the young woman in her days of greatest sorrow. Julie had even shown quite a few affectionate gestures towards him, holding his hand and hugging him close. It is when Julie had told Giroux about how much she loved Jamie and missed him that he had gone wild.

Giroux had fiercely kissed Julie on her soft lips, but the young woman had fought him off. He remembered the look of surprise in her wide blue eyes, and how that looked had changed to one of terror when he had pushed her down on the floor and forced her legs open. Julie had battled with everything she had, but Giroux was strong and heavy on top of her. He had left bruising kisses on her neck and had lifted her skirt to bunch at her hips. Then he had torn her undergarments and pushed his britches down his thighs. Julie had screamed and thrashed violently on the floor, and the only way Giroux had been able to keep her still was by grabbing painfully on her golden locks of hair.

Sitting at his table in the saloon, Giroux was hard just with the memory of how tight and perfect Julie had been around him. How as soon as he had entered her she had stilled underneath him and turned
her head away. She had not screamed or moved as if she had recognized her defeat. The satisfaction he had felt was one he had never been able to recreate years after.

Giroux was watching Julie now, watching how her dress was sinfully clinging to all her curves. In this very moment, all he wanted was to have his way with her all over again. Hold her down, rip off her clothing and penetrate her moist, wet heat. She was so beautiful that it was making Giroux aggressive. He imagined having her sitting on his lap and watching her perfectly round breasts bounce on her chest as he brutally fucked inside her.

Giroux wanted her so badly. Tonight, he vowed that he would finally have his way with her after all these years. Jamie Benn had always been around and protecting Julie, but since he had met Tyler Seguin, that spoiled bastard, he no longer paid his evening visits at the saloon. It was now or never for Giroux to get his hands on Julie without getting in a fight to the death with Benn. He was going to have her all for himself and whether she liked it or not, he was going to unleash all his wild impulses on her.

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Julie felt Giroux’s eyes on her the whole evening. It wasn’t anything different, but she just had a feeling that tonight she had to be extra careful. When she was done with her shift, the blonde woman hurried up the wooden stairs at the back of the saloon to her living quarters. She walked as calmly as she could in her high heeled boots because she knew Giroux was looking at her.

When she arrived in her modest room, Julie closed the door shut behind her and pushed the locks in place. She felt nervous and as she sat down at her dressing table and looked in the mirror, she saw worry in her crystal eyes. Memories of her night with Giroux, all these years ago, were haunting her. She had seen that same look in his gaze tonight, and it had been enough to remind her of what had happened between them.

The young woman was brutally shaken out of her thoughts when she heard a knock on the door. Julie felt her heartbeat pick up speed and reached for her gun underneath her pillow.

“Julie… Baby, it’s me.” A hoarse voice called behind the door. It was Giroux, no doubt about it. There was a dangerous tone to his voice.

Julie did not answer.

“Open the door, baby girl. There is no escape for you, I know you’re in here.” Giroux continued menacingly and to Julie’s horror she heard the locks being picked. Did Giroux know how to pick locks? Julie had the feeling that he did, but she reassured herself that she had her revolver.

She didn’t say a word and waited for him to push the door open. However, to her ultimate dismay, Giroux did not come in. She heard the wood creaking underneath his heavy boots and the next thing she knew, he was gone. Julie took in a shuddering breath.

****

Dear Mother,

I have been quite busy this last week since my arrival to the city of Kamloops. You have been in my thoughts every single day. I wanted to inform you that all is well for me and that I have made myself a dear friend in the person of Jamie Benn. He is a rancher, and he has been kind enough to lodge me at his home. We developed a very strong friendship, and I wish with all my heart to present him to you. I have a feeling that you would really like him. He is soft spoken, brave and hardworking.
I made contact with Sir Dion Phaneuf but I fear that him and I, we might have a conflict in personality and interest. I will try my best to find a way to involve myself more fully in the gold enterprise, but I fear it will not be under Sir Phaneuf’s guidance and goodwill. Please, do tell me if you know anything of him that might be useful to me. Does father know of him?

As for my surroundings, it is of breathtaking beauty! The mountains are so high; it is incredible. Jamie taught me how to shoot the gun for my protection, and he has kindly showed me how to care for the animals of the farm. Jamie showed me so many things, Mom. You should see him too. He is so strong! I think you might find him quite handsome. He’s your type: tall (taller than I am, in fact), wide in the shoulders, dark haired…

The people are very different from the gentlefolk of our circles in Toronto. But I cannot say that I dislike them. They are rowdy and make a lot of noise, but most of them have an inner desire to help those around them. Now, please tell me how you have been, Mom… How is your garden? Anything special on your part? How are Candace and Cassidy doing?

Your son who loves you more than anything,

Tyler

PS: Tell Candace and Cassidy that I have a special gift for them. And it’s alive.

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The next morning, Julie was awoken by a knock on her door. She hadn’t slept well, tormented by thoughts of Giroux. Her bladder was about to burst because she had not dared go out of her room to relieve herself. Julie had feared that Giroux might have been waiting for her outside.

A small high pitched voice called for her: “Miss Julie, Miss Julie! Ya’ve got to come out o there, ya lazy girl. Get yer ass out.”

It was Aimee. That damn Aimee! Julie couldn’t stand her. She was just as annoying as she was ugly. Fat, gray haired with huge bug-like blue eyes, she reminded Julie of a witch. Her voice was shrill, and sometimes Julie just wanted to smack her straight on the side of the head.

“Out, out ya come! It can’t wait!” Aimee hollered in her irritating voice. For good measure, she knocked vigorously on the wooden door.

“What is it?” Julie yelled in impatience. She got out of bed, her golden hair in disarray, and quickly tied it in a high bun.

“It’s Jamie Benn who’s come to see ya. He say it can’t wait!” Aimee squeaked.

Julie’s heart jumped in her chest at the thought of her handsome Jamie. She had been reassuring herself throughout the night with memories of him.

“Coming!” Julie replied with excitement in her voice. “Give me a sec.”

The blonde woman walked to her drawer and rummaged through her civilian clothing. She opted for a girlish white dress with frills at the long sleeves and at the neck collar. Julie hummed at the soft fabric against her skin. She completed her attire with a black corset that pushed her breasts up and narrowed her thin waist.

She looked at herself in the mirror and added a discreet rouge to her lips before smiling in satisfaction. Julie put on her stockings and her high heeled boots before walking up to the door. The young woman was excited at the prospect of seeing Jamie. She knew she wouldn’t be able to resist the urge to kiss his full lips when she saw him.
Julie opened the door and looked coldly at Aimee. Down the stairs she went without looking back. If Julie had looked back, she would have seen the smug smile on Aimee’s colourless lips.

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Giroux was leaning against the outside wall of the saloon, right next to the double doors. When the doors swung open, and Julie walked with a determined step past him, he felt wild with aggressive lust. She was wearing an elegant yet innocent white dress, and it made Giroux want to tear the fabric off of her.

Giroux whistled at Julie and hollered: “Hey, there. Aren’t you looking fine and pretty today, Miss Julie.”

Julie almost jumped right out of her boots. It was a trap. The young woman was burning with anger. She promised herself that she would kill the whore Aimee as soon as she was done with Giroux.

“Giroux! Well, what a surprise.” Julie smiled with fake politeness. She couldn’t believe her naïveté. She should have known it was a trap. Aimee had always hated her, and she would do anything for a bit of money.

Giroux straightened back up and walked down the stairs of the veranda to get closer to Julie. He could smell her delicious lavender perfume mixed with her own feminine odor. She was so beautiful with her hair up, her long neck exposed and vulnerable.

“Made yourself pretty for Benny boy, eh?” Giroux smirked that customary grin of his. He took a few steps closer, and Julie backed off, ready to run if he tried anything.

“What do you want from me? Can’t you see I’m not interested?” Julie said coldly, her voice surprisingly even and betraying her nervousness.

“Oh, I think you know already, Julie. You’ve known all along… Tempted me every single day.” Giroux breathed out. There was a predatory glint in his dark eyes.

“Go away or else I will fight you to the death. And I will scream so loudly that the sheriff will be here in the blink of an eye.” Julie threatened, taking a step back and inwardly cursing her stupidity for not taking her revolver with her.

“I think the sheriff has more urgent matters than coming to the aid of a cheap whore.” Giroux mocked. However, his nasty laugh soon turned out into a painful groan as Julie hit him straight in the balls with her pointy boot.

Off she ran. Julie heard a gunshot, and the next thing she felt was a gush of pain in her left shoulder. But the pain wasn’t about to stop her, the adrenalin keeping her running on the long dirt road in the direction of the sheriff’s office.

To her ultimate despair, Julie turned her head and saw Giroux mounting a horse. With every fiber of her being, Julie sprinted for the sheriff’s office and screamed as loudly as she could when she got near. She hoped to alert the town as she called frantically for help.

Julie turned around to face Giroux, spurring his horse in her direction. She had a cool, determined look on her delicate features. Soon enough, Giroux brought his horse to a stop and dismounted swiftly.

“You little slut!” He yelled in rage. His face was bright red with barely repressed anger as he walked in great strides up to Julie. Giroux viciously grabbed at Julie’s slender arm and pushed his gun
against her stomach. “Filthy bitch. I’ll spit on your cunt before fucking it raw.”

Julie’s blue eyes widened in horror, and she tried to kick at Giroux with her legs but to no avail. She heard Giroux cock his gun against her stomach but this did not stop her from spitting in his face and viciously scratching at his face with her free hand.

“Hey, Giroux! Leave Julie alone and face me like a man.” A voice the young woman knew all too well called out. It was none other than Jamie's voice. Julie’s heart soared before she took a powerful backhand straight across the mouth that knocked her to the dirt.

Jamie was not alone. Tyler was mounting his horse, Pavs, right behind him. “The only thing you’re good at is attacking women or men with the help of your shit eating pals. Where are they if I may ask?” Tyler said ironically, knowing full well that Giroux’s pals were six feet under.

The red haired man was taken aback. He was surprised that Tyler had recovered so soon. He held his hands up, in a sign of defeat, like the coward that he was.

“You’ll never touch her again, Giroux. I’ll make sure of it. I demand a duel,” Jamie said sternly. “If you still have balls, which I doubt you have, you won’t refuse my offer.”

Giroux wheezed with laughter and exclaimed: “Try me, Benny. I’m in just to see Seguin’s face when I blow your head off.”

The cruel words did not even make Jamie or Tyler blink. Without further ado, both men dismounted their horses. Jamie and Giroux moved to the center of the street, and Tyler went to check on Julie.

“Are you ok?” Tyler asked gently as he brushed the hair out of the young woman’s eyes. Julie’s lips were swollen, and she had a nasty cut on her lower lip. She was also bleeding on her left shoulder where she had been grazed by Giroux’s shot. Tyler helped Julie stand up with one of his big hands against her backside and the other around her waist.

“Yeah, thanks Tyler.” Julie said hoarsely and kissed him on the cheek. Tyler felt himself blush.

A small group of curious people had gathered around Giroux and Jamie. Everyone always seemed hungry for violence. People from the saloon and from nearby shops were now marching up the street to witness the duel in all it’s merciless glory. There would be only one survivor, and everyone seemed eager to see who it would be. Bets were being made, and people were howling with enthusiasm. The crowd was growing in size by the minute.

Tyler and Julie moved under the shade of an extended roof. Both of them were nervous, but they believed in Jamie’s gunslinging talents. Tyler moved his arm behind Julie’s back and hugged her against his side. She was so frail against his muscular body.

“I’m scared to death for Jamie,” Julie said in a small voice. Her long fingered hand clung at the front of Tyler’s black waistcoat. Julie was tense all over and couldn’t help but use Tyler as her anchor.

“He’s going to be alright. I believe in him,” Tyler answered in his deep, comforting voice. Julie rested her head against his shoulder and exhaled shakily. She had been through alot this morning, but now was the most nerve wracking moment of her life. If there was one thing Julie didn’t want, it was to lose Jamie. She preferred to die instead.

Tyler was just as affected by the thought of losing Jamie. There was no way he would be able to cope with this. Tyler moved his other hand to his belt where he had the Colt ready to be drawn. He wasn’t going to let Giroux live, no matter the outcome. Jamie had told Tyler that he would not aim at Giroux’s head but rather at his stomach so Tyler would be able to finish him off.
Jamie, in his leather coat and black cowboy hat, looked absolutely dashing. He widened his stance and moved his hand to hover above the grip of his revolver. Jamie was absolutely cold blooded, no sign of worry on his face, only pure confidence. Giroux, a good distance away from Jamie, did the same. He was nowhere as imposing and intimidating as Jamie was in his worn out hat and nasty sheepskin vest.

People stopped chatting around them, walked away to stand under the roofs lining the street, and held their breath. The sun had risen only an hour before, and it was still low in the hazy blue sky. The morning was chill, the air crisp, and there was a faint breeze blowing through the coloured trees.

Jamie's concentration was at its maximum, and all his reflexes were at the ready. His rage was channeled into cold focus, and there was nothing that would stop Jamie at this very moment. Giroux was smiling that ugly grin of his, confident in himself and taunting Jamie Benn. The cowboy noticed Giroux’s hand twitching at his side and in the blink an eye, he got his gun out and shot right at Giroux’s lower stomach.

Giroux’s hands flailed at his sides and then grasped at his bleeding wound. There was a look of pure hatred in his eyes before the unbearable pain took hold of his senses. Giroux fell to his knees, outmatched by Jamie’s reflexes and keen observation.

People who had laid their bets for Jamie hollered in victory. Tyler left Julie and pushed his way between two men to walk straight up the street to Giroux’s prone body. He was groaning in pain and clutching at his stomach. Tyler knew that stomach wounds were the most painful and never left a person dead until they bled out.

Tyler stopped right in front of Giroux, drawing out his Colt with a little spin. Giroux’s eyes were fixed on Tyler’s black boots. The bastard still had the audacity to spit some blood right at Tyler’s feet, aiming for the boots but receiving a kick straight in the face instead. Giroux’s nose broke with a sickening crunch.

The air was knocked right out of Giroux’s lungs as he fell down on the dirt ground, pain twisting his insides. Tyler was standing above him, his gun aimed at Giroux’s heart. The look on Tyler’s face was emotionless, save for his brown eyes burning with hatred.

“Still lacking manners in your last seconds of life, it seems. Know that insulting a gentleman does not go unpunished.” Tyler said coldly and pulled the trigger.

Giroux’s mouth twisted in an ugly grin as pain exploded in his chest. The shot slammed him to the ground, blood spurting and spreading around Giroux’s dying form. His last breath choked on the hot blood that filled his throat.
Chapter Summary

Tyler was wearing a long dark brown coat and a hat of a slightly darker hue. Jamie gritted his teeth as he followed behind Tyler, resisting the urge to playfully slap his ass. Tyler was the most irresistible temptation of all. When Jamie was with Tyler, he forgot the trials and the hardships of his life. The passion he felt for Tyler was so strong that it often overwhelmed him. Jamie had noticed that Tyler’s attitude had changed since his assault: he was in a very dark mood.

Chapter Notes

Revised and betaed by Leyna (leyley09).

“You have to leave this town as soon as you can, Julie,” Jamie said.

Tyler, Jamie and Julie were standing in her small room, making plans for what was next to come. They hadn’t seen Aimee anywhere, and it made Julie’s blood boil. There was mischief in the air, and Julie knew that staying at the saloon wasn’t safe.

Tyler explained to Julie that he had been brutally attacked on his way out of Sir Phaneuf’s club. He also told her about his angry conversation with the important man and the consequences that were awaiting him and Jamie. They had to leave the ranch, and there was no time to waste.

“He knows who I am. I even think the bastard has something to do with Dad’s disappearance,” Jamie said in a low voice. His face was dark with the painful memory.

“Phaneuf knows everything, and if he doesn’t know who you are already, he will find out soon enough,” Tyler added, addressing Julie. The blonde nodded her understanding.

“If he gets his hands on me when you are both gone, he will ask for information,” Julie concluded with a defeated sigh.

“Exactly and trust me, Julie… Phaneuf won’t hesitate to have a woman beaten for information,” Jamie said, moving closer to her. “You know what he did to Tyler.”

Julie nodded and straightened up. She knew where this was going. “Can’t I come with you Jamie?”

“No,” Jamie moved to cup Julie’s delicate face in his broad palms. “Phaneuf will send men for me and Tyler as soon as he discovers we have left the ranch. I don’t want you to be caught in this. Leave this afternoon on a train to Winnipeg with Patrick Sharp. He knows what to do.” Jamie said.

“I love you, Jamie. I hope I’ll see you again.” Julie said in a small voice. “Thank you for saving me. I’ll never forget you.”

Jamie hugged her tightly against him. “I love you too, darling. I know we will see each other again,
don’t you worry.” Jamie reassured her.

Tyler watched the scene with a pang of guilt but also of jealousy. He had failed Jamie. He had disrupted Jamie’s life. It was disgusting. *He* was disgusting.

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Later in the afternoon, the Benn brothers left the ranch they had known all their lives. They packed a few important items, in case they never came back. Tyler brought along a few articles of clothing but not much, leaving most of his belongings behind. He wore his beige suit, the one he had seduced Jamie with for the first time. It was out of nostalgia that he brought this one along with his green waistcoat. Tyler felt so miserable for what he had done.

The three men parted with their friend, Patrick Sharp, who assured them that he would take good care of Julie. Sharpy left, spurring his black horse far away from the place. Jamie, Jordie and Tyler stayed a while, mounted on their horses and looking at the ranch as if it was the last time.

“Jesus Christ!” Jordie exclaimed. His eyes were moist, but he was able to hold his tears.

“C’mon, buddy. I’m sure we’ll be back soon enough!” Jamie replied, feeling no less remorse than his brother but trying to lift his spirits.

Tyler felt terribly bad. It was all his fault. He had ruined everything. Upon looking at the peaceful ranch with the tall trees and yellowing grass surrounding it, Tyler felt his heart tighten. He had shared so many intimate moments with Jamie here.

Jordie turned his horse around and said with determination: “Let’s go before it becomes too hard to leave. We can make it to Daddy’s cabin before sunset if we go now.”

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It was beautiful underneath the red, orange, and yellow roof of leaves. The forest was thick and reassuring around the three men. For hours they rode through the Canadian wilderness, stopping only to drink from the river they followed up to the mountain pass. They would have to leave their horses when they came to the pass, and the thought of this heartbreaking reality was nagging at Jamie and Jordie’s hearts.

Before leaving, Tyler had reluctantly let Cash, his fox, leave the safe haven at the ranch. The little animal would be on his own now, and it had saddened Tyler to see him go. He had hoped the fox would become his sisters’ new pet but it seemed life had chosen otherwise. He understood the pain Jamie and Jordie would be feeling when they would release their horses.

It was around three in the afternoon when they arrived at the mountain pass. According to Jordie, Daddy’s cabin was located not far from the pass, which was two miles long. It was quite a long trek for the weary friends. Rocks and steep inclines would make it all the harder for the men. Without their horses, they would also have to carry their belongings on their backs. The sun was setting in about an hour, so they would have to walk at a steady pace.

Jordie went first, followed by Tyler, and then Jamie. The day had been monotonous and dull. They had been walking in silence, all absorbed by their thoughts. The only positive aspect of the day was that Jamie got to walk behind Tyler and let his mind wander as he watched the broad set of his shoulders.

Tyler was wearing a long dark brown coat and a hat of a slightly darker hue. Jamie gritted his teeth as he followed behind Tyler, resisting the urge to playfully slap his ass. Tyler was the most
irresistible temptation of all. When Jamie was with Tyler, he forgot the trials and the hardships of his life. The passion he felt for Tyler was so strong that it often overwhelmed him. Jamie had noticed that Tyler’s attitude had changed since his assault: he was in a very dark mood.

While Jamie was thinking about Tyler, Tyler was thinking about Jamie. He was frustrated and tense all over. Tyler could feel Jamie’s eyes on him, and it made him sweat. He realized at this moment that he wanted something to happen between them. Tyler wanted it to be physical and rough: he wanted Jamie to take and punish him for what he had done. Punish him for being so stupid. Punish him for upsetting his life. Punish him for seducing him.

They walked the two miles without pause and finally came out of the pass to be greeted by more trees. The forest was dense and endless before them; it was extraordinary that Jordie knew the way to Daddy’s home. About twenty minutes later, they came in view of a cabin nestled between the fir trees. They had reached the fur trapper’s home, and Tyler hoped that he was there.

The cabin was made out of logs and had a pointed roof covered by bright green moss. There was a small window in the roof with a foggy glass panel covering the opening. Around the cabin, furs were hanging on wooden posts, drying in the chilly air. It smelled like fire, and a dark smoke blurred their vision of the clearing. The smoke was coming out of a chimney made out of stones on the side of the cabin.

Suddenly, the front door swung open in a resounding crack and out came Daddy, greeting his friends in a loud voice: “Hey, hey, hey! It’s rare that I get some visitors up here. Come in, come in! I got a rabbit stew waiting for you guys.” Daddy was all smiles as he hugged each of them and urged them to follow him. Every excited movement he made had the beaver tail hanging from his fur hat flapping wildly.

The men took off their coats and hats when they entered Daddy’s home. To Jamie’s surprise, Tyler was wearing his fine gentleman clothes. Jamie’s breath caught in his throat when he recognized the beige waistcoat and pants. Jamie’s whole body reacted to this discovery, but he tried as best as he could to control himself. He didn’t want to humiliate himself in front of everyone.

Daddy’s home was modest and made entirely out of wood. It had surprisingly two stories, a small stairway leading to some kind of attic where he slept. At the back of the cabin, there was a small room with another bed. The men quickly understood that they would have to sleep two by two. This produced a series of laughs and not so subtle jokes.

“I bet Benny and Seggy won’t mind sleeping together, heh!” Daddy exclaimed, laughing all the louder at the huff Jordie gave. “The beds aren’t the biggest for guys like us either. Be ready to get really close.”

Jamie chuckled and elbowed a slightly embarrassed Tyler at his side. The younger man simply smiled, but there was a discreet blush creeping up his cheeks.

“I’m a single man and rarely have visitors,” Daddy added with a laugh and grabbed Jordie by the shoulder, shaking him. Jordie wasn’t too crazy with the prospect of sleeping with Daddy. He almost jumped out of his boots when Daddy tugged on his beard.

“Ow! Not my beard!” Jordie hollered, battling Daddy away. The guys were laughing along but soon enough Daddy stopped annoying Jordie to go check on his rabbit stew.

The three visitors sat at the round wooden table at the center of the small living room. There was a rudimentary counter lining the opposite wall where Daddy could prepare his food. It was in his French Canadian blood to cook good food, it seemed. The stew was cooking over the fire in the
Daddy hurried to place bowls and spoons for everyone and then grabbed the pot in which the stew was cooking. He served each guy before himself, like the good host he was. He placed the pot somewhere on the floor and sat down with the guys. Tyler was the first one to declare, after a spoonful of stew: “It’s delicious! You sure know how to cook, Daddy.”

Jamie and Jordie voiced their accord and ate with enthusiasm. They were hungry after having spent the day traveling through the forest and the mountains.

“Merci beaucoup, les amis! (Thank you very much, my friends) You flatter me too much.” Daddy laughed, his hand over his heart.

The rabbit stew was truly delicious with a slightly smoky taste. The carrots, turnips, and potatoes tasted wonderful, and so did the meat. But what was a meal without a good bottle of whisky? Daddy turned around and grabbed the bottle sitting on the counter and four glasses.

The party was on. The men drank, and at some point, Daddy even started singing and playing the violin. His cheeks and nose were bright red from the alcohol, his eyes slightly glassy, and his hair sticking at every angle. He stood up on his chair with his violin, almost falling backwards, and started playing a happy tune. It was rowdy, and there were a few more bottles of whisky opened during the evening.

Jamie couldn’t stop glancing at Tyler every now and then. He was so desirable; his cheeks were rosy, and he was all bright smiles. Jamie had a lopsided grin plastered on his face anytime Tyler caught him looking. The cowboy’s dark hair was tousled, soft strands falling over his eyes.

Jamie and Tyler weren’t drunk, just a little tipsy, but Jordie was hammered. And so was Daddy; he could barely speak without slurring his words, and he was falling face first on the table. Jordie and Daddy were both knocked out and sure wouldn’t be coming back to their senses anytime soon.

Tyler winked at Jamie and leaned against him to growl in his ear: “You’ve been watching me all evening. How about I show you a few things, yeah?”

A jolt of lust traveled through Jamie’s body at the sound of Tyler’s sexy voice in his ear. He clenched his hands into fists and felt his heartbeat picking up speed as he realized what Tyler had in mind.

“Eeeeehooooo,” Daddy wailed brokenly against the table. His gurgling was muffled by the wood he had his mouth plastered against.

“C’mon, Jamie,” Tyler insisted, grabbing at Jamie’s suspenders and tugging on them. “I wanted this all day.”

“What did you want, babe?” Jamie teased, a smug smile on his plump lips. Tyler tugged harder and basically straddled Jamie, the chair creaking under their combined four hundred and ten pounds of muscle.

“You. I want you.” Tyler moaned, grinding his crotch against Jamie’s. They both grunted as they felt their cocks chubbing up. “Let’s get in that room now.”

Jamie couldn’t help moving his large hands down Tyler's back and grabbing handfuls of his pert ass. The younger man’s pants were tight and stretched obscenely against his ass. Tyler caught his bottom lip between his teeth and looked at Jamie from underneath his lashes, playing coy.
“I just wanna rip these pants off of you, Seggy. Get my hands all over that ass.”

Jamie breathed out, his desire reflected in his dark eyes. He gave a playful squeeze to Tyler’s behind and helped him get back on his feet.

“Wait for me in there,” Tyler said, nodding towards the room. “I have a surprise for you.”

Jamie left with a smile, anticipation crawling underneath his skin. He closed the door behind him and sat down on a wooden chair. There was a small bed covered by a bear pelt, a bedside table, a larger table, and the chair in the modest room. The oil lamp on the bedside table illuminated the room with a soft golden glow.

Tyler came back soon enough, and he was holding a long, coarse rope in his hands. He had also hidden a small bottle of oil inside his boot while rummaging through his bag. Jamie’s heart hammered so hard in his chest that he wondered if Tyler could hear.

“You stay on that chair and watch, Jamie.” Tyler breathed out, his dexterous hands working the rope around Jamie and tying him up with tight knots. The taller man licked his lips, his doe-shaped eyes wide with surprise.

When Jamie was effectively tied up and not about to go anywhere, Tyler leaned against him, a big hand on his shoulder, and kissed him passionately. He nibbled on Jamie’s plush bottom lip before moving away and turning around with a seductive look over his shoulder.

Tyler leaned against the table on the opposite wall and never broke eye contact with Jamie. He was so confident and sure of himself as he slowly unbuttoned his waistcoat.

