

PART 1

A ROAD WORTH TRAVELLING

BRONWYN HEELEY



LOVE IS AN OPEN ROAD

A ROAD WORTH TRAVELLING

Just a simple scattering of ashes, which turned into a fight for their lives.

All Mike wanted was to be home, mourning the loss of his dad in peace. Instead, he found himself on a seven-day trail ride. At least the scenery was good-looking, and yeah, he wasn't talking the land, but the two cowboys taking them on this merry ride.

Alas, things never go as you hope when your hope is a couch and smoggy air, so when shit hits the fan, Mike ends up on the run. But can the boys stay alive to see their home again?

Table of Contents

Blurb	2
Love is an Open Road.....	4
A Road Worth Travelling – Information	7
A Road Worth Travelling	8
Chapter One	9
Chapter Two.....	14
Chapter Three.....	17
Chapter Four	20
Chapter Five.....	24
Chapter Six.....	28
Chapter Seven	31
Chapter Eight	35
Chapter Nine	39
Epilogue	44
Author Bio	47

Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

A ROAD WOTH TRAVELLING

By Bronwyn Heeley

Introduction

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

What Is Love is an Open Road?

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

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

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

Words of Caution

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

Each year, a dedicated group of Volunteers from the M/M Romance Group work hard behind the scenes to bring these stories to you. Our Editors, Formatters, Proofreaders, and those working on Quality Assurance, spend many long hours over a course of several months so that each Event is a success. As

each and every author also gives freely of their time and talent, it was decided that all edits suggested may be accepted or rejected by the author at any given time. For this reason, some stories will appear to be more tightly edited than others, depending on the choice of the author.

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

All rights reserved worldwide.

This eBook may be distributed freely in its entirety courtesy of the Goodreads M/M Romance Group. This eBook may not be sold, manipulated or reproduced in any format without the express written permission of the author.

A Road Worth Travelling, Copyright © 2015 Bronwyn Heeley

Cover Art by Bronwyn Heeley

This ebook is published by the *M/M Romance Group* and is not directly endorsed by or affiliated with Goodreads Inc.

A ROAD WORTH TRAVELLING

By Bronwyn Heeley

Photo Description

Three dirty men smiling like loons while riding their horses through a river in the rain.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

Our group of 3-6 (your choice) college-age friends spend Spring Break roughing it on a trail ride on horseback. Each of us gets what he can carry in his saddle bags (30 lbs/14 kg) and half the load of a pack horse (100 lbs/45 kg each) in food, clothes, and camping gear. Our trail guide and some of the other guest riders are experienced trail riders (gay or straight, male or female). One or two of us are cowboys, but the rest of us are city boys with no experience in the wild or with horses. We are smart, athletic friends, and at least two of us will find first gay love or rekindle m/m romance on a trail fraught with danger, disaster, and memories to last a lifetime.

I hope to read hot, erotic romance, high adventure, and narrow escapes in the seven days of the trail ride. I'm fine with graphic eroticism, ménage (m/m/m), mystery, violence, paranormal, and even shifters in a largely contemporary setting, but would prefer no BDSM. I hope for passionate men, compelling action, and steamy interaction in route to a satisfying climax.

Sincerely,

Jay

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: ménage, adventure, stockmen, masturbation, road trip, public activity, open relationship, grief, phobia

Content Warning: graphic violence

Word Count: 14,060

A ROAD WORTH TRAVELLING

By Bronwyn Heeley

Chapter One

Day One

“Once we’re across the river, we can’t turn back,” said the stockman with a deep drawl who rode in front of the group, a hand resting idly against the saddle horn of his horse.

He was everything you noticed in stockmen: a strong stance, wide and steady, as if he’d spent his whole life sitting astride a horse. Thick biceps strained the seams of the shirt he wore. Yet, the top and the jeans spoke of the difference of what Mike thought a stockman should be—and how he dressed himself—and what would have made him unnoticed in a crowded city, even as he fit into this rugged backdrop.

Dark hair poked out of the side of his baseball cap, with large curls turning up along the seam. His eyes were a light blue, and his skin a tan that came from way too much time under the sun.

His mate was his opposite, light to the other’s dark. Hell, even his eyebrows were so blond that they were just barely noticeable with the dark tan. His hair was cut short, hidden under a wide brimmed hat. Unlike his buddy, he held that stockman look—dirty jeans ripped at the pockets and one knee.

He wore boots and an open red plaid shirt over a white singlet; his lips were thick, and his eyes were a wicked brown that made you think of the wilderness, with a smirk on his face that made you want to strip naked and give yourself to him.

The darker stockman’s name was Schofield, the light one, Stone, at least that’s what they called themselves. Mike gathered they were probably their last names. He’d had mates like that at school; the ones with better last names than first, or the fact that their names were plain and probably more than one person had the same name in their class year.

“Yes, we understand,” one of the other men on the trail ride said, his voice snide. The tone poked at Mike’s brain, making him want to unclip his bags from the horse and walk away. But Mike’s old man had wanted him to do this, to spread his ashes across the peak of the mountain, and the group ride he was about to take was the only time to cross until near the end of the year. Once the rain came in, the whole place would be flooded out until the dry season reduced the water supply.

His old man was a stockman, old school right up until he'd met Mike's mum, and she'd taken him home, old boots and all. He'd never really taken to the city life, but he'd worshiped Mum until the day he'd been taken from the world—the day Mike knew he'd just lost both his parents.

Mike swallowed the lump at the back of his throat as he sniffed at the tickle in the back of his nasal cavity.

His old man had died of cancer, a relatively quick and easy route as far as what they'd been told as the news settled in. He was diagnosed in July, and by January the following year, Mike was standing in this dirt patch listening to a stockman make sure everyone in the area knew, and completely understood, what they were getting themselves into. That this was the last time they'd be able to turn back; that they were on a tight schedule to make the other side of what would be considered an island in the rainy season, before the river took them out, and they were stranded on a mountain's edge for the following few months.

Mike didn't want to be here. He didn't want to be trudging up a hill with a can of ashes in order to find one special spot where he'd get to say goodbye to the old man. He didn't want to then go home to a mother who was already dead or close to it. Mike wasn't even sure if she remembered she had a son anymore. She sure as hell hadn't blinked when he'd told her he was going, and from the streaks of tears down her cheeks, Mike thought he understood why.

He didn't want to mourn one parent, let alone two, but this was their wish, and both his parents had made him promise, and promise again, that he'd come out here and do it for them.

Yeah, so he didn't want to be here, that wasn't anything new, but he would go all the way. He would stand at the top of a mountain his mother couldn't even dream of coming to. She wasn't well, even without the heartache. MS was a bitch, and it had taken more from her than the cancer had taken from his father.

“Up ya get then, kid,” Stone said, with that gaze and smile that tingled in Mike's balls and spiked his heart rate.

Mike smiled, more an acknowledgement to the heat than to the words Stone had said. Mike grew up with stockmen. He'd been on a farm enough to know the word 'kid' was more a statement on what this dude thought about his abilities than his age. Anyone here could tell Mike wasn't much, if any,

younger than the two men leading the way, but he was a relative newbie and had paperwork that told them that.

It was also to get a rise, to see the pride this stockman wanted to see, the spark, the fight. Instead, Mike flirted, shuttered his eyes just enough, and lifted one side of his mouth slightly as his head cocked to the other. He wanted the stockman; all of him stripped bare and sweating hard. He wanted to hear it, to be made to take. He wanted so much, and he made sure Stone saw that, saw it all, along with a spark that called him out, and let him know he wasn't going to play the game the way Stone wanted him to.

"You gonna help me then?" Mike asked softly, making the man step in close. Stone's open shirt brushed against Mike's arm, his thigh a heated rub as they almost came together. Both men forgot the crowd around them, along with the instructions Schofield was trying to make sure they all completely understood before they set off. They wanted to attack each other, to strip, to take the lust and make it real, right there up against the horse.

"You know it's been a long time since I've been up on a horse," he said again, feeling the heat rise in his chest, and up his neck. His fingers twitched, wanting to run against the cotton of Stone's singlet. Then Mike's fingers were just a brush, hidden behind a plaid shirt, Stone's body, and Mike's horse as everyone else clambered onto their ride for the seven days.

"Well turn around then. You ain't getting up there while lookin' at me."

"But looking at you is half the fun," Mike said as he turned around, making sure his side and back brushed up against the other man who wasn't moving.

Hardness brushed against his back, a belt buckle, a zipper, and then hands landed low on his hips, with thumbs hooked under his arse.

Mike put his foot into the stirrup as he was meant to. It wasn't like he'd never gotten on a horse before, or that he really needed the help, he just... well, he wanted to know what Stone would do. Mike gripped the top of the saddle and pulled himself up as Stone squeezed his arse and helped.

Mike's leg swung over the saddle. Sadly, Stone let go, and then Mike was sitting against the hardness of a saddle and the solid weight of Loaded, the horse he'd been given for this ride.

Loaded shifted under him, half stepping forward as they both settled. Mike stopped thinking about the hot stockmen. He looked out at nothing and tried his

hardest to not think. He didn't want to think about anything. He *couldn't*, because if he did, he'd be off the fucking horse and back in his car.

Mike's body shook, just slightly, only noticeable against the horn where he gripped it along with the reins. He steadied his breathing, making his lungs stretch big with each intake. He didn't like horses for a reason. A reason he didn't particularly want to think about, definitely not talk about, yet had him in a near panic as Loaded's hips rolled him over the top of the horse.

Okay, so maybe a lot of the movement was in Mike's head, feeling the horse's muscles get used to his weight as something more physical than how much the horse had actually moved. He held himself tightly as he fought off the past in order to deal with the present.

"Mike?" This came from Schofield, his voice so different and yet so much the same as Stone's. Mike was sure the inflection came more from growing up together than from the tone.

Mike tried to blink. Tried to move, but he couldn't. Couldn't move. Couldn't get himself to relax his muscles. He needed a minute alone, but the only way to get that was to close his eyes, and he... just... couldn't. He couldn't do anything.

"Mike, you need off?" Stone this time. He felt a hand on his thigh and one running against his knuckles. He felt the heat, the contact of another person. He knew he wasn't alone, that there were other people here. Not alone. Nothing to fear.

He gasped in deep breaths. Mike blinked and was able to loosen his body, and settle on top of a horse that didn't understand the fear that radiated off Mike but accepted it. Loaded was nothing like Storm, couldn't be. This was a trail ride for semi-advanced riders, and was something the horses did weekly. They would stand still in a fucking tornado if that's what they needed to do.

Rationally, Mike knew this, but fear was fear, and it hit hard and fast. That didn't mean he was going to let it cripple him.

"Baby, you all right?" Stone asked, his voice so low Mike had to lean down to hear.

"Yeah." He nodded at no one, straightened in the saddle, his arse already uncomfortable, not used to the seat. Nodded again. "Yeah I'm good."

"All right," Schofield said, a clap of a sound in the quiet, with everyone's eyes lingering on Mike and his breakdown. "Let's ride. We only have an hour to get over the river before the water rises and floods it out."

“You sure you’re okay?” Stone asked, his hands still lingering. It was nice and made him feel special in a way he shouldn’t.

Mike swallowed hard. “Yeah.”

“All right then, sexy, let’s ride.”

Chapter Two

The water's edge was the start of the ride.

Yeah, water's edge, as in they needed to cross through ankle-deep water—well, ankle on the horse—and okay, so it was only ankle-deep in some places, before they ended up on the other bank and able to start the true journey.

Mike pulled Loaded to a stop at the top of the bank; a steady slope that took them down to the river and the water below.

If it weren't for the horrifying thump in his chest, he'd have thought it a beautiful sight. The sandstone banks ran miles-long, with large portions of water taking over the dryness.

Yet there were still plenty of sandbanks, peeking out, taking in the last rays of sun before the rainy season. Mike thought he shouldn't have seen it that way as the land around them seemed so parched for the moisture they were going to get soon. But the river, with its sparkles of water dancing around the dunes, spoke of a different world entirely.

Like the family shots from holidays. The memories that spoke of laughter and good times because they were the only things you were going to take home, even if you spent the majority of the time sitting on a toilet spewing out your guts.

Today though, the beauty of the landscape only brought bittersweet memories, as Mike was reminded of times with his father and mother and the beach laid out before them.

He remembered why he was here, his loss. Why he pushed himself back up on a horse, even though he hated the beasts. Okay, hate was a strong word, but then he wasn't man enough to call it what it truly was—fear.

He watched the last few riders climb their way down to the riverbank. It seemed an awkward balancing act to Mike from his perch at the top. He knew Loaded could handle it, could walk this line in his sleep. It was what he was trained to do. But knowing something didn't stop the pattering of his heart as Mike tried to push himself forward.

This type of climb was where things had gone wrong before. It was the sort of terrain on which he'd last ridden a horse, in a time when he'd been a lot

more cocky. Attitudes like that weren't good on horseback; neither was the driving need to impress a stockman who wanted nothing more from Mike than a hole.

Mike hadn't been naive back then, though. All he'd wanted from the stockman was a hard cock, so it worked well. It was more the stockman in question had looked down upon Mike outside of the bedroom, which wasn't something Mike's ego could handle.

He'd ridden with a stockman, and he'd lost his stockman in a place he didn't know, with no hope of getting help.

A hand hit his back, a solid thud, and a horse pressed into his leg. Mike swallowed hard and looked over his shoulder. This stockman was different. Mike's past stockman had been red and freckled, cut hard and dirty. A sneer instead of the smirk that this stockman held, and a hatred in his eyes that this stockman was clear of.

Mike understood Past Stockman had hated himself more than he needed Mike, but that need had driven the hate, and Mike had borne the brunt of both. He knew that because Past Stockman had told him so. He'd apologised for it, and that had been worse.

"Mike?" Stone spoke, his whole body shifting on his own horse so he was able to grab Mike's face and make him look at the other man. "What demons are you fighting, kid?"

Mike cleared his throat as he laughed at himself. It wasn't a pleasant feeling, let alone sound. "Big ones," he admitted without thought.

"You need to turn back? No one will be disappointed in you. Hell, no one would even blink if you didn't make it across the river."

Mike sighed as he reluctantly detached himself from Stone, and looked out over the river into the bushy mountain beyond it.

"You guys mightn't blink," he said slowly. "But there'd be a lot of disappointment coming my way if I didn't."

Stone sighed next to him. His hand ran against Mike's neck, shoulders. "The disappointment should be with them, making you come here, knowing your fear of horses."

Mike smiled over at him. "Ah, but the only one who knew isn't around anymore, and is also the one who sent me."

Mike kicked Loaded forward, which made the horse take him down the slope, holding herself perfectly as she did so. The ground felt different when they reached the bottom, harder than he'd been expecting, although Mike wasn't sure if that expectation came from past events or from how the place looked.

The scene was just as he'd expected, though, completely the same as he'd seen above and yet different all on its own. He heard laughter, kids in the distance, playing in the rising river.

Mike looked around and took in everything as nothing he saw was familiar to him. He wanted off the horse. Wanted to take his shoes off and run in the water. To play on the banks and lose himself in the watery hollows. It looked like fun, something to remember, to play in. To forget the world around him.

He really wanted to forget the world, the reality of all the horribleness that seemed to be eating up his life.

“Steady yourself for the climb,” Stone said from behind him—a weight at his back Mike hadn't been able to forget, because if he were to get off this horse to play, he'd be taking the stockman with him.

“Aye, aye,” Mike laughed, feeling lighter than he had at the other side, and as he knew reality was about to kick his arse in a minute, he was willing to keep the good cheer.

Mike heard Stone's snorted laughter as he settled his feet more firmly into the stirrups and grabbed hold of the horn. As the bank came closer, it was a steep climb to get to the top.