“Do you want to see me naked, Mr. Benn?” Tyler hummed, the veins in his hands visible underneath his skin as he worked his fingers. Soon enough, his beige waistcoat was opened but the white shirt underneath was still covering Tyler’s muscular body.

Jamie’s cock throbbed insistently. He was so hard that he was tenting his pants; Tyler calling him Mr. Benn did things to him. Jamie’s tongue felt thick in his mouth when he answered: “Fuck yeah, baby. Be good and show me.”

Tyler smiled smugly and started unbuttoning his shirt. He pushed the material back on each side, revealing his rosy nipples and his well defined pecs. Tyler let his big hands travel up and down his upper body. He caressed himself, rubbing circles against the taut skin of his abs.

Jamie felt his mouth water as he watched Tyler lick his own fingers, pink lips wrapping around the digits. He then moved his fingers down to pinch both of his nipples at the same time. Tyler’s back arched beautifully, and he tilted his head back in pleasure. A long moan escaped his opened lips.

“Fuck,” Tyler gasped. It was crazy how sensitive his nipples were. With only a small touch, every nerve ending in his body would tingle. His cock was pressed painfully against the fabric of his pants.

Without any shame, Tyler moaned and twisted his nipples between his fingers. He rubbed them with his open palms, shivers running up and down his spine as he teased himself. The little nubs were bright red and irritated when Tyler reluctantly stopped playing with them.

“You should see yourself, baby. You’re so damn perfect.” Jamie growled out. His voice was so much deeper in this state of arousal. Jamie wanted to touch himself so badly, but he couldn’t since his hands were securely tied behind his back. His raging hard on wasn’t about to diminish with the show Tyler was giving him.
Tyler quickly popped the button of his pants open and shoved his hand inside just to take his cock out. Jamie moaned at the sight of Tyler’s dick jutting obscenely out of his pants. It was long and stiff in Tyler’s huge hand. He could see the veins on his cock and on his lower stomach. It was all so maddening; Jamie wanted to lick the pulsing veins and make Tyler cry out with how good it would feel.

“Oh, *fuck me*, Jamie!” Tyler choked out as he gave his cock a tentative stroke. He raked a hand through his pale brown curls and tugged a little on his hair as a hot bolt of want traveled straight to his stomach.

“*Tyler*,” Jamie groaned. “Untie me, and I’ll bend you over that table and fuck you so hard you won’t remember your own name.” The thought was almost too much for Jamie. He wanted it so badly. He felt almost violent as he watched Tyler pleasure himself.

It was absolutely sinful. Tyler was jacking himself off in eager little strokes and moaning low in his throat. The long column of his neck was bared as he tossed his head to the side. Tyler opened his blown out eyes and watched as Jamie gritted his teeth. He wanted to touch Tyler’s gorgeous skin so badly, but he could do no such thing.

The cowboy was burning from the inside out. There was a tortured look on his face, his large eyes pleading, and his ruby lips gorged with arousal. He was restrained in the most painful of ways, unable to touch himself or Tyler.

“In case you haven’t noticed, you’re not the one in control, here,” Tyler hummed, his blush deepening and spreading down his neck. Precum was beading at the tip of his cock, and he had to stop himself or else he was going to splatter all over his hand.

Jamie wriggled in the chair, testing if the knots would give way. He was incredibly turned on by Tyler’s confidence; it made his cock ache. “When I get my hands on you,” Jamie warned in a hoarse voice.

Tyler let go his cock; it was so fucking hard that it bounced off his abs. He turned around and pushed his pants down just under the curve of his ass. The milky skin was scarred by six red marks. Tyler grabbed a handful of his left ass cheek and asked: “D’you want some, Jamie?”

The cowboy felt his cock *twitch* in his pants, and his heart missed a beat at the sight of Tyler grabbing his own ass. To tease Jamie further, Tyler gave himself a little slap just underneath the round curve of his ass. The flesh bounced lightly in a way that had Jamie’s muscles tense all over.

“*Tyler*. You’re not playing fair.” Jamie growled, a predatory look in his eyes. He wanted to jump on Tyler and spank him all the harder for his naughty behaviour. Jamie’s breath caught in his throat as Tyler lifted his pants back up to hug his ass tightly and then turned around to face him. His cock was still poking out of his unbuttoned pants. The tip was red and sticky with fresh precum.

Tyler walked over to Jamie, never breaking eye contact, and straddled his muscular thighs. He fiercely grabbed Jamie’s suspenders and collided his lips against his in a heated kiss. The chair creaked, but the two men couldn’t care less. The only thing they could think about was their tongues sweeping inside each other’s mouths.

Jamie moaned into the kiss, cock throbbing in need, as Tyler invaded his mouth. They both tasted like whisky, and it was deliriously sensual. He could smell Jamie’s manly odor mixed with the scent of the outdoors. Tyler broke the kiss with a last swipe of his tongue and rested his forehead against Jamie’s.
Tyler gave a slow grind against Jamie’s crotch, his strong thighs contracting and his hips rolling obscenely. Jamie inhaled sharply at the action and felt his eyelids fluttering closed. The pressure on Jamie’s trapped cock was a decadent torture, and he couldn’t see clearly anymore.

With a mischievous glint in his bright brown eyes, Tyler let go of one of Jamie’s suspenders and moved his hand down to cup his massive bulge. Jamie’s dick was so big and hot in Tyler’s wide palm.

“Did I tell you how I loved having your thick cock splitting me open? How I couldn’t stop thinking about it?” Tyler whispered against Jamie’s reddened ear as he gently squeezed his dick.

“Please, Tyler. Untie me.” Jamie begged. He tried breaking free of the ropes, but Tyler threaded his fingers through Jamie’s short strands of hair and tugged hard. It stung, and Jamie groaned in a mix of pain and pleasure. Tyler wasn’t going to let him go anytime soon. A rush of heat coursed through the cowboy’s body, making him sweat.

“In your dreams, Jamie Benn. You aren’t going anywhere.” Tyler purred in Jamie’s ear before grinding his hips down. The taller man couldn’t suppress the moan that escaped his lips. If Tyler continued teasing him like this, he was going to cum in his pants like a teenager.

“Can’t you see what you’re doing to me?” Jamie said in an almost pained voice. Tyler simply smirked down at him and licked the shell of Jamie’s ear before moving away entirely. Jamie watched with a confused expression on his face as Tyler lifted his pants’ leg and took out a glass bottle of oil from his boot.

Tyler walked back to the table; he leaned against it and pushed his pants down his long legs to bunch at the knees. He shot Jamie a seductive look over his shoulder and said, “Now, watch while I finger myself open for your fat cock.”

Jamie’s breath caught in his throat, and his heart hammered in his chest. He was so fucking hard in his pants that it was hurting him. Tyler poured a generous amount of oil on his thick fingers and widened his stance. He pushed his ass out for Jamie to get the most obscene of views, his balls on full display between his outstretched legs.

Tyler positioned his glistening finger between his round ass cheeks and pushed it inside. His back arched, and he moaned as he felt his finger entering him. He felt absolutely filthy like this in front of Jamie. Tyler’s ears were bright red because he could feel Jamie’s eyes on him and he could hear his sharp intakes of breath.

“Fuck, Tyler. You’re killing me,” Jamie gasped. He tried to break free from his restraints again, his desire mounting with every broken moan that escaped Tyler’s lips as he pumped his finger inside his ass. His creamy, smooth skin seemed golden in the glow of the oil lamp, and Jamie just wanted to get his hands all over it.

“Do you want to fuck me hard and fast, Jamie?” Tyler asked in his deep, rumbling voice. He groaned as he added another finger and tried to scissor them inside his hole. Tyler had never done this before, and he felt more in pain than in pleasure.

“Oh, yes, babe. Hard and fast and deep. I’ll make you feel so good that you’ll cry,” Jamie promised, the dirty words absolutely sinful in his sweet drawl. “Untie me, please.”

Tyler withdrew his fingers from the tight heat of his ass and let out a long breath he hadn’t known he had been holding. He turned around to face Jamie, his cheeks pink with exertion. He looked positively debauched, his curls a mess on his head and his lips bitten red. His cock was pointing at
Jamie, so fucking hard as it was.

“C’mere, Ty. I know what you need.” Jamie soothed, and that was all it took for Tyler to walk up to him and untie the knots. The second Jamie was free, he took hold of Tyler’s narrow waist and pushed him over to the table. Jamie was big and all encompassing against Tyler. He had a look of pure lust on his face as he turned his lover around with a firm grip on his hips.

Tyler was facing away from Jamie, his hands flat on the table and holding himself up. He heard Jamie moan lowly as he finally took his cock out of its confines. The tall cowboy grabbed the oil on the table, and his breath stuttered when he coated himself with it. He was quick about it and moved forward to press his big dick against Tyler’s crack.

Tyler cried out in relief, his skin feeling too tight and his cock throbbing insistently. Jamie pushed his hips upward, letting Tyler feel his impressive length, and gave a swift slap to the round ass that had been teasing him. Jamie watched the pale flesh of Tyler’s ass shake slightly with the impact. This produced a surprised little “ah” from Tyler.

“You’ve been such a bad boy, Tyler. I’ll punish you for being such a teasing bastard,” Jamie practically growled as he took hold of his cock and positioned the wide head at Tyler’s entrance. With both of his large hands, Jamie spread open the obstructing mounds of flesh to have a look at Tyler’s small, pink hole.

“Jamie. Take me hard; I’m such a slut for it.” Tyler wriggled his ass back and tried to impale himself on Jamie’s stiff cock. But Jamie held him in place with his strong hands and had no intention of fucking Tyler if he was unprepared. Jamie poured almost all the remaining oil on his fingers and pushed his thick index inside Tyler without any warning.

Tyler was delirious with lust and tried to control the whimper that threatened to escape his opened lips. As Jamie’s finger breached him, Tyler’s whole body felt as if it was on fire. The cowboy fucked his index finger a few times inside the tight heat but soon added a second finger. Then, he went as far as pushing a third one in and crooked them all inside Tyler’s small, pink hole.

“Please, Jamie, please.” Tyler begged, clenching around Jamie’s wide fingers. The pads of Jamie’s fingers pressed against his prostate which caused Tyler’s strong arms to give way. His cock blurted precum as the pressure on his prostate increased in an almost punishing way.

“You’re so tight, babe. I’ll make you cum on my cock like the slutty boy you are,” Jamie vowed, withdrawing his fingers with a sucking sound. Tyler’s little hole was gaping and begging to be fucked. Jamie’s cock twitched at the sight, and he couldn’t wait any longer; he entered Tyler in a steady and unrelenting thrust. His large, calloused hands held Tyler’s hips so tightly that there would certainly be marks.

Tyler’s jaw was slack with shock, his eyebrows coming together, and his eyes screwing shut. Jamie’s dick felt endless, and the stretch was so intense that Tyler didn’t know what to do with himself. This new position had Jamie’s cock pressing right against his prostate. Tyler’s body trembled in need, and goosebumps broke out on his skin.

“Fuck yeah,” Jamie simply choked out. He watched his cock slowly penetrating Tyler’s perfect ass. “You’ll take every single inch of it, baby boy.” Jamie noticed how Tyler clenched impossibly tightly around him at his dirty words. Jamie pushed his cock all the way inside Tyler, the muscles of his ass contracting and his hips working forward.

“Oh, Jamie,” Tyler whimpered. “I’m so close, fuck.” His cock felt as if it was about to burst. Tyler wanted to come on Jamie’s cock without touching himself. A harsh slap came down on his ass,
leaving a pink mark. Tyler let out a little cry of surprise, his body tensing.

“You’ll cum untouched like a good boy, isn’t that right?” Jamie asked in a hoarse voice. He was so deep inside of Tyler that his lower stomach was resting against his lover’s ass. Jamie was still wearing his clothes; only his cock was jutting out of his pants. He trailed a hand underneath Tyler’s shirt and waistcoat and raked his fingers down his spine.

“Oh, yeah,” Tyler sobbed, his back arching under Jamie’s fingers. His ass was sticking out in a wanton way, and the next thing Tyler felt was another slap that had him rocking forward. His cock bobbed against his abs and left a mess on precum on his skin.

Jamie withdrew half of his cock from Tyler’s ass before slamming back in, his heavy balls hitting the back of Tyler’s thighs. The action had Tyler shaking uncontrollably and Jamie felt the need to comfort his man. His big hand moved over the hot skin of Tyler’s ass and rubbed the sting of the slap away. Jamie then draped himself over Tyler’s back and hooked his arm around his midsection to hold him close.

“You’re doing so good, Tyler,” Jamie whispered right against his lover’s ear. “You’re all mine.” Jamie brought himself back upright with Tyler against him. Tyler’s back was arched decadently, his ass pushed out against Jamie and his head resting on the big man’s shoulder.

Jamie captured Tyler’s lips in a sloppy kiss, and they licked inside each other’s mouths lazily. Jamie looked into Tyler’s blown out eyes and God, did he love him at this very moment. There were tears of pleasure at the corners of his brown eyes. He was so perfect, like a prince sent from the world of Jamie’s fantasies. Jamie kissed Tyler’s temple and buried his nose in his soft, short curls.

“Yeah, Jamie. You feel so good in me.” Tyler said in a low voice. He was so close to orgasm; he just needed Jamie to fuck him harder. “Give it to me hard, baby.”

This was all it took for Jamie. He snapped his hips in and out of Tyler’s ass, filling him up so good. In a frenzy, he gave it to Tyler hard and fast without any interruption. His dick was hitting Tyler’s sweet spot full on every single time. Jamie’s muscular arm tightened around Tyler’s midsection as he rammed his cock inside his sweet ass. Jamie panted roughly, his pulse hammering.

The room was filled with the sounds of skin slapping skin and harsh moans. It smelled like sex and sweat all around them. Soon enough, Tyler couldn’t take the assault on his prostate anymore and came so hard he saw stars. He clenched mercilessly tight around Jamie. Tyler sobbed weakly as he felt rope after rope of cum spurt out of his slit. The table before him was obscenely streaked with the white fluid.

Jamie withdrew his cock entirely from Tyler’s hole, the little muscle holding on tightly, and took himself in hand. Jamie’s eyes were fixed on the red marks left by Giroux on Tyler’s ass. He jacked himself off in short strokes and aimed for the scarred skin. There was a fire burning in Jamie’s large eyes: he had every intention of leaving his own mark on Tyler.

“That ass is mine and nobody else’s,” he growled, pushing Tyler forward with a hand in the middle of his shoulder blades. Jamie tugged on his fat cock a few more times before shooting his load all over Tyler’s plump ass. The white cum coated the sensitive marks and the reddened skin, making Tyler moan so low Jamie could barely hear him.

Jamie was panting harshly, his chest heaving up and down. He raked a hand through his dark mane and watched in awe as his sperm slowly made its way down the curve of Tyler’s ass. The cowboy’s cock was soft, but he could still feel heat twisting inside his stomach. Tyler’s arms had given way, the side of his face pressed right against the wood. He was limp and relaxed, unable to move.
Jamie moved to the side to look at Tyler’s peaceful face. His lips were a little pouty, in that endearing way Jamie was so fond of. The cowboy rested his hand against Tyler’s neck and massaged it comfortingly. Beneath his palm, the skin was burning hot. Tyler opened his heavy lidded eyes, a wistful smile on his lips, and purred contently.

“Thank you, Jamie. That’s all I wanted and needed.” Tyler said in a raw voice.

Jamie huffed at this remark: “I’m the one who should thank you, babe. I hope I didn’t hurt you, I wasn’t quite myself.”

“Of course not!” Tyler replied before lifting his pants back up, Jamie’s cum making the fabric stick against his ass. He was his playful, energetic self again as he threw himself in Jamie’s strong arms and kissed him. They both laughed into the kiss, their soft dicks still awkwardly out of their pants.

“I’m more the one to blame for hurting you. Tying you up wasn’t fair, I must admit… But you should have seen yourself.” Tyler added with a naughty smirk on his lips. He pecked Jamie on the nose and chuckled as he noticed a blush spreading on the cowboy’s cheeks.

“You’ll never stop teasing me, will you?” Jamie laughed, holding Tyler tightly against him. “I don’t know where I’ll find some water to clean us up…” Jamie continued with a suspicious tone in his voice.

“There’s a river not far from here, buddy.” Tyler winked, dimples in his cheeks as he smiled. “The inside of my pants is all sticky.”

“Should I apologize?” Jamie teased, his tongue at the corner of his mouth. He couldn’t resist the urge to grab a handful of Tyler’s ass and squeeze.

“Ah! Yeah, you should.” Tyler replied a little out of breath. His hands buried themselves in Jamie’s shirt collar and tugged.

“Let me make it up to you then.” Jamie said, capturing Tyler’s lips in another sloppy kiss. They were both exhausted and too lazy to kiss properly.

“It’s going to be dark out there, and cold as fuck.” Tyler reminded Jamie. He buried his nose in Jamie’s neck and breathed him in.

“Let’s bring Jordie and Daddy along,” Jamie smirked. His hands moved over Tyler’s broad back and took hold of his shoulders.

Tyler knew where this was going, and he couldn’t help but laugh and shake his head in enthusiasm. “We should throw them in the river and see if they sober up,” he said with bright eyes, “I’ve heard plenty of stories that it actually works.”

“Yeah, I’m curious about that too. How about we drag their asses out of here and see for ourselves?” Jamie smiled. He was not the kind of guy to turn down a good prank.

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Sir Phaneuf was wearing a long coat, made out entirely of leather, and a dark hat on his head. He was smoking a cigar, and the room around him was filled with thick smoke. The men around him were drinking and playing cards, laughing and shouting all the while. To Phaneuf’s ultimate surprise, Stamkos had joined the meeting. He wasn’t as outrageous in his choice of clothing this time, knowing full well that he was mixing with cowboys and ruffians.
Steven Stamkos was dressed in a dark gray jacket, waistcoat and pants. He had a bowler hat on his head, and Phaneuf noticed with regret that Stamkos had cut his blond hair. He had even shaved the back of his head. Phaneuf wished he could see what Stamkos’ new haircut looked like without the hat obstructing the view. The businessman took a drag of his cigar and tried not to dwell too much on his attraction for Stamkos.

The other men present at the meeting included the fat Phil Kessel, absorbed in the card game, Brent Burns, Joe Thornton, Patrick Eaves, Stephen Johns, and Brian Boyle -- all men who wouldn’t hesitate a second to beat up, use violence against, and kill anyone they were ordered to. Phaneuf smiled as he watched them all. He had learned of Giroux, Backes, and Couture’s deaths, but he couldn’t care less. There were seven men present this evening that would replace the three unfortunates without any problem.

Phaneuf caught Stamkos looking at him. There was something in his eyes that he couldn’t quite put his finger on. Steven Stamkos. True sin in the form of an irresistible, blond and blue-eyed man. Cruel and calculating with an undeniable loyalty to him. Phaneuf knew that he could practically ask anything of Stamkos and he would do it without any hesitation. This also came into play where Phaneuf’s sexual tastes were concerned.

Steven could sense Phaneuf’s eye on him the whole evening. The whip marks on his ass were still very painful, and every time he moved in his chair, he would feel the sting. Steven wasn’t playing the card game, and he contented himself to watch instead. Brent Burns caught his attention. A beast of a man he was, there was no denying it. With his shaggy beard and hair, the very primitive and wild features of his face, and his tooth missing grin, he looked almost more beast than man. He was a happy man, constantly smiling even though he had dirtied his hands more often than not.

Joe Thornton, on the other hand, never smiled. He looked quite dead, when Steven thought about it. The hollows around his eyes and the many scars and wrinkles of his face made him look older than he truly was. Thornton was Phaneuf’s most trusted advisor, but also his hangman. He was the one in charge of executing opponents and undesirable individuals. Steven didn’t like the man and was jealous of his proximity with Phaneuf. Thornton was valued for his effectiveness and was far from the plaything Steven was for Phaneuf.

The game of cards went on for a while until Phaneuf decided to speak up and explain why he had summoned them all to the backstore of the saloon. Phaneuf was well respected among the ruffians due to the fact that he wasn’t afraid to get his hands dirty like the rest of them.

“As you all must know, I have gathered you for a very important reason,” Phaneuf started, bringing his cigar to his lips and taking a drag. “A newcomer from Toronto, Tyler Seguin, has been quite a problem for my enterprise.”

Brent Burns chuckled and crossed his huge arms around his chest. The thought of violence amused him, and he couldn’t wait to hear what else Phaneuf had to say about Seguin.

“Giroux, Backes, and Couture were sent to put Seguin back in his place, but it seems the bastard got the best of them,” Phaneuf continued. “Couture had his throat torn open, and Backes was shot in the throat by Seguin’s mysterious saviors.”

Steven smirked. He knew who Seguin’s “mysterious saviors” were but he didn’t want to interrupt Phaneuf while he was talking.

“As for Giroux, he was found dead this very morning, the crows picking at his body in the middle of Main Street.” Phaneuf continued and added with a small laugh, “Thankfully, a fat woman from the whorehouse told Sheriff Ruff of the events she had witnessed with her own eyes.”
The men around the table laughed at the mention of the fat woman. They all knew who it was; Patrick Eaves chipped in: “It must’ve been Aimee, boss. The whore’s always sticking her nose in everyone else’s business.”

Phaneuf ignored the detail and continued: “It has been observed that Jamie Benn is the one responsible for Giroux’s death. You naturally all remember good Jamie Benn.”

The men huffed their approval. Who didn’t know Jamie Benn? The cowboy was known by all around the town as a righteous fellow with a need to see justice done. He would never hesitate to defend people who had been wronged, and he would seek to help them as best as he could. His father had worked for Phaneuf’s company as a miner, and there had been trouble with the Benn family ever since.

“I have also been informed that Seguin lives on Benn’s ranch,” Phaneuf added with a look Thornton’s way.

“We should pay them a visit then!” Boyle hollered, standing up and almost spilling his mug of beer on a snorting Kessel, clearly insulted by his eagerness. The other men seemed to like Boyle’s proposition and offered their approval by standing up and hollering. Stamkos stood up but remained silent.

“Before we pay a visit to Seguin and Benn, there is still a matter that must be resolved…” Phaneuf continued in a dead serious tone that silenced everyone. “The expedition organized by you, Kessel, has turned out quite disastrous.”

Phaneuf was referring to the expedition down the river to the north at Tranquille Creek. A cave suspected to hold gold had been dynamited, and the roof had crumbled on the twenty miners present there. The miners had been killed, and the financial loss had been important. Compensations would have to be given to the families of the victims, and the cave, rumoured to be full of gold, was no longer accessible. The man in charge of managing the expedition was in deep trouble.

Phil Kessel was standing opposite Stamkos, and only Thornton separated him from Phaneuf’s wrath. Kessel began to sweat uncontrollably and felt his face heating up in embarrassment. He twisted the bottom of his dark green waistcoat in his slippery hands. He tried not to look at Phaneuf’s penetrating gaze, but his right eye kept twitching. This small movement reflected the great nervousness that was taking hold of his senses. He could barely swallow past the lump in his throat.

“Uh, I-I don’t…” Kessel stammered, his pudgy face bright red. He had no idea what to say. He knew that denying the event would only result in angering Phaneuf more. Yet, if he confessed his wrong, he might condemn himself.

“Speak up, Kessel,” Phaneuf said in a very cold voice devoid of any feelings. “I can’t hear your stammering.” The businessman was greatly annoyed with Kessel and only wished he would disappear entirely from his sight… And life, come to think about it. Such a failure.

Kessel was on the verge of crying. He felt hysterical and didn’t know what do with himself. He wasn’t clever enough to get out of this situation without perilous consequences. Kessel saw Stamkos’ smirk and had a sense that he was behind all this. Hysteria mixed with anger in Kessel’s brain, and he suddenly pointed a shaking finger in Stamkos’ direction and yelled, spittle flying out of his mouth: “He is behind this! It’s all his fault!”

Stamkos’ hand went to the pocket of his jacket. He had a Colt Walker in there, and he was only waiting for the perfect opportunity to prove his loyalty and competence.
“How is it my fault?” Stamkos asked, trying to sound nonchalant. “I’m to blame for your incompetence?”

Kessel had no idea how to defend his point. He wanted to run away, but he knew it would be no easy task with the seven hostile men surrounding him. He was doomed, and the most horrible aspect of it was that he couldn’t save himself in any way. He was powerless.

“Because! You’ve always wanted me dead, you sneaky bastard! I’ve seen you with Sir…” Kessel’s minimal degree of sense stopped him from finishing his sentence. This was the worst thing he could have ever said. Kessel turned Phaneuf’s way and saw a murderous fire in his eye. “Oh, please, I-I didn’t mean it. It’s not true, I didn’t…” Kessel stammered frantically, eyes moist.

Kessel was about to get down on his knees, pleading for his life with his hands clasped in front of him when a gunshot was fired. All turned black for Phil Kessel, his face briefly contorting in pain and then nothing… Nothing at all.

Thornton moved away from Kessel’s lifeless, falling body. The side of Kessel’s head had been blown right off, a mixture of blood, bone, and gray matter splattered on the opposite wooden wall. The men, all having seen death more than once, were surprised by the turn of events.

On the other side of the table stood Steven Stamkos with his gun pointed right in Kessel’s direction and smoke coming out of the muzzle. Phaneuf looked at Stamkos and felt a thrill at the sight of him. He knew at this very moment that he could trust Stamkos with everything.
You and Me

Chapter Summary

Jamie’s face was filled with worry when he saw blood on Tyler’s handsome face. The cowboy’s big hand gently cupped Tyler’s chin and tilted his head back to look at him better. There was only a cut on Tyler’s brow and down on his full bottom lip. Jamie’s heart was filled with pride when he looked into Tyler’s bright eyes. Jamie pulled Tyler against him and hugged him tightly.

Chapter Notes

Revised and betaed by Leyna (leyley09).

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jamie and Tyler were sitting on a flat rock, overlooking the valley and the millions of trees covering the mountains. The sky was jumbled with clouds, and some seemed as if they might be carrying rain. There was a calm serenity to the cloudy sky and the remoteness of the area. The sound of cracking branches and the occasional cry of a small bird could be heard. The smell of decomposing leaves, so typical of the woods in autumn, was thick around them.

Tyler moved onto his knees at Jamie’s left, holding a razor in his hand. “You’ll look so hot with the side of your head shaved,” Tyler said as he poured a generous amount of shaving cream in his large hand and applied it to the side of Jamie’s head.

“I’m sure you’ll do a good job,” Jamie said. He moved his head to the side to look at Tyler, but was turned away by Tyler’s hand on his jaw.

“Straight in front, Jamie... If you don’t want me to mess up,” Tyler laughed, holding Jamie’s stubbled chin. “But I won’t shave your stubble, you look too irresistible with it.”

Jamie felt his cheeks heat up at the praise Tyler was giving him. Sometimes, he couldn't believe how lucky he was to have Tyler all for himself. Tyler was so good for him.