Loaded's hooves slipped only once on the way up, and though it caused Mike's pulse to jump, she'd found her footing quickly and rather quietly, making Mike truly learn the beauty of the horse. He was safe with Loaded, which was something he needed to hold on to, for the road ahead wasn't going to be any easier physically than it had been mentally to get this far.

Chapter Three

Schofield sighed as he leant back against his horse, Stock, and hid from the arses they were taking across the mountain. He didn't want to be here, hated the last cross of the season. The people thought they were better riders than they were, and inevitably Schofield would have to rescue more than one of them. The worst was the way they whined and carried on about their sore muscles, when they'd only been riding for close to three hours.

What were they going to be like when the rain hit? It always did, right near the end, when they were all irritated from being together in the wilderness too long.

"Sup, hon?" Stone said as he lumbered up to him, that stupid smirk on his face which did wonders when Schofield was in a forgiving mood but nothing for him right now.

"You wouldn't be in such a chipper mood if you had to listen to these jackasses bitch for three hours."

Stone laughed, fucking *laughed*.

"Okay, so you probably would."

"Have you seen the arse on the kid?" Stone asked, his voice hushed, his body coming in closer to Schofield, allowing him to feel the heat flooding his partner.

There was always one rider that got them hot and bothered. One that made these trips a little more exciting, and apparently that rider was Mike, the kid Schofield didn't think would have made it this far.

"Can't say I have." But he was willing to, if it meant they'd have something to spike up the lust, let them get a little fun in before they bunked down for the night.

"Oh, you should." Stone's tone dropped to lust. It was the only way to describe it, and it made Schofield's balls tingle. It didn't help that Stone had gotten closer, rubbing his hard-on against Schofield's thigh.

"Should I?" He turned his hand, running it against his partner's cock. Schofield knew Stone needed to get rid of the hard-on quickly in order to ride without damaging his goods. Or so Schofield wouldn't have to listen to him bitch about busted nuts when they rested for the night.

They were hidden behind Stock, as Schofield always was when they stopped for a break, mostly because he needed a fucking break from the crowd around him.

“I even reckon he’ll play,” Stone panted, his fingers coming up to open his lucky belt buckle before his fly. Apparently it was Schofield’s job to get the man off, which was horrible, as just holding on to his partner’s cock had him shifting in his own jeans.

“You asked?” Schofield shifted his stance, palming Stone’s cock just the way Stone’s liked it and started moving it. The soft grunted moans told him Stone wouldn’t need much.

“You are a hot fucker,” Schofield muttered to Stone, as he felt the cock in his hands fatten. “Just the feel of you is getting me hard.”

“Yeah.” Stone smiled that smirk. “I got the same feelin’ ’bout that hand of yours.”

Schofield smiled. “Glad it’s appreciated.”

“Oh it is,” he panted, his cock throbbing, his stomach muscles contracting as his hips tried to stay still. It wouldn’t be good to let everyone in camp know what they were doing.

Stone swallowed hard, another sign. His Adam’s apple bobbing made Schofield want to lean in and take it between his lips. He knew Stone liked that. Loved the bobble sucked on as he broke loose.

A cloth covered his hand, Stone pulling it out of Schofield’s bags before Stone’s breath stopped and his cock jumped, spilling seed onto the fabric.

“I’m not sure he’d come if asked,” Stone said as he wiped his cum off Schofield’s hand and then his cock, before tucking himself in.

Schofield watched it all, Stone’s clean hand rubbing against his own cock trapped behind his own fly.

“But...” Schofield panted as Stone straightened, steadied Schofield back against Stock, and stood with his knees parted in front of him.

His hands went to Schofield’s button as his eyes looked behind him.

Fishing out Schofield’s cock, Stone played a little, getting the bubbles of moisture already dripping off his cock to help smooth his way.

“But...” Schofield panted, wanting to know what Stone was going to say as his mind started to wander to better things, mostly orgasm.

Stone smiled at him, coming in closer, a whisper of sound. “*But* what if he stumbles into us? Maybe he stays, lingers, and gets caught. Maybe we can invite him in then, place him between us, stake him through both ends.”

Schofield swallowed, his hips shifting forward, rocking into Stone’s hand, which tightened as he stroked.

“Or maybe we get further than we planned. Me holding you against a tree, and he’s there, your gazes link, and you bring him in, get him on his knees in front of you, your cock dribbling against his lips, before he takes you in, swallowing around your cock head.”

“Fuck!” Schofield grunted as cum sprayed from him. Stone’s chuckle played in his ears as he came down from the sudden high.

“Always know how to get you off fast, partner,” he said, wiping off his own hands as he put Schofield to rights.

Yeah, Stone did know how to get him off. Knew he needed more than just a tight fist to make him cum in under half a minute. It was the same with Schofield. He knew the ins and outs of Stone’s sexual fantasies, and they had been everything he’d said. Stone wanted the kid with them, which meant it was going to happen. Luckily for them both, they’d learned long ago that they weren’t well-suited to be each other’s life partners. Lovers they could do, if they needed a fuck—which they always seemed to—but not long-term. They had a habit of wanting to cut the other’s head off. They were too similar and yet different. They worked well together, but they just couldn’t be each other’s only.

Which was a shame until he got over it. They had learnt to live with the fact that, someday, they’d each find a significant other, and the games they played with each other would have to stop.

Until then, though, they had a trail to ride with a bunch of asshole wankers and one kid Stone wanted to fuck. Though Schofield couldn’t say he didn’t see the attraction. He and Stone did have the same taste in men, after all.

“All right, guys, break’s over. Let’s get moving. We want to be at the bottom of the first peak by nightfall.”

Chapter Four

The ride was steady and boring as shit. All Mike wanted to do was grab his phone out of his pack and put in his earbuds, but he didn't think listening to music was the point.

No, the point was something about nature and sanguinity. As if he gave a shit about either thing.

It took him nearly the whole three hours to get used to the sound of nothing. Oh yeah, there was noise; nowhere was truly quiet. But this was different. The snap of a twig and the call of birds had him looking around, trying to see into the bush.

He'd started to wonder about being followed. About the night closing in around them, from out of nowhere, and they were trapped in darkness. A mist had claimed the land.

The sounds died down, and yet there was clicking and cracking as animals moved through the underbrush, trying to escape from the unknown.

Mike knew he was trapped—a stupid human on a horse, unable to really sense anything.

The swish of the horse's tail and the clattering of the hooves against the rocks as it climbed had his heartbeat picking up, and he felt a prickle of fear as he heard movement out in the bush. Something was stalking them, hunting them as prey.

Mike shifted in his seat, trying to see into the bush, but there was nothing. Light stabbed his eyes where there should be darkness, as sweat built-up against his back.

His breath caught, fighting two different worlds.

"Mike." Stone's voice broke his trance, snapped his mind back into the real world, and allowed him to realise he'd worked himself up due to boredom.

Mike laughed at himself, and then spent the better half of the next few hours trying to remind himself that there was nothing out there. No one was watching them, waiting for a chance to come and get them. The sounds he heard were normal, everyday noises from the bush, where animals and birds played in the sunlight.

“What are you doing?” Stone asked, his voice a startling reality against his own mind.

“Nothing,” Mike laughed. “Just bored.”

“Really.” Stone sounded astonished. “I love it out here. The quiet, the peace.”

“And I love the city.”

Stone nodded, or at least that’s what Mike thought he was doing.

“Now that *I* don’t understand. All that noise, but more so the people. Crammed in everywhere.”

“Yep.” Mike smiled. “Perfection.”

“If you say so. Give me open space and not a neighbour within miles, and I’d be a happy man. Hell, I’d hate to have to put clothes on just to get the mail.”

Mike blinked for a long moment at that, a naked Stone, all hard and plump, swaggering along the path to a mailbox. Maybe scratching his chest, running his hands down his stomach before grabbing a hold of the fat cock he’d have.

Mike shook his head, lifted himself up in the saddle, and tried not to sit back down on his swollen nuts. He needed to stop thinking about a naked Stone or he was going to get a lot sorer than he already would be after the ride.

A chuckle from behind him—Stone’s—all cocky and knowing, had Mike sitting back down, trying to be careful, as if he weren’t shifting his hard-on into a better place on the saddle.

The man was evil; that was for sure. Evil, and so fucking hot a man wouldn’t even care if he were being led into hellfire, as long as he’d finally get a taste of that smirk.

“What’s wrong?” Mike asked Schofield as he settled into the ride behind Mike.

“Urgh!” Schofield grunted, which had Mike chuckling. He could guess. It wasn’t as if the arses of the parade were being subtle. Their annoyance for the ride itself, and the men taking them, bordered on hate. Mike had often shaken his head and wondered why they’d even bothered to come in the first place.

The thought had kept him busy for a long while as he created different scenarios throughout the ride. His favourite being that they’d buried something

in the mountain, and this was the year they were able to collect it, but because of the time lost, they'd had to wait for everyone else to be included, which happened to be this very last ride.

That didn't really take into account why they were on the trail ride itself. It wasn't as if they couldn't have just come up here on their own. Although the horse riding might have been a problem; Mike wasn't sure what the law was for horses in a national park, but if you were going to hide treasure on a mountain, then it was more than likely that you were already lingering on the wrong side of the law, and therefore, would you really care if you were allowed to or not?

And then it came down to why would you take the horses anyway? It wasn't like the people around you wouldn't be suspicious when they noticed you were carrying more on the way out than you had on the way in. It's the only reason Mike could see that you'd need a horse.

"You'd think they'd at least pretend," Schofield said, shocking Mike out of this little fantasy.

"What? That they enjoyed riding horses, or that it didn't bother them that you and Stone are fucking?"

Schofield spluttered, and maybe Mike shouldn't have said the last bit, but he'd been watching the two since he'd first seen them, and he was jealous of the way they were with each other. It was a weird type of jealousy, one that came with wanting something like that; to have someone care about him enough to be there whenever the other needed him. To know him enough that they cherished all parts of him and remembered them all.

Yes, Mike wanted to fuck Stone, and he sure as hell wouldn't mind Schofield in the mix, but it was more than just the lust. The fantasy of Stone he could play with, mould and pretend. The other, Schofield, he hadn't even realised he had wanted until the moment he'd watched the two men fuck around behind Stock.

"Both." Schofield laughed. Mike wasn't sure why it was funny, but he guessed that if Schofield was willing to overlook that short sharpness as nothing important, then he'd be willing to forget he felt the sharp stab that caused him to produce the sound.

"Does seem a little counterproductive, being as you could lead them deep into the bush and leave them there."

“There is that.” He mumbled, a sound like it held a bit of a chuckle to it, which in turn made Mike’s lips pull up, before they settled into a silence that warmed Mike a little too much.

He liked noise. That was something he’d learnt while travelling in this bush. His head was always yammering for him to chat. He wanted to make ‘friends’ with someone else on the trail just to chat, but he didn’t really care for any of them to bother doing so.

Worse was the need to chat with Stone, but Mike didn’t want to bother him, so he’d stayed silent, bringing up conversations in his head and dismissing them as just wanting to talk.

Like Stone, Mike couldn’t help but notice Schofield, but unlike Stone, something about Schofield just settled him, allowing his mind to sit still and wait around, to take in the scenery.

It was weird. He noticed it being weird. Yet he liked it enough that the smile stayed on his lips.

Chapter Five

“Can’t we hurry this thing along?” one of the other men asked. Schofield had long since forgotten their names. Though if the cops were to ask, he’d be able to name them all, date-of-birth them, and give a complete description. He just didn’t really want to remember them when they acted worse than a bunch of pubescent boys. And Schofield would know—they’d taken a bunch of pubescent boys through this very trail.

“Nope, can’t, would hurt the horses,” Stone said offhand. It was one of the better qualities of his partner; that, and the fact that his lazy tone travelled far.

More words came up, an argument made by men who had no fucking clue about what they were doing, other than how to get up on a horse and cling on. None of them knew how to care for a horse or what care they needed in different terrains.

Also, they were being arses, and arses didn’t get what they wanted. That was Stone’s view of the world, and if Schofield wasn’t mistaken, the ride had slowed down dramatically since they’d started opening their mouths.

Mike hummed in front of him, or more so next to, as they were in a wide part of the trail. The man seemed to start the humming a lot, either randomly, or for a point. City boys were weird that way, though. He’d seen a number of them break on this long ride as they went days without the noise they were used to.

However, unlike many others Schofield had taken care of, it seemed Mike was playing in his own head more than anything else. He wasn’t about to break. He was built of tougher stock than that.

It became truer when Schofield heard a chuckle from Mike. It was short, and clearly at something, though Schofield wouldn’t have been able to guess what it would be. Nor would he bother asking again. He knew the man wouldn’t tell him anyway. Just blush nicely and mutter that it was nothing.

Schofield wanted to call bullshit every time. He wanted to know what was going on in the other man’s head. It was nearly painful to pull himself back from demanding to know what danced in Mike’s head as they settled in for a long ride.

God, he was intrigued by Mike, and they hadn’t really spoken. Yet just him being there, next to him, a mystery in himself, had Schofield wanting to stick close, to wait.

The puzzle was what had startled him; he wasn't expecting anything more than a tinge of the lust that seemed to drive Stone crazy when with Mike. And Schofield could understand that the man was hot, not denying that, but it was everything else about him that had Schofield wanting to get closer; wanting to understand more about Mike.

"For fuck's sake. I swear we're going backward, we're walking so fucking slow," another of the men said. It was said softly enough that Schofield wasn't sure he was meant to hear it, but the wind and the area they were walking through made it much easier to hear when you were behind the speaker than it did when you were in front.

"So what brings you on this ride?" Schofield surprised himself by asking Mike, which in turn seemed to startle Mike, if the slight jump and soft blush were anything to go by.

"My dad died," he said softly.

Shit. "Sorry," he managed to mutter.

Mike shrugged. "It's fine. He had cancer. It all happened pretty fast."

"Still."

"Yeah..."

And now Schofield wished he'd kept his mouth shut.

"He wanted his ashes scattered on top of the mountain," Mike spoke softly, almost as if he wasn't sure why he was saying these things any more than Schofield was.

"It's a nice spot," he said.

"That's what he kept on muttering about. He was a stockman, you know—came from around here."

Schofield nodded. "What farm?" It wasn't as if there were a huge amount to deal with, more like four if he wanted to put a number to it.

"Fourth S, or something like that," he said. "His father went into business with some dude that came over here 'cause he fancied farming but didn't know shit about it."

Schofield nodded. "I've heard of that place."

"Yeah?" Mike looked over. "What you hear?"

“Nothing much, raise horses, got a few of ours from them.”

“Yeah...” Mike seemed a little... Schofield wanted to say sad, but he wasn't sure why.

“I used to go there a bit, with my dad. Even though he moved to the city to be with Mum, he still wanted me to have a bit of stockman in me.”

“Now, that I understand. I don't know how I'd be if I had to move away from all this.”

“He loved me mum,” Mike said, that same sadness floating around the words.

“I still can't understand that.”

“Neither can I,” Mike said. “But he loved her, and he did everything for her, yet the stockman never left him, and he'd get real depressed if it had been too long since he went home. And he made me promise I'd do this for him.”

“It's a nice place,” Schofield said, not really knowing what else to say. “The mountain top looks down over the plains.”

“Yeah, can you see all the farms?”

“If you have binoculars, you could probably find the one you're looking for. But The Fourth S is tucked up under the mountain. At least it seems that way from the top, so I'm not sure you'd be able to see the house or nothing.”

Mike nodded slowly. “What about your home?”

“Nah, we're on the other side, and our home isn't a farm, just a hundred acres or so.”

“Yeah, just...” Mike muttered, making Schofield laugh.

“Oi!” Stone's voice cut through their talk like a whistle. “What the fuck do you think you're doing?”