“Tyler, you’re too kind to me,” Jamie replied humbly. He wanted to look at Tyler but his hand was holding his jaw firmly. Jamie’s features had sharpened over the years, but he still was a little soft under the chin.

“I’m just telling you the truth,” Tyler said in a serious tone. “You’re so perfect, Jamie. You’re everything I ever dreamed of.” Tyler had leaned closer to Jamie, his voice a rumble next to his ear. “You’re big and strong, and you’ve got the most gorgeous face I’ve ever seen.”

Jamie didn’t know what to say. His breath caught in his throat. Jamie had been complimented more than once, but somehow being praised by Tyler felt so much different. It sent thrills through his body. He felt empowered by Tyler’s attraction to him.
“Thank you, babe,” Jamie replied in a low voice, turning his head and capturing Tyler’s lips in a slow kiss. The air around them was cold, and the temperature was almost below freezing, but suddenly it felt hot like a furnace. Jamie’s tongue tangled with Tyler’s in his mouth, saliva collecting on their chins with the pure decadence of the kiss.

Tyler had grown quite a nice beard through the weeks he had been out west. It gave him a charming and masculine look, messing up his fine gentleman image. His beard was tickling and scraping against Jamie’s chin, reminding him full well that he was kissing a real man.

Jamie tugged on Tyler’s plush bottom lip, nibbling on it and making Tyler groan. He wanted to possess Tyler: show him how much he desired him and appreciated his words. The cowboy broke the kiss to whisper in Tyler’s ear: “I love you so much.”

The younger man felt himself melt - his whole body felt limp as a wave of heat traveled through him. He was still holding the razor in his big hand, but almost dropped it as tremors threatened to overwhelm him. Jamie’s warm hand took hold on Tyler’s wrist and steadied him by rubbing soothing circles with his thumb against the tender flesh.

“God, Jamie. Me too.” Tyler nearly moaned. He felt his over eager dick already start to stir in his pants, but he willed his body to suppress it. The obscene kiss reminded him of what had transpired between him and Jamie the night before. How he had cried in exquisite pleasure as Jamie had given it to him so good and hard.

Tyler could see lust burning in Jamie’s brown eyes and had to turn the taller man’s head back to look in front with a strong grip on his chin. “Now, stop moving or else I’ll cut you.” He warned with a small smile and a chuckle.

Tyler felt ecstatic. His heart was about to soar out of his chest. He dipped the razor in the small, wooden bucket and then went to work on Jamie’s hair. His tongue was sticking discretely out of the corner of his mouth in concentration. With great dexterity and precision, Tyler worked the razor from bottom to top against Jamie’s short hair.

After a few minutes, when Tyler was done, he dipped the cloth in the bucket of water to wash off the cream. Gently, Tyler turned Jamie’s head to his side to admire how desirable he looked with the new haircut. Tyler raked a hand through Jamie’s raven hair to muss up the strands.

Jamie’s red lips were slightly opened, his eyes smouldering, and a few strands of hair had fallen over his forehead. Tyler couldn’t resist: he kissed Jamie passionately, tongue sweeping inside his mouth. One of Tyler’s hands went to touch the incredibly soft shaved side of Jamie’s head.

“Perfect.” Tyler breathed out against Jamie’s lips when they broke the kiss, resting their foreheads against each other.

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Tyler and Jamie walked back to Daddy’s cabin laughing and playfully shoving at each other. They were both talking about what happened last night when they had pushed Jordie and Daddy in the cold water of the river.

“Daddy’s face! I’ll never forget it. His eyes basically popped out of their sockets,” Jamie said with a hearty laugh. What a sight it had been! Daddy had been gasping and struggling to lift himself on his feet, his beaver pelt heavy with water.

“I told you they would sober up real quick! Poor Jordie, his face was dead white. I think he was
never that scared in his entire life.” Tyler added, smiling and shaking his head.

They continued on joking until they arrived at the cabin where Jordie and Daddy were both sitting on wooden chairs by the door and smoking pipes. Jamie and Tyler were loud, and the way they kept touching each other made Daddy huff.

“Seems to me like your brother has found a true friend in Tyler. Or maybe more,” Daddy smirked. His little innuendo resulted in Jordie elbowing him in the ribs. “Ow, you fucker!”

Jordie grunted and ignored Daddy’s whining. He brought the pipe to his lips and took a drag. The closer Tyler and Jamie got, the more Jordie could make out their giggling faces. Jamie’s new haircut made Jordie smile.

“Hey, Chubs! Looking good.” Jordie hollered. He stood up and walked up to his brother.

Jamie smiled and patted Jordie on the back. The men had decided, before they arrived at Daddy’s cabin, that they would tell him the truth behind their visit. Things had spiralled down pretty quickly last night, and the fact that Daddy had been hammered hadn’t facilitated discussion. It was now time to tell Daddy about the mess they were in.

Tyler decided to speak up, since he felt responsible for the Benn brothers leaving the ranch. Daddy didn’t seem too hungover, apart from the lazy glint in his blue-green eyes and the bags under them. He was very serious as he listened to Tyler’s tale and felt personally connected to it since he had been also attacked previously.

The big man who had been killed by Tyler’s Russian allies seemed to correspond perfectly with Daddy’s recollection of the man who had tried stabbing him with a knife. When Tyler was done talking, Daddy concluded that they should get the guns out and be ready to face the enemy that would most certainly come after them.

“We must ambush them at the pass,” Daddy said. “They’ll bring fire with them, and they’ll be happy to roast us alive if we try defending the cabin.”

“You know the area,” Jamie replied. “We’ll be ready to fight them anytime.”

“Let’s get ready for some ass kicking then!” Jordie exclaimed and the men laughed, all moving towards the front door. It was time to get their traps set for the incoming enemy.

Tyler looked Jamie’s way and the confident set of his face bolstered his spirits. He knew how to shoot a gun; Jamie had taught him, and he was quite adept at it. They were all in this together, and they would fight for their lives and honor to the end.

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“I don’t like the look of this,” Sidney told Geno, at his side. They were both looking through a small window overlooking Phaneuf’s club.

A group of men, all clad in dark clothes, were mounting their horses and getting ready to ride out of town. Phaneuf was among the men and barking out orders. He was dressed in a long, black leather coat, and was no doubt heavily armed. Tree of the men had shotguns slung over their backs.

“See, even Stamkos with them.” Geno told Sidney. They both knew full well that Stamkos had come to Sidney’s shop more than once looking for information about Tyler. The young man’s recent attack also suggested that they were not done with him and were about to pay him a visit.
“I have a feeling they left the ranch,” Sidney thought aloud. “Jamie would never risk staying after what happened to Tyler.”

“Yes, but where they go?” Geno asked. He raked a huge hand through his dark curls and tried to think of a place the Benn brothers and Tyler could have gone. “Maybe go in forest?”

Sidney’s face brightened up at Geno’s comment. He turned to Geno’s side and extended his arm to pat him on the back. “Did anybody ever tell you that you’re a genius?”

Geno gave that big, hearty chuckle of his at Sidney’s compliment. At this moment, Alexander Ovechkin, walked into the room and couldn't help teasing Geno in their native language.

“Sid is too blinded by love that he can’t see you’re not even smarter than a bear.” Ovie joked with a big laugh so typical of a Russian man.

Ovie had been looking at the gathering of Phaneuf’s gang from another angle, in the back of the store. He had a direct view to the side rather than the front and told his two friends that he had counted a total of seven men.

Sidney was deep in thought. He remembered the ties of friendship that united Jordie Benn to Jason Demers, aka Daddy, the French Canadian fur trapper. Daddy had occasionally sold some of his furs to Sidney since the tailor sometimes made fancy coats out of the pelts.

Geno’s intuition that the Benns and Tyler could have gone into hiding in the forest made perfect sense; they even had a place to stay. Daddy’s cabin must be located somewhere in the vast wilderness. It would be impossible to find the cabin without the help of someone who actually knew where it was.

“We have to warn Jamie, Tyler, and Jordie of this,” Sidney declared, indicating Phaneuf’s group with a wave of his hand. “I’m pretty sure they went for Daddy’s cabin. But the main problem is that I don’t know where it is.”

“I’m think I know guy who’s friend with fur trapper,” Geno said unexpectedly. “Skinny banker guy.”

Sidney knew full well who Geno was talking about. The man was French Canadian and was a fellow with very expensive taste. He was a regular costumer of Sidney’s, and he was always very generous in his payments, often giving extra money as a way of thanking the tailor for his hard work.

“Ah, yes - Mr. Fleury!” Sidney exclaimed, smiling at Geno with a faint blush on his cheeks. “We should go see him right away and tell him about our plan.”

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It started to rain when Phaneuf and his gang of ruffians arrived at the Benn ranch. The place was obviously deserted. Only the cows were still there, left to roam around the property and feeding peacefully even in the cold rain. The Benn brothers hadn’t had the time to sell their livestock and probably hoped the cows would still be around when they came back.

Phaneuf smiled cruelly. He had every intention of destroying that hope. Sitting atop his black stallion, he turned around to look at his men. They were all waiting for an order to search the place and vandalize it.

“Kill every single cow you see and blow up the goddamn place,” Phaneuf pronounced, cold hatred in his eye.
Boyle dismounted his horse and searched in his pack for the dynamite. The other men, except for Stamkos who stayed by Phaneuf’s side, took out their guns and rode off to kill the cows.

“You’ve impressed me, Stamkos,” Phaneuf said in a low voice, only for Steven’s ears. “I think it might be time for you to get your reward.”

Stamkos felt his face heat up in embarrassment. He was without words, and he hoped his black cowboy hat was covering his stunned expression. Stamkos was still very much hurt by what had happened between him and Phaneuf. To his great shame, he discovered that he still wanted Phaneuf.

A resounding gunshot and the mooing of a dying cow shook Stamkos back to reality. Boyle and Johns walked up to the front porch of the house, both carrying axes to hack down the door. Boyle also brought a bag full of explosive with him. He was the master of dynamite, and he knew exactly where to position it to blow the whole house up.

“Your reward can be anything, really,” Phaneuf drawled out, his eye dark with filthy ideas. “I can even eat out your pretty ass, if you want.”

Stamkos felt faint. His heartbeat picked up speed, and he willed his cock not to get hard. He was angry with the way his body was reacting to Phaneuf’s promises.

“I would stuff your mouth with my cock when I’m done getting you all wet and tender.” Phaneuf said deeply. He pictured Stamkos’ thin lips stretched around his dick, and how delicious he would look with his blue eyes pleading while he took it all in.

“Please, Sir. I just… I don’t deserve any of this.” Stamkos replied, his face bright pink. He wanted to tell Phaneuf to stop talking so dirty to him with all the other men around.

“But wouldn’t you like it? Being greedy like you are, you wouldn’t be able to say no.” Phaneuf continued while watching Stamkos’ tense body. He was so desperately trying not to react to his words. Instead of giving in to Phaneuf, Stamkos did something quite unexpected: he took his gun out and spurred his horse in the direction where the other men were shooting the cows.

Phaneuf was boiling with a mix of rage and lust. This type of defiance only made him more hungry for sex. He wanted to take Stamkos by force, tie him up and fuck him even if he didn’t want it. Phaneuf watched Stamkos riding away and thought about Tyler Seguin, the other man he wanted to get his hands on.

Phaneuf dismounted his horse and grabbed the ax he had tied on the animal’s flank. Hacking down the door and destroying the Benn family’s home would make him feel better. He would channel his anger into causing destruction. Gunshot after gunshot could be heard in the valley over the sound of the pouring rain. The once peaceful place would be annihilated out of pure hatred.

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The meeting with M. Fleury had been quite successful. It hadn’t taken much to convince him to aid his fellow French Canadian friend. He was now riding alongside Sidney and the two Russians in the direction of the Benn ranch.

The sight that greeted the group when they arrived was one of pure carnage. The carcasses of almost fifty cows were lying dead on the muddy ground, drenched in water and blood. M. Fleury brought a handkerchief to his mouth and nose, the odor of coagulating blood turning his stomach.

What was even worse was the smoking remains of the Benn ranch. Dynamite had been used with impunity to completely destroy the structure. Parts of the house had been blown off to various areas
of the valley. It was truly a terrible sight. Sidney was angered by such unnecessary savagery.

The men didn’t stay long at the destroyed place. There was no purpose in staying there and brooding. They had to act quickly. Judging by the mark of hooves on the ground, Phaneuf’s gang had taken the path straight ahead into the forest and mountains.

Fleury assured the group that he knew a faster way to get to Daddy’s cabin, and he hoped that they would get there in time to lend a hand to their friends. Every second counted, and there was no time to lose; they had to go now.

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“We don’t know for certain how many they will be, but ambushing them at the pass is our best chance of success.” Daddy told Jamie, Tyler and Jordie. They were all sitting around the table and making plans for their attack.

“We have shotguns and rifles to shoot them at long range.” Jamie remarked. It would be easy to hide behind the various boulders that jumbled the narrow passage and shoot at their enemies.

“In case things go badly and we get overrun, we can always use the dynamite I have left.” Daddy added. It seemed the plan was pretty straightforward. “Tyler, you’ll be the one in charge of this, ok?”

Tyler nodded his accord. Since he didn’t know how to shoot with a rifle, he would stay behind and take care of the dynamite. Tyler would still have his Colt on him, and if some men got too close, he would shoot them.

“I want Phaneuf alive,” Jamie said in a voice that left no room for discussion. Jordie huffed his approval.

Following this discussion, they decided they had no time to lose; it was time to camp at the pass for the rest of the day. Jordie and Daddy hid behind boulders at the halfway point of the passage, while Jamie and Tyler stayed closer to the end.

It was excruciatingly boring and uneventful for many hours. Thankfully, the rain had stopped for a while, but the air was still chilly and moist with water. The sky was gray over their heads, and more rain was inevitable.

Tyler was a few feet away from the dynamite and sitting on the rocky ground with his back against a boulder. His thoughts wandered to his family. He had sent the letter when they had traveled to town and killed Giroux. Tyler hoped that he would live long enough to read his mother’s reply.

The young man’s keen ears made out the sound of approaching boots, and he turned his head to the side to watch Jamie coming up to join him.

“Hey,” Jamie said almost shyly. He was wearing his hat and a long grey coat. So simple yet so desirable, Tyler thought. He loved Jamie so damn much: his feelings for him weren’t about to go away anytime soon.

“Hey!” Tyler replied a little too excitedly. “Are you coming to lift my spirits?”

“You bet I am.” Jamie chuckled, a playful glint in his dark brown eyes. He sat down next to Tyler and wrapped a powerful arm around his shoulders. Jamie hugged him close to his side and moved his other hand to grasp Tyler’s.

Tyler’s large hand was warm and reassuring. “What were you thinking about?” Jamie asked, looking
down at Tyler’s handsome face.

Tyler rested his head against Jamie’s broad shoulder, his lips a little pouty, and said in his deep voice: “I was thinking about my mom.”

Jamie smiled, rubbing Tyler’s shoulder where his hand was holding him close. He knew the feeling - he thought about his mother all the time.

“You never told me about your mom, Jamie. Where is she?” Tyler asked. He snuggled closer, burying his nose in Jamie’s coat. The cowboy was so big and warm everywhere their bodies touched.

“In heaven and at peace,” Jamie said in a low voice that Tyler could barely hear. His heart tightened painfully at Jamie’s words.

“I’m so sorry,” Tyler murmured. He couldn't begin to imagine how horrible it would feel to lose his dear mother.

“That’s ok, you didn’t know.” Jamie answered. He let go of Tyler’s hand and cupped his sharp jaw instead, inviting him to look up. Tyler made a little surprised sound when Jamie pressed his lips against his.

The second Jamie’s lips touched Tyler’s, he felt possessed. He couldn’t stop himself, he kissed Tyler’s cute nose, his bearded chin, his cheeks, his forehead… Jamie’s hand traveled down Tyler’s body to cup his rapidly hardening cock, his fingers closing around the bulge.

Tyler shuddered and felt weak, both of his hands grasping Jamie’s coat. “Jamie, please. We can’t do this here.” He gasped. The sudden rush of arousal was making him feel dizzy.

“Fuck it, I want to have you right now,” Jamie growled, already panting with the excitement. He tried to push Tyler against the rock, but was unable to do so. Tyler pushed back against Jamie with all his strength, refusing to let this happen now.

“Not now, Jamie. Later, if we’re still alive,” Tyler said grimly, and this seemed to bring Jamie back to reality. The cowboy stopped trying to manhandle Tyler and swiftly stood up. His lips were slightly open, and there was a hard set to his face. Jamie looked down on Tyler’s kneeling form before walking away.

Tyler watched his broad shouldered frame leave and felt guilty for refusing Jamie’s advances. It was important that they kept focused on the activity happening inside the pass. It was nearly impossible to tell when Phaneuf and his gang would show up.

About thirty minutes after Jamie had left, Tyler heard loud chattering coming up the pass in his direction. He pulled his gun out and readied himself. It wasn’t long before Tyler could make out the group of men approaching, and he let out a relieved sigh when he spotted Sidney Crosby.

Sidney was not alone. Tyler recognized the two Russian men who had helped him battle Giroux and his goons. There was also another man in the group, who was chatting with Daddy in their native language. He wore a fine dark blue and grey plaid long coat. He was quite dashing and his attire couldn’t be less fitting out in the wilderness.

Jordie made a sign for Jamie and Tyler to come and join them. Tyler stood up; his back felt horribly sore, and his knees were hurting. Jamie, who had been crouching behind a boulder not far away from where Tyler was, walked up to him.
Tyler felt Jamie’s hand on the small of his back, but it was only a fleeting gesture. The younger man turned his head to the side to look at Jamie’s determined expression. He passed by Tyler without giving him any further attention and greeted the upcoming group in a very serious tone.

“Have you seen them?” Jamie asked without any preamble. He was tense and eager to be done with this. The anticipation had been crawling under his skin, and that was part of the reason why he had tried to relieve himself with Tyler.

“No, we take special path, but we know they near.” Ovie said in his thick accent. “Need be ready.” All the men nodded, but Daddy had something to add.

“Marc-André and I have decided on a plan. He has consented to being used as bait.” Daddy snickered. It seemed to be a joke between them because M. Fleury just laughed it off. “He’s going to engage in conversation with them to give us the chance to simultaneously shoot on every man except Phaneuf.”

Sidney picked up with the conversation, describing every man he had seen while he was in his shop. “We’ll all have a target and hopefully, if we get the chance to shoot on all of them, it will cause a terrible commotion.”

When every man was assigned a target, they moved to hide behind the various boulders jumbling the pass. Only M. Fleury sat crossed leg, right in the middle of the pass. He made himself appear to be in great anguish, occasionally acting as if he was crying.

About fifteen minutes later, Phaneuf and his gang finally made their appearance. They had dismounted their horses, leaving them at the mouth of the pass; they all held their guns at the ready. They seemed very much on the defensive when they came in the passage. Burns was the one leading the way and when he spotted Fleury he stopped and spoke to Phaneuf right behind him. With caution, they continued advancing until they came within hearing distance of Fleury.

Fleury slowly lifted his head and adjusted his glasses on his narrow nose. A bright smile broke on his face when he spotted Stamkos at the back of the group. “Steven! What are you doing here?”

Stamkos’ shook his head in disbelief. He walked up to the front of the group to get a better look at the man calling out to him. “Fleury. I should be the one asking you what you’re doing here.” Stamkos said in his usual nasally, uninterested voice.

Fleury stood up swiftly, the rocks moving underneath his fancy boots and almost destabilizing him. He laughed a little in embarrassment and straightened himself up. “As you gentlemen can see, I got lost.”

Burns huffed a laugh and took out both of his revolvers. He was a master dual wielder and pulled the trigger on both of the revolvers at the same time, aiming for Fleury’s feet and making him jump in surprise. It seemed as if Fleury was dancing, jumping from one spot to another and almost falling on his ass.

All the men chuckled at Fleury’s helplessness before Phaneuf gave an order to Johns. “Tie him up; we can use him as a hostage. Maybe I can trade him for Seguin.” Johns walked up with a coarse rope in his hands.

Before he could do anything however, his head blew right off his shoulders, his blood splattering Stamkos’ stunned face. Johns’ body fell to the ground, lifeless and completely disfigured. The ensuing chaos was immediate as the men scrambled away from the pass.
Phaneuf was boiling with anger, taking his gun out and walking straight ahead. He was determined to confront the bastard who had dared shoot at them. Phaneuf didn’t hesitate a second to aim for Fleury, but the man was too quick, jumping behind a boulder and scrambling out of view.

Phaneuf’s shot caught the flying back of Fleury’s coat, piercing through the fabric, thankfully not harming him. Fleury fell against Jordie, hiding behind the boulder, but was violently pushed away by the red bearded man.

Stamkos threw himself against Phaneuf in an attempt to drag him out of harm’s way. He tried shielding Phaneuf with his body, protecting him from the bullets. A shot grazed Stamkos’ shoulder, but he barely registered the pain. He was going to sacrifice himself for Phaneuf if that is what needed to be done.

Sidney appeared from behind a boulder and shot a fleeing Eaves’ between the shoulder blades. The man fell to the ground, twisting in pain. Thornton lifted Eaves’ limp body and used him as a human shield, shooting with his revolver at anything that moved.

The shots went on for a while, the Russians popping from behind the rocks, and causing the remaining men to reconsider their attack. When Boyle got shot in the arm and howled in pain, there was a cease fire. A thick smoke hung in the air throughout the pass, mixing with the grey of the sky and the numerous rocks.

Jamie emerged from behind his hiding place and challenged Phaneuf, his rifle at the ready: “How about you face me like a man and stop cowering behind Stamkos?”

Phaneuf viciously pushed Stamkos away, the blond almost falling to the ground. He was wild with rage and pointed his gun in Jamie’s direction.

“Blowing your head off wouldn’t be enough of a satisfaction. I’ll make you watch while I take care of Seguin,” Phaneuf growled out in a voice filled with intense hatred.

As soon as he mentioned Seguin, the young man courageously stood up and shot Phaneuf right in his gun arm. He gasped in pain, grabbing at his bleeding arm, his gun falling to the ground with a clunk. He gave one last venomous glance their way and turned on his heels, covered by Stamkos, Burns and Thornton shooting at the men who were now standing up behind their hiding spots.

They were overrun, and they had to leave before they all got killed. Boyle was lifted up from the ground by the strong Burns and slung over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. The shots kept flying, and while Daddy was reloading his shotgun, he was hit in the shoulder by a bullet fired by Burns.

Soon enough, their assailants were gone, and this gave the men their chance to run back to the cabin. Jordie carried an injured and howling Daddy on his back while he made his retreat. When all the men had exited the pass, Tyler lit a match and applied it to the long fuse of the dynamite.

Tyler ran to safety, and just as he was out of the pass, the dynamite went off, blowing off an entire wall of the pass and crumbling on top of it. Tyler was thrown to ground face first with the impact of the detonation, but wasn’t truly hurt - just a little shaken. Jamie rushed to him, helping him back on his feet with muscular arms looping under Tyler’s arms.

Jamie’s face was filled with worry when he saw blood on Tyler’s handsome face. The cowboy’s big hand gently cupped Tyler’s chin and tilted his head back to look at him better. There was only a cut on Tyler’s brow and down on his full bottom lip. Jamie’s heart was filled with pride when he looked into Tyler’s bright eyes. Jamie pulled Tyler against him and hugged him tightly.
In the background, the walls of the pass had completely crumbled against one another. A few bushes and isolated trees were burning, lifting their orange flames to lick at the gray sky.

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Later that night

Jamie and Tyler were lying in bed, basking in the feeling of being together. Daddy had stopped yelling for a while now, and almost all the men had found a small spot in the cabin to sleep. They would take turns as lookouts in case Phaneuf and the remainder of his gang decided to attack them again.

Ovie had taken out the bullet from Daddy’s shoulder and had cauterized the wound with a red hot metal rod. Poor Daddy had lost consciousness and hadn’t made a sound since. Ovie was watching over him while Geno was out acting as a sentry.

Jamie looked down at Tyler’s head, resting against his chest. They were both completely naked under the sheets, and Jamie could feel how warm every part of Tyler’s body felt against his skin. He was in awe of how Tyler had been perfectly efficient with the whole business.

Without saying anything, Jamie moved away from Tyler, gently inviting him to lift his head. Tyler lifted himself on his elbows and watched Jamie standing up. The younger man felt a thrill travel down his spine when he took in the sight of Jamie’s naked body. He was so strong and wide in the shoulders. His long legs, powerful thighs and half hard cock had Tyler’s mouth watering. Jamie’s skin was so pale and enticing, only slightly rosy where his blush spread down his neck.

“What are you...?” Tyler asked, but was cut short when Jamie yanked the bed sheets almost violently away to reveal his nudity. Tyler gasped and tried to cover himself out of modesty, but Jamie would have none of it. He grabbed both of Tyler’s ankles, and dragged him down the bed.

“I wanna make you feel so good, baby,” Jamie purred. “Reward you for everything you’ve done for me.”

Tyler felt himself harden at the words. His cheeks flamed, and his eyes felt heavy lidded as he looked at Jamie. The cowboy knelt on the wooden floor and kissed Tyler’s round ankle bone. Jamie moved one of his big hands up Tyler’s leg, against the fine grain of hair, and watched Tyler’s skin prick up in goose bumps.

“You will have to lift your legs up for me and hold them open,” Jamie said in a warm puff of air against Tyler’s inner thigh. “Will you do that, Tyler?”

“Yes,” Tyler answered breathlessly, waiting for Jamie to move away so that he could spread his legs wide open and hook his muscular forearms under his knees to keep his legs thrown back. Tyler’s cute ears were bright red with the rush of arousal and embarrassment that coursed through him. He was so vulnerable and exposed like that.

Tyler’s cock had flopped on his abs, resting there and already leaking a little at the tip. His balls were perfectly exposed for Jamie to mouth on them in this position. But what was even more intimate was that Tyler’s hole was on full display, not even the round mounds of his ass hiding it.

“So beautiful, Tyler. God, so beautiful.” Jamie murmured in awe. His big cock was fully hard now, pointing right in front. The sight of Tyler in such a helpless state filled Jamie with possessiveness. He was going to make him feel divine tonight. Every inch of Tyler’s perfect body deserved it.

Tyler didn’t know what to say. His eyes were locked with Jamie’s, and he just couldn’t look away.
His heart was hammering in his chest, his beautiful pink lips parted wantonly. With the way he was stretched so obscenely, Tyler could feel his little hole clenching on nothing.

Jamie noticed this innocent detail, and it made him feel mad with desire, a hungry fire burning in his dark eyes. He spread both of his large hands on Tyler’s ass and dove right in.