Schofield looked forward towards the other men on the ride. One of them had his horse, Tate, up on one of the rocks that climbed up one side of the path they were on.

“It's going to be a long ride to the bottom edge of the mountain we'll be heading up.”

“Aren't we getting there tomorrow afternoon?”

“Yep.” And with that, Schofield sped up to help the wanker get Tate off the rock he’d made the poor horse climb.

Chapter Six

Day Two

The base of the mountain wasn't anything like Mike had expected, though what that was, he didn't know. They were in a small clearing; a sheltered one that seemed to have been built into the area by the men who took them on the ride. The trees curved around them, and, Mike reckoned, would give them a heap of shelter if it were raining, yet he could still see the sky, the red and orange stripes across the opening.

There was also a cavern, a rather nice circle that held flat rocks around the edges and a black circle in the middle, where, Mike gathered, they'd light a fire if one was needed.

It wasn't now. The last thing anyone wanted was more heat in the humidity of the rainy season. The heat pushed against them, making Mike want to strip bare, but he knew it wasn't going to help.

He wasn't stupid, and in a lot of ways he'd gotten used to the oppressing heat, as long as he didn't think about it.

They set themselves up—this was really them climbing off their horses, taking off their packs and saddle, and grabbing themselves dinner they were told to bring—before they all settled against the grass under the trees. It wasn't particularly cooler in the shade, not this late in the day, but they could hope and wish, and maybe that would help.

Schofield and Stone had wandered around to everyone, asking questions and just chatting with everyone until they were finally left to their own devices, as both men went to tend the horses for the night.

Mike settled in on a little bit of grass far enough away from the others that they wouldn't want to talk to him. He had no interest in anything they had to say, mostly because they'd made themselves very clear on what they thought of gay men, and it wasn't anything Mike wanted to have to listen to again.

The muttering around him grew intense and seemed to blend into the world like a bird calling home, though he was sure the whole bird thing came more from the one he was watching than anything to do with the muttering.

It was such a beautiful bird, a magpie if Mike guessed, but then he'd had them at home too, so it wasn't a far stretch. Its black wings seemed to be dirtied

slightly with the white smattered through it, and it had an evil look on its face, as if just waiting for you to turn your head, and it could attack. Mike could already feel the hairs on top of his head shrinking away from the beast as he eyed them, thinking how nice they'd look in his nest.

Or... wait! Did they only do that in spring? Mike wasn't sure, and it wasn't like it mattered. He was just watching a bird as it fluttered around him, eating, and eyeing him in return. For all Mike knew, the bird was thinking the same untrusting thoughts of Mike as he pattered away, eating his food, while this weird-looking human eyed him suspiciously.

“All right everyone, let's eat and get an early night. We are climbing up the mountain tomorrow, so no horses.”

There were grumbles and muttering as everyone shifted to their feet to help Schofield and Stone get their camp ready. It wasn't all that hard since this was their second night out of seven. Mike felt grotty as they'd not had a shower or anything—and wouldn't for the remainder of the five days. Horseback riding was fun—cue sarcasm person. Mike sighed heavily, it had more to do with the exhaustion of the day, than about having to take everything out of his pack in order to get to his sleeping bag.

The camp was quiet. It was odd, just a few comments and small conversations as everything seemed to settle down on them. Mike certainly felt the heavy weight of sleep pushing down his shoulders, but his mind was active, blood pumping, waiting for something that wasn't coming.

Mostly though, he thought he just needed to jack off; a release as two days of constant flirting with Stone had his balls hanging heavy and achy between his thighs. He was almost afraid to touch them they hurt so badly, and he was sure he'd need more than one round to empty them and ease the cramps.

Blue balls sucked, and so did sitting on a horse all day, especially when it wasn't exactly an everyday occurrence. And if he was sure of anything, he knew the others around him were feeling it too.

He got his sleeping bag out. It was a special one his dad had given him. It was made for sleeping outside, more of a one-man tent than an actual bag, though it looked too much like a bag to call it a tent.

Mike huffed a laugh at himself. Fuck he was a dork.

Setting it out, Mike then pulled out his tracksuit bottoms and cotton top, because you didn't sleep naked in the middle of nowhere. He changed his

clothes, thinking it was probably time to change his undies. After Mike brushed his teeth, he put his shoes into a plastic bag, making sure it was done up tightly before finally shifting down into the sleeping bag and settling for the night.

Only the night didn't want to settle. Yeah, everyone around him seemed to do the same thing, and soon there wasn't anything but the sound of the horses and the world around them, perhaps a shuffle or two when people walked off to piss and came back.

Yet Mike just couldn't get his head to stop. Resting his head on his hands, Mike looked up at the stars, telling himself he needed to shut himself into the bag and get some sleep, but he couldn't make himself want to.

He heard a moan off to one side, a soft voice, and a rustle. All was quickly forgotten as he trailed his fingers along his stomach under his shirt, liking the feel of flesh on flesh, and needing the release so much that it was almost like he was doing it to someone else, or that someone else was doing it to him. Clearly it depended on what he was thinking of at the time.

His cock tingled as his other hand scratched at his balls, shifting the heavy weights around to get them unstuck and the liquid moving.

He ached so much that it hurt. *He* hurt, and there was no way he was going to enjoy the next orgasm.

Sighing, Mike shifted again, a finger brushing against the hard nub of his nipple, while his other hand went into his pants. It may have hurt, but he was unable to stop from touching, from jacking slowly through the pain. He knew it wouldn't turn into pleasure but it ached, tingled, and made him need to fuck himself.

Giving up, Mike decided he didn't really want his sleeping bag to smell like old cum for the remainder of the trip. He pulled himself out, and opened the plastic bag for his shoes before slipping them on, tucking the plastic into his pack, and then putting his pack into the sleeping bag. He zipped it up and headed off into the distance. He needed some privacy, and he wasn't completely sure if he'd be able to stay quiet as he grunted out his fucking orgasm.

Chapter Seven

Stone slammed Schofield up against the thick tree the moment they got close enough. He'd been agitated and horny for the last part of the ride, and Schofield knew why. Mike was the type of man they'd only come across once every blue moon, and that was just the lust part, the need to fuck one of their customers.

They'd always taken out that aggression on each other. It was easier that way, especially if the paying men didn't swing their way. And if one did, they played together. It was one of the better understandings between them.

Mouth attacked mouth, a sloppy play at tongue and lips that was hotter than anything they'd done in a long time. There was something special about Mike that had them both eager and willing, making just a slight touch between them seem brand new, and yet the fact that they did know each other made it hotter.

There was no touch that wasn't where it was meant to be—to heighten the pleasure, with no point left untouched, bringing it up to another level.

“Fuck,” Stone said, ripping his mouth away from Schofield's, and they both panted, harsh and deep as they looked into each other's eyes.

There was definitely something different going on here. And it was fucking hot.

Stone started at his own shirt, hooking the singlet behind his neck, the same time Schofield unbuttoned his; neither took them all the way off, just enough for chests to touch. He wanted skin on skin, which wasn't really practical for the bush, but then, they'd been doing this for years and it wasn't unusual.

Pants were unbuttoned next and pushed down thighs towards ankles but were forgotten once the fabric slipped past their knees.

Cock fought cock as they shifted closer to each other, Stone's hand gripping Schofield around the back of the neck and pulling him closer as he pushed their lower halves back towards the tree.

“I want to fuck you so much, Jack,” Stone panted his real name.

Schofield gasped as he always did when Stone used his real name, pushing his lust a little higher. It was as if the other man knew, since only Stone actually remembered his fucking name anymore.

“Fuck yeah,” he panted back as he pushed up into the kiss. His hips pumped up, running his cock head into Stone’s pubic bone, the hair tickling his piss slit, adding something more.

His cock jumped as Stone grabbed his arse, pulling him in even closer as his hips rocked up into Schofield’s.

“Fuck! That’s hot,” grumbled a voice in the night, one that had both men moaning deep in their throats. Schofield rolled his hips slowly as he turned his head with Stone, their kiss only really breaking when they were facing Mike.