He flattened his tongue and started by lasciviously licking at the rim, teasing Tyler. Jamie's stubble scratched the sensitive skin around Tyler's hole. The noise Tyler made at this was broken and low, almost pained. It was as if he had received a punch to his gut.

Jamie felt especially filthy and decided to spit on Tyler’s rosy hole. He heard Tyler whimper, and Jamie had to lift his head to see the expression Tyler had on his face. The younger man’s eyes were half closed, his straight eyebrows a little furrowed in the middle, and his teeth digging almost violently into his plush bottom lip.

His fingers were grasping tightly at the milky flesh of his inner thighs, definitely leaving red marks. Jamie wanted to hear Tyler gasp and groan, so he let go of his grip of Tyler’s left ass cheek and flattened his hand. He then proceeded to rub the spit in an up and down motion with the flat of his straightened fingers, as he would do with a girl’s moist sex.

Jamie figured it would be just as pleasurable for a man, and was convinced of it when he heard Tyler’s desperate moan. He threw his head back, his long neck bared, and his Adam’s apple moving as he swallowed thickly.

“Oh, yeah, Jamie! Just like that.” Tyler whimpered, his brain fogged with lust. His hole felt tingly with the sensation, sparks going straight to his cock. It was even more intense when Jamie decided to press firmly on his taint. Tyler shook, his legs trembling, the indirect touch to his prostate sending shivers down his spine.

Jamie smiled smugly, his face etched with emotion, as he heard Tyler’s deep moan. The cowboy stiffened his tongue and teased Tyler’s tight opening in a circular motion while pressing on his taint with the pad of his thumb.

Tyler’s cock was leaking steadily, each touch to his prostate making something twist in his stomach. Tyler lifted his head slightly and looked down on Jamie’s raven haired head between his legs. Jamie’s lips felt so plush and full as he pressed them against Tyler’s hole and fucked his tongue inside.

Jamie pulled back to take a breath and have a look at his handiwork. Tyler’s hole was shiny with spit and gaping a little from the attention. Jamie flattened his hand and stroked the rim, just like he has done moments ago. The reaction was even more intense since Tyler was extra sensitive now.

Tyler moaned so loudly, deep and masculine, that Jamie had to smack him on the side of his ass. “Be quiet, babe. We’re not alone here.”

Poor Tyler could only nod and gasp wetly: “But Jamie, it just feels so damn good. Your hands.”

“I know, but I’ll have to stop if you’re too loud.” Jamie answered. He watched Tyler’s hole clenching, his saliva thick around the rim. Jamie couldn’t resist pushing his index finger inside the opening. So he did it, and the ensuing groan that was ripped from Tyler’s throat was absolutely delicious, rough and repressed.

Jamie’s finger was large, but it felt so good inside Tyler’s channel. He was sloppy wet from Jamie’s mouth, so the finger had no problem being sucked in. Tyler was panting, his well defined chest
heaving up and down. He nearly lost it when Jamie gently stroked his prostate. Tyler’s eyes scrunched closed, little wrinkles fanning on his skin.

Jamie’s breathing was also excited as he felt the little, round bump inside Tyler. He knew this would drive Tyler absolutely crazy. Jamie pressed on his lover’s sweet spot and watched Tyler tremble. He was tight and warm around Jamie’s finger.

The cowboy fucked his finger in and out a few times, applying pressure on Tyler’s prostate every now and then. With his thumb, he massaged around the rim, making Tyler delirious with pleasure. Jamie momentarily tore his eyes off the sight of Tyler’s hole clinging to his finger to watch as Tyler curled his long toes.

Tyler’s toes were spasming, curling and spreading, as he felt the sparks of arousal invading his senses. His glazed eyes flew open when he felt Jamie’s warm hand on his left foot. Jamie continued fucking his finger inside Tyler while he fondled his foot, even bringing it to his mouth to kiss the arch.

“Oh, fuck! Jamie. Why? Why d’you have to torture me like that?” Tyler growled out, feeling out of his mind. His feet were so sensitive, and every little touch had shivers breaking out on his skin. Jamie’s hand felt so wonderful on his foot, digging teasingly into the flesh with his fingers. Tyler squirmed and muffled his scream by biting violently on his lip.

“You’re so sensitive,” Jamie whispered, crooking his finger inside Tyler’s ass and pressing on his prostate. Tyler was panting excitedly, and Jamie knew it was because he was so close. It was absolutely erotic watching Tyler toss his head from side to side, his curls sticking to his temple. Jamie wanted to kiss him, so he leaned forward and mouthed at Tyler’s balls. He nibbled on the soft skin, alternating between kissing and licking Tyler’s sack. Jamie stopped rubbing his thumb around Tyler's rim and instead applied a firm pressure on his taint. His index finger was buried knuckle deep inside Tyler’s tight heat and stroking his spot.

The younger man felt his cock engorge painfully, tears of pleasure spilling out of his beautiful eyes, the double stimulation to his prostate completely wrecking him. Tyler’s long legs were still stretched out and held high in the air, but they felt so heavy. He was on the verge of the most powerful orgasm he had ever felt in his entire life.

Jamie’s breath caught in his throat as he watched Tyler trying to hold a little longer. He soothed Tyler with a tender kiss to his lower stomach, where veins were visible under the taut skin.

“Let go, baby.” Jamie murmured, licking the pulsing veins, and holding the pressure of his finger on Tyler’s prostate. He rubbed it in short strokes, and it wasn’t long before he felt Tyler clamping hard on his digit.

Tyler cried out in bliss, his cock spurting his load all over his muscular pecs. Seed streaked across Tyler’s skin, and it felt as if he was spilling an endless amount of it. Tyler had never come this powerfully at Jamie’s hands during their many encounters. The prostate milking he had just received didn’t compare to anything he had ever felt before.

Jamie had withdrawn his finger just in time before Tyler orgasmed, and was watching his hole spasming. It was one of the most alluring things the cowboy had ever witnessed. He couldn't believe how beautiful Tyler was in the throes of passion; it never failed to amaze him. Jamie kissed Tyler’s inner thigh and gently stroked his sore rim.

Tyler almost jumped at the touch, his cock twitching valiantly a few more times. He felt absolutely
debauched, filthy, ravaged. His reddened cheeks were wet with tears, his lips swollen and all the more full.

“Oh, Tyler. I want to worship you like this every day.” Jamie moaned, finally wrapping a big hand around his neglected cock. He gave himself a few tugs, aimed his dick at Tyler’s little hole, and came so hard he felt as if his heart had burst right out of his chest. Jamie panted harshly, moving his hand frantically over his hard cock, forcing everything out.

The thick, pearly globs coated the whole length of Tyler’s crack, catching in the soft dusting of hair. Jamie was exhausted, his head spinning, as he admired what he done to Tyler.

Tyler’s breathing had evened out, his body completely relaxed. His cock was limp on his abs, coated in a considerable amount of sticky cum. His legs had fallen open on the bed. Tyler blinked a few times and gasped in surprise when he felt Jamie’s hand spreading his release over his hole in that same motion that had driven Tyler completely mad.

“Jamie, Jamie, Jamie,” Tyler could only say, his mind totally blank. He had forgotten how to speak. “Kiss me, please.” Tyler felt so small and vulnerable; he wanted Jamie to hug and kiss him. The experience had been so raw and intimate.

“’Course,” Jamie replied, his voice rough. He leaned over Tyler, between his shapely legs, and grasped his face between his hands before kissing him languidly. “You’re the most gorgeous man in the entire universe.”

Tyler’s eyes were bright, a lazy smile forming on his lips, a mesmerized expression on his perfect face. He looked into Jamie’s huge, soft eyes and felt hypnotized. “You too, Jamie. I love you more than anything in the world,” Tyler said in his beautiful, deep voice. He felt cherished by Jamie.

The cowboy buried his nose in Tyler’s brown hair and gathered him in his arms, lifting him up into a sitting position. Jamie caressed Tyler’s broad back with opened palms and whispered in his ear, “It’s you and me, Tyler. You and me forever.”

Chapter End Notes

Please, leave me comments! I want to know what you guys are thinking. Feedback is always so wonderful for a girl who puts her heart in this. <3
Not So Easily Rid of Me

Chapter by TheNaughtyVirgin

Chapter Summary

Hidden behind the bush, Tyler felt like a pervert. His dick had been a little hard with the anger he had felt while walking down the river, but now it was fully erect and pushing against the fabric of his pants. Tyler didn’t know what to do with himself. He stayed frozen on the spot, enraptured by the sight in front of him. Jamie wasn’t doing anything special, but for Tyler it was all too arousing. It reminded him of the first time he had sneaked up on Jamie - the first time he had been convinced he was attracted to men. This first time had been on the fateful day when he had met the tall, strong cowboy of his wildest dreams. Tyler licked his lips, pink tongue darting out, and wondered what he should do. He wanted to touch himself while he watched Jamie.

Chapter Notes

The last day of the year, my friends. :D Enjoy this chapter thoroughly because the others will be coming next year, aha! <3 Happy New Year to all of you!

Revised and betaed by Leyna (leyley09).

It was deathly calm in the forest as if time itself had stopped.

Jamie woke up in despair, panting and sweating uncontrollably. He had just dreamt of his father, and the dream had felt so real that there were tears at the corners of Jamie’s eyes. The memory of his father reminded Jamie that his duty to avenge him was far from over. He was going to hunt Phaneuf down, and only when he had beat the life out of him would he be satisfied.

Jamie turned onto his side and gazed at Tyler’s sculpted back. The sheets had slipped down his shoulder, and Jamie couldn’t help but tug the material back up to cover him. He felt a wave of emotion flood him as he looked at Tyler’s sleeping form. Jamie couldn’t see his handsome face, so he stood up from the bed and walked to Tyler’s side. Jamie was completely naked, his morning hardness stiff between his powerful thighs, as he moved around to the other side of the bed.

Tyler was just as irresistible when he was asleep as when he was awake. Jamie wanted to touch him so badly but settled on watching him instead. The early morning light filtered through the foggy window and bathed the room in a soft glow. Tyler’s skin was so creamy, smooth, and pale like porcelain. His lips were a little pouty, the plush bottom lip sticking out a tiny bit. There was no worry furrowing his straight eyebrows. The chiseled muscles of his chest rose in a steady rhythm. Tyler snorted and nuzzled the pillow his head was resting on. It was such an endearing thing to do, boyish and innocent.

Jamie remembered how Tyler had given himself so fully to him the night before. How he had given up control and trusted Jamie completely. They had shared such a heartfelt and intimate moment
together. Jamie knew Tyler would follow him until death, and he was afraid. He didn't want Tyler to risk his life for him. Jamie's beloved friend had so much to lose while he had nothing left apart from his brother... And Tyler himself, naturally. Jamie made up his mind; it would be better for him to leave on his own while Tyler was still asleep.

Jamie wanted to kiss his man goodbye and tell him how much he loved and cared about him. He had a feeling that Tyler would come after him anyway. He'd be furious when he discovered Jamie had left.

He could not wait any longer. Jamie already had an idea where Phaneuf would have gone... The man would follow the river up to the Creek where most of his operations were. There was no other place.

Jamie was determined that he would learn the truth about what had happened to his father and that he would punish Phaneuf for what he had done. It would be a fight to the death and only one man would emerge alive.

Or none.

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Tyler woke up with a big yawn, blinking his eyes open, and moving his legs around in the sheets. Strangely, his feet didn't knock on Jamie's legs. Tyler turned around to be greeted by the sight of an empty bed. Where was Jamie? His eyes roamed the room and discovered that Jamie's gun, usually on the bedside table when they slept, was missing.

It must not have been long since the cowboy had left because his side of the bed was still warm. Hurt nagged at Tyler's heart. He wished Jamie had hugged and kissed him good morning. Tyler had opened himself so completely the night before that he still felt a raw feeling of vulnerability.

Tyler stood up from the bed and swiftly put on his black cowboy clothes. If Jamie had left, there was no way Tyler was staying behind like a coward. He raked a hand through his curls before placing a black hat on his head. The leather boots came last, and Tyler was out of the small room, walking with a determined step.

M. Fleury was sitting at the kitchen table, sipping on some tea, dressed just as elegantly as the day before. In a corner of the room, Daddy was laying on some furs and pillows, a kind of makeshift bed. He had a bandage around his injured shoulder, and, thankfully, there was no blood tainting the material. However, Daddy's face was horribly pale, almost blue, and his eyes were glassy with fever.

"Good morning, Mr. Seguin." Fleury said with a small smile. There were a crease between his eyebrows as he glanced at Daddy. M. Fleury was still definitely unsure and tormented by the fate of his dear friend.

"Good morning. I see Daddy has been stable for the night?" Tyler asked, moving to the corner of the room to have a better look.

"Yes, he has. But I still fear for him. I have stayed to take care of him." Fleury answered in his heavily accented voice.

"Where have the others gone?" Tyler demanded, turning to face Fleury. There was a hard set to his face. It seemed as if he was trying to control the hurt and anger that was boiling inside him.

Fleury noticed Tyler's fists clenching by his sides. He wasn't supposed to tell him where the others went, but he knew the feeling of betrayal Tyler felt. He had felt it more than once in his life.
“Jamie has gone after Phaneuf, along with his brother, Sidney and the two Russians.” Fleury said.
“They are going down the mountains and will follow the river up to Tranquille Creek.”

Tyler nodded and walked up to Fleury. He laid a big hand on his slender shoulder and patted him.
“Thanks. It’s a great help you’ve given me, Mr. Fleury.”

“My pleasure,” Fleury smiled. “So, you're going after them?”

“Indeed I am. Jamie’s not going to get rid of me so easily.” Tyler said in a stern voice. He moved away, grabbing his gun from the counter and buckling it to his belt. Before leaving Daddy’s modest home, he turned one last time on his heels to wish Fleury good luck with his friend.

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6 hours later

Tyler had been running most of the time, trying to catch up with Jamie and the rest of the group. He made his way through the thick forest with only Jamie on his mind. Tyler was angry at him for leaving in such haste without even explaining himself. Tyler had every intention of confronting Jamie when he caught up with him.

It was well past two o’clock in the afternoon when Tyler finally arrived down in the valley where the peaceful Tranquille River snaked its way through the wilderness. Tyler’s cheeks were reddened by the cold and the exertion when he finally stopped jogging to kneel on the rocky ground and drink from the river.

The water was icy cold, so Tyler eagerly drank in great gulps. He was thirsty and tired from his almost non-stop running. His mind was also assaulted by many thoughts of Jamie. Tyler felt betrayed by his friend. He had been left behind without a word. His heart would tighten every time he imagined Jamie dead and never coming back to him.

Tyler stood back on his feet and continued his way down the river. He couldn’t jog in the rocks, so instead he walked at a steady pace. The sun was bright any time it peeked from behind a fluffy cloud. The day was beautiful, contrary to the rainy weather of yesterday, and the air was cold and pure. The trees covering each side of the river were thick with autumn leaves, the colours giving off a golden glow anytime the sun illuminated the area.

For another good hour, Tyler walked without pause, determined to catch up with Jamie. He was relieved when he saw a trio of men that he recognized all too well sitting on large, flat boulders, near the river’s edge. The Russians were smoking pipes and making plans in their native language.

When Tyler was close enough, he hollered in their direction. Sidney turned around swiftly, eyeing the man coming their way. He sighed in relief when he spotted Tyler.

“I knew you’d come!” He exclaimed. “I told Jamie as much.” Sidney stood up from where was sitting on a small rock. He was dressed fashionably, all in different tones of grey, even if he was out in the wild.

Tyler smiled at the tailor, but his anger flared back up at the mention of Jamie. “Where is he?” Tyler asked in a deathly cold voice.

“Down the river. He said he’d be back in a minute, but he’s been gone for over ten.” Sidney motioned in the general direction where Jamie had gone.

Without further thought, Tyler left with a purposeful step. The men watched him go, and they all had
a feeling, looking at the hard set of Tyler’s face and his determined step, that he was mad. Jordie was out picking wood to set up a fire, but if he had seen Tyler, he would have known that his baby brother was in for a fight.

Tyler walked down the river, rocks cracking underneath his black boots, and definitely alerting anyone of his presence. However, he stopped dead in his tracks when he saw Jamie. Tyler kneeled on the ground and scrambled behind a small bush.

Jamie had taken his shirt off and was washing his muscular upper body with a cloth. He had taken off his boots, too, and was bathing his sore feet in the icy water. His large hands rubbing circles on his milky skin had Tyler’s breath catching in his throat. All of Tyler’s anger almost melted on the spot.

Jamie had no idea Tyler was spying on him, so he didn’t think further of it when he unbuttoned his pants and took his cock out. It was big even when it was soft, and Tyler couldn’t help but bite on his lip. Jamie did just what most men washing up would do - he pulled his thin foreskin down his cock and washed the rosy head with a cloth. He wasn’t hard doing this, simply cleaning himself, but Tyler was aching in his pants.

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Jamie shoved his cock back in his pants and stood up. He dried his feet with another cloth and pulled his boots back on. Jamie picked up his shirt, waistcoat, and coat and dressed himself without having any feeling of being observed. Only when he was fully dressed did Tyler stand out from behind the bush and called to Jamie, making him jump slightly in surprise.

“Hey, Jamie! Didn’t expect to see me this quick?” Tyler said, his face very serious, and no less seductive. His eyes were slightly slanted when he was all seriousness, leaving no doubt that he was here to settle things up.

Jamie’s eyes looked ridiculously wide in his face. He was stunned by Tyler standing only a few feet away from him. His saliva felt too thick in his mouth, and the guilt he had felt leaving Tyler behind resurfaced. “Tyler,” Jamie simply said.

Tyler walked the few steps between them and stopped at arm’s length from Jamie. He was still so very hurt by Jamie’s actions, but looking into his large, brown eyes, Tyler couldn’t bring himself to yell and punch his friend. Even if he wanted to, that handsome face etched with remorse only softened his anger.

“Why did you leave me like this?” Tyler settled on asking. Jamie shuffled his feet, shoved his hands down his pockets, and hung his head down in defeat.

The taller man couldn’t look Tyler in the eye when he answered. “I didn’t want you to get killed because of me, that’s why.”

The weight Tyler had in his chest instantly disappeared. He smiled sadly and closed the distance between them to hug Jamie against him. “I understand, just don’t do this again. You know I’m with
you till the end. Remember?”

Jamie crushed Tyler against him, his powerful arms holding him across the shoulders. “Yeah, I know. ‘M sorry, baby.”

“It’s fine, Jamie. The important thing is that I found my way back to you,” Tyler concluded, smiling brightly now. He had dimples in his cheeks when he moved at arm’s length from Jamie to look in his eyes. “You’ll need an expert like me if you wanna make it.” He couldn’t help but brag, always his cheeky self.

Jamie chuckled, patting Tyler across his broad shoulders. He gave a small peck on Tyler’s nose before moving away. However, Tyler’s strong hands took hold on the lapels of his coat and tugged, stopping Jamie from leaving.

“I didn’t come all this way for you to leave me again,” Tyler said, a playful glint in his eyes. “How about you come with me under that tree, over there?”

“Oh, is that where your expertise comes in?” Jamie teased, his eyes darkening with the thought of the naughty things they would do underneath the fir tree’s low branches. One of Jamie’s hands trailed down Tyler’s back to grab a handful of his round ass.

Jamie smirked when he heard the little hitch in Tyler’s breathing. The younger man’s lips parted, and his eyes fluttered as Jamie squeezed his firm ass. “Y-yeah, I’ll do anything you want.” Tyler breathed out sensually.

Both men momentarily let go of each other to head over the tree Tyler had indicated. Thankfully, the branches were high enough for them to scoot underneath. Jamie sat down on the leafy ground and leaned against the trunk of the tree. On his hands and knees, Tyler crawled next to Jamie. His brown eyes were smouldering as he watched Jamie. The cowboy’s bulge was evident and massive in his dark pants.

“How d’you want me?” Tyler asked, licking his lips. There was already a rosy blush spreading on his cheeks and over the top of his nose. Tyler took off his black hat and placed it on the ground.

Jamie took in a steadying breath and commanded in a low voice, “Take your pants off and sit on my lap with your back to me.”

Tyler’s face flamed, the tip of his ears turning pink. The thought of this position was absolutely filthy since Jamie would have the most perfect view of Tyler’s plush ass. Tyler straightened back up, and kicked his boots off before shimmying out of his pants. His hard cock sprang out against his waistcoat, the shock of cold air making Tyler exhale seductively.

“You’re already so hard and eager,” Jamie murmured and patted his lap. “Let me take care of you.”

Tyler couldn’t resist and moved on his hands and knees to sit on Jamie’s lap. His bare ass was sticking out obscenely when he spread his legs open and sat back on Jamie. The delicious arch in Tyler’s back was all the more pronounced when he was sitting like this. Jamie’s big hands moved to Tyler’s front and popped the buttons of his black waistcoat and shirt underneath.

When the taut skin of Tyler’s sculpted abs was revealed, both of Jamie’s hands caressed it in slow circles. Tyler melted in the embrace, moaning deep in his throat. He unconsciously tilted his head to the side, exposing the long column of his neck. In an instant, Jamie’s scorching hot lips were against his skin, sucking bruising kisses.

“Yeah, Jamie. Yeah.” Tyler gasped, pushing his ass out as he felt Jamie’s calloused, rough hands
holding him tightly and applying pressure on his stomach. The heat twisting inside Tyler flared up at a dizzying speed.

Jamie kissed a sensitive spot just underneath Tyler’s ear and felt him tremble in his arms. The cowboy moved one of his hands behind Tyler to free his aching cock from his pants. Jamie’s shaft was engorged with blood, the foreskin almost completely retracted. He eased his foreskin the rest of the way and took his cock in hand.

“Spread your gorgeous ass for me, baby,” Jamie groaned and watched with hooded eyes as Tyler complied, his veiny hands grabbing handfuls and spreading the pale flesh. Jamie then took hold of both of Tyler’s hips and dragged him back until his big dick was lodged perfectly between his cheeks.

“Oh!” Tyler exclaimed, surprised by the feeling of Jamie’s cock against his crack. Tyler blushed hard when Jamie started moving, his shaft hot and dripping with precum. He let go of his ass cheeks, making them bounce against Jamie’s dick and securely encasing him.

Jamie’s hands were holding Tyler’s narrow waist in a strong grip, the skin paling where his fingers were digging in. Jamie groaned and buried his nose at the junction of Tyler’s neck and collarbone. He could feel his younger lover’s puckered hole against his cock, and the feeling had him overwhelmed with desire.

“D’you like me like this, Jamie?” Tyler said deeply, trying to prompt Jamie to talk dirty to him. Tyler leaned against Jamie, resting his head against his shoulder and moving one of his hands to tangle in the cowboy’s dark hair.

“Fuck yeah, I do. That ass of yours,” Jamie growled, trailing his warm hands over Tyler’s heated skin to rest on his ass. “I’d have you every day if I could.”

Tyler shivered at the words. Jamie’s sweet voice was all broken and raw. Thrills traveled up and down Tyler’s spine, his cock bouncing lightly anytime Jamie brought him in a downward motion against his shaft.

“It’s all the better when we wait, yeah?” Tyler replied, swallowing thickly. “Can I touch my cock, Jamie? Please.” He moaned lowly when he felt Jamie thrusting his hips up and fucking his cock between his cheeks.

“Yeah. Go ahead and jerk yourself off, babe. Tell me how it feels.” Jamie whispered in a warm puff of air against Tyler’s ear before nibbling on his tender earlobe. The cold air around them felt hot as they started sweating with the excitement of doing something so delectably naughty together.

Tyler groaned, feral and masculine. He twisted in Jamie’s powerful arms and let go of his raven hair to wrap a huge hand around his cock. Tyler gave himself an eager tug, his breath hitching in his throat. “God, it feels so good, Jamie,” he panted, bending slightly forward, his cock twitching in the tight fist he had around it.

Jamie smiled smugly, his hands squeezing Tyler’s ass and definitely leaving red handprints. He watched in fascination as his cock plunged between the pert cheeks, the shiny head peaking at the dimple in Tyler’s lower back. The younger man was still wearing some of his clothes, the fine fabric at the bottom of his black shirt tickling Jamie’s cockhead.

“I remember so clearly what you looked like on your knees for me in the barn,” Jamie choked out, bringing Tyler back down. “How gentlemanly and precious you looked with barely a bit of stubble on your chin.”
Tyler blushed impossibly hard at this and hung his head down. The memory of the blowjob and how Jamie was talking about it made him feel so shy.

“I just wanted to fuck you silly when you closed your eyes and greedily lapped every drop of cum I shot across your boyish face.” Jamie confessed, kissing Tyler’s reddened ear.

Tyler felt as if he was about to cum, his bare thighs contracting sinfully as he lifted himself up and sat back down, feeling Jamie’s thick cock all the while. He was panting, his pink lips full with arousal and opened in pleasure. Tyler’s skin felt too tight as he remembered full well Jamie covering his face with long ropes of cum. It was all too much for him.

“Oh, God. Jamie. Fuck, I’ll cum if you keep this up.” Tyler warned, his heart beating frantically in his chest. Jamie’s hands snaked their way underneath his shirt and did something absolutely wicked. This would certainly break any resistance Tyler had left. Between his large fingers, Jamie pinched both of Tyler’s taut nipples at the same time. The reaction he got was quite the opposite of what he had expected. Tyler didn’t scream his voice hoarse in blissful agony, but instead inhaled sharply and moaned so low that Jamie could barely hear him. The sound was so sexy, rumbling through his chest.

Tyler willed his body to hold on a little longer. He didn't want this to end so quickly, but Jamie fondling both of his extra sensitive nipples wasn’t helping. Tyler scrunched his eyes closed, delicate wrinkles at the corners, and squeezed his cock tightly. Not now, not now, not now.

Jamie noticed how Tyler was tense and trying to fight back his imminent orgasm. He continued thrusting his cock up Tyler’s crack, feeling the soft dusting of hair against his aching flesh. Jamie flattened both of his hands on Tyler’s chest, spanning the entirety of his pectoral muscles, and rubbed the tender nubs in soothing circles.

“How does my cock feel between your ass cheeks, pretty baby?” Jamie purred, the endearment feeling so dirty on his tongue. He felt Tyler shiver against him and could see how his blush extended down his neck. Jamie moved his lips to suck a kiss on his throat, right on his pulse point.

“Ja-Jamie. Your cock… It feels, so, so good. You're like a fucking stallion.” Tyler blurted out, shame quickly overwhelming his senses and making him bite violently on his lush bottom lip. Being called “pretty baby” by Jamie made him feel wanton in the most obscene of ways. Jamie was playing with him, and it was totally unfair.

Jamie himself was blushing at the mention of being Tyler’s stallion. He knew all too well that his lover could ride him just like one. It was a perverted thought that had Jamie sweating. His cock was heavy with blood, moving against Tyler’s moist crack. Jamie was leaking a steady amount of precum and was on the verge of shooting his passion up Tyler’s backside.