“Oh man...” Stone said as they watched Mike thrust into his own hand.

“Please, don’t stop. I need to come so fucking badly.”

Stone’s hips started rocking again, his fingers digging into Schofield, getting him going as well. Their cocks clashed together—Schofield’s rubbed against Stone’s pubes and pushed against his hip bone. Not really in the right place, but close enough to have Schofield lose his vision slightly as they pushed in.

“Blue balls,” Stone spoke, a random conversation as he pushed Schofield closer and closer to the edge. It wasn’t that Schofield liked being ignored, more that he wanted to be fucked, and Stone had pushed him to a point that he’d bend over any fucking table if he meant he got what he wanted.

“Oh yeah,” Mike said, his voice a grunt. “Yeah!”

Schofield finally got to see the seed spilling from Mike, because Stone had twisted his head enough to get him to look, distracting Schofield slightly by the pretty sight.

“Oh, fuck! Man, that hurt,” Mike grunted, his hand still working his cock.

“You wanna join us?” Stone asked. “We sure as hell can make the next one good.”

Mike smiled the smile of the lucky. “Fuck, yeah, but the knees aren’t really gonna enjoy the bushy cushion.”

Stone looked at Schofield.

“The cubby house,” he panted out, needing to come so fucking badly, but not minding the thoughts running inside his head.

“The cubby it is.” Stone smiled as he stepped back from Schofield and pulled up his jeans enough to walk. Schofield did the same before following.

This was going to be a fun night.

The cubby was the first place that Stone and Schofield had created on the trail. They'd been caught in a downpour when they were younger and thought they'd better have somewhere safe to stay if it ever happened again.

It hadn't, and they'd been more prepared in a number of ways from that moment, but it still didn't stop their twin minds from latching on to the idea.

It was easily built, mostly from the timber they'd managed to scavenge from their fathers' sheds and what the bush provided. The wood had held up nicely, mostly because the main walls and roof were varnished, meaning the mould could grow on it, not eat at it.

Inside was space enough for two young men to do what they did, even when they'd gotten older, and what they did became something altogether different. It didn't change the facts that this was their hidey hole, and they never brought others to it.

Until Mike.

Fucking Mike. There was just something about him that made Schofield want to throw caution to the wind. He'd never been so comfortable with anyone as he was with Mike. Never wanted to get to know someone as he had Mike, and unlike most of the people he fucked, he wanted to take Mike home with him.

It was a stupid, ridiculous thought as Mike was just scratching an itch. Schofield understood that, 'cause it's what all the weekend riders did, if they swung their way. Unlike Stone, Schofield was looking for something more, even if he was trying real hard not to think that.

"This is so cool," Mike said as they moved towards the cubby, with both Stone and Schofield holding the thick torches they always took with them when the night faded upon them.

"Yeah, we did do an excellent job," Stone said as cocky and sure of himself as always.

"Not that he says so himself." Schofield laughed behind them, as he watched Stone open the door to their cubby.

"Of course not." Mike winked at him as he got closer to Stone.

"What should I say? It's a horrible pile of crap?" Stone scowled as he swung the torch around the dark space. He had to make sure they didn't walk into any surprises.

“Course not, and it’s a beauty,” Mike said, awe evident by his tone and the way he was looking at the cubby. “This is a childhood dream.”

Well, that was true. He’d never met anyone who didn’t like a cubby, and he and Stone had a few lying around. A couple already had miniature stockmen squatters.

“I wanted one of these, but living in the middle of the city, the best we could do was sheets and a bunk bed.”

The boys chuckled as Stone ducked into the cubby, crawling on his knees. Then Schofield got to watch as Mike ducked in, thin cotton stretched over a nice arse. Schofield’s fingers flexed, and he wanted to touch, but he wasn’t sure if he was allowed. Which was kind of stupid since that’s what they were heading into the cubby for.

It still didn’t really mean anything. Schofield might have been used to the whole fuckfest with Stone, and they’d shared more than enough times to make the idea natural. They may not work as a couple, but that didn’t mean they were blind to the fact that they fit sexually. Though lately, if they weren’t on the trail, they tended to find others rather than take pleasure with each other. Schofield thought it was probably his doing, as he wanted something more than he could get from Stone, and he was at the stage where he wanted to start looking, even if he was telling himself he wasn’t.

Once Mike was in the cubby, Schofield bent down and climbed in, shifting himself around so he was on his knees, and the door closed behind him. As soon as he was settled, both Stone and Schofield put their torches in the holders they’d put into the floor. They wouldn’t move, and that was best because where they stood was where they gave off the most light, filling the cubby with a soft glow that reached to all the corners and walls.

Schofield looked at Stone and then Mike, nearly swallowing his tongue as he watched Mike’s muscles bunch up as he settled his T-shirt into a nice little pile under his knees.

The man was settling in. Fucking hot.

Chapter Eight

Mike shifted from knee to knee as his eyes flickered between the two hot stockmen. His mouth dried when they both pulled their tops over their heads, finally able to take them off, and set them on the floor between Mike and Stone. Mike knew the shirts were just landing where they were and that nothing had been decided, but shit, he wanted to be cock deep in one end of a spit roast.

They all just looked at each other, kneeling there, cocks hard as diamonds, with no idea of what the fuck they were going to do next.

“Well, this is awkward,” Stone said, shuffling his knees forward, his hand reaching out, cupping the back of Mike’s neck, and bringing him forward.

The foreplay hadn’t been enough. Nowhere fucking near to what Mike was getting himself into, and that was saying a lot, since his cock had been hard for most of the two days out here.

Lips scraped before tongues lashed together, and wet, hot perfection met him—more a fucking than a kiss, and everything Mike had been hoping for. Stone was what he said he’d be—passion and lust wrapped in hard muscle and smooth skin.

Tattoos too, if the smudges going down one side of Stone’s body were anything to go by. He wasn’t sure what they were, but that didn’t mean his fingers didn’t go searching. Which was crazy in itself as what would he actually feel?

Stone’s lungs expanded as he took in a deep breath. Hot and smooth across his fingertips, the muscles around his ribs made Mike explore. He couldn’t help it.

Calloused palms moved across Mike’s lower back as he moaned deep, before his chest brushed against Stone’s pecs. A tight nipple scraped against his skin, making a shudder work through his body.

Teeth knocked together as Stone and Mike tried everything they could to get closer to each other. Their breath filled the cubby right up, making Mike pant. Sweat trickled down his back as the heat of his body became hotter than the air outside.

Wet spot to wet spot, Stone thrust his hips towards Mike as they clung to each other’s mouth while battling against the lust that rolled through them.

Their bodies wanted more while they couldn't seem to stop for long enough to get to that point. Plus...

Plus, there was someone else here who needed attention.

Breaking away from Stone was hard, but Mike managed to do it. He may not have had the lustful drive behind his balls to get with Schofield as he did Stone, but the steady silence calling to him was as hard to ignore.

A mouth attached itself to Mike's neck as he turned his head, moaning deep in his throat as he caught sight of Schofield stroking his cock while he watched them.

"Fuck. That's hot. But whatcha doing all the way over there?" Mike asked, lifting his hand up to beckon the other man over. He'd have moved himself, but he liked what Stone was doing to him, and at that moment Stone's hands were working the muscles on his back, cupping his cock and balls, fondling them as his lips went nuts along his throat.

"Enjoying the show," he panted as he came closer to the action, close enough for Mike to touch, and run his fingers up along that six-pack Schofield was wearing.

"Hot fucker," Schofield mimicked Mike's thoughts.

Stone's hand came up off Mike's back then, his hand wrapped around the back of Schofield's head, like it had Mike's, to start the show, and soon enough Mike and Schofield were kissing. It was different from the one he shared with Stone, no less hot, just different.

A slow lapping of lips and tongues, Mike pushed in, his hips rubbing against Stone, as his neck muscles strained to get more of Schofield. The kiss was smooth and tasteful, such a contrast to Stone that it turned him on all the more.

"Need more," Stone said as he pushed Mike's pants down his thighs, letting his cock thump against Stone's hip, causing Mike's toes to curl, and his hips to thrust. Considering he'd come no more than a few minutes ago, he was at the point of pain as his balls filled with the thick fluid.

"What you want, Schofield?" Stone asked as he pushed his own pants down, getting on all fours to lift his knees enough that his pants went down around his ankles.

"To fuck," the man panted, his hand working at his cock with a twist that had Mike hypnotised. "You bring lube?"

“Nah, but I’m sure there’s some around here somewhere,” Stone said looking around.

When he pulled out a bottle, Mike scrunched his nose up, and it went up more when Stone popped the lid, squeezed, and a clumpy liquid slapped onto his fingers.

“You ain’t putting that anywhere near me,” Schofield said, as Mike cringed away.

“It’s still good,” Stone said rubbing his fingers together, which had most of the lube splattering onto the floor and a small amount thinning out between his fingers.

“You use it then, ’cause I’m telling you, mate, that ain’t going anywhere near my arse.”

“Fine.” Stone wiped his fingers against the wall. “But I don’t see anything else we can use.”

They were silent for a moment, just looking. Mike had no ideas and didn’t have a clue of what to do so they could have the fun they wanted without any lube.

“Fuck it,” Stone said, manipulating Schofield so he was kneeling between them, facing Mike.

“You aren’t gonna...”

“Trust me,” Stone whispered against Schofield’s neck, making the man in front of him turn to mush, relaxing completely into Stone. It was hot, especially when his hands started roaming, showing off the stockman in all his glory. Or at least as good as he could get in this light.

“On all fours, mate,” Stone said and Mike moved with them, getting one of the shirts for the man’s hands as Stone got one of the other for his knees.

“How’s this—”

“Shut up, Schofield, and suck him,” Stone said, his body coming into line behind Schofield, and it looked beautiful, something Mike could watch for hours on end and still want more.

Then liquid heat wrapped around his cock head, and he lost all thought of anything other than beauty in itself, suction, and the glory of cocksucking.

“So good,” he moaned as his fingers tangled with Schofield’s hair.

“Isn’t he?” Stone said from the other end, giving a new sensation to fucking he’d never had before.

He’d never been with more than one person, and the fact that he was able to share something with another person as it was happening, was hotter than anything else. The suction came harder as more of his cock was sucked down Schofield’s throat.

Then Stone started moving. Mike hadn’t been sure of what the other man was doing, as Mike couldn’t see his cock, and they had started on a slow rhythm. It was the slap of hips to hips more than Schofield moving that signalled what Stone’s actions were.

They groaned, moved, and fucked with each other for a long moment before Mike could even wrap his head around the fact that there were three of them involved.

Mike liked it. He liked that he was looking down on Schofield sucking his cock, moaning around him, and then up into Stone’s eyes, as he looked back at him.

Then there was seeing what Stone was doing, which was where his eyes lingered the most. For what Mike could tell, if he wanted to waste time thinking of things, Stone had at least one digit in Schofield, his thumb, he reckoned by the way his hand was sitting, and the other on Schofield’s hip. He could also see that Stone’s arm was moving, and if he were a betting man, he’d say his arm was under Schofield.

Fucking hot.

Chapter Nine

“Oh fuck, yes!” Mike grunted as Schofield swallowed around his cock. The sensation was fantastic. He’d not had a blow job like this in years, if ever.

Wetness ran down his balls, soaked up by hair, making a heated layer that clung to him, adding another coating of perfection to his already rising climax.

There was a slap of flesh on flesh and a groan, which made Mike shudder as his gaze lifted up off Schofield’s head and into Stone’s face. The man was motioning for him to come forward with the hand that had been gripping Schofield’s hip. Mike leant, knowing they were going to kiss, and liking the idea more than he should. But then what man didn’t fantasise about the porn they watched, and until they had their own experiences, there wasn’t any other way they could get off.

Their lips met, but it was a little more awkward than in Mike’s imagination. Their lips barely reached, and most of the kiss ended up outside their mouths.

Mike’s cock seemed to get engulfed by Schofield, as he moved closer, and the man sucked and swallowed in unison until Mike had no other choice but to pull back from Schofield’s mouth.

Shifting on to his heels, Mike wrapped his hand around his cock and worked the spit as he watched Stone lift Schofield up on to his own knees. They faced Mike, Stone’s cock head a flushed beast between Schofield’s thighs, Schofield’s cock a long perfection in Stone’s hands. Stone and Mike matched pace, stroking in time as Schofield panted. Stone’s voice became a soft murmur, a stream of talk that seemed designed to get Schofield off as fast as possible.

The other man’s stomach contracted, rolling on itself, in a wave that had Mike thrusting up into his own hand. They were beautiful, individually and together.

Then Schofield grunted and came, ropes of liquid spitting out of his cock, landing on the floor he’d been leaning over. The sight of that cock working cum out its piss slit had Mike dumping his load on the same spot of wood.

Once Schofield was done, he slumped to the floor. He was on his arse and facing Stone before Mike could even blink, and then Stone started fucking the other guy’s face.

“Oh yeah, Jack, just like that,” he panted as his hips stilled, obviously spilling down his mate’s throat.

Beautiful, simply beautiful.

Mike pulled his own pants up as he sat himself down against the wooden wall, letting the orgasm float around his system as he watched the two men do the same. There didn’t seem to be anything to say, and that was just brilliant. He’d never really been in a situation where he didn’t roll over and pass out in order to not chat after, or start up ‘The Convo’ as he started getting dressed to head back out the door. But now, he didn’t feel like leaving.

Huh.

“So, Jack, huh?” Mike said as his breath evened out, and the numbness in his arse started spreading. He needed to move, but more so, he needed bed, sleep.

“Yep,” Schofield said as he grabbed his torch and headed out the door.

“He doesn’t really like it,” Stone mock-whispered. “He’s a third.”

Mike stopped the man with hand to bicep. “As in Jack Schofield the…”

“Yep,” Stone smirked.

“Man… poor bugger.” He shook his head slowly before he followed Stone out of the cubby.

“Man, I’m beat,” Stone said as he stretched out his kinks like the other two.

“Same. Gonna sleep like a baby tonight,” Mike agreed.

They started walking back slowly after Schofield made sure their cubby was locked up, which really just meant closed, and a rock placed at the bottom of the door.

He’d shrugged. “Don’t want any unwanted squatters,” he said, before heading off after Stone.

“Fucking bitch!” a man’s voice had all three men stopping and looking around them. The sound was close, but Mike couldn’t quite pinpoint it.

“What the?” Stone muttered, but Mike got it. The voice was familiar, one he’d been trying hard to forget, or at least the nasty comments he’d been saying, but how could he when he’d been riding with him all day?

The sound of skin on skin and a shriek of pain had Stone unnecessarily waving them in the direction they were all heading.

They slowed as they headed towards a small clearing at the base of the mountain. Mike reckoned it was far enough away that the others in the group thought they were in the clear, but at this point it didn't matter.

Mike's muscles tensed and worked as he crouched with the others behind trees and shrubs; out of sight because of darkness, and because the others didn't seem to give a shit if anyone was around, at least they weren't looking, not at their surroundings.

"I don't care what you say. We are here for a reason, and that reason hasn't changed," the big guy said. Mark... no, something more old school than that, Mike thought as he tried to remember. He was the evil one, or his eyes looked that way, dark and squinty.

"Fuck, it hasn't. We can't just wander out in the morning with a fucking cart and not expect to answer questions."

"And I told you, we don't have to worry about that, or them." There must have been something in his eyes, because the one he was arguing with started to shake his head.

"Fuck this, Monty. No one said anything about killing," Shaky said.

There were more words, softer, that Mike couldn't hear, and the next thing there was a flash of metal, a glint that had Mike's heartbeat pumping in his ears. Shit.

Shit.

"You come to my way of thinking yet?" Monty asked, and Mike watched as the other guy dropped to his knees, muttering more words before Monty's hand moved, and the guy ended up falling to the ground.