“C’mon, Tyler. Show me what you got,” Jamie moaned and let go of his hold on Tyler’s body. He twisted his nipples one last time, Tyler choking out a whimper, and then moved his hands away entirely. Jamie’s hands were now resting against the leafy ground, stabilizing himself.

In Tyler’s lust filled mind, he registered a few seconds later that Jamie wanted him to do all the work and give him a show. Tyler gave his cock a sharp tug and then let it bounce off his abs with a slapping sound. He placed both of his big hands on Jamie’s clothed thighs for leverage and rolled his hips sensually. Tyler knew he was giving Jamie a quality view.

The cowboy growled at the sight, his cock encased by the teasing mounds of flesh. When he rolled his hips back, Tyler’s ass looked even more full and round, if that was possible. It was absolutely delicious, and Jamie’s heart was in a frenzy. If Tyler simply lifted himself on his knees and came
back down, he would impale himself on Jamie’s cock.

“Oh, yeah. So perfect. That’s my boy,” Jamie couldn’t help but praise. The muscles of Tyler’s powerful thighs were taut as he worked his ass against Jamie, trying to please him.

“I like to make you happy, Jamie.” Tyler said in an impossibly deep voice. He panted in exertion, thighs straining, as he increased the pace. His ass was shaking with the force of his downward thrusts. Suddenly, a little cry escaped Tyler’s opened lips when he felt Jamie landing a resounding slap on his ass.

“You like it when I spank your ass too, huh?” Jamie breathed out, watching the pale flesh turn bright pink. He loved how Tyler was so desperate to fulfill his desires. Jamie noticed how the back of Tyler’s neck was flushed by the dirty words and the treatment his ass was receiving.

“Yeah… Wish you would tie me up and spank me… After I’ve been really bad.” Tyler confessed. He was having a hard time forming sentences in his hazy mind. He arched his back a little more, pushing his ass out, and felt Jamie’s flared head catch on his hole. It was all it took for Jamie to inhale sharply and shoot his load up Tyler’s crack.

Tyler whimpered, feeling the hot sperm coat his sweaty skin. He tugged on his cock a few more times and came in an almost painful wave. His release of the previous night had been so intense that he barely had anything left. A few thin ropes of cum landed on Tyler’s sculpted abs, his chest heaving up and down.

Jamie’s warm hands moved across his stomach to hug Tyler, pushing him against his chest. The cowboy’s cock sputtered, firmly lodged between Tyler’s asscheeks, some of his cum pooling in the dimple at Tyler’s lower back. Jamie was panting openly against Tyler’s neck; it was as if he had ran kilometres after kilometres. His hands rubbed soothing circles against Tyler’s stomach, heat twisting inside him with each touch.

The younger man’s cock fell back limply against his thigh. His face was slack with pleasure as he relaxed his body, the tension leaving him, and fell back against Jamie. He took a deep breath, inhaling the scent of the fir tree they were hiding under. Having sex in the wild, like this, was all so kinky. There was a forbidden aspect to it, as if they were nothing more than beasts. But Tyler knew it wasn’t like this between him and Jamie.

“Love you, baby.” Jamie whispered against his ear, holding him close. He tenderly kissed the side of Tyler’s head where his curls were sticking to his temple.

“Me too, Jamie.” Tyler answered, completely sated. They both stayed like this for a while, holding onto each other and basking in the afterglow. Tyler was the first one to move, scooting on his knees to grab his pants and put them back on. Jamie had truly made a mess on his ass and the fabric was already starting to stick to his skin. “You came so much… Like a stallion.”

Jamie blushed: “You can’t help teasing me, can you?” He added with a wink, “There’s a river a few hours from here.”

Tyler laughed at this, bright and clear. “Alright then! You got it, Jamie.” He then moved on his knees to get closer to Jamie and take hold of his spent cock. Jamie was over sensitive and tried to bat Tyler’s big hand away, but the younger man would have none of it. He unceremoniously stuffed Jamie’s cock back in his pants. “You’ll have to hide this if you don’t want to look ridiculous waddling around.”

Jamie couldn’t help but burst out in laughter. He smiled and kissed Tyler on his chin, right where he
had a little beauty mark. “That’s the reason you came! To make sure I don’t look ridiculous.”

“Exactly!” Tyler answered, dimples in his cheeks, “You’ll never get rid of me. Wherever you go, I’ll go.”

Jamie gathered Tyler in a hug, crushing him against him. He kissed Tyler’s forehead, and hummed, “I’ll never leave you behind again, I promise.”

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Daddy wasn’t the only one who had had a rough night. Boyle was stricken by fever and delirious, unable to move and walk on his own. Phaneuf had ordered Thornton to finish him off since he was being a terrible nuisance. Boyle had been shot right between the eyes. His body was hastily covered by leaves, Stamkos, Burns, and Thornton having no time to bury him.

As for Phaneuf’s injury, it had been dealt with soon enough, preventing the infection from settling. The bullet Seguin had shot had only penetrated Phaneuf’s skin lightly. Thornton took care of the injury, bandaging it and applying some medicinal herbs on the wound. He had bought the herbs from some Indians and had used it on his injuries before.

Phaneuf and his gang had walked throughout the night, orienting themselves with oil lamps. The businessman knew the way to his general quarters at the Creek by heart. There was absolutely no chance of getting lost. He was a tough man, and it would take more than a bullet to the arm to stop him.

They arrived in the early morning, discovering that the usual bustle around the river was non existent. The workers were striking, there was no doubt about it; the realization made Phaneuf’s blood boil. He had only left the place for a day, and the hungry, battered workers had pounced on the opportunity to stop all operations.

It was deathly calm around the construction site, pick axes and other tools left strewn across the rocky ground. The wooden fort, where the barracks for the important men were, seemed just as empty as the rest of the place. Phaneuf was trembling with rage and ordered his men to search the fort, in case it was a trap, before entering it.

Burns came back first and assured his superior that the fort was completely empty, not a soul to be found. Satisfied, Phaneuf walked to the tall wooden gate. He instructed Thornton and Burns to take position in the lookout towers and use the mounted machine guns on anyone suspicious who dared enter the fort.

As for Stamkos, Phaneuf gave him a small pat in the back and told him to come with him. They walked to the two story house in the middle of the fort, made out of stones instead of wood in case of a fire. The barracks around it and the outer walls of the fort would burn before it did. The house was where Phaneuf was lodged when he came to visit the operations.

Stamkos had been inside the house more than once. Always for occasions that involved him pleasing his superior: getting on his knees and sucking his cock, praying aloud while Phaneuf all but devoured his ass… To his ultimate embarrassment, Stamkos felt his cheeks heat up at the recollection of all these erotic adventures.

Phaneuf unlocked the heavy wooden door and motioned for Stamkos to enter. It was a modest house, but elements of luxury could be noticed here and there. There was a plush, burgundy rug on the floor of the small living room. Phaneuf also used the room as a study, therefore a massive wooden desk was the focal point in one corner. There were two sofas in the room, embroidered with
a rich pattern of scenes of the wild.

Phaneuf sat on one of the sofas, spreading his legs unceremoniously and taking off his cowboy hat to rake a hand through his short hair. Stamkos was standing not far from him, not too sure what he should do. He had a feeling, due to the position he was in and the predatory glint in his one good eye, that Phaneuf would ask him to suck him off.

“Well, Stamkos. What a humiliation it has been. You can’t even begin to understand how angry I am,” Phaneuf began, his voice stern and irritating. He was always mad and boiling with rage. Steven was tired of this. It had been too long that he had been acting like a slave for Phaneuf’s sexual appetites.

“It hasn’t only been our defeat that has frustrated me, but also your rejection at the Benns’ shithole of a ranch.” Phaneuf drawled. He was looking at Stamkos as if he was nothing more than a juicy piece of meat. “But, of course, there are ways in which you can earn back my respect.”

“Your respect?” Stamkos huffed. “Can I ask you what respect you’re talking about?”

Such insolence!, Phaneuf thought. He gritted his teeth, trying to suppress the outburst he knew was just under the surface. “Listen, Steven. You’re not here to challenge me. You’re here to obey me.”

Steven was just as annoyed and insulted as Phaneuf was. He was so done with this! Steven had been so badly hurt last time, and the memory of how he had been whipped and abused came back to him anytime the fabric of his pants dragged on his tender flesh. His heart was hammering in his chest, and adrenaline surged inside his whole body when he threw himself against Phaneuf.

Stamkos was a tall and strong man, his weight heavy on Phaneuf’s sprawled body. Stamkos straddled him, his thick thighs squeezing so tightly around Phaneuf’s waist that it punched the breath right out of his lungs. Stamkos tried to land a punch on Phaneuf’s deceptively calm face, but received a nasty hit to his lower stomach instead.

Phaneuf battled him away with his good arm, punching Stamkos in the shoulder. Stamkos tried closing his hands around Phaneuf’s throat and strangling him, but the man was strong and bulky. His fist collided with Stamkos’ face, breaking his nose viciously. Blood poured down his face, and he jumped off Phaneuf’s lap. Phaneuf stood up and tried shoving Stamkos to the ground, but the younger man dodged him.

A dangerous flame was burning inside Phaneuf’s eye as he took out a sharp, narrow knife from his belt. It was the kind of knife used to gut animals. The expression on his face was downright cruel when he said: “Get down on your knees, or I’ll gut you open like a pig.”

There was an expression of surprise and horror on Steven’s face when he registered Phaneuf’s words. He could always try escaping; the prospect of being gunned down by machine guns seemed a tiny bit less bleak than being eviscerated. Steven knew that one way or another, he would die, unless he got down on his knees and let himself be used, yet again, by Phaneuf. What could he do? How could he escape? Steven’s mind was racing.

“I used to love you, Sir. You fucked me like a cheap whore and made me feel like a piece of shit anytime I’d open myself to you. Can’t you see all the pain you’ve caused me?” Stamkos asked, his eyes moist with a mix of anger and hurt. He was shaking and panting.

For a moment, Phaneuf’s face softened. He realized the anguish that tormented Stamkos, and his cold heart cracked a little. Phaneuf looked into Stamkos’ baby blue eyes and was torn between killing him on the spot or hugging him in his arms. He couldn’t let Stamkos see his weakness, so
instead, he sheathed the knife in his belt and turned his back on him.

“You can leave, Stamkos.” Phaneuf said coldly, walking over to his desk and taking a seat behind it.

Stamkos stayed frozen on the spot for a few seconds. The blood was still slowly making its way down his pale face, but he couldn’t care less. His heart had been shattered in a thousand pieces, and Phaneuf’s harsh answer to his raw emotions only made him more broken in the inside. Stamkos took a deep breath, straightened himself, and exited the room and the house with a determined step and a heavy weight in his chest.

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“You’re finally back!” Sidney exclaimed when he saw Jamie and Tyler emerging from behind a copse of trees. Sidney was sitting next to the fire, cooking two rabbits Jordie had caught.

Jamie was a little embarrassed. He had been gone for over thirty minutes and had told Sidney he would just be gone for a few. The men must have started to worry at some point. Jamie wanted to apologize, but Sidney lifted a hand up, moved next to him and said in voice only for him to hear: “It’s alright, Jamie. I know what you two were up to.”

Sidney smirked knowingly and winked at Jamie, earning him a chuckle. The tailor clapped him on the shoulder and then invited Jamie and Tyler to join them for a small lunch before they continued their journey. There was a comfortable atmosphere between the men around the fire.

Sidney would glance every now and then at Tyler and Jamie, wondering what had happened between them. It made him all giddy just watching them. Sidney hoped something like this would happen to him with Geno. Sadly, since their little encounter at his shop, things hadn’t progressed the way he had wanted. They hadn’t gotten much time to even talk together.

Across from the fire, Tyler and Jamie were sitting side by side, their knees touching. They both tried to play it cool and not attract too much attention to themselves. It was just nice to bask in the feeling of easy companionship and enjoy a moment without stress. There was still much trouble that awaited them ahead. Better not to think too much in advance of the uncertainty they would all be facing.

****

_Later in the afternoon_

Tyler and Jamie were walking side by side, occasionally exchanging glances. Jamie was wearing his cowboy hat low on his forehead, and it gave him such a seductive and mysterious look. Tyler felt so proud and lucky to have Jamie all for himself.

“You should come to Toronto some day,” Tyler mused. “I’m sure you’d be quite the attraction.” He smiled, his eyes crinkling, and gave a small tap on Jamie’s wide shoulder.

“Really? I’d make sure to dress all fancy for you and your gentlefolk,” Jamie smirked. The idea of dressing like a fine gentleman didn’t appeal to him in the least, but he was tempted to do it just for Tyler’s enjoyment.

“Mmh, I’d like that a lot, Jamie. I could choose your clothes for you,” Tyler said teasingly. “I’m positive you’d look delicious in a fitted black and grey plaid suit with a long coat and a red silk cravat. To match your lips.”

Jamie blushed at that. He certainly wouldn’t mind feeling Tyler’s hands over his body, touching him everywhere, even in the crotch area, to make sure he was well fitted. Tyler already had a precise
vision of what he wanted to see Jamie in, but the cowboy only hoped he would be trying many different things to have Tyler’s dexterous hands on him for hours.

“I have to come to Toronto, then! Maybe I can even stay longer and bring Jordie along.” Jamie replied. He turned his head and watched Tyler’s slightly shorter frame. Tyler looked back up, catching Jamie’s dark eyes and holding on.

“‘Course, and I promise you’ll be received as a king. ‘Cause you totally are. The king of my heart.” Tyler said with a knowing smile, a hand on his heart.

“Aren’t we getting poetic, here?” Jamie teased, laughing all the while, and bumping his shoulder into Tyler’s.

“Yeah!” Tyler chuckled, lowering his eyes and looking down at his feet crunching yellow, orange, and red leaves. “I’d wait for you in my feather pillowed bed when you’d be done stuffing yourself on my mom’s food.”

Jamie’s breath caught in his throat at that. “Always, always tempting me to sin,” Jamie huffed. “You used to be so prude and skittish.”

“Skittish? Me? How? I’ve known since day one that you were totally crazy for me. I’ve been acting all prude and skittish.” Tyler laughed, mimicking insult with his dramatic eyebrow wagging. Jamie couldn’t help choking back a resounding laugh.

“Because, dear Jamie, I knew that innocence turned you on beyond imagining,” Tyler concluded, batting his eyelashes at Jamie and biting on his bottom lip.

“Oh, God. There it goes again! D’you want me to walk around with a raging hard on?” Jamie joked, gently pushing Tyler on the shoulder. Tyler only laughed the harder, slapping Jamie across the ass with the back of his hand.

Jamie hollered at that and tried catching Tyler around the waist, but he was too quick for him. The younger man dodged aside and was all smiles, ready to mess around with Jamie as long as possible.

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Sitting in her pastel coloured drawing room, Jacqueline Seguin was writing her son a letter. She hadn’t received his, since she knew full well that letters took a long time to arrive from across the country. It was bleak outside, true autumnal weather, but Jacqueline’s heart was light as she took out a pen and paper.

My dear son,

I have been thinking about you every day since you left. The home is in such a gloomy state when you aren’t here to lift the girls’ and I’s spirits. We miss you terribly, but we rejoice ourselves in your courage and the great success you no doubt will get. You are such a wonderful young man, there is no doubt that you will find so much out there. Who knows? Maybe even a special someone.

Jacqueline paused. She couldn’t help it, it was in her playful nature: she drew a few little hearts and arrows piercing them. Jacqueline was the mirror image of her son, only in a feminine version. She smiled and went on writing.

I have an intuition that you have already written me, but that your letter simply hasn’t made its way to me yet. I am so eager to read it! I sure will reply as soon as I receive it, my dear. Your sisters and I have been imagining so many scenarios. One even involves you battling a bear! We sure are
excited to know what really happened.

As for our lives, they haven’t changed at all since you left a few weeks ago. I have made plenty of strawberry pies and preserves that I know you are so fond of. Your father is less grumpy these days. He seems satisfied that you are busy and at work. Candace has been consistent in her dancing lessons and sure is the beauty every young man wants to have. This week, she was invited to the Browns’ home for an evening of entertainment, and she impressed every man present.

For me, not much. The only terrible thing that happened to me, my beloved son, is that I found a grey hair in my blond locks. I shall have to remedy to this problem and start dying my hair. What a pity! We all age, don’t we? But you know well enough, Tyler, that in my heart, I am forever a young girl.

Your mother who cherishes you like the most precious of gems,

Jacqueline
Fight Till the End

Chapter by TheNaughtyVirgin

Chapter Summary

"Is there a way we can both forget for a moment what is awaiting us?" Tyler asked in all innocence. He let his eyes wander over Jamie’s face; he was so gorgeous in the low sun like this. Jamie’s lips were so deliciously full. Tyler knew what these lips felt like against his skin. He knew what they felt like almost everywhere on his body. Tyler loved Jamie with a burning passion, and he couldn’t help remembering everything they had done together.

Chapter Notes

Revised and betaed by Leyna (leyley09). A NEW HERO IS BORN in this chapter! <3

The day was fast waning, but the men were still walking. According to Jordie, they were not far away from the fort and should camp a fair distance from the place. They therefore settled in a secluded area where many huge fir trees created a kind of natural protection.

Jamie and Tyler decided to absent themselves sometime after their simple supper consisting of smoked salmon. They walked up to the river’s edge and sat down on brown sand. It was truly beautiful at the end of the day, the low sun making the water of the river sparkle. Jamie was looking thoughtfully in front of him, tension evident in his shoulders, but he relaxed considerably when he felt Tyler’s warm hand grasp his.

“You’re worried, aren’t you?” Tyler asked, leaning against Jamie. He rested his head against Jamie’s shoulder in that endearing Tyler way.

“Yeah, I am. I have a bad feeling about all of this,” Jamie sighed. “But I can’t turn back now. I promised myself I would avenge my father and finally know the truth.”

“I know, Jamie. You have to fight, and I swore I’d be there with you till the end,” Tyler murmured, nuzzling into Jamie’s leather jacket. His heart was tight as thoughts of Jamie dying assaulted his mind. “I’m scared you’ll die, Jamie. And God knows what I’ll do if you die.” Tyler’s voice broke with the emotion. He felt tears at the corners of his eyes.

Jamie turned towards Tyler and gently cupped his face in his big hands. He looked into Tyler’s damp eyes, and a heavy weight settled in his chest. Tyler’s beard felt rough against his palms, but the skin of his cheek was soft like silk as Jamie tenderly stroked it with his thumb.

“Don’t worry about me, Ty. You know I’ll come back to you.” Jamie reassured him in his sweet voice. “When I do, I want us to go back to your home in Toronto.”
Tyler smiled sadly, averting his eyes. He didn’t want to cry in front of Jamie. Jamie’s hands tightened on his face, forcing him to look back at him. “Hey, Tyler. Look at me, babe.” Jamie said in a low voice, only for Tyler’s ears. “You know I won’t die. I’m not that kind of guy. I won’t let it happen.”

The younger man caught Jamie’s dark gaze and held on. Jamie’s words of comfort seemed to relax Tyler’s mind. He shivered in the chill air, swallowing back his tears. Both of his hands grabbed at Jamie’s wrists and gently prompted him to let go. He joined their fingers together and settled their hands on Jamie’s lap.

“Is there a way we can both forget for a moment what is awaiting us?” Tyler asked in all innocence. He let his eyes wander over Jamie’s face; he was so gorgeous in the low sun like this. Jamie’s lips were so deliciously full. Tyler knew what these lips felt like against his skin. He knew what they felt like almost everywhere on his body. Tyler loved Jamie with a burning passion, and he couldn’t help remembering everything they had done together.

“We can talk about us,” Jamie simply replied. Tyler’s eyes were inadvertently glued to Jamie’s lips, watching them forming words. Jamie caught Tyler looking, making Tyler blush adorably. He turned his attention back to Jamie’s eyes; those huge, warm, reassuring eyes.

“Yeah, that sounds good to me.” Tyler smiled shyly, looking at Jamie coquettishly. He felt Jamie’s thumb rub soothing circles against the veiny back of his hand. Tyler’s muscles felt suddenly very heavy as a pleasant warmth settled in the pit of his stomach.

“Is there anything you long for us to do together?” Jamie asked, his voice a slightly deeper tone.

“Oh, yeah,” Tyler breathed out. Even if it felt to him like he had known Jamie all his life, Tyler still had so much in store for the both of them. “I promise I’ll give you an in depth tour of Toronto.”

Jamie could feel the beginnings of an erection stirring in his pants. The way Tyler was talking about giving him an “in depth tour” made it sound so dirty. Jamie couldn't help but tease Tyler in return and ask him: “And what would this in depth tour be all about?”

Tyler was burning from the inside out. Jamie’s eyes were smouldering underneath the slight shadow of his cowboy hat. He had learned with Jamie that speaking his heart was never a problem. In fact, Jamie loved it when he told him everything that was going on in his creative mind.

“It would be about treating my man right. Treating you like a king; doing anything you want,” Tyler drawled seductively, licking his lips. “I’d show you around the city, bring you to my favourite places. Afterwards, we’d have dinner with my mom and sisters. You’d eat anything you liked, and then we’d move it up to my bedroom.”

Jamie was definitely hard now. He was so responsive to Tyler’s shameless flirting. Jamie wanted to hear more, so he pushed Tyler further: “What would we do in your bedroom?”

Tyler’s heart was hammering in his chest. He could picture his room in his head, the massive baldaquin bed with its luxurious dark blue duvet and sheets. Tyler imagined his pale, naked body stretched out on the plush mattress. Jamie would look like a god, tall and broad above him, doing anything he desired to Tyler because he could.

“I’d put on something absolutely dashing for you, so that you could peel it off of me when we’re all alone, in my bed.” Tyler continued, leaning closer into Jamie’s space, his warm breath tickling his jaw. “Would you like to see me in burgundy? I have an outfit I’m sure you’d like. It’s a tad bit too tight on me.”
Jamie’s pulse was racing. He couldn’t believe how shameless Tyler was being. Jamie lifted their joined hands and pushed against Tyler to force him to lie down on his back. The younger man easily complied, a lustful flame in his brown eyes, and let Jamie settle on top of him. Jamie was so heavy, two hundred and ten pounds of pure male, his hard cock right against Tyler’s crotch.

“Are the pants tight enough that I could see the outline of your soft cock through them?” Jamie asked, capturing Tyler’s lips in a hungry, demanding kiss. He fucked his tongue inside Tyler’s pliant mouth, tasting the essence of him and tapping on his tongue with his own. Jamie was high on lust, forgetting where they were and what tragic events could happen tomorrow. The cowboy’s fingers tightened around Tyler’s and he pushed Tyler’s arms above his head.

Tyler’s biceps bulged with the strain underneath the black fabric of his shirt. His waistcoat felt too tight on his sculpted upper body. Tyler’s chest was heaving as Jamie kissed him underneath his jaw and bit on his pulse point. Tyler shivered uncontrollably, his hands twisting above his head. He was caught, helpless and unable to move, Jamie’s muscular thighs encasing his waist.

“Yeah, they are,” Tyler choked out, his cock hard and leaking against the rough inside of his pants. He almost jumped in surprise when he felt Jamie cup his dick through the fabric. Jamie was now holding both of Tyler’s wrists in only one huge hand.

“Hmh, how naughty you are, Seggy,” Jamie tutted, his voice hoarse. “I’d have you on your back with your long legs around my waist. I’d like to see your gorgeous face as I fuck inside your tight ass,” Jamie growled, squeezing and rubbing Tyler’s cock. Tyler’s half closed eyes flew open as he felt sparks course up and down his spine.

“Jamie,” Tyler moaned like if it was the sexiest word on Earth, arching his back in want. There was a little crease between his scrunch up eyebrows. Jamie smiled smugly, his plump lips looking twice as full, and flattened his hand to caress Tyler’s cock in an up and down motion. Tyler was squirming with it, tossing his head to the side and biting so hard on his bottom lip that it was about to split.

“Would you like that, Tyler? You and I looking inside each other's eyes while we fuck as if there was no tomorrow?” Jamie panted, burying his face in Tyler’s long neck and sucking kisses. Tyler’s pale skin was turning bright red everywhere Jamie’s lips latched and sucked.

It was embarrassing how hard Tyler was and how close he was to orgasm. He was so eager. Jamie was so good at teasing and pleasuring him endlessly. Tyler swallowed hard, his eyes bright and blown out as he answered: “Oh, yeah, Jamie. I want it so bad. You fucking me in my bed.”

Jamie unbuttoned Tyler’s pants swiftly, and plunged his hand inside to take his cock out. It was stiff and long in Jamie’s hand, the delicate foreskin retracted enough to expose the rosy cockhead. Jamie wrapped his hand around Tyler’s cock, but was taken off guard when after only a few strokes, Tyler came hard. He ejaculated long, milky ropes all over Jamie’s hand. Tyler writhed on the ground, his whole body tensing. His jaw was slack, and his eyes were screwed shut in a mix of pleasure and pain.

“You ok, baby?” Jamie asked in concern. He felt Tyler’s cock soften in his sticky hand, cum dribbling down between his fingers.

“Yeah, ‘m fine. Just didn’t expect it this quickly,” Tyler said, panting in exertion. His handsome face relaxed considerably in satisfaction. He looked lazily at Jamie’s crotch and said in his deep, rumbling voice: “How about I take care of you, now?”

Jamie’s breath came short. He nodded enthusiastically and laid back on the ground. Tyler was on
him the second he was comfortable, his muscular body stretched out on the sand. Tyler crawled on his hands and knees to position himself right in front of Jamie. His ass was sticking out behind him and his soft cock was still dangling out of his pants.

There was a fire burning inside Tyler’s intense eyes as he dexterously unbuttoned Jamie’s pants. Jamie’s massive cock sprang out against his waistcoat the second it was revealed by Tyler. There were veins visible underneath the velvety skin, making Tyler’s mouth water.

“May I ask you a question, Jamie?” Tyler hummed, wrapping his big hand around Jamie’s impressive girth and stroking it in a root to tip motion. Jamie’s eyes were huge and pleading as he looked at Tyler’s devious smirk. He was already starting to sweat from the decadent sensation of Tyler caressing him like that.

“Yeah, sure,” Jamie managed to answer, a ball of heat twisting inside his stomach. He was feeling dizzy with the pleasure coursing through his veins. Seeing Tyler reach completion had aroused Jamie beyond imagining, and it was now difficult for him to last very long.

“How come is your cock so big? Mine isn’t like that,” Tyler mused, lowering his mouth on Jamie’s wide cockhead while he still kept pumping his hand up and down. Tyler sucked and moaned at the same time as if he was tasting the sweetest of desserts. He inhaled sharply the musky scent of Jamie and swirled his tongue around the thick ridge of the head.