"Fuck," Stone's whisper sounded as shell-shocked as Mike felt. "Did you film that?" he asked, grabbing Mike and forcing him to look at Stone.

That was when the ringing started in his ears. There had been a gun. It had gone off, and it was loud. Louder than anything Mike had ever heard before. His arm moved on auto pilot, pulling free his phone and clicking away, but it wasn't until this forearm started to ache, that he actually *looked* and noticed his phone in his hand. Filming... Oh shit, he just filmed a guy getting shot!

"We have to move. Now!" Schofield said as he grabbed at the collar of Mike's shirt, pulling him back. "Quick, we have to get out of here. Now, guys, move!"

Mike moved without knowing how. His feet worked, and they moved fast as he pushed his way through the underbrush, not feeling the branches slapping at his skin.

A guy was dead. One he'd spoken to. One he'd wished would fuck off. And now he was. For good.

They made it back to the campsite where everything looked normal.

How could everything look so normal?

They were moving fast, working around the camp, getting their things.

"Your bag, Mike. Get your bag!" Schofield said.

Mike moved. His sleeping bag got closer. His fingers unzipped it, and he pulled out his pack before starting on rolling up his sleeping bag.

"Forget it," Schofield said as he grabbed Mike's bag and shifted it on to his back.

"No horses," Stone said as he wandered around camp. "And they took my phone."

"Yeah mine, too," Schofield muttered, his hands coming up to run through his hair, his own bag at his feet.

"Are you sure they're coming for us?" Stone ask out of the blue.

"Why wouldn't they?" Schofield said. "It's not like they don't know we're here, or that we wouldn't notice someone missing."

"Shit." Stone looked around. "It'll take us too long to get the horses."

"Yeah, but we fucking need them, or how else are we going to get out of here?"

Stone looked around again, continuously surveying the area around him.

"Wait, where are the horses?" Mike said, his voice sounding odd.

"They already headed towards the other side of the mountain. That's what we train them to do," Stone answered.

"Do they know that?" Mike asked.

"Yeah," Schofield replied. "We talked in full about where we're heading, and the horses came up, quite a bit actually."

"So we can't go back." Mike's brain was jumping all over the place, he couldn't seem to keep his thoughts straight.

“Couldn’t anyway ’cause this side of the river’s already flooded, and there’s no way of crossing with or without horses on this side until the rain stops.”

“Shit.”

“The mountain!” Schofield was excited, and he shouldn’t have been.

“You’re nuts,” Stone spat.

“Think about it. They will come hunting for us. Especially once they find that we are gone, and they’ll know we know. They’ll all think we headed back, or that we would take the easiest way outta here, which would be going for the horses. But we know where the horses are, and I think we should go up the mountain as planned, and meet the horses on the other side.”

“That could work.” Stone rubbed at his chin, then neck.

“I don’t see any other way, and we are bugged. There’s no way we’d last long if we don’t get some sleep. At least this way we can sleep when we get to the top.”

Stone’s mouth opened, but Mike was the one who actually spoke first.

“Okay, it’s the only plan we have, and if we stand around much longer we’ll run out of even that option,” Mike said steadily. All he wanted was to run the other way, but he understood what Schofield was saying.

“All right, let’s go then,” Stone said, lifting his pack onto his back and heading towards what Mike hoped was the trail up the mountain.

Epilogue

Day Three

The morning air pricked at Mike's eyes. They'd made it to the top of the mountain, to the sparkle of stars. It was one of the most wonderful things Mike had ever seen, and standing there, looking up at the stars, drained him of all his energy.

He slumped and looked around. He needed to sleep, even if it was just for a little while.

"Come on," Schofield said, grabbing Mike around his waist and pulling him over to a surprisingly comfy-looking cave of brush. The thick leaves were getting squished down by Stone, and when Schofield dumped Mike down into it, he made the work much easier for Stone.

A blanket or two came out of the bags, which were tucked up close to them, as Stone and Schofield settled down next to him, getting nice and cosy.

Body heat warmed him and made him itch after the hard climb, but he couldn't complain—he didn't have the energy.

His eyes fluttered shut, and when they opened again, the world was brighter.

A thick fog seemed to linger around him, cradling him in a different world. The mist played and danced, rolling around in front of Mike's eyes. It was like nothing he'd ever seen before. Like those postcards you'd get at a petrol station, and you'd wonder how long a person had to sit around waiting for a pic like that.

Mike's bladder was so full it was painful, making him realise why he'd woken in the first place. He shifted himself out from around the other two men. Apparently, in their sleep Schofield and Stone spooned together. It was cute and made Mike's chest ache at the same time. He wanted something like that—a relationship like they had with each other. Hell, Mike wanted to be a part of theirs.

With a jolt from his body, Mike managed to leave the two men and take care of business as he watched the mist fall off the mountain's edge.

Mountain.

Oh, fuck. That was right. They were on top of the mountain.

Mike tried hard to forget why they were up there, if only because his father flooded his mind. He was here for a reason, and that reason wasn't going to be ignored so that Mike could tremble in fear and uncertainty.

He went back to his bag and fished out the container he'd stored his dad in for this trip, and then walked out to the edge.

The valley opened up in front of him, wet-looking in the morning light, with the fog playing around his feet.

Taking a deep breath, he managed to get his arms to release the ashes from where he clutched the can to his chest and pry open the lid.

"I'm not really sure what it is about this place you liked so much, Dad, but here you are, once again, standing on the edge of your world, with me at your back." Mike stopped to swallow around the squeak. He had words... words he didn't even know he needed to say.

"I can't believe you're gone, but then you always said the world was simple that way. One minute we're breathing, the next we're not. Can't believe I'm saying this, but you were actually right." He chuckled, his eyes stinging, making him blink.

"Well, I made it—ha, already said that, right? Got my arse up here on the mountain just for you."

"I'm gonna miss you," he hiccupped. "More than I thought I would. I'd thought, yeah, you're my dad, but I don't need you anymore, not like I used to."

Mike felt his knees give way a second before hands gripped him under his arms, across his chest, holding him up. It was too soon. His dad had just gone, and he wasn't ready for this. Wasn't ready for it to end.

Mike looked over his shoulder to see Stone was the one holding him up. Schofield stood to his other side, a hand resting against his lower back.

Neither spoke. It was nice. People always felt words needed to go into these moments, as if they couldn't quite leave it be and let their silence speak for them.

Mike got it. Hell, it wasn't until these two stockmen stood there, looking out at the valley with him as his heart broke apart, that he realised words were needed. At least not words of comfort, or words of sorrow.

No, the only words that were needed in this moment were simple, because this act was simple. It would be the years that followed, the grief he was going to suffer, and the steps he was going to get through that would be hard.

Didn't mean it didn't hurt.

Mike wiped his nose on his hand and sniffed up his courage. He blinked away a few tears, but let them fall. Tears showed love, and he loved his dad.

Standing up straight, Mike did the only thing he needed to do in this moment.

“Bye, Dad.”

Ashes fell out of the can in a rush, falling into the fog around them, getting eaten up, taken away by the wind. They flowed over the valley, over the farmland, and settled into the dirt.

His dad was finally home.

The End... for now.

Part Two will be coming soon.

Author Bio

Bronwyn was always the ‘wait until the movie comes out’ kinda girl. This was because reading wasn’t her strongest point; the only books she was able to read were Baby Sitter Club: Little Sister and Paul Jennings anthologies.

Add a two-year-old and another on the way, she needed a hobby, which she found in reading. Picking up a book opened a whole new world to her, one she never thought she’d ever be able to enter.

Contact & Media Info

If you want to learn more drop her a line or visit, she’s more than willing to chat.

[Email](#) | [Blog](#) | [Ello](#) | [Facebook 1](#) | [Facebook 2](#) | [Facebook Group](#)

[Goodreads](#) | [Google+](#) | [Pinterest](#) | [tsū](#) | [Tumblr](#) | [Twitter](#) | [Website](#)