“I don’t know, Tyler,” Jamie panted, a stunned expression on his face. He seemed lost in the sensation, his hands desperately clenching into fists at his sides. “Maybe ’cause I’m a big guy, I guess.”

Tyler smiled around the mouthful and pulled off with a wet pop to lap at Jamie’s slit. The precum dripping out onto Tyler’s tongue tasted pleasantly salty. The younger man could feel Jamie’s dick twitching, signifying that he was very close.

“You certainly are a big guy,” Tyler groaned, picking up speed with his hand. “That’s one of the things I like the most about you.” Jamie moaned brokenly, his plump lips parted as his balls drew up almost painfully. It took only one last swirl of Tyler’s tongue around his cockhead, the sensation almost tickling, for Jamie to ejaculate across his younger lover’s face.

Tyler closed his eyes, the sperm landing on the bridge of his small nose and on his high cheekbones. He stroked Jamie’s cock quickly, milking him dry and forcing everything out. Jamie watched with hungry eyes as he streaked Tyler’s perfect face with the evidence of his passion, some of his cum catching in Tyler’s brown beard. When Jamie was done, his cock fell limply on its side as Tyler’s warm hand released it.

When he was sure he had Jamie’s attention, Tyler shoved two of his cum-coated fingers inside his mouth and moaned wantonly. The sound was deep and manly as he wrapped his pink lips around his digits. Jamie’s jaw dropped open as he watched Tyler doing such a filthy thing. “You taste delicious,” Tyler teased once he took his fingers out of his mouth with a sucking sound.

Jamie didn’t know what to say apart from looking his fill; it was like a punch to his gut. His spent cock almost stirred in interest despite the fact that he had cum just a few seconds ago. It must have been the aftershocks of his blazing arousal.

“C’mere, Tyler.” Jamie motioned, sitting back up and gathering Tyler in his arms. He hugged him tightly against him and whispered in his ear: “It’s not the last time we do this, I promise.”

Tyler felt a wave of sadness at Jamie’s words. He crushed Jamie against him, strong hands tugging
on the leather of his coat. “Don’t leave me, Jamie.”

“No, I won’t. You have my word.” Jamie assured, kissing Tyler’s soft curls. The most heartbreaking thing is that Jamie didn’t even know for sure if he would come back. He was torn between his duty to avenge his father and his powerful love for Tyler. More than once, the thought of just turning back with Tyler at his side had crossed Jamie’s mind.

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_Later in the evening_

After a very long day filled with emotions, Jamie and his group retired for the night. They still hadn’t reached Phaneuf’s gold mining site, but it wouldn’t be long until they did - maybe half an hour on foot but much less on horseback. They couldn’t possibly have guessed what happened next; they had all greatly underestimated their enemy.

Up the river, not far from where the men decided to camp, there was a small outpost where some of Phaneuf’s overseers had fled. When the workers had rebelled, the overseers had been forced to retreat since the workers were ready to fight to the death. Armed with pick axes, guns, shovels, and anything they could get their hands on, the workers had been a menacing bunch. Ten of Phaneuf’s men had escaped into the wilderness, but five had been mortally wounded.

Thornton had left the fort and made his way into the forest at sundown, searching for any trace of Jamie and his men. He noticed their camp, even though they had taken the precaution not to light a campfire. Thornton smiled cruelly as he passed nearby and continued his way east, deeper in the woods towards the outpost. It wasn’t long before he arrived at the place.

The outpost was a simple cabin made entirely of logs. There was a small lookout tower beside it, and the man at the top automatically recognized Thornton. In the low light of the moon, Thornton looked almost undead, his sharp features and scarred face chilling the blood of anyone who laid eyes on him. The man in the lookout tower greeted him, and Thornton immediately asked to talk with Weber, the leader of the group.

Phaneuf had given orders to Thornton to search for the overseers and use their help to attack Benn and his group. They were to knock Seguin out with a chloroform-soaked piece of fabric. The noxious gas would keep Seguin unconscious long enough for the men to leave the place on horseback. The plan was not to kill Benn and his men, only to capture Seguin and bring him to Phaneuf.

When everything was figured out, Thornton, Weber, four other men, and a horse went out into the forest. Weber was the one in charge of gassing Seguin with the chloroform. Thornton led the group through near darkness, only the light of the moon illuminating the trees and the leafy ground. The five goons’ job would be to create a distraction while Thornton and Weber dragged Seguin away and onto the horse to quickly reach the fort, a few kilometres away.

****

Ovie was the one guarding the sleeping men. His watch had started a few minutes ago, and he was still feeling sleepy. However, his alert ears made out the sound of boots crunching leaves. Ovie aimed his shotgun in the direction of the noise, but little did he know that their small camp was being encircled. The Russian didn’t waste any time kicking Geno in the rump. Rumbling and blinking his eyes awake, Geno stood up and grabbed his rifle.

In an instant, a resounding shot hit a nearby tree, sending bark flying everywhere. All the men woke
up, Tyler included, but it wasn’t long before he felt a cloth on his mouth and nose, choking him.

Jamie was sleeping right next to Tyler and swiftly stood up, but he was distracted by a bullet hitting
the ground near where his feet were. Jamie jumped back. He looked to see if Tyler had been hit, and
his eyes widened in horror as he noticed Tyler was gone.

“Tyler!” Jamie yelled, looking around for his friend. His panicked gaze zeroed in between the trees
behind where Tyler had slept. Jamie ran for the opening but arrived a fraction of a second too late,
just in time to see Tyler’s limp body slung over a horse behind an unknown man departing at a
steady speed. The son of a bitch whipped his horse, exciting the animal and sending it to a fast
gallop.

In the light of the moon, with reduced visibility, Jamie tried his best to aim for the back of the man’s
head, but his shot went wide. Suddenly, Jamie was being shot at and had to dive aside and hide
behind a tree. The man shooting at Jamie stopped when he noticed that his opponent was hidden. He
approached, leaves crunching underneath his heavy boots and said: “Come before it’s too late, Benn,
‘cause Seguin’s gonna be suffering greatly at our good Sir’s hands.”

A destructive rage took hold of Jamie’s senses and without thinking, he sprang out from behind the
tree and shot the man right in the throat. Blood gurgled out of his nasty mouth, and his knees buckled
before he fell face first to the earth. Jamie walked up to the limp body and viciously kicked it in the
side with his boot. A few tremors wracked the man’s body before all life escaped him. Jamie kicked
him again and again, his boot crushing more than a few ribs as he let his anguish spill forth.

“No, no,” Jamie wailed, falling on his knees and grasping his head between his hands. He had rarely
felt such horror in his life. Tyler was gone, captured by a sadistic monster and at his mercy. His
sweet, good, beloved Tyler. Jamie’s heart was shattered in a thousand pieces as he cried in pain,
nieving on the ground next to the bloodied body of his assailant. He couldn’t believe it; it all
happened so terribly fast. He had to rescue Tyler now before it was too late.

Jamie stood up on heavy legs, and, without even looking back, he ran in the direction Tyler had
disappeared.

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Tyler blinked his eyes open. His head was throbbing with a massive headache. The room spun as a
wave of nausea passed over him. Tyler tried to rub his eyes but discovered that his wrists were
painfully bound. He soon understood why he felt so horribly dizzy; he was standing, his head limp
and without any support, his arms pulled up by a heavy chain fixed to the low ceiling of the cavity.

Tyler felt his heart beat frantically when he also realized that he was completely naked. The horror of
it had Tyler thrashing around and trying to free himself from his restraints. Cold sweat broke on his
skin as he tugged on the iron shackles to no avail. Soon enough, an all too familiar voice rang inside
Tyler’s ears.

“Tyler Seguin. Finally I have you,” Phaneuf drawled, walking up to Tyler’s spread out form and
moving to look at him in the eye. Phaneuf couldn’t help thinking that Tyler had a gorgeous body. A
part of him didn’t want to see it ruined.

The young man felt anger rise up inside him as he saw Phaneuf’s cruel face. He looked around,
ignoring him, and noticed that he was held in some kind of wide cavern. The rocky walls were far
away from him and he could barely make out his surroundings since only a few oil lamps illuminated
the place.

Tyler turned his head to the side and felt his breath stuttering when he saw a long wooden table with
various instruments of torture displayed on it. There was a nasty looking bullwhip, an assortment of knives, wax, and many items whose purpose he couldn’t identify ... Apart from inflicting horrible amounts of pain.

“Look at me, Seguin,” Phaneuf spat out, his rough hand darting out to grab viciously at Tyler’s well defined jaw. “You’re too perfect for me to disfigure. But I sure will take my time pouring some hot wax on the delicious skin of your ass and back. Such a filthy, little faggot you are...”

Phaneuf moved his hand down Tyler’s neck and grasped his throat, applying enough pressure to choke him. He held on a few seconds, watching Tyler’s unwavering gaze. His brown eyes were looking right through him, as if it was a challenge of will between the two. “I’ll make you scream, Seguin. You’ll feel so much pain that you’ll beg me to end your shameful life.”

Tyler didn't blink, defiance burning bright in his eyes. “Try me.” He simply said.

“Benn will come here to discover me ravaging you.” Phaneuf replied, the mention of Jamie’s name hurting Tyler more than the prospect of cruel treatment ever could. His heart felt so tight and heavy in his chest. Phaneuf let go of his iron grip on his throat and moved back to prepare his instruments of torture.

“I can see there are still fresh marks on your pretty ass. Is it Giroux who did this to you?” Phaneuf asked, cracking his whip down on the ground. Tyler instinctively tensed all over when he heard the sound, but reassured himself with the thought that he wouldn’t suffer too long... He hoped. Tyler had a feeling that Jamie would come for him.

“Answer me!” Phaneuf ordered, his voice cold and devoid of any emotions. He let his whip crack on Tyler’s ass, a welt automatically forming over the scarred skin. Blood bubble up to the surface, the sensation burning and making Tyler choke out a pained groan.

“Giroux did it,” Tyler answered, gritting his teeth and already feeling sweat trickle down between his shoulder blades. He closed his opened hands in tight fists, waves of pain traveling up his spine.

“Hmh, I would have guessed. Benn is too much of a romantic to do such a cruel thing to your precious ass,” Phaneuf mocked as he laid down his whip to walk up to Tyler and grab at the abused flesh. Tyler didn’t move, his blood turning cold.

“Not again.”

“Sir, there is something important I must talk to you about.”

Steven Stamkos.
Phaneuf growled in impatience, turning around to face the blond man standing a few feet away from him. “Can’t you see I’m busy, Steven?” Phaneuf hissed menacingly.

Steven felt a powerful wave of rage wash over him as he took in the sight of Tyler. He had followed Thornton to the cavern, waiting in the shadows for the right moment to intervene. When Steven had seen the men strip Tyler bare and tie him up, he had sworn to himself that he would stop this madness. Steven knew what torture felt like, having experienced it first hand, and there was no fucking way he was letting this happen.

“I can see you are very much busy teaching Seguin a lesson, dear Sir, but it is a very important matter I must discuss with you.” Steven purred, looking at Phaneuf from underneath his lashes.

Phaneuf sensed something wasn't right, but he ignored his suspicions and let himself be seduced by Stamkos’ flirtatious behaviour. He had been aroused watching Seguin’s helpless state, and his mind was far from clear.

“C’mere, Steven.” The businessman said deeply, crooking his index finger at Stamkos. The blond didn’t hesitate and walked up to Phaneuf, licking his lips as he did so. He had a dagger hidden inside his long coat, and he was ready to reach for it as soon as he was close enough.

Phaneuf swiftly closed the few steps between them and wound his arm around Steven’s narrow waist. He hugged him close, giving him a good feel of his hard cock, before biting hungrily on Steven’s earlobe. This was the moment Steven chose to strike. Fast like lightning, he took his dagger out and stabbed Phaneuf’s broad back.

The ensuing chaos was everything Steven had hoped for. He was brutally shoved away, falling on his ass but quickly jumping back on his feet. Phaneuf groaned in pain, taking his own dagger in hand and charging Steven. Off they both went, exiting the cavern and leaving Tyler hanging from the ceiling.

****

Jamie was running the fastest he had ever run in his life. He didn’t stop once, going straight ahead. Jamie could make out the light coming from the fort and knew he was close. He was exhausted, panting with the effort, but he refused to slow down. Images of Tyler - his bright smile, his handsome face - constantly assaulted Jamie’s mind. He couldn’t stop; he had to hurry for Tyler’s sake.

After a good twenty minutes, Jamie came in sight of the fort. The wooden palisade was illuminated by oil lamps, and Jamie noticed that two men were posted behind mounted machine guns. One of them was the huge, bearded monster of a man who had wounded Daddy. There was activity inside the fort, the group of overseers readying themselves for the upcoming battle.

Jamie was hidden behind bushes, wondering where he should go look out for Tyler when he heard gunshots and yelling. Jamie turned in the direction of the sound and saw a cave, a little behind the fort, with an oil lamp at its entrance. Two men emerged from the cave, the first one running as fast as he could but often turning around to taunt his pursuer. Jamie’s anger flared back up when he made out the second man. It was none other than Phaneuf. He had his eye-patch on, as usual, and a dark bowler hat on his head. Phaneuf was wearing dark colours but the twinkle of a pocket watch chain caught in the light of the moon.

Jamie’s worst enemy came out the cave, a gun pointed in the escaping man’s direction, and shot him at point blank range. Thankfully, the bullet hit him in the arm; the man kept on running. Jamie watched the scene unfold with a burning rage. The man disappeared into the darkness, and Phaneuf
turned around, going back to his business. He stormed back inside the cave.

With a deep, steadying breath and taking his Colt out of his belt, Jamie made his way through the thick forest, up to the cave. It was easy enough to reach the place since it was nestled between trees on a rocky facade. No one even noticed Jamie’s presence, but just before he crossed the open ground to reach the cave, the loud noise of the machine guns resounded in the entire valley. Jamie turned around swiftly, still hidden by trees, to see a flurry of flashes coming from the fort. Shots were being fired in retaliation from the border of trees in front of the fort. Jordie and the rest of the group must have followed him and were now attacking.

Jamie took this diversion as an opportunity to run the few remaining meters in the open to reach the cave. He didn’t waste a second, running right through the black hole that was the opening. Jamie had only one thought in mind - to save Tyler before it was too late. As he entered the cave, however, he slowed down to walk as quietly and furtively as he could.

There was one major corridor going straight ahead, and Jamie decided to follow this one. As Jamie penetrated further inside the cave, the stone walls became too clear cut to be natural. This portion of the cave had been dug by men. There were a few side passages, but Jamie ignored them, continuing his path deeper inside the mountain. He walked on a few more minutes before stopping dead in his tracks.

The sound of a whip cracking on flesh could be heard followed by groans of pain and the occasional yell. Jamie’s heart stuttered in his chest; he had probably found where Tyler was. Following the noise, Jamie walked carefully up to a wider entrance to another room in the stone. He hid behind a rocky wall, protruding slightly on the left, and dared to glimpse past the entrance. The sight that greeted Jamie filled him to the brim with a mix of anger, pain, horror, and anguish. He couldn’t believe what he was seeing.

Tyler was hanging by his arms from a chain, blood dripping down his back as Phaneuf whipped him without any reprieve. Lash after lash came, turning Tyler’s back into a mess of thin, burning cuts. Poor Tyler was sobbing, trying to keep his dignity without crying out too loudly. His whole body was stretched to its limits, his feet barely touching the bloodied and slippery ground.

Jamie’s heart felt as if it was bleeding. He had never been this hurt in his entire life. Jamie gritted his teeth, cold hatred written all over his face, and sprang out from behind his hiding place to aim at Phaneuf’s back and shoot. Jamie pulled the trigger and off the bullet went, taking Phaneuf right in his left shoulder, the same one he had been stabbed on. The whip fell limply to the ground, Phaneuf roaring in pain and most of all, anger. He turned around swiftly, his gun at the ready, and shot without any thought whatsoever.

Jamie had anticipated such a move and dove aside. He ran forward, aiming for Phaneuf’s chest, but missing completely as the man jumped to the left. Phaneuf scrambled behind the table with the instruments of torture and called out with a menacing tone: “Benn... Should I be surprised by your presence?”

Jamie took the opportunity to aim for the chain holding Tyler up and shoot. The chain broke and Tyler fell face first on the ground, his body completely limp with the agony of his sore muscles and bloodied back. Tyler barely groaned and stayed still. He turned his head weakly to the side, and he felt a small smile tug at his lips as he made out Jamie’s broad frame. Jamie had come for him; Tyler felt a boost of energy, and it gave him the strength to try to push himself up on his forearms.

“Stop cowering, Phaneuf, and face me like a man.” Jamie ordered. He was standing, tall and proud, his gun pointed in Phaneuf direction. In his long leather coat and boots, Jamie was the definition of confidence. His stance belied the aching of his heart and the tumult of his mind.
Phaneuf stood up from behind his hiding spot, the eye-patch gone from his face. A terrible scar split the skin around the white of his eye. Phaneuf was obviously blind in that eye, but there was an uncanny impression that he saw right through one’s soul with it. He spoke up in a perfectly even tone: “Your father is the one who left this mark on me. He fought with everything he had before I got the best of him and stabbed him in the heart.”

To Jamie’s ultimate dismay, he felt tears threaten to spill forth. His heart tightened so hard that Jamie wondered if it would burst. He had kept the hope that his father might have survived, but now that Phaneuf spat the truth in his face, all hope had been destroyed.

“It’s not true,” Jamie said in disbelief. He wanted his father back with every fiber of his being.

“It’s all true, Benn. Your father was a nuisance to my enterprise. Trash like him was no use to me.” Phaneuf taunted, his words stabbing Jamie. He sheathed his gun into his belt with a spin and took out a curved knife instead. There was no emotion whatsoever on Phaneuf’s face as he added threateningly: “You’re not getting out of here alive, Benn.”

Jamie sheathed his gun and took his own knife out, the blade shining in the low light, and braced himself for the upcoming battle. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Tyler crawling on his hands and knees, grunting as he tried pulling himself upright. Phaneuf walked around the table and gave a vicious kick in Tyler’s ribs as he passed by him. Tyler fell back on his face, his weak arms giving way.

“Touch him one more time, and I’ll rip the skin off of you, Phaneuf.” Jamie said, pure hatred seeping out of his words. Phaneuf only chuckled, spitting on Tyler’s bloodied back. This ultimate insult pushed Jamie over the edge. He charged at Phaneuf, moving aside swiftly when his enemy tried to stab him. Phaneuf’s arm went wide, and Jamie didn’t hesitate a fraction of a second to slash at it.

Phaneuf had anticipated the attack and moved his arm back against his body. He turned to the side and tried landing a heavy punch to Jamie’s chest. For his size, Jamie was surprisingly quick, so he dodged Phaneuf’s hit, his left shoulder taking the impact. He ignored the pain and pushed forward, his knife darting out at the last minute and viciously stabbing Phaneuf in the lower stomach. He howled in pain and retaliated by driving his knife into Jamie’s side.

Both men were furious, stabbing at each other and refusing to give the other the upper hand. Phaneuf had another vicious trick up his sleeve and decided to use it against Jamie. He reached for another dagger at his belt and aimed for Jamie’s thigh. Jamie saw it coming and kicked Phaneuf in the crotch, the knife deflecting but piercing the fabric and the skin underneath.

Hot waves of nausea and agony traveled up Phaneuf's spine, the tip of Jamie’s boot colliding with his sensitive area. Rage was burning brightly in Phaneuf’s eye, blood pouring down between his legs from the stomach wound, as he shoved Jamie to the ground with the weight of his body.

Phaneuf and Jamie hit the hard ground with a breath punching impact. Phaneuf was straddling Jamie and trying to stab at his eyes with his nasty curved knife. Jamie grasped tightly on Phaneuf’s arm, stopping him just in time before the blade would have descended into his right eye. Jamie was incredibly strong and held on with a deathly grip. He felt hot blood, more of Phaneuf’s than his, soaking his clothes.

The fight went on for a few minutes, each man landing blows on the other and thrashing around. Phaneuf crawled away, trying to escape Jamie’s relentless attacks. He was stabbed in the back, Jamie finally gaining the upper hand and dragging him back to the ground. They both fell next to Tyler, Jamie now straddling Phaneuf from behind and stabbing him again and again with a blind fury. Blood splattered all over his face as his knife dug into the flesh.
Jamie stopped momentarily to brutally turn Phaneuf around, and grab at the lapels of his dirty jacket to growl in his face: “This is for my father, you son of a bitch.” Jamie was holding his knife right against Phaneuf’s throat. Phaneuf didn’t waste a second to punch Jamie in the stomach. Jamie jumped off of him in surprise, and groaned in pain, lowering his eyes to see a small knife digging into his flesh.

Phaneuf, possessed of an unbelievable endurance and strength, tried standing back up. He had a cruel smile on his thin lips as he saw Jamie trying to pull the notched knife out of his stomach only to cry out in pain. It was impossible to get the knife out with sheer strength; it had to be gently twisted out to the ultimate agony of the victim. As Phaneuf stood back up, he took his gun out and aimed it at Jamie’s horrified face.

“See, you’ll die like a dog, just like your father. And when I blow you head off, I’ll make my new, little slave clean it up.” Phaneuf mocked. His chuckling came to an abrupt end when he felt strong arms wind around his neck and drag him back down to the ground. Once Phaneuf was lying on his back over his assailant’s body, the man wrapped his legs around his waist and choked the breath out of his lungs. Phaneuf thrashed around, trying to get rid of the man holding him. The more he moved, the more the muscular arms around his neck tightened.

Phaneuf then heard Tyler’s voice growl in his ear: “None of that is ever gonna happen, you fucking bastard.” Tyler then viciously bit Phaneuf’s ear, making him scream out in pain, and ripped the piece of flesh completely out. Tyler spat out the bloodied ear, his arms strangling Phaneuf.

A few feet away from them, Jamie watched with an expression of pure disbelief. It was Tyler holding Phaneuf in a death grip and giving him the precious time he needed to finish him off. Jamie shook his head, regaining his senses, and crawled towards them to hover above Phaneuf. He threw himself against Phaneuf and drove his knife right into his cruel heart.

Blood sputtered out of Phaneuf’s mouth, his good eye boring into Jamie’s burning brown gaze. His body spasmed a few times, lying on Tyler, and then stopped entirely. He didn't say a word, only looking at Jamie like if he was sending him a last threatening message.

Then Jamie felt it.

A dizzy haze overtook his senses. He moved away from Phaneuf’s dead body and fell heavily on the cold ground. Sweat broke out on his skin and his head spun.

Tyler immediately pushed Phaneuf aside, crawling on his hands and knees, and gathered Jamie in his arms. There was the most heartbreaking expression on his face and tears streaming down his cheeks. Tyler brushed Jamie’s black strands of hair out of his face and whispered: “Jamie, no. Stay with me, my love.”

He searched around frantically for something to help him save Jamie. His heart was a mess of emotions: love, pain, sadness, anguish, fear. Tyler’s gaze settled on the knife Jamie had in his stomach. Tyler tentatively tugged on the handle, but Jamie’s eyes widened in pain instantly.

“Twist it… Gently… Tyler…” Jamie said brokenly, his face filled with pain. He grasped Tyler’s hand with force and swallowed hard. “I love you.” He simply murmured, holding onto Tyler’s hand like if it was the last thing left to him in the world.

Tyler looked soulfully into Jamie’s damp eyes before focusing his attention back on the knife digging into his stomach. Tyler took in a deep breath before wrapping a hand around the handle and steadying himself with the other on Jamie’s hip. He did just as Jamie had told him, his friend losing consciousness with the wave of agony that passed over him, before gently easing the knife out.
Blood spilled forth, but Tyler didn’t panic and applied pressure on the wound with the red scarf Jamie had around his neck. Then, he stood up on heavy legs and searched for a way to cauterize the vicious injury.

A little farther in the cave, Tyler spotted a wood stove he hadn’t noticed in his tied up position. There was a piece of metal lying in the red hot coals. Tyler walked up to the stove and grabbed a rag on the ground before taking a hold of the metal. He then came back to Jamie, and applied the side of the piece of metal to the wound, making Jamie choke out a scream in the half-conscious world he was in. Tyler did the same to the other injuries, stopping the blood flow wherever Jamie had been stabbed.

At this moment, a group of men entered the cave in a hurry. Tyler’s head snapped up. To his relief, it was Jordie, Sidney, Geno, and Ovie. They all seemed as if they had been through a harsh battle, their clothes dirtied with blood, earth and gunpowder. The Russian doctor didn’t waste a second to jog up to the pair and check out on Jamie’s wounds.

“He be alright,” He declared in his heavily accented voice once he had inspected Jamie’s cauterized injuries. “You take care?” He asked incredulously. Tyler nodded, and Ovie smiled slightly. “Good.”

Tyler felt someone laying a coat over his shoulders but barely registered it; his attention was all on Jamie. His man, his love, his saviour. Tyler couldn’t resist and couldn’t care less if anyone was watching him.

He leaned against Jamie and kissed him on the lips.

Chapter End Notes

We're almost at the end of this crazy ride... *sighs* I'm going to be so sad when I leave this universe & these wonderful Wild West versions of our two sexy hunks. :( Until then, I'm still going to reward you all with something absolutely magical for the grande finale in chapter 12! ;)

AND... Peeps: what happened to STEVEN STAMKOS? Where is our darling hero??
My Everything

Chapter by TheNaughtyVirgin

Chapter Summary

Tyler smiled at that, closing the distance between them to rest his head on Jamie’s shoulder. Jamie’s hand caressed his back soothingly. Tyler felt heat twist pleasantly inside his stomach as he imagined how his reunions with Jamie would feel after a week or two of separation. It would be similar to when he came back from the gold site. Tyler’s breath came short as he remembered the day Jamie had taken his virginity. It was when they got back together that the most intense sex happened; separation did things to them.

Chapter Notes

Betaed by Leyna (levley09). <3 Thank you from the bottom of my heart for being there to clean up my mess. ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tyler was looking at the rising sun, his heart filled with relief. It was truly beautiful and, even if his back stung like a bitch despite the ointments Ovie had applied on the cuts, he felt wonderful. The river was shining, specks of silver dancing in the water, as the sun peeked over a rocky cliff, rising higher in the sky.

It was over. Done.

Tyler was the happiest man on earth. Despite the quite traumatic event that had transpired in the cave, he felt truly blessed. Jamie was alive and had been stitched up by the valiant Ovie. Tyler could never thank this rugged, unusual doctor enough for everything he had done. But there was another man Tyler also needed to thank, and he was making his way through the trees, up to where Tyler was sitting on a flat rock by the entrance to the cave. He didn’t seem injured, only shaken by the rough night he certainly had gone through. The blond waved his hand in Tyler’s direction and continued walking until he was only a few feet away from Tyler.

“Hey!” Tyler called. He stood up, hissing a little bit at the pain in his back and closed the distance to clasp Steven on the shoulder.

“Hey, no need to stand up, Mr. Seguin, this is fine.” Steven assured him, but Tyler was already standing in front of him.

Tyler gave Steven a heartfelt shake on the shoulder and smiled. “Thank you, Mr. Stamkos. What you have done for me… I can’t even begin to tell you how grateful I am.” Tyler’s bright eyes were moist. He was overwhelmed with emotions. Tyler swiftly wiped away a stray tear, threatening to roll down his cheek, with his other hand.
“Please,” Steven said, also clasping with force on Tyler’s shoulder. “It was only my duty to help a man in need.” His thin lips stretched into a soft, sincere smile. For once, Steven was truly smiling for good reasons. He had made a man of himself. He no longer cowered behind a master in the hope of receiving affection in return. Steven was free, and he felt proud of himself for choosing the path of good rather than evil.

After a moment, both men let go of each other. Tyler nodded Steven’s way and asked: “So, where are you up to next?”

“Toronto!” Steven exclaimed, his smile widening on his pale face. “Back home.”

“Same here!” Tyler replied, grinning knowingly. “And I’m bringing my dear friend Jamie along.” As soon as the name Jamie was out of his mouth, Tyler felt his whole body soar in happiness. He was filled to the brim with love, and just the thought of Jamie made him feel ecstatic.

A shadow crossed Steven’s face. He lowered his crystal blue eyes and looked down on the rocky ground. “There is something you must know…” He murmured, took a deep breath and added: “The Benn ranch has been destroyed. I was there when it happened. Every single animal was killed, and the ranch was blown apart with dynamite.”

Tyler’s eyebrows furrowed, and his mouth dropped a little open in shock. His expression was a mix of great sadness and disbelief. Tyler didn’t know what to say; he was at a loss for words. He looked at Steven, took off his black cowboy hat and raked a hand through his tangled curls before swallowing the lump in his throat. “Well. I guess, we, uh… have nothing left there.”

“No, indeed. There is nothing left of the place. I’m so sorry to share this with you, but I just want to make sure you know. In case Jamie wanted go back… It’s no longer an option.” Steven concluded. He patted Tyler on his shoulder and turned on his heels. He had a horse waiting for him, and from the fort there was a dirt path that could easily be followed back to the main road that led to Kamloops.

“Thank you, Mr. Stamkos. Take care; we most probably will see you in Toronto,” Tyler replied. Steven answered with a smile and a tip of his hat. Tyler watched him leave and couldn't help but remind himself of how ironic it was that Steven had come to his aid. Life was definitely full of surprises.

Deep in his thoughts, Tyler jolted when he felt an all-too-familiar broad hand on his shoulder. Tyler turned around swiftly to see Jamie. He wasn’t wearing his hat, raven strands of hair falling over his forehead. His large eyes were tired, and he even had a purplish spot under one of them. Jamie looked banged up, but he was standing tall and proud. His shoulders were set, wide and confident, and Tyler felt himself melt more than a little.

“Jamie,” Tyler simply said, smiling with dimples in his cheeks at the taller man and craning his neck to look at him properly. Those ruby lips caught Tyler’s attention, and he couldn’t help himself from leaning against Jamie and kissing him.

The kiss was tender, almost tentative, but it didn't take long for Jamie to grasp Tyler’s face with both of his hands and plunge his tongue inside the wet heat of his mouth. Jamie closed his eyes and felt Tyler tremble in his arms. He laced his tongue with Tyler’s and kissed him all the harder, desire taking hold of his senses. Tyler moaned into the kiss, both hands grasping at Jamie’s shirt collar.

Eventually, they had to break the kiss to breathe. Jamie’s thumbs caressed the silky skin of Tyler’s high cheekbones before descending down his face and his upper body to rest on his hips. His hands were wide and protective against Tyler’s narrow waist. Jamie looked into Tyler’s eyes before kissing
him softly where he had a little beauty mark on his chin amidst his beard. Tyler purred contently and let himself melt into Jamie’s embrace.

“My Tyler,” Jamie whispered right into Tyler’s ear. His hands gave a squeeze to Tyler’s hips and brought him flush against him. Jamie saw how his lover’s eyes widened when he felt their muscular bodies lining up perfectly. “Thank you for all you have done for me,” Jamie added, looking right into the chocolate brown of Tyler’s eyes.

“No, Jamie. You’re the one who saved me,” Tyler replied, wrapping his arms around Jamie’s shoulders to hug him. He rested his head at the junction of Jamie’s neck and shoulder and closed his eyes as he felt the love he had for Jamie settle in every fiber of his being. Tyler wanted to cry, let out all the anguish and stress flow out of him, but instead he held tighter onto Jamie.

Jamie buried his nose in Tyler’s soft curls and kissed the top of his head. He rubbed soothing circles on Tyler’s hips before moving his broad hands up his back. They stayed like this for a while, just basking in the feeling of being alive and together and appreciating the moment. The air was crisp and pure all around them, the wind was blowing through the autumn trees, and the sun was basking the valley in a golden glow.

It was beautiful.

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Three days later

Tyler and Sidney were both looking at Jamie in the mirror with admiration in their eyes. They were proud of themselves for choosing exactly the right pieces of clothing for the cowboy. Jamie was wearing a black suit jacket, a crimson waistcoat, and black pants with a discrete pattern of dark red lines. As for his accessories, he wore a black stingy brimmed hat and a silken cravat. The chain of his father’s pocket watch peeked from a pocket and linked with a silver button.

“Damn, Jamie!” Tyler exclaimed. He was amazed with how Jamie looked refined yet still had that wild, untamed spirit to him as he wore the fine fabrics. He really was quite something, all broad and powerful in expensive clothes like an influential businessman. Tyler felt a wave of heat wash over him and licked his lips as he caught Jamie’s eyes in the mirror.

Jamie blushed furiously at Tyler’s comment. He wasn’t used to wearing fancy clothes, but he liked how the fabrics clung to his long limbs, making him look twice as tall. Jamie could feel Tyler and Sidney’s eyes raking over his body. The pants felt a little tight on his muscular thighs and ass, but apart from this, he felt at ease and comfortable. The fabric was soft, clearly made from the finest materials.

“I agree with Tyler,” Sidney began with a smile. “You look fantastic, Jamie. I believe this is what you need for the trip to Toronto.”

“Until I buy you more things, naturally.” Tyler added, winking at Jamie and letting his warm hand wander to the small of Jamie’s back. “It would be a crime not to.”

Jamie laughed at Tyler’s flirtatious behaviour. He turned around and grabbed him around the waist, bringing him flush against him. There was a flame in Jamie’s dark eyes as he whispered in Tyler’s ear, making the hair at the back of the younger man’s neck prickle: “And would it also be a crime if you refused to let me kiss you right here?”

It was Tyler’s turn to blush. *Sidney is here, for Christ’s sake!* Tyler brought both of his large hands to
rest on Jamie’s chest and gently push him away. “It’s better when we wait, yes?” It wasn’t the first time Tyler told him that. The last time had been underneath a tree where Jamie had rutted against Tyler’s ass. The memory went straight to Jamie’s cock. Tyler licked his lips, the tease, because he knew full well what was happening to Jamie.

Tyler could see how Jamie’s breath came short and how he was looking heatedly at him. Jamie let go of his hold on Tyler and moved away entirely. Tyler winked at him, a mischievous glint in his eyes, and smirked. He had every intention of straddling Jamie’s thighs and kissing him hard when they would be seated in their private train compartment headed for Toronto.

Sidney was watching the both of them with his eyebrows drawn up. He couldn’t believe how obvious they were. Sidney sighed and shook his head. He had a feeling that he would miss them very much. The train was leaving today, and Sidney would not be on it. He was staying here with Geno, Ovie, and the rest of his friends. Daddy and Marc-André were back in town, having arrived only the previous day. Jordie was leaving with Tyler and Jamie, since there was nothing left for him apart from his brother.

When it was time to pay up front, at the counter, Sidney refused Tyler’s money. Sidney had gifted him a new green and gray plaid suit and was now offering Jamie’s suit as well. He told them that it was the least he could do for dear friends he might not see in a while. Sidney’s heart tightened as he hugged Tyler against him and then Jamie. He bid them farewell and the best of luck with their futures.

“But, Sid! You will come and visit us in Toronto, won’t you?” Tyler said, his voice small with the emotions he was feeling at leaving Sidney behind. “Here is my address.” He handed his friend a small piece of paper with his address written out neatly. Sidney smiled warmly at Tyler, patted him on the shoulder, and assured him he would come visit them very soon.

Dressed to the nines, Tyler and Jamie left Sidney’s Alterations with heavy hearts. It was always hard to let go of friends without knowing when you might see them again. When they were outside, Tyler glanced over his shoulder and saw Sidney standing by his counter and looking at them with a handkerchief in his hand. Tyler waved at his friend one last time, and Sidney waved back with a very sad smile.

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A few hours later

The Benn brothers weren’t used to this kind of luxury and were amazed to be able to enjoy a cabin with bunk beds, plush chairs and even a small lavatory. Tyler’s status and wealth permitted him to travel in this kind of opulence. No one had suspected Jamie or Jordie were mere ranchers since they were both dressed like real gentlemen. The red bearded Jordie, in his dark green suit and top hat, had the appearance of a determined prospector. Jamie also fitted in with his fine clothes and the aura of power that surrounded him. What kind of fool would have questioned that he was a man of standing?

The cabin was decorated in rich woods with tapestry on the walls. The beds were more comfortable than any bed Jamie had ever laid upon. He was lying on his back, over a white bedspread embroidered with patterns of golden flowers. Jamie had his arms crossed behind his head. He had kicked off his boots and was wiggling his toes in his socks, sighing in contentment and basking in the feeling of just being able to relax.

Jordie had left for tea, giving Jamie and Tyler the privacy they were so eager to get. Tyler was also lying on his bed, on the opposite wall of the cabin. He turned his head to the side and looked at
Jamie intently. They both were lying in their clothes, but had removed their jackets, rolled up their shirt sleeves at the elbow, unbuttoned their waistcoats, and loosened their cravats. Tyler and Jamie hadn’t had the chance to be intimate with each other these past few days. They had been traveling through the mountains, and had had so much on their minds that they had barely thought about sex.

But now that they were both lying here, relaxed and at peace, it was the perfect time to finally let go. Tyler felt ravenous, his body itching with want, as he thought about touching himself while Jamie watched. Tyler exhaled deeply before moving both of his giant hands down his clothed body to unbutton his impeccably tailored gray pants.

He plunged his hand inside and lifted his hips to push his pants down enough to free the whole length of his cock. Tyler was soft as he wrapped his hand around himself. He looked down his body, biting his lip innocently, as he gave himself a tentative tug. He couldn’t help but think his dick looked gorgeous, the skin soft and pale, his head rosy and already weeping at the tip.

Jamie could see movement at the corner of his eye, so he turned his head to the side and his jaw dropped a little with the discovery of Tyler jerking off. “Tyler, Jesus Christ, what...?” Jamie asked in confusion. His throat felt dry and, to Jamie’s ultimate embarrassment, his cock instantly started to harden in his pants. It was an automatic response for him to get an immediate boner anytime he saw Tyler doing something naughty.

“Just touching myself, Jamie. How ’bout you do the same, huh?” Tyler answered in his beautiful, deep voice. He turned his head Jamie’s way, his already heavy-lidded gaze connecting with Jamie’s wide eyes. There was a discreet blush on each of Tyler’s cheeks already, and the more he looked at Jamie’s handsome face, the more it deepened.

“Yeah, good idea.” Jamie simply said hoarsely, his heart picking up speed as he hastily unbuttoned his pants and took out his dick in one broad hand. He didn’t hesitate to give himself a slow stroke, feeling his blood rush to his cock and making it grow to full size. Jamie moaned low in his throat as he tugged on his cock more insistently until it was jutting long, thick, and proud in his hand.

“Fuck, Jamie. I’m so hard,” Tyler whined, his hand picking up speed. He slid his thumb inside his mouth and closed his lips around it. Tyler moaned and sucked on his thumb as he jerked off while looking at Jamie doing the same thing. Jamie’s lush lips were parted, his eyes burning through Tyler’s skin as he held his gaze.

“You’re so spoiled, you know that?” Jamie couldn’t help but tease. “So fine and rich and spoiled.” Jamie stroked his big cock urgently, his chest heaving up and down as he felt his stomach contract. Sweat trickled down Jamie’s spine, the pain in his stomach still very much acute from the stab wound.

“You love me that way, don’t lie,” Tyler panted. “Let’s see who cums first... The loser laps the cum off the winner’s fingers.” Tyler had stopped sucking on his thumb and was now fondling his left nipple through the crisp fabric of his shirt. He arched his back, moaning deeply, as he pinched the sensitive nub. Tyler's tongue darted out, licking wantonly at the corners of his mouth.

“The winner is the one who lasts the longest, is that what you’re saying, babe?” Jamie asked, twisting his hand at the head of his cock. There was precum dribbling down the heated skin of Jamie’s shaft, slickening his movements as he lazily stroked himself, taking his time. He didn’t want to lose this little competition and had every intention of making Tyler cum first.

“Yeah, that’s right, Mr. Benn.” Tyler groaned, knowing full well that Jamie loved it when he called him that. Tyler gave his cock a few more sharp tugs, just to make sure he was on edge to spice the game up. Then, he decided to simply stroke his cock with one long finger. Tyler dug his pearly white
teeth into his lip as he felt his cock twitch underneath his teasing ministration. “Oh!” He exclaimed, his wet lips parting and his back arching off the small bed.

“I know you wanna get on your knees and suck the cum off my fingers, Seggy.” Jamie replied in a rough voice, taking his revenge on Tyler. “You’re so thirsty for it.” He watched Tyler caressing his cock in an up and down motion with his finger. It was so sexy that Jamie could barely breathe.

“Look at you, baby. All pink and desperate,” Jamie swallowed hard. “You won’t last long, I’ll make you cum with just the sound of my voice.”

Tyler scrunched his eyes closed, his cute nose wrinkling, and squirmed on the bed, his legs opening up wide. His dick looked absolutely delicious, now bright pink just like his ears, cheeks, and neck. Tyler moaned brokenly, before coming back at Jamie with something he knew would get the best of him: “You know, Jamie,” he began. “I love it so much when you split me open and fuck me so good that I forget my own name.” Tyler’s voice was at it’s deepest level, so sensual and erotic to Jamie’s ears. “The only thing I get to remember is your name.”

Jamie’s cock twitched in his big hand, his balls drawing up and stomach clenching tightly. His eyes were glazed, the pupils blown wide, as he never stopped looking at Tyler stroking his dick with his finger. He was biting his lips in that shy, endearing way of his, so beautiful with his brown curls framing his face. That perfect face was filled with unrestrained desire. It would be impossible for Jamie to last much longer if Tyler continued talking dirty to him.

“It felt like heaven when I sat on your cock, Mr. Benn.” Tyler went on, touching his sensitive slit with the tip of his finger and shivering uncontrollably. “Your thick cock was made to fill my ass.” He turned his head Jamie’s way, and this time, he made a show of sticking his tongue out and seductively licking his upper lip from left to right. “But you know what I love best? When you cum all hot and messy deep inside me.”

Jamie was about to tumble over the edge, his cock so fucking hard that he wondered if it could burst in his hand. A few stray locks of black hair were sticking to his sweaty forehead. His lips were engorged with arousal, red and wet, as he panted in exertion. Jamie was feeling out of his mind, images of his cock plunging inside Tyler’s firm ass invading his head. He was still looking at Tyler, and Tyler was still looking at him. They were both defying each other with their eyes, testing their limits. Who was going to submit first?

“God, Tyler. How are you even this shameless? I wish I could shut you up with my cock.” Jamie drawled out, the tight ring of his fingers squeezing around his aching flesh.

Tyler felt his toes curl. He couldn’t believe how smug Jamie looked with his hand wrapped around his big cock, stroking it decadently and slowly root to tip. His strong thighs were resting lazily on the bed. Jamie was dressed like a wealthy businessman, confident and pleasuring himself calmly. It seemed as if Jamie had regained control of his lust clouded senses.

But Tyler couldn’t be more wrong; Jamie was battling with himself and was trying to decide whether he should simply let Tyler win. Looking at him writhe and moan on the bed, Jamie felt a pang of guilt. He wanted Tyler to be satisfied and stop holding back his imminent orgasm. Jamie was ready to get on his knees to make Tyler happy and let him bask in the feeling of being the winner.

“Mr. Benn, please.” Tyler begged with wide eyes, a crease between his scrunched up eyebrows. He really didn’t want to lose this contest.

With a small, punched out groan, Jamie came all over his fingers. Long ropes of cum spurted out of his slit, but Jamie was quick enough to cover his cockhead with the wide palm of his hand. White sperm dribbled down his shaft, coating his heated skin and dirtying him thoroughly. Jamie’s face was
relaxed, jaw slack and eyes closed, as the wave of orgasm washed over him. He basked in the glow and felt as if he was floating.

Tyler was stroking himself furiously, his hand a blur over his dick, and he had to silence himself with his palm over his opened mouth as he cried out in pure bliss. Anyone walking by their cabin at this moment would have heard his little, muffled outburst. He came powerfully, cum shooting up and landing on his white shirt in thick globs. Tyler ejaculated so hard that it felt as if his cock slit was gaping. He managed to keep his eyes opened to watch his cock spasm in his hand and see a long, sticky string of cum ooze out of his slit.

“Oh, fuck, Jamie,” Tyler gasped wetly, his chest heaving. “I won,” he concluded with a pleased smile, completely fucked out of his mind. Tyler was lying limply on the bed, one of his long legs having fallen over the edge, his foot resting on the wooden floor. He had not noticed Jamie moving to kneel right by the edge of his bed.

“Gimme your hand, babe,” Jamie whispered, holding onto Tyler’s wrist when the younger man presented his hand to Jamie. Tyler’s cock had fallen limply to the side, sticky with cum and thoroughly spent. Jamie made sure he had Tyler’s undivided attention, dark eyes locking with his lover’s lighter gaze, as he wrapped his plush lips around an index and middle finger.

“Jamie,” Tyler hummed. “Damn… I love you so much.” He watched with heavy-lidded eyes as Jamie sucked around his fingers before withdrawing them from his mouth to lave at the pads with his tongue. Jamie was concentrating on licking at every salty streak of Tyler’s cum. His tongue teased its way between Tyler’s knuckles, cleaning everything up.

“Me too, baby,” Jamie punctuated his words with a soft kiss to Tyler’s knuckles. “I’m the one to blame for spoiling you.” He chuckled before moving away with one last kiss to the bones of Tyler’s large hand.

“I love it so much when you spoil me!” Tyler said playfully. “Promise you’ll spoil me some more.” His eyes were bright with happiness as he looked at Jamie’s handsome face.

“I promise. It’s my pleasure, and when I get this kind of reaction in return, how can I refuse?” Jamie answered, pecking Tyler on the nose, right on his little wrinkle.

Knock, knock, knock.

Tyler and Jamie nearly jumped right to their feet. They hastily fumbled with their pants, tucking their dicks in, and buttoned their waistcoats. They chuckled at each other, Tyler raking his hand through Jamie’s dark, velvety strands and tutting him when Jamie sighed. The tip of Tyler’s nose was bright red, and Jamie couldn’t help but tease Tyler.

“How are you gonna explain that nose?” He whispered while extending an arm and touching the cute, wrinkled tip of it with a finger. Jamie’s eyes were huge and soft as he watched every reaction on Tyler’s face intently, from the flicker of his pink tongue to the mischievous twinkle in his bright eyes.

“I had a coughing fit, okay?” Tyler whispered-screamed, waving his hands in the air. His face cracked into a bright smile, dimples in his cheeks, as he saw the overly serious expression on Jamie’s face.

“Open up, it’s just me!” Jordie’s voice called from behind the door.

Jamie tried holding back a resounding laugh, looking at Tyler with an almost hysterical glint in his
eyes. He barked out to Jordie, his voice cracking a little around the edges: “Be right there!” Jamie stood up on shakier legs than he had anticipated, bracing himself on one of the wooden posts of the bed. The movement of the train didn’t help either, and Jamie almost stumbled. He glared at Tyler when he saw him laughing. However, there was no malice in his glare, because he cracked up when he saw Tyler’s hilarious expression.

“Open up, Jesus fucking Christ, I brought you idiots some food!” Jordie thundered behind the door. He was about to give the door another series of knocks when it opened swiftly. Jamie was standing there, a tell-tale blush on his pale cheeks, and Jordie huffed.

Jordie entered the cabin, holding a silver platter with ham sandwiches, sugary biscuits and cups of tea. He couldn't help noticing the smell of sweat and sex when he entered the cabin. “Holy fuck, what have you guys been up to?”

“I had a coughing fit.” Tyler lied, pinching the bridge of his nose. His mouth involuntarily watered, and his stomach gave a loud growl at the sight of food. He blushed furiously and caught Jamie’s eyes in time to see him smile fondly at him.

Jordie arched an eyebrow in Tyler’s direction, settling the platter on a small coffee table between the two plush chairs. The platter gleamed in the light filtering from the window above the table and chairs. Tyler and Jamie both made their way to the chairs, sat down, and eagerly snatched their respective sandwiches from the porcelain plate.

“Seems like what you guys ‘been doing has gotten you really hungry!” Jordie observed. He had settled his hands on his hips and was watching the two younger men eat like they were starving. As Jordie watched them more intently, he noticed a few details, like Tyler’s bitten red lips, and realization soon drew on him. “Damn,” he deadpanned, burying his face in his hands.

“What’s the matter, Jordie?” Jamie asked, his sweet voice ringing out in his brother’s ears and sounding so very innocent.

“Nothin’,” Jordie sighed, turning around and kicking off his boots before climbing on his bunk bed. He took out a book from the baggage he had placed up on the bed. Jordie laid on his back and shook his head in disbelief. He would have to spend days trapped in a luxurious train cabin with his love sick brother and equally love sick friend. At least, he was sleeping in the upper bunk and wouldn’t have to see what these two were doing underneath him.

Tyler and Jamie both started to giggle like small boys. It was going to be a very interesting trip. Tyler already had an idea blossoming on his mind concerning privacy. There were other places on that train where they might fool around… with the risk of being caught by grumpy, upper class passengers. Tyler and Jamie would face off against each other in many more competitions during the following week.

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October 25th, 1868

Jamie, Jordie and Tyler stepped out of the train at Parkdale station quite relieved to finally arrive at their destination. The sky was a clear blue, the weather surprisingly mild and pleasant for this late time of the year. Tyler was all smiles and had a bounce in his step as he led his friends through the crowd. There were coaches waiting at the exit of the station for the wealthy folk. Tyler selected one and directed the driver to 171 Jarvis Street, and then climbed the few steps inside the coach, followed by the Benn brothers.
Each man carried only a small piece of luggage since they all had lost most of their belongings when
the ranch was destroyed. Tyler had every intention of filling Jamie’s wardrobe. Jamie would have
plenty of room for enough clothes to fill ten pieces of luggage in Tyler’s home. Jarvis Street was a
very wealthy neighborhood of Toronto, and Tyler’s home was appropriately spacious.

Parkdale station was located a few kilometers away from the city proper, so there wasn’t anything
too outstanding for the ranchers to see at first. When the coach made its way inside the city, however,
Jamie and Jordie’s eyes widened in amazement. The buildings were all made of stone or brick,
typical of the Victorian style found in Britain. Jamie had never seen buildings that tall, many more
than three stories high, and he was captivated. Lamp posts supplied with oil-gas lined each sides of
the wide avenue.

There were so many people walking on the street, ladies in fabulous dresses, gentlemen in top hats,
and more modest individuals. Street cars drawn by horses were filled with even more people,
contributing to the bustling of the city.

Jamie was busy trying to read the signs on the facade of each shop. Eaton’s, Mr. Keith’s Barber
Shop, Lady Geary’s Candy Store… There seemed to be a shop for everything imaginable. Jamie
really wanted to visit them all with Tyler. He tried seeing through the wide window panes and
grinned when he saw the shelves filled with candy in Lady Geary’s.

The road was bumpy, the coach rattling along, but the Benn brothers didn’t seem to mind at all.
Tyler’s back hurt, yet he ignored the pain, smiling back at Jamie when he caught his dark gaze.
There were stars in Jamie’s eyes, and he gave Tyler one of these smoldering looks that was only
meant for the bedroom. Tyler felt himself melt more than a little, forgetting the pain in his back.

The coach turned to the right on Jarvis Street. It wouldn’t take long for them to arrive now. Only a
few kilometers, and Tyler would finally be home. He hadn’t had the chance to communicate with his
mother before his departure, and she was going to be quite surprised. Tyler was excited about seeing
his mother, sisters, and even his father. He had missed his father more than he could have ever
anticipated.

It wasn’t long before the coach came to a stop. The driver opened the door for the three men, and
they all got out buzzing with excitement. Tyler was the first one to step out of the carriage, placing a
small pouch filled with coins in the driver’s opened hand. Jamie was next, followed by Jordie. Tyler
bid the driver good day as the man climbed back on his seat and whipped his two horses away.

Tyler’s home was absolutely gorgeous, and Jamie was in absolute awe. An iron gate encircled the
property, and trees extended their branches in various directions. The two story house was built out
of gray stone and possessed a wide porch at its front with a few rocking chairs. There were many
windows with shutters opened on their sides. The roof was pointed in two places and evened out
flatly for the rest. A rock paved path led to the doorway where flower baskets hanged from the roof
of the porch.

“Welcome to my home, guys!” Tyler said with a huge smile, gesturing towards his beloved home.
He looked so proud of himself as he led the way to the door with a purposeful step.

Jamie felt nervous at the prospect of meeting Tyler’s family. They were gentlefolk, after all, and he
had never really had contact with these kind of people. Tyler was presently knocking on the door,
and Jamie’s heart picked up speed. He shot a quick glance his brother’s way and was calmed by
Jordie’s confidence. The door swung open to reveal a short, blonde lady whose resemblance to Tyler
was uncanny. She wore a bright red dress, and her hair was tied up in a bun.

“Tyler! Oh, Lord... tell me I’m dreaming!” She pinched herself on the arm and shook her head in
disbelief before closing the distance between herself and Tyler. She hugged him tightly, getting on
the tip of her toes to kiss both of his cheeks.

“I missed you so much, mom,” Tyler said in a voice filled with emotion. He couldn’t believe how
blessed he was to be alive. Tyler held his mother in his arms and simply didn’t want to let go. They
stayed like this for a while, too overwhelmed. What broke their heartfelt embrace was Tyler’s sisters
running down the stairs. The youngest, a delicate blonde teenager, was holding a puppy in her arms.
The other girl had luxurious, curly brown hair and a wide smile just like Tyler’s.

Jordie couldn’t help but notice how brightly she shined in her pale blue dress as she came down the
stairs to greet her brother. She was probably a year or two younger than Tyler, but God, was she
charming! It seemed that Jordie, just like his brother, had a weakness for the Seguins.

“Tyler!” Both girls yelled. The girls practically threw themselves on Tyler, hugging and kissing him.
Tyler laughed with them before his mother decided to join the frenzy. She practically tackled her son
to the ground, attacking him with hugs. It was absolutely hilarious watching them jump around,
giving him such a warm welcome. Servants, alerted by the noise, also came down the stairs and from
deeper in the house. Five young women in their early twenties emerged in the entrance room.

Jamie and Jordie were both standing in the doorway, totally ignored. It was Tyler’s oldest sister,
Candace, who noticed them first. “Tyler! Who are these gentlemen?”

“Very dear friends I made in the West.” Tyler answered, turning around to present the brothers.
Jamie looked so shy all of a sudden as all these ladies looked at him from head to toe. There was one
woman for every sixty men in the Canadian West, and Jamie had very few experiences with so many
females all at once. Jordie, on the other hand, was all smiles.

After the presentations were made, Jamie and Jordie were invited to come in for some tea. They
followed Tyler and his mother, Jacqueline, as she excitedly led the way through the house. Jamie
was astonished by the huge crystal chandelier in the hall, the rich tapestries on the walls, and the
vibrant colors. The salon where they stopped was decorated in tones of yellow, orange, and red. The
men sat down on orange sofas embroidered with golden flowers.

Jacqueline had placed a plate of desserts alongside the porcelain teapot gracing the round wooden
table between the facing sofas. Jamie and Jordie sat opposite from Tyler and his mother while the
sisters sat in plush red chairs a little to one side. Jacqueline sighed happily and exclaimed: “Well,
aren’t they handsome, these men you’ve brought into our home, dear Tyler!”

One thing Jamie was to learn very quickly was that Tyler’s mother wasn’t a shy woman… Nor a
very prudish one, for the matter. She eyed Jamie with a little smirk, definitely finding him very
handsome. After all, Jamie’s broad, muscular frame in his fancy suit was quite a sight, and Jacqueline
couldn’t resist asking him what his occupation was.

“I’m a rancher and so is my brother,” Jamie replied in all humility. He heard one of the girls giggle at
that and watched as Jacqueline shushed them with a finger across her lips. Jamie turned his head in
the girls’ direction and saw them blushing furiously. They were both biting their lips, and the
youngest one leaned into Candace’s space to whisper something in her ear.

“Oh, of course. Tough looking as you both are, I shouldn’t have expected anything less.” Jacqueline
winked at Jamie. “Please excuse the girls… They have read too many romance novels about dashing
cowboys.”

This issued a series of laughs from the three men and Jacqueline. The girls, however, were both
mortified, their little secret revealed. Jamie caught Tyler’s gaze and couldn’t help but think that he
might have gotten his hands on his sisters’ so called “romance novels” since he had been quite fascinated by him in the beginning.

Jacqueline asked Jamie to tell them about his life as a cowboy, and he was all too happy to oblige. As he began telling his stories, Jamie came to realize that he was quite exotic for these city folk. He told the Seguin ladies about how he had met Tyler and how they had become close friends. Tyler jumped in every once in awhile, recalling his experiences with Jamie. He told his mother everything he had learned (well, almost) with Jamie and how much fun they had together. The discussion went on for a few hours, the shortbreads on the silver plate disappearing one after the other. Tyler didn’t mention the traumatic events since he didn’t want to hurt his mother and sisters’ feelings.

In the end, the subject turned to what they should all do with the rest of their day. It was already two o’clock in the afternoon, and the sun would go down in about two and a half hours. Tyler’s father would arrive home for supper at around five after a long day of work as the head of the railway system in Toronto. Jacqueline suggested that Tyler and his friends go visit Allan Gardens; a stroll in the park was always much fun.

Jordie didn’t seem interested by the prospect and declared that he would go explore on his own, but before he could leave the room, Candace and her younger sister jumped on their feet. Candace told Jordie that they had to go walk the dog. Would he be so kind as to accompany them? Jordie huffed and agreed, for the sole purpose of getting better acquainted with Candace.

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Tyler and Jamie were sitting on a bench not far from the great fountain, one of the main attractions of Allan Gardens. The fountain was an impressive thing, soaring high in the air and sculpted with angels at its base. There were three basins decreasing in size to bottom where the water collected before dripping down to accumulate in a small pool. A few people were gathered around the fountain, watching it with fascination.

Jamie was quite intrigued by the fountain, having never seen anything like it in Kamloops. He was presently chewing on some butterscotch candy he had bought along the way with Tyler. Jamie, not caring in the least what people might think, let his left hand settle on Tyler’s knee. He turned his head Tyler’s way and asked him: “Why are there so many girls in your home Tyler? Haven’t you once found one of them pretty?”

Tyler’s knee trembled slightly against Jamie’s warm hand. He was sucking on a candy in his mouth and bit it in half before answering Jamie’s question. The tip of Tyler’s ears were red. “My mom likes to give less fortunate girls an opportunity to make a living in a comfortable environment.” Tyler swallowed the rest of the broken pieces of the candy. “Um, yeah, I did find one of them pretty when I was eighteen… I kissed her, but it… Uh, it didn’t feel too right. It felt strange.”

Jamie leaned against Tyler to cup his sharp jaw in his hand, forcing him to look at him in the eye. Both pairs of brown eyes connected with each other, the sound of chatter, soft wind and falling water drowning out in the background. When he was sure he had Tyler’s full attention, Jamie let go because he was on the verge of kissing those deliciously pink lips and God forbid! he did such a thing in public.

“It’s true you had never touched yourself before we met?” Jamie asked, a teasing glint in his eyes.

“Yeah,” Tyler blushed. “It was true. Not that I never got hard before. It happened quite a lot, but I never touched.”

“Mmm, I see. Why wouldn’t you touch yourself?” Jamie pushed Tyler on.
“Because, well… I was taught in church that it was a terrible sin. Especially when what I was thinking about was equally forbidden.” Tyler couldn’t help but feel a tidbit too turned on for such a public place. He could feel himself getting hot all over just with telling Jamie these things.

“Tell me what you were thinking about,” Jamie whispered, his hand rubbing soothing circles on Tyler’s knee. There was a pause, but Tyler did not look away, holding Jamie’s dark gaze instead.

“I was thinking about my childhood friend, Tyler Brown,” Tyler admitted in a low voice. “Him and I went to university together. And we also played hockey. I would really love to show you how to play.”

Jamie smiled, but despite himself, he felt a pang of jealousy at the mention of this Tyler Brown. He had every intention of showing that he was unbothered by this discovery and decided to focus on what Tyler had just said about hockey. “I would really love it if you showed me, Tyler. You’ve taught me so much already!”

“Good! As soon as there is snow, I’ll show you, I promise,” Tyler said, moving his own hand to squeeze Jamie’s thigh. “Tell me… What do you intended to do in this city, Jamie?”

“I don’t intend on staying,” Jamie answered and automatically, Tyler’s face broke into the saddest expression he had ever seen. “No, Tyler, it’s not what you think. I just want to buy a ranch out of the city where I can live in the open and tend horses.” Jamie had made a considerable fortune over the past years and had retrieved the money from the bank before leaving Kamloops. The bills were filling one of the bags Jordie had been carrying. There was ample money in there to buy any ranch in the vicinity.

“But, h-how will we get to see each other?” Tyler asked, almost panicked, his hands grabbing onto Jamie’s. They laced their fingers together, Tyler fiercely holding on. His eyes were wet with tears threatening to roll down his pale cheeks.

“Every week or two, when I come into town to sell some of my stock.” Jamie replied in that sweet voice of his that never failed to calm Tyler down. “It won’t be too bad, you’ll see. As you always say: It’s better when we wait.”

Tyler smiled at that, closing the distance between them to rest his head on Jamie’s shoulder. Jamie’s hand caressed his back soothingly. Tyler felt heat twist pleasantly inside his stomach as he imagined how his reunions with Jamie would feel after a week or two of separation. It would be similar to when he came back from the gold site. Tyler’s breath came short as he remembered the day Jamie had taken his virginity. It was when they got back together that the most intense sex happened; separation did things to them.

“Yeah,” Tyler hummed. “I’ll be sitting in anatomy class and waiting for you to come back to me.” He licked his lips, picturing himself buzzing with anticipation as he would go on with his classes, thinking of Jamie as being his reward at the end of the week.

“Anatomy class? So, you want to become a doctor?” Jamie asked, genuinely surprised. He had a vague souvenir of Tyler effectively taking care of his wounds after the battle against Phaneuf.

“Yeah, that's right. That way, I’ll be able to treat you and keep you alive with me forever.” Tyler mused, nuzzling Jamie’s neck. He could feel Jamie’s warm body heat against his, contrasting with the chill air around them. It was magical just being here, together, basking in each other’s company until they would have to jump on a street car and head back home for supper.

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Tyler’s father, Paul, had been absolutely thrilled to meet the Benn brothers. He suspected that Tyler wasn’t completely telling him the truth about his experience out west, but it didn’t matter right now. Paul would question his son later about his involvement in the gold business. He was tired from his day at work spent over a desk littered in papers. Now was the time to savor the supper and act as good hosts for the Benns. They ate the delicious meat loaf Jacqueline had prepared during the day. For dessert, there was strawberry pie and jam made with the strawberries from Jacqueline’s garden.

Tyler wore the burgundy suit he had told Jamie about. The one that was “a tidbit too tight”. Jamie’s eyes had widened a little when he had seen Tyler enter the luxurious dining room. The fabric of his pants were sinfully tight on the round curve of his ass, and Jamie’s mouth watered. Throughout the entire supper, he had watched Tyler from across the long table. How he closed his pretty lips around the silver fork filled with his mother’s strawberry pie… How the light of the chandelier above their heads made his creamy skin almost sparkle… How he shot Jamie a quick glance every once in awhile with a fire in his eyes.

Jamie couldn’t wait for supper to be over, so that he could unleash his passion on Tyler. He wanted to tear the clothes off of him and lay him bare on his plush bed. Thankfully, after a few hours, supper was finally declared over, and Tyler was told to show the Benn brothers to their respective guest rooms. He did just that, feeling Jamie’s eyes on him the whole time as he led the way up the stairs. Jordie was shown to his room first, and then Jamie followed Tyler to none other than Tyler’s bedroom at the very end of the corridor.

The room was spacious, all in tones of blue, and provided with a fireplace for heating. Logs were presently burning in the hearth. The bed was a canopy one with thick, dark blue curtains hanging from its roof. There was a full length standing mirror in one corner of the room and a polished wooden desk in another. A large window was situated across from Tyler’s bed and was curtained with the same material as the fabrics hanging from the bed. There were wooden bedside tables with a few drawers each. An adjacent door led to Tyler’s wardrobe, which was quite extensive.

Tyler walked up to the side of his bed, giving Jamie a good view of the fabric of his burgundy pants stretched tight over his pert ass. Jamie couldn’t believe how shameless Tyler had been to show up to supper in front of his whole family dressed so inappropriately. The waistcoat, also a dark burgundy, was equally sinful, emphasizing Tyler’s narrow waist and wide shoulders.

With a look over his shoulder and a cheeky smile on his lips, Tyler turned to face Jamie. He unbuttoned his waistcoat, dexterous hands working as he winked at Jamie. The tall cowboy had a smouldering expression on his face, plump lips opened slightly and dark eyes burning through Tyler’s skin. Tyler pushed the waistcoat off his shoulders, letting it fall to the floor, and then started to move his hands up and down his clothed body.

“You know, Jamie… I’m not wearing anything underneath my pants,” Tyler purred, cupping his soft dick through the fabric. “I like being naked underneath my clothes when you’re around.” Tyler’s other hand buried itself in his soft brown curls. He worried his bottom lip between his teeth, looking as if he was a bad boy caught in the act of doing something naughty.

“You, are you in need of a lesson?” Jamie warned, his blood almost boiling at the sight of Tyler so blatantly teasing him. He felt his dick stir in his pants as he watched Tyler moving the hand he had in his hair to tweak one of his nipples through his crisp white shirt. His nipples were visible underneath his shirt, hard and perky. Tyler moaned, throwing his head back and baring the long column of his throat.

Jamie couldn’t stand it anymore and closed the distance between them. He didn’t waste another second before grabbing onto Tyler’s hips and pushing him almost aggressively onto the plush bed.
Tyler fell down on his back with a hiccup of surprise. Before he could regain his senses, Jamie was hovering above him, all broad and powerful, straddling his lower calves. Jamie’s smile was predatory as he lowered his mouth to Tyler’s crotch.

Jamie sucked a wet kiss on Tyler’s clothed dick, feeling it harden instantly through the fabric. Tyler whined in the back of his throat, his hands burying in Jamie’s dark hair and tugging. “Oh, Jamie!” He sighed in pleasure. His heart was hammering in his chest, the rush of arousal overwhelming him. Tyler bit his lip, closing his eyes tightly as Jamie’s tongue caressed him in an up and down motion. Jamie drooled all over Tyler’s rapidly forming bulge and lightly nibbled on it.

“These pants are too tight on you, naughty boy,” Jamie simply murmured as he stopped teasing Tyler to swiftly unbutton the burgundy pants and tug them off Tyler’s long legs. Tyler sat up and shed the rest of his clothing, helping Jamie do the same. Soon, they were both completely naked, eyes blown wide with lust and dicks impossibly hard. Jamie leaned against Tyler, lacing his fingers with his, their muscular bodies touching at all the right places.

Jamie captured Tyler’s lips in a sensual kiss, licking inside his mouth and tangling their tongues together. Tyler could feel how hard Jamie’s cock - so much thicker than his own - was against his. When they broke the kiss, he couldn’t help but glance down at their touching erections. Both of their cocks were pale, veiny and soft red at the head. Tyler bit his lip and gave a roll of his hips upward against Jamie’s big cock. He chuckled, the sound rumbling through his chest, as Jamie’s breath stuttered.

“Fuck,” Jamie choked out. “Where is the oil, babe?” His body was tingling with sensations, screaming at him that he had to get inside Tyler right fucking now. Their playful teasing throughout the day had created such a buildup of lust, love and emotions for Jamie. He wanted to claim Tyler in his fancy bedroom and mark him as his in this bed.

“In the drawer on my left,” Tyler breathed out against Jamie’s ear. He wrapped his shapely legs around Jamie’s narrow waist, holding him in place a little longer to kiss him passionately. Tyler’s beard scraped against Jamie’s chin as he all but devoured his mouth. He sucked on Jamie’s full bottom lip, heart thumping and hands reaching to grab at Jamie’s firm ass. This elicited a drawn out moan from Jamie. With Tyler’s legs drawn back, he could feel the base of his dick drag against Tyler’s perineum.

Jamie encouraged Tyler to let him go for a second, grounding him with warm hands on each side of his neck. He got off the bed to search through the drawer and found a glass bottle of rose scented oil. Jamie smiled before settling back on the bed with the bottle in his hand.

The cowboy took a moment to admire the arousing picture that was Tyler sprawled on the dark duvet of his bed. His skin was so deliciously pale, and the contrast with the duvet was all the more appealing. Both of Tyler’s cheeks were bright pink as Jamie devoured him with his eyes. Tyler’s brown eyes were gleaming with lust as he bit his bottom lip, knowing full well that Jamie loved it when he played coy. Jamie watched as Tyler’s hard abs contracted when his cock twitched against them. His nipples were taut, and Jamie promised himself that he would play with them when he was balls deep inside Tyler’s perfect ass.

Jamie’s eyes connected heatedly with Tyler’s. “I want you to turn over onto your stomach.” He said hoarsely.

Tyler nodded, swallowing thickly, before obeying Jamie’s command. He felt more than a little self conscious, anxious with what Jamie’s reaction would be when he saw the mess of cuts on his back. He placed a pillow underneath his chest in order to be able to breathe without having his face squished in the mattress. Tyler’s brow furrowed in worry when he heard Jamie’s sharp intake of
Red marks littered the soft skin of Tyler’s sculpted back. Jamie was instantly filled with the desire to make Tyler feel absolutely beautiful. He straddled Tyler’s thighs and leaned in to tenderly kiss one of the marks. Jamie felt Tyler shiver underneath him, the scarred skin definitely sensitive. He placed another kiss over a mark on Tyler’s shoulder blade before sitting back on his heels and uncapping the oil. Jamie coated his fingers with a generous amount because he knew Tyler was so very tight, and his only purpose tonight was to make him feel cherished and loved.

“Are you ready for me to open you up, sweet Tyler?” Jamie asked, his heart tightening as the memories of Tyler’s torture came back to his mind. He wanted to be gentle with his beloved and give him all the care he needed. Jamie extended an arm and softly caressed one of Tyler’s cute ears.

“Yeah, please, Jamie.” Tyler whispered. He then added with a little laugh. “Spoil me.” Tyler was trying to lighten up the mood; he didn’t want Jamie to pity him.

“Oh, I have every intention to,” Jamie smiled fondly, but felt dirty when he continued, in a deeper and lower voice: “Can you spread your gorgeous ass for me?” Jamie’s cock throbbed with the thought of Tyler holding himself open for him.

The back of Tyler’s neck turned bright pink at the sound of Jamie’s sexy drawl saying such filthy things. However, Tyler did not hesitate to grab handfuls of his pert cheeks in his big hands. He was so easy and helpless for Jamie; he couldn’t refuse him a single wish. Tyler groaned, the mix of pain and pleasure going straight to his trapped cock. He shot Jamie a seductive look over his shoulder. “Do I make you happy, Jamie?”

Jamie, eyes wide and dark, was mesmerized by Tyler’s rosy hole begging for attention. He was filled with a possessive glee as he reminded himself that he had been the only man to see Tyler like this. He was the one who had first claimed Tyler’s ass, striping him of his virginity and making him all his.

Jamis slowly massaged around the rim before sliding his finger inside. Tyler reflexively clenched around him, moaning desperately and wiggling his ass back. Jamie’s lips were parted as he started thrusting his slick finger in and out of Tyler’s ass, totally captivated. It didn’t take long before he added another and then a third, the tightness around his fingers all the more intense. Jamie’s other hand was soothingly caressing Tyler’s left flank as he exhaled shakily, working hard on accommodating the thick digits.

“Of course you make me happy; you’re so damn perfect.” Jamie praised as he scissored his fingers inside Tyler’s heat in an attempt to loosen up the little ring of muscles. Jamie couldn’t control himself any longer; he thrust his fingers a few more times, applying pressure on Tyler’s sweet spot when he found it. Tyler was overwhelmed with pleasure, shivering uncontrollably. He withdrew his fingers with a moist, sucking sound that made him feel mad with desire.

Jamie grabbed both of Tyler’s hips and invited him to turn onto his back. He moved his large hands against the fine covering of hair on Tyler’s calves to hold his ankles wide apart. When he had Tyler’s full attention, Jamie poured oil onto his hand and wrapped it around his cock.

Tyler licked his lips as he watched Jamie’s glistening cock fucking through the tight ring of his fingers. It was an absolutely erotic sight, and Tyler was turned on by reason. He felt so small as he took in the wide expanse of Jamie’s muscular chest, his broad shoulders, and his impossibly big cock in his hand. Jamie was so fucking hot like this, his dark hair tousled, his paler cheeks reddened, and those lips straight out of a wet dream. Tyler was drawn into Jamie’s doe eyes, warm and intensely looking at him as he licked himself up.
Jamie felt ready, his heart beating frantically in his chest and his cock aching. The way Tyler was looking at Jamie as if he was the god of sex was making him hot all over. He nestled himself between Tyler’s legs and spread his knees to rest against the outer sides of Tyler’s thighs for better leverage. Jamie took a deep breath, moving his hands to cup Tyler’s pecs and twist both of his rosy nipples at the same time. The noise Tyler made was punched out and deeply masculine. He sounded almost pained, a thin line of sweat traveling down the side of his handsome face.

“Are you ready, Tyler?” Jamie asked, and Tyler nodded. “Tell me if I hurt you, alright?” Jamie caressed his nipples with his thumbs before settling his hands on the meaty part of Tyler’s hips. He then pressed forward, the flared head of his cock nudging against Tyler’s sensitive hole.

Tyler’s whole body felt on fire as Jamie’s huge cock breached him open. He was sweating by the time Jamie was fully sheathed inside him, his well defined chest rising up and down as he tried to control his breathing. Tyler’s eyes were screwed shut, little wrinkles at the corners, and his mouth was opened as he gasped wetly. Jamie’s cock was stretching him past his limits, and he felt helpless as he scratched Jamie’s back with his short nails. “Yeah, Jamie. Please, fuck me,” Tyler begged.

“Damn, you’re tight. So fucking tight,” Jamie panted, his cock held by the vice like grip of Tyler’s channel. Strands of Jamie’s hair had fallen over his forehead and brushed Tyler’s nose when Jamie leaned in to catch his lips in a sloppy kiss.

Tyler moaned into Jamie’s mouth, feeling Jamie so deeply inside his ass that it was overwhelming. Everything seemed to narrow down to where they both were joined as one. Tyler was at a loss for words, heat twisting sinfully in the pit of his stomach. His cock was neglected, squeezed between their bodies, but seemed to be oozing a never ending stream of precum.

When Jamie was done kissing Tyler, he rested his cheek against his and started to thrust his hips. Jamie stabilized himself by holding onto each side of Tyler’s long neck. He felt Tyler’s calves bracketing his hips as he fucked Tyler deep and slow. Jamie groaned, his balls feeling extra tight, as he heard Tyler making little noises in the back of his throat and murmuring “Jamie, Jamie, Jamie” over and over again.

“I love you so much,” Jamie whispered against Tyler’s cheek. He felt the bump of Tyler’s prostate against his cock and made sure to angle his hips just right so that he could hit it each time. Tyler wailed brokenly, his long fingers digging between Jamie’s shoulder blades. He kissed Jamie on his jaw bone, biting lightly, as a jolt of exquisite pleasure coursed through him.

“Me too, Jamie. More than anything,” Tyler gasped. His toes curled, each of Jamie’s thrusts bringing him closer to orgasm. Jamie’s stomach was dragging against his leaking cock, creating a delicious friction. Tyler’s face was filled with bliss, tears spilling out of his eyes. Jamie whispered praise in Tyler’s ear, kissing all of his face; his high cheekbones, his button nose, his perfectly straight eyebrows, his forehead...

One of Jamie’s hands trailed down to pinch Tyler’s perky nipples. Tyler squirmed on the bed, his back arching in delight, as he felt every nerve ending in his body tingle. “Oh, yeah, Jamie. Just like that.” He opened his blown out eyes, and his heart missed a beat when he saw pure love written all over Jamie’s face.

“You’re so very beautiful. My gorgeous Tyler. My everything,” Jamie breathed out in between hard thrusts. His heavy balls slapped against Tyler’s ass, the bed shaking, as he started to pound Tyler in earnest. The room was filled with harsh moans and the sound of skin slapping skin. Jamie was delirious with lust, and it didn't take much longer for him to empty himself deep inside Tyler’s ass.

Tyler’s face was aflame, so he averted his eyes, but instead caught a glimpse in the mirror of Jamie’s
muscular ass flexing as he rammed inside him. Jamie was like a man possessed, trying to milk himself dry. Tyler’s eyes widened while he watched Jamie, so big and bulky on top of him. When Tyler felt Jamie’s hot cum trickle in his ass, he couldn’t help it; he came blindingly hard between their stomachs.

It felt like heaven, holding Jamie tightly as his cock sputtered and dirtied their sweaty skins. Tyler never broke eye contact with Jamie as he reached his peak, spasming around his cock. His jaw dropped open, and his vision blacked out for a few seconds. Jamie fucked Tyler through it, white cum dribbling out of his stretched out hole. The lovers latched their lips together and kissed passionately, tongues licking against each other.

When Jamie broke the kiss, he rested his heated cheek against Tyler’s, stilling inside him and feeling his dick softening. Jamie heard Tyler whimper weakly, overly sensitive, as he withdrew his dick from the velvety prison of his ass. Jamie’s cock throbbed one last time as he watched sticky strings of his cum oozing out slowly of Tyler’s gaping hole. He rolled onto his back, completely exhausted, and extended an arm to gather Tyler at his side.

Still trying to control his heavy breathing, Tyler took a few seconds before curling against Jamie’s side and nuzzling his flank. His broad hand automatically went to cover Jamie’s heart.

They stayed like this for a moment, listening to each other’s respiration and the sound of the logs crackling in the fireplace. The duvet felt soft underneath their naked skins, and the bed was so invitingly plush. It was truly a magical feeling to lay together in Tyler’s bed after such intense love making.

Tyler could feel Jamie’s cum starting to dry between his asscheeks, but he didn’t give a fuck for the time being. He gladly welcomed the soreness, his whole body content and relaxed. Tyler was marked by Jamie, and he loved it. It had been so deep, filling and delicious. He smirked when he asked, a playful glint in his eyes: “How did you like your in depth tour of Toronto, today?”

Jamie’s hand went to grab Tyler's over his heart and suddenly, he couldn’t stop laughing at this ridiculous comment. He remembered how Tyler had been teasing him with this a week ago. “It sure was deep…” Jamie chuckled, turning his head to look at Tyler’s mischievous grin.

“Deep and cute?” Tyler went on, his voice hoarse from the sex, kissing a spot on Jamie’s rib cage. He tightened his grip against Jamie’s hand, giving his hips a little push. Tyler was not the kind of guy who turned down an opportunity for teasing.

“You’re the worst,” Jamie sighed, cracking up when he saw how Tyler was pouting adorably. “But I love you so damn much.”

Tyler smiled back and sighed contentedly. Jamie’s words made him feel like jelly. “I want to keep you with me forever.” He mumbled, throwing a long leg over Jamie’s hips. His dick was soft and sensitive, squished between his leg and Jamie’s body, and he couldn’t resist moaning.

“Me too. I promise we’ll never stop doing this, Tyler.” Jamie hummed in a comforting voice. He kissed the top of Tyler’s head and held him close with an arm wound around his waist. Jamie closed his eyes, basking in the afterglow. He heard Tyler’s breathing evening out as he drifted to sleep curled against him.

Tyler had found gold out in the Canadian West.

He had found Jamie.
Wow. I just can't believe it! What a ride it has been, peeps. Damn. <3 I am equally proud and sad that this epic story is over. :'( You know what I found absolutely gorgeous? It's that *THIS* (this whole story of Tyler going out west) *happened* in real life. Tyler moved from Boston to Dallas... And what did he find there? *Jamie*. He found the love of his life. He found *gold*. Just like in this story! Take a moment and think about it. <3

End Notes

Do not worry ladies and gentlemen, this epic story will continue on for many chapters. Also, there will be delightful, creamy porn in every chapter — it's a promise Jaz and I will keep to the end.

LEAVE US A COMMENT!!! ❤ ❤ ❤

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